EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY.....OREGON

Precious beyond price are good resolutions. Valuable beyond price are good feelings.

Why is it that women think it necessary to form a club before they are willing to appear in sensible clothes?

It is to be hoped that Alfred Austin, who is only a laureate, will not write an ode to the memory of William Morris, who was a poet.

Some farmers in Jersey are making money by raising pumpkins at five dollars a ton. Anybody can now see how popular the pumpkin pie has become.

It is said at Madrid that Weyler has been ordered to 'bring the rebellion to a decisive issue." He has received these orders many times, but he has not carried them out, because he cannot.

All quarrels, mischiefs, hatred, and destruction, arise from unadvised speech, and in much speech there are many errors, out of which thy enemies shall ever take the most dangerous advantage.

No one can witness the life of a great and good man from day to day without imbibing something of its flavor. No one can hear the records of his life without venerating goodness more than ever before.

An English steamer has left Galveston for Liverpool with a cargo worth one million dollars—the largest load, it is said, that ever left an American port. The freight list was over seventy thousand dollars.

Youths are often carefully taught how to perform the various duties of their occupations, but seldom how to secure their performance by other people; yet in most of the pursuits of life the one knowledge is as requisite as the other.

If the Emperor of Russia and the German Emperor really believed in the divine right of kings, they ought to unite to put upon the throne of Constantinople the rightful heir thereto. Such an heir exists, in the person of a direct descendant of Constantine, and of the Comnenus, Nicephorus and Palæologus families—uniting in one individual the claims of all three dynasties. Surely, from the old-fashioned point of view, the title of such a claimant should be deemed valid.

In spite of prohibitory laws, dueling is still much in vogue in Italy, so as, indeed, actually to figure in the vital statistics as a cause of death. Between 1879 and 1895 no less than 3,444 duels were fought, 3,070 of them being with sabers. A total of 4,475 wounds were inflicted, no less than 70 of them causing death. It is significant that the greatest number take place in hot weather, and the least in winter. There is evidently some relationship between the state of the weather and that of the blood, or the temper.

The statesmen of Spain are virtually conceding that their nation is groaning under a weight that must ultimately ruin it. During September 90,525 men were drawn throughout Spain for military service. These conscriptions have given rise to much discontent and open opposition. It is charged by the opposition press that discrimination has been shown against republicans. The exempts are higher in some districts than in others, and at every turn of the conscription rack the internal feeling in Spain takes on more and more the character of civil revolt. If the present drift continues Spain seems certain to lose her dependencies, and under an "extension" of her creditors linger along for a while as a bankrupt and ultimately die of exhaustion.

The marriage of Miss Virginia Rouse to Mr. David Lee, the secretary of her father, was solemnized secretly in New York, then the forgiveness of Mr. Rouse was speedily obtained, and the episode brought up to the real point of interest, the breaking of the news to Mrs. Rouse. It is most unfortunate that a time was chosen for this ordeal when Mrs. Rouse was standing close to a quantity of bric-a-brac. It is true that she gave all this portable property, or at least as much as she could reach, to Mr. Lee, but it came so fast that its value as a wedding gift considerably and rapidly depreciated. Mr. Lee appears to have been much struck by the rare generosity of his mother-in-law and a few more rare traces which he had been unable to dodge. But as Mrs. Rouse finally added her reluctant blessing it turned out that family harmony was about the only thing in the house that remained unbroken.

A traveler tells a funny story about the neat capture of two thieves which he and his companions effected in a small town near the City of Mexico. They had one of the wing rooms of the inn, into which doors opened from the patio and the yard. The upper part of each door was arranged Venetian-blind fashion, for transom ventilation. Early in the morning they were awakened by slight noises, and saw, at each door, a dirty, yellow hand on a long arm searching downward for the lock. His companion hit upon the plan of trapping the knaves with an old lariat lying on a table. They looped each end of it and silently snared the two wrists; then pulled the rope taut, knotted it, and left the thieves dangling outside the doors. The stolcal fellows uttered no sound, struggling vainly to sever their bonds with long, ugly knives. The travelers enjoyed the situation, and went back to bed. At daybreak the landlord found the rascals and set up a howl that brought the whole town in an uproar to see the Indians, flattened against the doors, utterly unable to get loose.

A comparison of the muscular strength of woman with that of man, including every important group of muscles from toe to crown, has been made by means of an improved dynamometer by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, Mich. The doctor concludes a paper containing elaborate tables of scientific measurements, with the following summary: 1. The strength of the average woman, in comparison with her weight, is less than two thirds that of the average man, as compared with his weight. 2. The strength of the average woman, in comparison with her height, is only four-fifths that of the average man. 3. The total strength of the average woman, as compared with the total strength of the average man, is .53. The weight of the average woman, as compared with that of the average man, is .96. The height of the average woman, as compared with that of the average man, is .92. It thus appears that the average woman, while less than the average man in height, is still more inferior in weight, and presents a still higher degree of inferiority in strength. A comparative study of men and women between 40 and 50 years of age would possibly show women to be somewhat inferior in weight.

One of the most curious results of the craze for bicycling is to be observed in the ancient city of Coventry. It is, as is well known, the center of the bicycle manufacturing industry of England. There has consequently been a great rush of mechanics thither, to meet the demand of the workshops, and the city is unable to accommodate properly this addition to its population. Every available house is filled with tenants, and yet there are homeless men on the streets—industrious workingmen, with money in their pockets, but unable to find vacant lodgings. The health officer reports that more than 3,000 houses are so overcrowded as to be in an unsanitary condition, while the vaccination law has become practically a dead letter from the physical impossibility of executing it. Hundreds of new houses are going up as rapidly as carpenters and masons can build them, but they are only a small fraction of what is really needed, and in the meantime workingmen are camping out in tents and improvised sheds. And all because of a style of riding which good Lady Godiva never so much as dreamed of.

It is reported from New York that the Protestant Episcopal Church has decided to invade the evangelical field now occupied exclusively by the Salvation Army and the Volunteers. The new army, it is said, will be under the same form of military discipline and will seek to make converts in the same way from the streets. It will include the best features of the Salvation Army and Church Army of England, from which the Church Army sprung. The conspicuous success of the older organizations bespeaks a similar success for this new venture if it follows the same lines. The Salvation Army has done all the hard work in this country of fighting and conquering prejudice and retaining general respect, and it has made the way easy for any other similar organization to follow in its footsteps. It has been conceded that the people reached by these evangelical armies are of a kind who are beyond the pale of ordinary church influences, and certainly it is a wholesome religious movement that proposes to swell the number of these evangelical agencies. If the Episcopalians find their object as successful as it ought to be it may not be long before all the denominations will have similar representatives in the field.

In 1834 there was probably not even a semi-millionaire in New England. There were but thirty-five persons in Boston whose property was assessed at $150,000, and they were regarded as rich men. At that time, by a rich man was meant a man worth $10,000. How great is the change in private fortunes since then is shown by the classification of "the classes and the masses" recently made by one of the leading American newspapers. According to this, the "upper class" in American society consists of those whose income is above $100,000; the "upper middle" of incomes from $6,000 to $100,000; the "lower middle" from $1,000 to $6,000; while the "lower class" consists of those whose whole income is below one thousand. As applied (writes Thomas W. Higginson in the Bazar), this practically keeps farmers, mechanics, and all day laborers in the lower class; ordinary professional men, shop-keepers, head clerks, judges, and Congressmen in the lower middle; the best paid men of these pursuits in the upper middle; while the higher class includes only great speculators, or mine-owners, or owners of real estate, or employers of labor on a large scale—or else the children and heirs of these large classes. Of course the whole classification is frankly based on wealth alone, leaving birth, education, or character out of sight, except, perhaps, as recognizing that brains at least have some share in money-making.

Political Support.

An old chronicler tells of a pretty incident connected with Gen. Washington and the old-time election days. Washington voted at all the Fairfax elections until the close of his life, uniformly supporting the Federal candidates.

Although he lived at a distance from the court house at the Alexandria market, he generally voted early in the day. The polls were reached by a flight of steps outside the building, which in 1799 had become very shaky from old age.

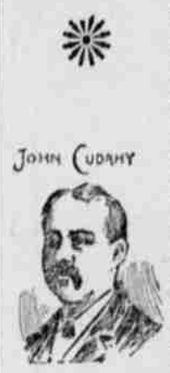
When Gen. Washington reached these steps, he placed one foot upon them, and shook the crazy ascent, as if to discover how much strength was left in it. Instantly twenty brawny arms, one above the other, grasped the rickety stairway, and a dozen men's shoulders braced it firmly. Nor did a single man move from his position until the venerable chief had deposited his vote and descended the stairway.

"I saw the general's last bow," said one of these supporters half a century after that day, "and it was more than kingly."

An Easy Living.—"Where are you working now, Mary?" "Ain't working nowheres. I am in business for myself. I got a couple dozen ladies that pays me a quarter a week to come around and ask 'em for a place, and it makes the hired girl they got mad and she won't leave."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WHAT THE FOUR BIGGEST CORNERS IN WHEAT COST THE MEN WHO FORMED THEM.

(New York Journal.)



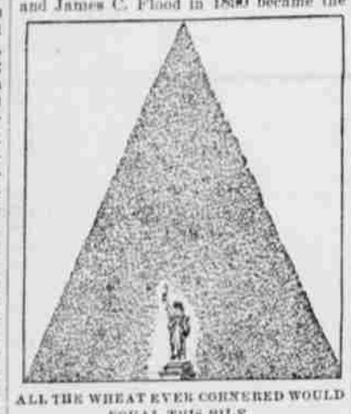
Twenty-three Million Dollars Dropped in Trying to Corner Wheat.

YEAR. MAKERS OF CORNER.	BUSHELS INVOLVED.	VALUE.	LOSS BY COLLAPSE.
1872—John B. Lyon, et. al	10,000,000	$16,100,000	$11,000,000
1882—James R Keene	25,000,000	37,000,000	7,000,000
1887—E. L. Harper, et. al	16,000,000	15,000,000	3,500,000
1890—Mackay-Flood	9,000,000	10,650,000	2,6[illegible]0,000

The Only Big Corner That Won.

			PROFIT.
1888—B. P. Hutchinson, "Old Hutch,"	5,000,000	$10,000,000	$3,000,000

THE recent great operations in wheat caused a tremendous commotion in the market, and centered the eyes of the American and foreign speculators on this country's greatest cereal. Everybody has been talking about wheat, and that talk naturally drifts back to the corners in wheat that made all days Black Fridays for the men who engineered them. If all the wheat cornered in America were loaded into freight cars it would make a solid train that would reach from New York to Baltimore, or if piled into one pile it would be four times as high as the statue of liberty in New York harbor. It is a curious fact that never in the history of speculation, with one or two rare exceptions, has a big corner in wheat resulted in other than utter ruin for the men who planned it and carried out their ideas. The first really great corner in wheat was in 1872. It was engineer by Ira Y. Munn, J. B. Diamond and John B. Lyon & Co., and the field of operations was Chicago. It began in February, and did not come to an end until August. It was in May wheat, and the price ran from $1.15 in February up to $1.61 in August. Then it dropped, at first, 30 cents a bushel, and before the results of that corner were over, wheat was selling at 50 cents. Then there began to be stories about deception, and investigation proved that there were false bends in the elevators, as well as false bottoms. There were 10,000,000 bushels of wheat involved in this deal, the total value of which, at the highest point touched by wheat, was $16,100,000. The value of this wheat, when prices struck bottom, was $5,100,000, making the total loss to those who took part in the corner $11,000,000. Of course there were numerous little corners after this one, just as there are every year. People are ruined or made millionaires by wheat every season. It was not, however, until fully twenty years afterward that there was a corner in wheat of sufficient size to make the whole world talk. This is known as the Keene deal. There were involved in this corner 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, and when Mr. Keene had finished his costly amusement he was out just $7,000,000. This began in May, 1882, and continued until December. Wheat started at 91⅝, ran up to $1.40 and broke. The Western farmers broke Mr. Keene's corner, for they sent their wheat to market too quick for him. He found himself totally unable to handle it. In less than two months Mr. Keene dropped $13,000,000. John W. Mackay and James C. Flood in 1890 became the prime movers of a corner that lasted the longest of any in speculative history. It was two and a half years before the corner scheme was really ended. The total number of bushels involved in the corner was 9,000,000. The highest point in price reached during the progress of the corner was $1.08¼, in April, 1890. The lowest point touched was in October, 1892—69⅝ cents. The total value of the wheat at the highest price reached was $10,650,000. Good judges place their loss at $2,000,000. In all the history of American speculation in the cereals, there never has been an instance where a corner brought ruin to so many persons as the now famous corner of 1887, in which the prime mover was Edward L. Harper, of Cincinnati, then the president of the Fidelity Bank. The first effort to form the corner was made March 15, 1887. Wheat at that time was selling at 70, and within the next ninety days steadily advanced until it reached 94¾ cents. June 15 came the break, and in almost the turn of a die, wheat dropped to 73. An idea of the tremendous excitement this occasioned may be formed from the fact that the total trading on the Chicago board that day amounted to 100,000,000 bushels of wheat. The trading in New York the same day was 30,000,000 bushels. The total loss to the Harper clique by the collapse of the corner was in round numbers $3,500,000. The total amount of wheat involved was 16,000,000 bushels. The sequel of this corner, so far as Harper is concerned, is a matter of criminal history. The ruin thus forced upon him disclosed the fact that he and one of his relatives had hypothecated the securities of the Fidelity Bank and robbed the depositors right and left. For this Harper was sent to the penitentiary. One of the most unusual corners was "Old Hutch's" last flurry on the Chicago board. It was not a preconceived affair. There was no more system in his speculations than there is ice in a great fire. His deals were the results of reckless plunges. His corners were formed on the impulse of the moment. That is just the way it was with his last corner, that of 1888, when he ran wheat up from 89⅝ cents to $2, and cleared $3,000,000, although he only handled about 5,000,000 bushels of wheat. Old Hutch is one of the few, the very, very few, men who can say they ever made a cent out of a big corner in wheat.



ALL THE WHEAT EVER CORNERED WOULD EQUAL THIS PILE.

MOTTOES ON CHICKENS.

Long Island Farmer Sends His Neighbor's Fowls Home for Their Feed.

A good farmer near Sayville, L. I., takes great pride in his barnyard and in the chickens that feed therein. Of late he has been sorely distressed because of visitations to the barnyard of fowl belonging to his neighbors. The uninvited chickens would not only ruffle the feathers of those that were there by right, but would feed upon the corn that the good farmer threw to his feathered cratures with a liberal hand.

A PROBLEM.

Instead of attending meeting one Sunday recently the aggrieved farmer remained at home, determined to take radical steps to rid himself of trouble and his barnyard of his neighbors' chickens. He took a pint of corn and through the center of each kernel he bored a hole. Then he took some silken thread and fastened a short piece to each kernel. On the free ends of the thread he attached small slips of paper, on which, among other sentiments, was inscribed: "Trust in the Lord and feed your own hens," "We do not cast our bread upon the waters for broilers," "No free meal tickets," and "Please keep me at home and I'll not get in trouble." In due time the neighbor's chickens gathered in the good farmer's barnyard and swallowed the kernels to which the sentiments were attached. It didn't take those chickens that drew prizes long to reach their separate roosting places, and the town of Sayville was aroused by the sight of fowl making tracks through the byroads, while in their immediate wake fluttered slips of white paper. The good farmer's barnyard is now respected, but his chickens roost high.

THE CONSPIRACY.

RESULT.

"AIRY, FAIRY LILLIAN."

The Operatic Ex-Queen Who Knows Something About Matrimony.

Walter Jones, a comedian of minor degree, with a keen appreciation of advertising, astonished the theatrical world the other day by announcing that he was going to marry Lillian Russell, as soon as she could get a divorce from Signor Perugini. He was in St. Louis when he spoke and Lillian was far up in Iowa. Lillian reads the Sunday papers and before noon the next day she was out with the announcement that she wasn't going to marry any one. Thereupon Jones declared that the whole thing was a great mistake, but hinted that there would soon be a divorce.

Whatever the cause or the outcome of this much circulated rumor, one thing is certain. Matrimonial ventures are not novelties for Lillian. She has made three of them and all proved failures. If she tries another, it may be a success, for the fair singer's star is growing dim and her operatic career is drawing to a close. Once off the stage she may find a charm in domestic life.

Lillian is a Western product. She was born in Iowa in 1861 and her real name is Helen Louisa Leonard. Chicago was her girlhood home and her education was obtained in the Convent of the Sacred Heart in that city. As a girl she sang in church choirs and, like so many other future stars, her first stage success was achieved in amateur productions of Pinafore. In 1879 her professional career began in the same play under Ed Rice. Next she scintillated on Tony Pastor's stage in New York and her ballads made her so great a favorite that Col. McCaul made a financial ten-strike when he took her into his company as prima donna. Under him she became the acknowledged queen of comic opera. Then she formed her own company, which has since continued with more or less success.

Her beauty and graceful manner have not only made her a successful actress, but have also attracted lovers by the score. Many a heart has been shattered by her frown. Some have found favor, but her affection has never rested long on any one. Harry Braham, her musician, was the first man who led her to the altar. Wedded bliss was of short duration, and they separated. Teddy Solomon, the orchestra leader, next vowed eternal love to her at the altar, and for a time it looked like a happy match. But it was not, and they separated. Two years ago Signor Perugini, once common Jack Chatterton, married her, but again there was a separation, though no divorce has ever been obtained.

LILLIAN RUSSELL.

QUEER KIND OF BUNNIES.

They Inhabit the Lonely Farallone Islands.

A peculiar rabbit inhabits the Farallone islands. The material difference is that the bunnies of the islands eat raw fish and crabs, and have no special desire for green things. However, they do eat greens when they happen to find some. When the rabbits are eating the fish they look very much as they do when they are eating cabbage, and nibble it in the same way. They do not seem to be in the least particular as to the condition of the fish they are eating, and will make a meal off one that has lain on the rocks a week just as soon as from one that has just been washed ashore. It is interesting to know that the rabbits that live on the Farallones have contracted their present mode of living within the last thirty years, as they are the descendants of tame rabbits that were brought there by the first lighthouse-keepers. They are not as pretty as their ancestors. In fact, they have become very lean and haggard looking, and have much the appearance of a half-starved coyote. But the fact that they have adapted themselves to their new conditions is only another example to show that there is some foundation for the Darwinian theory.

RABBIT EATING A CRAB.

A Fatal Omelette.

Ignorance of cooking is not often the direct cause of a man's death, but such an instance is related by Miss Edith Lichel, in a recent volume entitled, "The Story of Two Salons." In the time of the French Revolution, one Monsieur Condorcet, upon whose head, as an aristocrat, a price was set, sought refuge with a friend, Monsieur Suard, who bade him return at nightfall, when means of escape would be provided.

Unhappily Condorcet, being unable to exist without tobacco, went into a tavern to buy some. Still prostrate from fatigue, he thought he would take advantage of this opportunity to get some dinner, and ordered an omelette.

"How many eggs do you wish to be used?" inquired the landlord, who had been eying him suspiciously. The innocent Condorcet was at his wits' ends; he reflected on the size of the ordinary omelette.

"Twelve," he boldly replied.

His fate was sealed; none but an aristocrat could be so ignorant or so extravagant. He was arrested and led away to prison, from which he never emerged.

A—My wife has given me a birthday present of a keyring. B—Well, if I were you, on my next birthday I'd see to it that she gave me the house key!—Fliegende Blaetter.

A woman will fib any day to pay a compliment, and not consider that she has done wrong.

PERSONAL Tidbits

R. D. Jefferson completed the feat of riding a bicycle a distance of 6,574 miles in 150 days.

Gov. Budd, of California, says he thinks the fraudulent coyote scalp claims will aggregate $50,000.

Every morning Mrs. John Burns, wife of the great labor leader, reads for four hours before breakfast.

Mrs. Buckner was one of the most famous belles of Virginia before her marriage.

The Sultan of Turkey of late has been given quite a number of nicknames. The last to come to the surface is that of "Hamid the Hangman."

Dr. Livingstone used to tell how, whilst traveling in Africa, he was so hard set for food that he made a meal of two mice and a light, blue-colored mole.

The Queen of the Netherlands is not as strong as might be, and it has been decided to take her to Italy, and, perhaps, to Egypt, for a good part of the winter.

Czar Nicholas has become a patron of literature. He has commissioned M. Istomine to make a collection of the popular songs and patriotic ballads of his empire.

Mr. George Faudel-Phillips, the new lord mayor-elect of London, is the fourth Jew to hold that office. His father, Sir Benjamin Phillips, who was lord mayor in 1866, was the second.

Sir Henry Irving is one of the best swordsmen in England. He has practiced scientific swordsmanship for many years. One of his fencing masters was Prof. McLaren, now of Olympia.

The oldest living graduate of Harvard is Dr. William Lambert Russell, of Barre, Mass., who was in the class of '26. He is also senior alumnus of the medical school, being in the class of '31.

The Belgian Government has just conferred the civic cross of the first-class upon a man of the name of Achilles Vandercamp, in recognition of his having saved the life of King Leopold.

Emile Zola spends money with a lavish hand. His house at Milan cost 1,000,000 francs, and the objects of art which it contains are worth 3,000,000 more. One table in his drawing room cost $2,000.

Emperor William has sent Queen Victoria three large photographs of himself, in the full, undress and field uniforms of the First (Royal) Dragoons, the British regiment of which he is the honorary colonel.

It is reported that the Empress Eugenie has recently made her will, leaving the bulk of her fortune to the Princess Eugenie, daughter of Princess Beatrice and granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

Vices and Virtues of Chinatown.

If you made with me a complete tour of Chinatown, visiting every place where a Chinaman dwells, when you had returned you would sum up what you had seen about as follows:

Places where opium was smoked by Chinese in their own private apartments: about one-fourth of the whole.

Places where opium was sold to white visitors who smoked and slept on the premises, and which is commonly called an "opium joint": possibly three in your whole tour.

Places were gambling was in progress: about one-twentieth of the whole.

Places where men were pursuing the ordinary vocations of life: nearly three-fourths.—Century.

A committee has been appointed to raise an endowment of $250,000 for St. Paul's school, Concord, N. H., which became so famous under the late Rev. Dr. Coit.

VAGARIES OF THE MEMORY.

One Man Had to Get Drunk in Order to Remember.

Men have been known to leave home for a few days, commit some serious crime and return, quite oblivious of what they had done, says the St. James Gazette. Very interesting is the case, so common among soldiers who have fought a battle and who when it is over cannot recall the events for several hours. The same thing happens to those who have escaped from shipwreck and to aeronauts who have just descended from the clouds. This is the temporary loss due to strong emotion. Then there are curious examples of temporary loss of memory owing to fatigue.

Sir Henry Holland when down a mine in the Harz mountains and suffering from fatigue completely forgot his German and could not remember a word of it until he had rest and refreshment after ascending. We all experience this in a less degree. Sometimes it is an injury which causes the blank in the backward gaze. An English professor once received a violent blow on the head and at once forgot all his Greek and a musician lost all memory of music from the same cause. Mr. Whymper in his book on the Alps tells how he fell over a frightful precipice 200 feet high, with the result that his past was for a time wholly blotted out of his memory.

The most singular cases of memory loss are in connection with language. It is quite common in our hospitals to see a sick German unable to speak a word of the English he had thoroughly mastered.

A clergyman some time ago lost all recollection of words, but he could still remember the letters of which they were composed and could express his ideas freely by spelling the words. An officer suffered from a slight attack of apoplexy and as a result forgot all but a very few words. When he tried to speak he merely uttered nonsense, but if a book or manuscript were handed to him he read it with perfect propriety. One of the most extraordinary of all memory losses is when a person forgets how to write with his right hand, but still has the power to do so with his left hand. In such a case after he has written with his left hand the desired sentence he can copy it with his right hand.

When the memory of words is gradually lost it invariably progresses in one particular order. First the proper names go, then the common nouns, then adjectives, and this stage is followed by failure of the power to recollect events. Very many people suffer from the first degree; excessive smokers, for instance, it is said, sometimes find it difficult to recall proper names. Drunkenness is a well-known cause and there is the very curious case of a man who mislaid a package while drunk, forgot where he had put it when sober and had to get drunk again to find it.

Hen and Monkey Chums.

People living at Hague, on Lake Geneva, New York State, have been much interested during the past summer by watching a novel friendship that has sprung up between a monkey and a hen. Both belong to B. A. Clifton, the proprietor of a hotel at the lake, the monkey having been given to him a year ago by a Mrs. Caldwell, of Brooklyn. The monkey was naturally quite an attraction to the neighbors, bothold and young, and they bestowed upon her liberal supplies of delicacies of all kinds. The chickens about the place were watchful of the favors Victoria, the monkey, received, and frequently, by being more agile than she, left the simian but little to eat. This situation at last became intolerable and Victoria took summary action. She drove all her feathered companions from her presence save one, a black and white speckled hen, which seemed to have found favor in her sight.

To this hen the monkey devoted much attention. Whatever she receives for food she shares with her companion, but drives away all intruders with sticks and stones. The hen has learned to eat from the monkey's hands. When the latter receives an ear of corn she picks the kernels from the cob one by one and feeds them to her protege. Down by the rock upon which Vic delights to sun herself, is a hole where she hides tidbits which she brings forth only when her pet hen comes around. Attempt to take the piece of candy from Victoria and she bites, chattering savagely. Try to chase her pet hen and she runs to the full length of her chain, snapping and scaring the boldest. Dogs that are known to Vic can approach her pet hen, but strange dogs are fiercely driven off, and Vic has proved her tenacity by fighting a full-blooded prize English bulldog, when she stood too near the favored hen. When she has a choice bit she calls her feathered friend and the fowl seems to know the call and approaches.

Equal to the Emergency.

This story is told of a well-known gentleman of simple tastes, some of which are not shared by his wife. He likes to do things that he used to do when he was a happy boy in his rural home.

One day, according to his own account of the matter, he was sitting at the back of his house shelling a big dish of peas. It was the servant's work, of course, but he was doing it for pleasure, and in his gardening clothes. His wife, meanwhile, was entertaining some stylish callers. Suddenly he heard one of the ladies say:

"Oh, I must see your pretty garden. I have heard so much about it."

The next instant a window was opened, and out popped two pretty bonnets. The master of the house was in a strait.

His wife would be terribly mortified, he knew, if he were discovered. With great self-possession he turned his head away and continued his work. His wife was not a bit behind him in quickness of resource.

"Patrick," she said, "you mustn't forget to mow the grass before Mr. — comes home."

"Yis, ma'am," answered the pea sheller, with his best brogue; and the crisis was safely passed.

The Hourly Question.

Applicant—I understand, madam, that you desire to employ the services of a chaperon for your daughter?

Mrs. Croesus—Yes, I do. Can you ride a bicycle?—Somerville Journal.