

### SOME QUEER PEOPLE.

Characteristics of John Chinaman in Regard to His Children.

As a father, John idolizes his boys, but feels keenly the disgrace brought by the advent of a daughter. He does not consider her worthy of a name, but calls her number one, two or three, as the case may be. He ignores her entirely in telling the number of his children, counting only the boys. He considers her as without mind or soul, and denies her the advantages of education which her brother receives. As she grows up she is a slave in her own and her husband's house; and not till she is old does she receive love and reverence.

If a child is taken sick, says St. Nicholas, both John and his wife think the soul has wandered away, and steps are taken to recall it. The mother calls at the open door: "Soul, come home!" The father goes out to seek it, usually searching about the nearest bridge. At his cry of "Coming, coming!" the mother looks carefully about her floor and secures the first thing of life she sees. This may be flea, or beetle, or other insect, but is supposed to have within it the missing spirit. It is wrapped up and joyfully placed under the pillow of the sick one, who is now expected to recover forthwith. If death comes instead, the child is buried summarily and with scant ceremony. John considers his own coffin one of the most valued and most necessary pieces of furniture for his best room, and his highest ambition is to have an elaborate funeral. He and the older members of his household have this ambition gratified in proportion to their wealth and the number of their descendants.

### HE WAS ACCOUNTED FOR.

An American Who Was Mistaken for a German in Paris.

A Boston lawyer, recalling some incidents of travel "on the other side" twenty years ago, says that he may have owed his life to police surveillance in France, according to the New York Sun. Said he: "It was in Paris, just after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, when Paris was a most unhealthy place for a German to be in. I then wore a yellow mustache, and, my eyes being blue and my complexion fresh, I presume that I was taken for a German, and possibly for a spy, for one day on the street a group of soldiers saw me, and, after a short discussion, they came after me on a run. My French was pretty queer, I imagine, in those days, and I could not make them understand what I was trying to tell them. They were armed and determined, and were hustling me on at a lively pace, somewhere, that might have proved a very unhealthy place for me. Just as I had almost given up hope a couple of gendarmes appeared, and I halted them. They either had more sense than the soldiers, or they understood bad French better, for they ordered my captors to stop and explain themselves. I piped up that I lived at — Boulevard des Capucines, when one of the policemen shrugged his shoulders and said: 'We know all that, monsieur. We have had you under our eyes for the last four days.' Then he turned to the soldiers and added: 'Monsieur is an American. He is accounted for. You will allow monsieur to pass.' And they did."

### Out of Small Change.

The financial straits of Italy are growing worse from day to day. Coin is decreasing at a rate as rapid as to cause universal consternation and inconvenience in trade. Storekeepers are issuing notes payable at sight in their stores. These notes vary in amounts from a quarter dollar to a few cents, some being as low as two cents. Instead of allowing this natural means for tiding over the calamitous period to proceed unnoticed, the police have at some places arrested tradesmen for infringing upon the privilege of the crown by making money. Public opinion is in favor of allowing tradesmen to continue in the course. But no one can say what the end of the police prosecutions will be, nor how and when the calamity will end.

SINGLE sleeve-buttons are larger than ever. They are worn chiefly by men, and women who affect masculine dress. They prevail in dead gold. The more elaborate have a section in repousse work.—Jewelers' Circular.

### DON'T BE TOO POSITIVE.

The Bank Deposit a Business Man Thought He Had Made.

"Don't be too positive," said a business man to a Boston Herald writer. "I used to be. I am not now quite so sure about things. You would naturally think that one's life—in business and other avenues of its devious course—tends to make a man careful, not to say conservative; but it does not as a rule. To most men experience serves as a stern light rather than a head light.

"Take a case of recent occurrence. A friend of mine who is in business on North Market street recently thought he had made a deposit of one hundred and fifteen dollars in his bank. I say 'thought,' he himself was cock sure he had made it.

"His bank book had been left with the bank for settlement, and my friend merely made out a slip and handed it to the teller. A few days later when he received his bank book 'settled up,' behold you, that deposit was not entered. He at once took the book to the young man who was teller on that day and said:

"You have not credited me with one hundred and fifteen dollars, my deposit of such a day."

"The teller obligingly looked over his slips and book, and said he: 'I have no entry of it, neither do I remember a deposit of such an amount.'

"Then arose a dispute. My friend was positive he had made that deposit. He was going to have it credited or he would know the reason why. He felt aggrieved; in fact his feelings were venomous.

"The bank held a special board meeting to consider the matter. They decided they could do nothing. The teller had always borne a good reputation. Could my friend remember whom he saw in the bank the day he made his deposit?"

"Oh, yes," he said; 'I will swear I saw So-and-so as I entered the door.'

"Hunt him up, then," said the bank people; 'see if he remembers seeing you.'

"The person could not recollect such an event.

"Said the bank people: 'Can you recollect who else was near the door?'"

"Oh, yes," said my friend; 'that young man,' pointing there.

"But that young man merely smiled, and suavely said that he had no remembrance of the occurrence.

"My friend was angry; he grew warlike. He consulted a prominent lawyer in Boston. The man of law said, laconically:

"You have no redress. The bank's word is as good as yours. Go slow. Are you sure you made the deposit? We men do queer things at times. Look about your desk and office."

"Suffice it to say that the hundred and fifteen dollars did not turn up. My friend in the interim grew still more positive.

"Some two weeks elapsed. One day, going through an old overcoat hanging in his office, he found the deposit slip, money and all. Tableau! Imagine his feelings. Retractions were in order. He went to the bank and explained all in a very crestfallen manner and vowed contrition to the teller.

### THROUGH EUROPE.

SPAIN produced 540,000,000 gallons of wine last year.

THERE are 4,822 clubs in France, with a total membership of 9,277,155.

A BIRD in the London Zoo, a shell-drake, has apparently committed suicide on account of the death of its mate.

DENMARK allows every subject, male or female, who is sixty years of age, a small pension. Only criminals are excepted.

TELEPHONE operators in Belgium are required to pass an examination in French, German, English and Flemish and to be able to draw a map of Europe.

THE profits of the Paris post office, which last year amounted to \$10,000,000, have moved the post office clerks to consider what steps they should take for getting their salaries raised.

GERMAN piano manufacturers are reported to be in great distress. Formerly they sold many instruments in Russia, but the present duty of \$100 on a grand piano and \$60 on an upright has almost put an end to the export of pianos.

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