EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE ..... OREGON.

The newest thing in shirt waists—the man who wears them.

Another reason for the campaign liar never hitting the mark is his always shooting with the long bow.

A professional water walker got his feet wet, caught cold, and died from the effect. There is no telling what a profession may do to a person.

American women don revolvers and American men take to shirt waists. Real life affords cases of "Vice Versa" as amazing as the imagination of Anstey ever created.

The maharajah of Bharaptur became intoxicated and lost his job. It was considered absolutely necessary for a man who had to pilot that title through the streets to remain strictly sober.

China has borrowed from the "foreign devils" in recent years $300,000,000, and the larger part of the money has been expended to pay for modern arms. China evidently believes in fighting the devils with their own arms.

A professor of geology has found near Montclair, N. J., fossil specimens of a fish supposed to be millions of years old. The fish belongs to the order of ganoids, of which there are only a few modern representatives. Housekeepers who think their fishman is not furnishing wares as fresh as they desire can at least comfort themselves with the knowledge that his ice-box contains nothing as old as this.

"When the rats die, you may know the plague has come," is a common saying in the East. Honolulu puts it differently. "When the plague has come the rats must die," is the Western version. The physicians became convinced that rats were responsible for the dissemination of bubonic plague in Honolulu, and offered a bounty of 25 cents a head. Within two weeks more than five thousand were killed. The result seems to have justified the outlay, for it is said that since the rats were destroyed not a single case of plague has appeared.

"One of the things that strikes one most forcibly in this country," said an English observer, who has been spending some weeks in the United States, "is the way in which your young men not only support themselves but push on into positions of trust. Our English boys certainly seem to be better educated, but the American boys beat 'em hollow in self-reliance and horse sense, as I believe you call it here. Perhaps it is owing to the different way in which the American young man looks at things. The English boy, starting out in life, 'obtains a berth'—which is something to sleep in—or he 'finds a situation.' The American boy either 'gets a job' or 'goes to work' for somebody. There is a whole revelation of mental attitude in those different phrases."

The editor of an anarchistic newspaper published in this country hailed the murder of King Humbert with an editorial paean of joy. He frankly conceded that Humbert was kind and estimable, personally, and that he had not been guilty of oppressing his people; yet this man rejoiced in his death merely because he was a king. What sort of man it is who preaches such doctrines—what sort of men anarchy breeds—is well brought out by the comments of a Chicago paper on this editor: "He is not a worker, but a 'dead beat.' He spends most of his time consuming beer and giving utterance to the desire that people may be killed. He is not even a brave man. When he was last wanted by the police he had to be dragged out from under the bed where he had hidden." This is a just arraignment, not merely of an anarchist, but of anarchy.

A Washington police justice recently dismissed a charge of profanity lodged against a man who swore at a street car conductor. The learned judge held that, although there was an ordinance against profanity, in this case the provocation was great and therefore the offense was excusable. Nevertheless, profanity is never excusable. It may not be unlawful. In the view of many worthy people it may not be immoral. But that it is inexcusable on the ground of good manners, good taste and a proper sense of self-respect cannot be questioned. The spontaneous vocabulary of a man is a reflection of his real self. By his speech ye shall know him. The old saying, "in vino veritas," is terribly true. When a gentleman takes too much wine he still speaks like a gentleman. When a cad is in his cups he will talk like a cad, though in his sober moments, when he is on guard, he is a model of correct discourse and a Chesterfield in manner. Likewise when a man is in a passion, when he forgets himself in the heat of anger, his speech will betray his vulgarity if he is vulgar, or proclaim his purity if he is pure-minded. Passion is the great revealer. There is a spirit in language which makes its way into the character. The habitual employment of the purest vocabulary will gradually refine the coarsest, vulgarest character. Habit is all powerful. The coarse man beginning the practice of propriety in his speech will at first seem to be what he is not, but if he perseveres he will come to be what he desires to seem. Then, when passion consumes him he will be in no danger of lowering himself in his own eyes or in the estimation of others. He will still be a man.

There is a skeleton in every closet, but some skeletons are more obstreperous than others. Take one of the poets in a current magazine, for example. Inwardly he is consumed with a raging fire. "Oh, take me," he exclaims, "into the still places of your heart, and hide me under the night of your deep hair; for the fear of love is upon me; I'm afraid lest God should discover the wonderfulness of our love." It is clear that when alone with himself, and wrapt up in his great sorrow, he is inclined to make light of everything save his own troubles. He does not consider that it would be physically impossible for her, even if she were so inclined, to take him into the still places of her heart and at the same time hide him under the night of her deep hair. He is asking too much. But he will not desist. "Oh, touch me!" cries this anguished soul. "Oh, look upon me! Look upon my spirit with your eyes." What nonsense! How could she? "And touch me," he insists, as if nothing but a touch will ease him, "with the benediction of your hands." A rolling pin would be more effective, but hear him out: "Breathe upon me, breathe upon me, and my soul shall live. Kiss me with your mouth upon my mouth and I shall be strong." We doubt it. The young gentleman's nerves are evidently badly shattered, and nothing but quiet and a regular and long course of tonics will tend to restore his strength. The poet may not have gone too far. If he has not and can calm himself long enough to write to Ella Wheeler Wilcox perhaps she will give him some good advice. Meantime he might try the effect of a shower bath or employ Mr. Muldoon to harden his fiber.

Is the face of a beautiful woman public property, to be used in yellow pictures on cigar boxes and flour barrels, or can its owner claim the "right of privacy" and protect that right in the courts? This was the question at issue in a suit for $15,000 damages brought by a beautiful young girl of Rochester against the Franklin Mills Company and the Rochester Folding Box Company for the use of her portrait, unknown to herself, as an advertisement for flour. The chief contention of the fair plaintiff was that her "right of privacy" had been invaded, causing her mental injury and distress. It is gratifying to note that Justice Davy, of the Supreme Court, sided with the plaintiff. His ruling, in which he overruled the demurrer to the complaint, embodies so much sound reasoning that it is safe to regard it as an indication of what may be expected from the courts when cases of this kind are brought in the future. In the course of his decision the Judge said: "It does not appear from the complaint in this action that the plaintiff is within the category of what might be denominated a public character. She is undoubtedly a young woman of rare beauty, and this she enjoys as a private citizen. It is very natural, if the plaintiff is of a modest and retiring nature, that any such publicity would be extremely disagreeable and offensive to her. It is not impossible, therefore, that she has suffered and continues to suffer great mental injury and distress." The Judge further declares that if the lithographic likeness, owing to its beauty, is of great value as a trademark or advertising medium, it is a "property right" which belongs to the complainant and cannot be taken from her without her consent. The contention of the young woman of Rochester raised a point which, it is claimed, has never been passed upon in the courts of this country.

Naval Cadets.

The number of naval cadets is limited according to the following rule: Each member of the House of Representatives is entitled to name one candidate to represent his district until he graduates, resigns or is discharged. In addition the President has the privilege of appointing one and ten annually at large. Two examinations for admission are held each year, one in May and the other in September. The requirements of each candidate are: He must be between 15 and 19 years of age; he must be physically sound and able to pass a creditable examination in English grammar, United States history, geography, arithmetic and algebra as far as the theory of quadratic equations and their practice. The pay of a naval cadet is $500 a year, beginning with the date of admission.

Insects and Music.

Tarantulas do not dance to the sound of the violin, but let the people they bite do the dancing; scorpions, however, enjoy fiddling, according to the Quarterly Review, and lizards go crazy for music of any kind. As for serpents, the boa constrictor and python are senseless to melody, but the cobra is fascinated by the flute and still more by the fiddle. Polar bears enjoy the violin; so do ostriches; wolves will stop in the chase to listen to a cornet; elephants are fond of the flute, especially the upper notes; tigers, while appreciating violin and flute, cannot stand the harmonica, while the musical seal shows no emotion on hearing any instrument, not even the bass drum.

A Municipal Restaurant.

For fifty years the city of Grenoble, in France, has maintained a municipal restaurant and kitchen, where meals are cooked and supplied at cost. The food is of the best quality, the cooks are skillful and the service is excellent. One may dine there on bread and soup for 3 cents and have his hunger thoroughly appeased, or may pay 12 cents and enjoy a course dinner.

An Expensive Thermometer.

The most expensive thermometer is in use at the Johns Hopkins University. It is known as Prof. Bowland's thermometer, and is valued at $10,000. It is an absolutely perfect instrument, and the graduations on the glass are so fine that it is necessary to use a microscope to read them.

Salt as Money.

In Abyssinia, not so very long ago, salt was the principal medium of exchange, being practically used as money.

The Musicians of London.

It is said that in London there are no fewer than 10,000 professional musicians of various grades, and that more than half of them are women.

One Word.

"Llanfair-pwllgwyngyll" is a village in Wales that enjoys the privilege of being counted as one word in telegrams.

Title of the latest serio-comic song: "If Your Teeth Don't Ache, You Are All Right."

When some people shake hands their hand is as cold and motionless as a dead fish's tail.

A little flour by any other name would doubtless smell as wheat.

POOR PLACE FOR THESPIANS.

Thespian—Methinks we had better omit our performance at Hayville to-night. This paper says eggs are selling there at 5 cents a dozen and tomatoes are rotting on the vines.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

TOLD OVER A WAR TROPHY.

Public Interest Shown in Spanish Gun at Lincoln Park, Chicago.

The Spanish trophy gun, the Maria Teresa, in Lincoln Park, Chicago, continues to be an attraction to citizens and strangers. The gun itself is merely an ordinary modern engine of war, such as are employed in warship armament, but the association of the Maria Teresa with the naval battle off Santiago in July, 1898, and its mute story of the prowess and skill of the American navy gives the gun a sort of prestige which it otherwise would not have. And not only that, but it tells for itself and for Spain that Spanish ordnance is far from being mediaeval in pattern, strength or projectile-throwing power. In fact, this particular gun and its mounting and equipment compares favorably with the latest improved heavy artillery of the nations.

But it is not so much the gun itself as the crowds that gather about it that interests the observer of men and things, says the Chicago Chronicle. It is the variety of facial expressions which the monster cannon causes that makes the study. It seems to be man's nature to enjoy whatever stirs his martial spirit, and Maria Teresa exerts a powerful influence in that direction and also in refreshing the memory of events of war that transpired long ago.

It is quite common to see two or three gray-haired men get into a conversation about the big gun; when one will recite an incident of the civil war in which heavy ordnance played a conspicuous part. Then another remembers incidents of his soldier days, and then almost unconsciously they move together slowly to a seat under a nearby tree and there fight their wars over again, each recounting his experiences, hair-breadth escapes and final return to the pursuits of peace. It was this big gun that revived their memories and started the veterans to the shade of a tree. That they were unacquainted before this was no matter, for they were bound by ties of comradeship, and the first connection of the great cannon with events of a third of a century ago was enough. No formal introduction was needed, nor did it matter in the least if one had worn the blue and the other the gray. It was the comradeship which battlefields create and it needed only this lone trophy gun to start its fires aglow.

Perhaps the most interesting visitors of the big gun are children. It is noticed that they feel as though they were in the presence of something dreadful, and the four mortars hard by, each weighing more than 17,000 pounds and capable of throwing a shell of more than 1,000 pounds' weight, only increases the awe of the youngsters. Children nearly always talk in a low voice while there and move about in pairs or in groups. They seem to catch the meaning of the gun and mortars and what they were made for. "This cannon is about as awe-inspiring to children as a graveyard," said a bystander as a little group walked around the gun, their eyes wide open.

There is a class of people who visit the mortars and the big gun and find just the kind of inspiration they want. They are young men who are ambitious to be soldiers and "face the cannon's mouth." Their imagination is whetted until they can see themselves sweeping across fields and charging over hills, and the war machinery there arouses all the martial spirit in them. They amuse veterans of the battlefield, but for all that "the big gun and the monster mortars teach them a lesson that is altogether wholesome," as an old soldier of many campaigns put it.

Then there are the peace-at-any-price visitor. The gun and the mortars to him are fiends, fiends from the under world incarnated in life-destroying agencies—agencies that destroy in anger. "That gun is a devil in steel, and its only business in the world is to deal death and destruction," said he to the group he was with, and he worked himself into a frenzy of anger over the awfulness of sentiments other than those of peace and good-will toward men.

SPANISH GUN IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

A One-Man Road.

A Washington man who put in ten years of soldiering in the regular army of the United States was recently appointed a captain and assistant adjutant-general in the volunteer service, and he is now attached to the staff of Gen. Miles. He is a man of ability and great unpretentiousness.

A few days before he donned his uniform he went over to Fort McHenry, Baltimore, on official business. A War Department clerk went along with him. When the two men arrived at Fort McHenry, the new captain pointed to a long shell road that runs through the post.

"Do you see that road?" asked the captain. "Yes."

"Well, I made that whole road myself. It was as tough a job as I ever performed, and as bitter a period, but it did me a heap of good. I was serving with an artillery regiment, part of which was stationed here, and one night when I was on guard the officer of the day crept up on me unawares and found me sitting down on a pile of gunny sacks, neglecting my post. I got a general court-martial for neglect of duty of post, and was sentenced to six months in the guardhouse. My sentence tickled the old provost sergeant mightily, for he was in need of a steady prisoner to build that road. I built it, and crunched many a million oyster shells building it. I never find myself feeling chesty and high-and-mighty, and all that sort of thing, that I don't shut my eyes and think of this shell road over in Fort McHenry."—Washington Star.

Great Canals.

Probably the largest canal in the world—a distinction of some note in these days of wonderful engineering feats—is the Chenab Irrigation Canal in the Northwest provinces of India. Its breadth is 200 feet, with a main channel some 450 miles long, while the principal branches have an aggregate length of 2,000 miles, and the village branches will extend, when completed, some 4,000 miles additional. But, apart from irrigation, the longest canal in the world is that which extends from the frontier of China to St. Petersburg, and is 4,472 miles in length. The Bengal Canal, connecting with the River Ganges, is 900 miles long, and in all India there are 14,000 miles of canals, irrigating 8,000,000 of acres.

"Mrs. Wales and Daughters."

When in the country the Princess of Wales delights in making little expeditions incognito. An amusing and true story has just leaked out about one of these impromptu excursions at Sandringham. Her royal highness, with the two princesses, had driven a long distance from home in her favorite pony cart, and as lunch drew near they were glad to put up at a picturesque village inn. The landlord had his suspicions as to who his guests were, and after lunch had been served brought the visitors' book. Whereupon the princess, not to be outdone, made the following entry: "Mrs. Wales and two daughters."

A Curious Bird.

The kiwi hails from New Zealand, and is a rare bird. It is perfectly wingless, and not a sign of hair or feathers protects the eyes. This gives the kiwi a comical look. It is almost wholly nocturnal in its habits. Like the owl of the north the setting of the sun means the beginning of life to them. Then they hop about like rabbits. They are really the clowns of the fowl world.

Moving Stairways.

Two types of moving stairways for the Manhattan Elevated stations in New York City are to be put on trial shortly. One is a ramp consisting of an endless rubber band running over drums. In the other type regular steps will take the place of the nearly smooth incline, so that a passenger always stands on a level surface.

Not a Curve for 211 Miles.

The longest stretch of railway without a curve is 211 miles, from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes, on the new Argentine Pacific Railway.

If a woman wants to work the tremulo stops on her husband, she should put on her prettiest dress when she does it. Nothing spoils the effect of tears quicker than a soiled wrappper.

Science and Invention

Cutting or obstructing vegetation on the upper Nile has had the astonishing effect of destroying enormous numbers of fish. This has been due to the liberation of stagnant water, which has suffocated through its lack of air.

A bulletin of the New York Zoological Society reports that the experiment of decorating the walls of the bird-house with paintings of landscapes has had at least one interesting result—the cranes have several times tried to walk through the walls.

It appears that the lifetime of the mosquito is three months. Mosquitoes have been kept alive in captivity for eighty days. It is said that the ordinary minnow, which feeds upon the larvae of mosquitoes, is highly efficient as a means for keeping down their numbers.

A non-freezing liquid is often needed, as for brakes of certain kinds for artillery and other uses. Glycerine and alcohol being somewhat expensive, a twenty-eight per cent solution of chloride of calcium is recommended, the cost of this being slight, while it remains unchanged at 25 degrees F. below zero, and does not attack metals.

From a shrub called yule, growing wild in central Mexico, a new substitute for india-rubber has recently been produced. The bark and wood are ground up and macerated with gasoline, oil of turpentine, naptha, or some other hydrocarbon solvent, and the gum thus extracted resembles crude rubber. It is free from impurities, and can readily be manufactured into various commercial forms. The shrub yields 40 per cent of its weight in gum.

Prof. Simon Newcomb, writing of stars which are so distant that they have no measurable parallax, remarks that one of these, the brilliant Canopus, can be said, with confidence, to be thousands of times brighter than the sun. "Whether we should say 20,000, 10,000 or 5,000, no one can decide." The first-magnitude stars, Rigel and Spica, also are at an immeasurable distance, and must, in view of their actual brightness, enormously outshine the sun.

Dr. Isaac Roberts, whose beautiful photographs of nebulae and star clusters are well known, gives a somewhat startling account of the manner in which the images of faint stars and nebulae disappear from the photographic plates. On one of his plates, in 1886, he counted 403 stars; the same plate in 1895 showed only 272 stars, the images of 131 having entirely disappeared. This leads to the suggestion that celestial photographs, in order to be of permanent value, should be immediately reproduced by some process yielding pictures not subject to change.

The principle of wireless telegraphy has been applied to the steering of torpedoes, and tests made in England recently appear to show that the system is practicable. Starting with the fact that torpedoes can be steered by electromagnets acting upon their helms and connected by wire with the shore, Mr. Varicas, the inventor of the new system, undertook to get rid of the wires by substituting for them the Marconi electric impulses. In the experiments made near Weymouth, a model torpedo, four feet long, was employed in a swimming-bath, and the Marconi apparatus was set up at the ends of the bath, which is 300 feet long. The model also carried a projecting wire to receive the electric waves. It was steered in every direction successfully.

SHOCKED BY HIS WISDOM.

Green Reporter Asked the Educated Chinaman for an Opinion.

Numberless are the tricks which newspaper reporters play upon one another to relieve the somber "grind" of their calling. Two young men, employed on a morning paper in a large city, were detailed one day to call upon the resident Chinamen and "interview" them respecting some immigration measure then pending in Congress. One of the two reporters was a beginner and the other, an experienced man, naturally assumed the management of the assignment.

"Billings," he said, after they had invaded several laundries without any important result, "here is a tea store. I wish you would go in and talk with the proprietor. I want to know what he thinks about Chinamen voting. I'll go and pull off an interview with the man who runs this cigar shop next door. Remember to use the very simplest English at your command."

The young reporter went inside the tea store, took out his notebook and thus addressed the proprietor, who happened to be alone at the moment:

"John, how? Me—me—Telegraph, John Newspape—savvy, John? Newspape—print things. Un'stan'? Me want know what John think about Chinaman vote, see? What John think—Chinaman—vote—all same Melican man? Savvy, John? Vote? What think?"

The Chinaman listened to him with profound gravity until he had finished, and replied:

"The question of granting the right of suffrage to Chinese citizens who have come to the United States with the avowed intention of making this country their permanent home is one that has occupied the attention of thoughtful men of all parties for years, and it may become in time one of paramount importance. At present, however, it seems to me there is no exigency requiring an expression of opinion from me upon this subject. You will please excuse me."

The young reporter went outside and leaned against a lamp post to rest and recover from a sudden faintness that had taken possession of him. His comrade had purposely "steered him against" one of the best educated Chinamen in the United States.—Youth's Companion.

BEAR WAS A HUMORIST.

Made Fun for a Berry Picker Who Was Not Expecting It.

For ten minutes Bilah Nelson, of Cross Forks, Pa., down in the Kettle Creek lumber country, picked berries in company with a bear without knowing it, although bear and berry-picker were not eight feet apart.

Nelson and the bear were on opposite sides of a big log, over and across which the bushes grew high and thick. While Nelson on one side rapidly filled his pail with berries, the bear on the other side was on its haunches, poking the red clusters of fruit into his capacious mouth with his great paws.

John Lemon, another berry-picker, saw all this, he being at one end of the log, so that he could see both sides of it. The bear and Nelson moved along the line of bushes in the same direction, keeping pace with each other in their berry-picking match. Lemon hid in the bushes, and peered out to watch the movements of the two, prepared to enjoy the fun that he was sure would come when bear and man came face to face in the opening at the end of the log toward which they were steadily making their way.

But a shifting wind gave the bear scent of Nelson before the end of the log was reached. He rose on his hind feet, stuck his nose in the air, and then rushed away like a locomotive straight toward the spot where Lemon was in hiding.

Lemon had not time to move or cry out before the bear had landed square on top of him, so much to bruin's angry surprise that he instantly gave expression to it by pitching into the lurking berry-picker. He made the mix-up so brief, however, that he was gone when Nelson, seeing the sudden commotion in the bushes, and hearing Lemon's cries for help mingling with loud snarling and growling and snapping of jaws, hurried to the spot. But bruin had left a confusion of thrashed-down bushes behind him, in the midst of which Nelson discovered Lemon sitting, wild-eyed and bloody, and with his clothing hanging in tatters upon him.

Nelson got him out of the tangle into open country, and was glad that Lemon's hurts were not as serious as his appearance indicated, although two ribs were fractured and there was hardly a square foot of him that did not show marks of the encounter.

Then Nelson learned for the first time that he had been picking berries with a bear for ten minutes or more, and that if the wind hadn't shifted he and the bear might have afforded a lot of fun for Lemon. The bear has not been seen since, but berry-pickers down that way now go to the woods loaded for him.

THE LITTLE LADY OF PEKIN.

From the Chinese Point of View His Empress Is Perfection.

"The Chinese Empress does not meet completely the Anglo-Saxon demand for female beauty," writes Poultney Bigelow in the Woman's Home Companion, "but then the Chinaman is not wholly satisfied with our type, and on sound democratic principles the Celestial has some color for his opinion, seeing that he is one of four hundred millions, while our ideal represents but seventy-five millions. Personally, it is hard for me to appreciate beauty in one who is short and fat; whose feet are the size of salt-cellars; whose flesh has the modeling of a bolster; whose eyes are oblique, and whose natural skin is overlaid with white and red paste. Yet what I am pleased to consider my taste is, from the Chinaman's point of view, merely outlandish prejudice; and on the standard prevailing in Pekin the Dowager Empress is easily one of the handsomest women, exercising a personal fascination which entitles her to rank with such heroines as Catherine of Russia or Queen Louise of Germany. And as to antiquity of pedigree, the Romanoffs and Hohenzollerns are mere upstarts in dynastic enterprise compared with the power in Pekin, which draws its authority directly from Celestial sources in prehistoric eras.

"Let us then admit at the outset that in the matter of birth, beauty and political power the Dowager Empress of China eclipses not merely anything of its kind in Europe, but throws into the shade anything dreamed of in this fair country of ours, whose boast it is that we have set the standard of 'sovereign woman.' The Chinaman in general is completely convinced that in all that constitutes higher civilization he is the superior of the white man. He has invented more different kinds of mechanical improvements than all the rest of the world put together; his wise men were masters of science when Europe was a howling wilderness; no other country has held together so long as this huge empire, and its subjects not unnaturally conclude that such grand results must have sprung from institutions whose excellence is unrivaled elsewhere. Of these institutions the highest exponent is the Dowager Empress and her party."

Long Journey on Land.

Several long journeys are possible without crossing the sea, but it would be necessary to cross rivers, canals, or perhaps an inland sea or lake. For instance, from Cape Verde, on the northwest coast of Africa to the northeastern seaboard of Asia, opposite Japan, is a distance of 8,700 miles. In taking this journey one would not have to cross the open sea, but would be obliged to get over the Suez Canal and the Caspian Sea, which is an inland lake. Another similar journey would be from Capt St. Vincent, in Portugal, to the extreme easterly point of Siberia. The distance in this case is 7,300 miles. The pedestrian would pass through Spain, Prussia, North Austria, and thence European and Asiatic Russia. The longest walk one could take in a straight line on solid land would be from the eastern side of the Red Sea, not far from Mecca, to the Behring Straits, a promenade of about 6,000 miles. In the Western Hemisphere the walk would not exceed 4,500 miles, owing to the irregular shape of the American continent.

Travels of a Coin.

A gold coin passes from one to another 2,000,000,000 times before the stamp or impression upon it becomes obliterated by friction, while a silver coin changes between 3,250,000,000 times before it becomes entirely effaced.

A Costly Building.

The costliest building of modern times is the State Capitol at Albany, N. Y., which has already had spent upon it the immense sum of $20,000,000.

A yawn is merely a gape in the conversation.

A WOMAN WHO SWORE.

And Her Oath Proved of Material Value to Her Husband.

A party of married men were talking about their wives, and it is worthy of note that every man was glad he had a wife, and was anxious to tell her good points.

"I never heard my wife swear once," said one of them when there seemed to be a lull in the praising.

All the others looked shocked, as if of them had ever heard their wives swear, they were not telling it, for they resented the frankness of the man who was apparently betraying family secrets. But the man disregard the bad impression he had created.

"And that," he continued, in the same tone, "was away back yonder years or more ago, when the oil excitement in Pennsylvania agitated the whole country. I owned a farm there that I had taken for a debt of thousand dollars, but because it was worth that much, but because it was all I could get. My business was small then, and a thousand dollars resented the bulk of my capital. I had been married five years, and my wife was the very best investment I had ever made. One day I received word that oil had been struck on the farm adjoining mine, and right away I proceeded to go crazy, just as everybody else did when oil showed up anywhere in their neighborhood. My wife showed signs, too, but she kept her about her. Inside of a week I began to get offers for my farm, and I got dizzier every time there came an offer higher than the one before it. It went up like a balloon at first, until the figures got away up, and then the real bidders dropped out. At last an offer of $100,000 came from the representative of a company that I knew was worth two or three millions."

"'Let it go, John,' said my wife when I told her of this offer.

"'I guess not,' said I; 'if it's worth a hundred thousand to them, it's worth a hundred thousand to me.'

"'I tell you to let it go,' said my wife as firm as a post in the ground.

"'Not much,' said I. 'I'll get that hundred thousand.'

"She pulled down her apron with a jerk, a peculiarity of hers when she meant business.

"'You're getting a hundred times more for it than you gave,' said she, 'and you never expected to make this 000 in 100,000 years, and you know it.'

"'But I'll make a good deal more than that now,' I insisted, and she went back to my desk to write a letter declining the offer.

"'John Martin,' said she, 'don't be a d——d fool!'

"And I wasn't," concluded the narrator, "for I accepted the hundred-thousand-dollar offer, and it was sixty thousand more than the company got off the farm, for the oil didn't last to run that way."—New Lippincott.

DOES NOT LIKE BALL VALVES.

Detective Tells How One of Them Figured in His Prisoner's Escape.

"I never had but one prisoner escape from me," said an old railroad detective to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter, "and that was under very peculiar circumstances. In 1882, when I was working for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, I captured a fellow named Jim Lake, who was wanted for robbing freight cars. I got him in Trinidad, Colo., and after securing the requisition papers started East with him for Kansas City. Lake was a little, consumptive chap, as frail as a woman, and I didn't consider it necessary to even put the handcuffs on him. With one twist I could have broken him in two. Besides, I didn't care to cause him needless humiliation by exhibiting him before the other passengers in the role of a prisoner, so we simply sat side by side, like two fellow tourists, and nobody in the cars had any idea he was under arrest.

"Naturally we did a good deal of talking, and at about dusk of the first evening out Lake turned the conversation to curious mechanical contrivances and described several remarkable machines he had seen. He had been a skilled engineer earlier in life, and, being a good talker, soon got me deeply interested. Among other things he told me about an air pump with a simple ball valve. "The ball lies in a socket, 'and the greater the air pressure behind it the tighter it sticks.' To illustrate, he twisted an old envelope into a wad and dropped a paper wad into my mouth. 'Now, when I blow,' he continued, 'you'll see that the wad sticks right where it is.' Like a fool, I stood at the thing, and he blew violently into the little end. At the same instant I felt as if a raging furnace had suddenly belched its flames right into my face. I couldn't see, I couldn't breathe, for a moment or two I couldn't even think. My throat and nostrils were on fire, and I felt sure my eyes had been blown out literally out of their sockets.

"What had happened was simply this. The envelope was full of red pepper, and I had received the charge, point blank, at about a six-inch range. While I was gasping the scoundrel ran to the other end of the car. 'My friend has a fit!' he shouted; 'I'm going after water.' Of course, he jumped off, and that was the last of him. He was never caught. The other day a man tried to sell me a lawn sprinkler. 'It has a patent valve,' he said. 'I don't want it,' I replied."

The Siberian Railway.

The British commercial agent in Russia, Mr. Cooke, has just issued a very optimistic report on the great new Siberian railway. Siberia, he points out, is no longer a mere Russian penal settlement, but a young country with a great future before it. The railway has already diffused hundreds of thousands of settlers over the vast domain and is opening gold deposits which has not hitherto been possible to work at a profit. Siberia already ranks among the leading gold-producing countries and other important industries are expected now to develop rapidly. In many respects the history of Siberia is curiously like that of Australia.

The young roosters closely watch the old rooster who has been ruling the walk; at the first sign of feebleness or old age, they jump him and kill him up.