

EUGENE CITY GUARD

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

The hollow ware manufacturers' association of the United States held an adjourned meeting at Columbus on the 25th. The scale of prices is not changed.

Twelve thousand dollars worth of diamonds and valuable jewelry were stolen at the exposition building in Cincinnati on the morning of the 28th from an exhibit.

One-third of the employes of the department of construction and repairs of the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. M., have been suspended, owing to lack of funds.

A shock of earthquake was felt in Vincennes at 3 A. M. on the 28th, rattling windows perceptibly. It lasted three minutes and was more distinct further west.

The board of directors of the Veterans' Home association held a meeting in San Francisco on Sept. 28th and decided to purchase the Clark tract of land in Napa county as a site for the home.

Portions of Illinois and Missouri were visited by earthquake shocks on the night of the 27th. They were so violent as to awake sleepers and cause general alarm although no damage was done.

Washington special says one of the first acts of Gen. Sherman recently as acting secretary of war was to sign acceptance of the resignation of George Stoneman as colonel on the retired list of the army.

Robert S. Ferguson, journalist, died at Jersey City on the 27th. He was for a time an officer in the 14th U. S. infantry, but resigned his commission upon the loss of his wife and child in the burning of the officers' quarters at a post in Wyoming.

At New Orleans on the morning of the 28th Melissa Powers and Addie Johnson, young women, fought with butcher knives about a man who had been paying attentions to both women, frightfully cutting each others faces and all parts of their body. Melissa Powers received a stab wound in the breast from which she died instantly. Addie Johnson is in a critical condition.

Local inspectors have signed the report of their decision in the matter of the collision between the John Lomas and Scotia on the Ohio river, near Lima, on the night of July fourth, by which over fifty lives were lost. They recommend the license of Keller, pilot of the Scotia be revoked, and as to that of Long, of the Lomas, disagreed. The matter will be referred to the supervising inspector.

The Ford brothers, slayers of Jesse James, are on exhibition in Brooklyn, and it is said were badly frightened recently by the appearance of a woman closely veiled, whom they asserted was the wife of Frank James, and who they say has threatened to take their lives when they are not expecting it. The woman after glancing around the place entered a carriage and was driven rapidly away.

A committee of the National Woman's Suffrage association is in conference at Omaha with a committee of the Nebraska association to plan the campaign in Nebraska. Miss Anthony, Mrs. Saxony of New Orleans, Miss Hindman, of Louisiana, Madame Neyman of New York, Miss Phoebe Cozzans of St. Louis, Mrs. Shattuck of Boston, Mrs. Foster of Philadelphia and Mrs. Colby of Nebraska speak until the election.

Mercer, Penn., special of the 28th says: Five expert burglars and cracksmen in jail here for robbing the express office at Greenvale, have escaped. They suddenly seized and bound the guard, forced other prisoners into cells with revolvers, seized the turnkey as he entered and locked him in a cell, took the keys from him and passed out. They then bound and gagged the sheriff's wife and fled.

The foundation for the talk about W. H. Vanderbilt advancing United States bonds to ease the money market, is that a bank offered to borrow from him \$10,000,000 in United States four per cent. bonds, which he holds, advancing thereon the full market price, about \$12,000,000, and charging him for the money advanced a low rate of interest. It is understood this offer of the bank is part of a scheme to have United States internal revenue receipts deposited in the bank, which would give the bonds borrowed from Vanderbilt to the government as security for internal revenue receipts on government money thus left with it. Two purposes would be served by the operation. The first would be that the money, instead of being locked up in the treasury, would be diverted from its way from the treasury of the national bank, where it could be lent in the market, and the other, which would concern the bank alone, would be the profits which it could make by lending government deposits. The Evening Post says: Our understanding is Vanderbilt declined to lend his bonds which are all registered in his name and that the scheme has been abandoned.

The Sun says: Chief Engineer Melville's cruise ended on the 26th, when he formally reported his return to the acting chief of the navy. He borrowed a full dress uniform from a brother officer, presented himself to the department, and said: "Mr Secretary, I have the honor to report my return and to turn over to you the articles that have been in my charge." There was no further ceremony, and Melville said he would be willing to take command of another expedition to the North Pole, provided he could have full command and could have a ship built, fitted and equipped to suit him. He believes that the course to the North Pole is by the Franz Joseph route. Melville was directed to continue his custody of the records of the expedition which he found, and DeLong's private letters and journals will be handed to his widow. The other records will remain in care of Melville until they are produced at the official investigation. These records are of great historical value and were preserved with extreme care by DeLong to the end that, when published, they will prove to be of greatest interest and will shed much new light on the work of the expedition. Melville says that only a small portion of them have been printed, and that the books contain a large number of careful maps and sketches.

Rapid progress is being made in Cholera drift, Virginia City, Nev. Material is favorable, with very little water.

A land agent named Keane was found dead on the roadside at Kildys, Ireland, where he had recently evicted some tenants.

A company is organized in Seattle to put Herdic coaches on the streets. It is thought there is room and business for four vehicles.

Disturbances have broken out among Montenegrins in Kalašchin. The governor of Bazaar has sent a body of Nizals to occupy the Turkish town of Kalašchin.

A treaty was signed in the City of Mexico on the 28th by Moriscal, Mexican secretary of foreign affairs, and Herrero, Guatemalan minister, definitely settling the boundary between the two countries. The line proposed many years ago by Mexico was accepted.

There is evidence of cholera or cholera morbus in the state of Chiapas, Mexico, twenty-eight deaths occurring in Axtla (population 5000) in one day. The government has taken measures to prevent the spread of the epidemic and quarantine is established. Alarm is felt in the infected region.

Helmsir & Hansen, exchange brokers, are reported to have failed for \$150,000 in San Francisco, Sept. 28th. Hansen was arrested this morning on a charge of grand larceny. He borrowed three checks, aggregating \$55,000, from the Pacific bank, and failed to return them. The whole transaction is at present in a state of obscurity.

A Lancaster, S. C., special of Sept. 28th says: At a political meeting yesterday a row began between a white man and a negro, and some indiscriminate pistol shooting was done but no one hurt. Soon after a posse of negroes rode up and a general row resulted, in which four colored men were killed and a large number wounded.

Two men returning to Knoxville from Calico mining district on Sept. 26th, found the dead body of James W. Sharon, a miner, who was supposed had perished for want of water. On his person was found two dollars and a half, a pistol and some letters. He had been prospecting at Calico and it is supposed was returning to Knoxville.

It is stated two companies of the 49th regiment of Alexandria have been ordered to Tantara. The Egyptian government is in possession of a telegram from Prince Ibrahim to Arabi Pasha congratulating him upon the supposed Egyptian victory at Kassassin and hoping at the next feast of Bairim, Englishmen would be sacrificed instead of sheep.

Lord Dufferin has communicated to Lord Granville a note from the ports, thanking Great Britain for re-establishing order in Egypt, and expressing hope the bonds of friendship at present existing between Turkey and England may become still closer. Mr. Granville has replied expressing satisfaction at the sentiment of the Ottoman government.

A San Francisco dispatch of Sept. 27th says: To-night the republican county committee convention reconvened and the following nominations were made: City and county attorney, J. E. Cowdery; coroner, F. L. Weeks; public administrator, Walter W. Leman; surveyor, Chas. S. Tilton; superintendent of schools, J. K. Wilson. Convention adjourned until the 29th.

A Vienna newspaper publishes a story in effect that the emperor and empress of Russia were secretly crowned during the recent visit to Moscow. If the emperor survives till the public coronation, this secret ceremony will be considered void, but in event of his death it is made public so as to avoid any difficulty in proclaiming the Czarowich Alexandria lawful successor of a crowned monarch.

At Reno on the 28th Ed Henry, conductor on a freight train was coupling cars at the depot and after joining a connection caught his left foot in the frog in the track and was unable to extract it before the train started. He instantly realized his danger and attempted to throw his body clear of the rails, but was struck and knocked under; the wheels passed over his stomach, crushing him fatally and nearly severing his left leg from his body. He was about 25 years old, unmarried, and an old and valued employee of the road.

The supreme court of San Francisco has affirmed the judgment of the lower court in the case of Dodge vs. Meyer against defendant. The case arose out of the failure of E. E. Morgan & Sons, wheat shippers. Plaintiff is a wheat grower, and the case arose out of advances made by Meyer to the Morgans, for which promissory notes and bills of lading on wheat shipped were given. Meyer knew that the Morgans were in bad circumstances, but the farmers did not. The court held that Meyer had converted the wheat shipped to his own use, and rendered judgment against him.

Governor Murray, of Utah, in obedience to the law of congress providing for appointments to fill vacancies occasioned by a failure to hold an election in August, has appointed a number of officials throughout Utah. In defiance of this law and the Edmunds bill, which disqualifies polygamists, the appointees of the governor have been refused the records and places to which they have been named. This organized nullification is in obedience to orders of the Mormon leaders. Those who think it criminal to hold over are whipped on, congress to the contrary. Writs of mandamus were applied for to enforce the title of officials appointed. The action of Gov. Murray, in firmly executing the law, in the face of the Mormon leaders, is approved by all law-abiding citizens.

In the city circuit court of Baltimore, on Sept. 28th the American Bank Note Company of New York, and others, by Attorney General Johnson, filed a bill against the Yorktown Centennial Association for an injunction appointing a receiver. It is charged the Yorktown Centennial Association was formed for the purpose of celebrating the surrender of Lord Cornwallis; that it created large debts and acquired considerable property; that its officers and managers have taken no steps to secure its assets, and pay debts; but certain parties have presented claims to judgment so as to obtain the property, and thus secure all assets to the injury of general creditors. Court appointed Bradley Johnson receiver. This is the association that purchased the Sample farm at Yorktown and proposed converting it into a government park.

Old Bill Gridley.

"You may say what you please about old Bill Gridley," said a gentleman just down from Bodie to the crowd who were springing for hot scotch in Phil McGovern's back room the other night. "I know there's lots of fellers talking against him—specially now that he's dead—but I allers speak of a man as I find him, and old Bill was as fair and square a one as I wish to see, spite of his crankiness."

"Putty bad tempered, wasn't he?" said Phil, who was sprinkling red pepper on the salt herring to encourage trade.

"Well, he was—and he wasn't. I've seen that man keep his grip on himself and go along cool and easy like when any other man in the camp would have stood on his hind legs and rared. I call to mind suthin' that happened once away back in the flush days that showed what a big heart old Gridley had in his shirt. You see, we were at a mining camp called Lone Skull, up on the Feather river, and Bill's claim had panned so rich that he began to put on a good deal of style. He had the largest shanty in the place—four rooms—and what must Gridley do but send clear round the Horn for a carpet for the parlor. It took him nearly a year to get it out, and then it was the only carpet in that part of the State. White ground, with yellow and red flowers. Folks used to come for miles to see it."

"Is this yarn one act?" growled a friend of the miner who was wistfully watching the barkeeper take the lid off some hot chowder in the other room.

"It's in one scene," continued the party from Bodie. "Lemme see; where was I? Well, to make a long story short I was playing pedro in Bill's best room one night, with some prospectors just up from 'Frisco' and was loosing considerable just when I dropped on one of 'em taking a jack out of his sleeve. As luck would have it, I wasn't heeled that night, so I just picked up a tobacco knife that lay on the table and cut the fellow's throat clean across."

"Good scheme, too," grunted a fero steer in approval.

"Well, as I was saying, old Gridley, who was in the next room, heard the scuffle and came in. There was that chap lying on the floor with his blood all over the carpet—the whole thing just ruined. Everybody was scared to see Bill's face. He looked just awful. I expected to get a bullet through my head quicker'n a wink."

"This is pretty tough on me," says Gridley, looking upon the carpet.

"I know, Bill," says I, "and I axes yer parding, old man. I never once thought of the carpet. I wouldn't er done it, if I had."

"No, I don't believe you would, Tom," says he, kinder sorrowful like. "I don't believe you would." And he actually helped me to heave the corpse out the window and kinder wipe up the miss a little. I tell you, gentlemen, old Bill Gridley was a white man, he was, and if ever I go back on him after that, I'm a coyote!"

And they all agreed that a man must have a big heart to act like that, after all.—[San Francisco Post.

An Arab Custom.

At the close of one of the great religious festivals of the Moslem was a number of Arabs are seen to detach themselves from the crowd and to lie down side by side in the dust, face downward, like logs upon a "corduroy" road, while their friends, crowding around them, press down an arm here and there, in order to make this living pavement as compact as possible. When all is ready the crowd falls back, while a horseman coming up from behind passes at a quick walk over the prostrate bodies. This is called the Doseh, or "trampling." Each man receives the full pressure of the iron-shod hoof in the small of his back, and not a few may be seen to writhe under it like trodden worms. The moment this horrible pageant is over the friends and relatives of the trampled men rush up to them and do their utmost to make it appear that they have received no injury from the pressure. The odious farce, however, is always unsuccessful, the groans and writhings of the sufferers being sufficient evidence to the contrary. The whole spectacle is revolting in the extreme, and deserves attention as a striking proof of the lengths to which superstition and fanaticism can go, even in an age of highly developed civilization.

Chasing Her Baby.

One day a lady left her baby on a railroad train at Plainville, Conn., expecting to return before the train started. This she failed to do, and the infant was carried on to Forestville, and there placed in charge of the stationmaster. In the meantime the frantic mother had telegraphed to Bristol to have the child returned, but in order to save the agony of delay a kind-hearted messenger volunteered to go to Forestville on a freight train and bring back the baby. On the trip the engine broke down, and he tramped the rest of the way to Forestville, found the object of his search and carried it back in his arms to Plainville. The mother, meanwhile, impatient of delay, had boarded the engine of a gravel train, and was in Forestville by the time her offspring got back to Plainville; so to Forestville again went the impatient messenger with the baby, to find out that the mother had returned to Plainville. At that point patience ceased to be a virtue, and the woman was sternly ordered by telephone to sit still for half an hour if she wanted ever to behold her child again. She obeyed, and presently was made happy.—[N. Y. Tribune.

Not Large Enough.

In response to an inquiry for court-plaster the other day a Detroit druggist handed out a piece about six inches square, and asked the boy if he thought that would do.

"I dunno," was the doubtful reply.

"What is it for?"

"For father."

"Didn't he say how large a piece?"

"No; but I know that isn't half large enough. Ma hit him with the whole side of a washboard at once, and that won't begin to cover the clip."—[Detroit Free Press.

It is said that 16,000 men are employed in railroad building in Florida.

FOX HUNTING IN NEW ENGLAND.

Did you ever hunt foxes in New England? If there is a chord in your system that has not yet been stirred, nor will it ever vibrate until you have killed a "Yankee fox" that you have previously chased into race-horse condition. The mere shooting of a wary old red fox is of itself no glory when it is only a simple question of marksmanship, but when everything in connection with its capture is taken into account, the hunter proudly feels his success is born of no mean skill. When I speak of shooting a fox, I imagine I see a frown on the face of Pious Joems, and other disciples of the chase who live in a country where following hounds without horses would be as great a feat as keeping house without a cook stove; but hunting foxes in the "land of cotton" is one thing, and hunting foxes in the "land of wooden hammers" is another.

The facile pen of Pious Joems has not overdrawn the pleasures of a fox chase in the general south, for I have myself followed many a "gray" on a thoroughbred, and on a mule, too, and I know that one's hopes of a successful chase, in the fullest meaning of the word, are more likely to be realized than they are to be blasted; but to follow a pack of hounds after a red fox in rugged New England, is simply out of the question. It is true that portions of that country are not too stiff for good horses and good riders, but there the hunter would not be likely to find any foxes to follow. Where foxes abound, fields are small, and surrounded by treacherous stone walls; swamps are miry, and in all directions barriers appear that would stop the feet of steeple chasers. If you capture a fox at all you must shoot him, and because this is true, shooting New England foxes is legitimized by all New England hunters.

Any fox after his big enough to care for himself, shows an amount of cunning that is remarkable, but there are a great many degrees of cunning in foxes. As a class, the New England red foxes are I have ever met, and a three or four year old male, acquainted with hounds, is in October or November, the very essence of cunning intensified. I captured one of this class a number of years ago, and so hard I worked to get a shot at him, that the glory I felt in seeing him laid low is not to be sketched on paper. I had followed him for three years at every season of the year, under all conditions of weather, with fast hounds, slow hounds, and with relays of hounds, but only once, under the variety of circumstances that I had given him chase, did I get him within range of my shot gun. Others besides the writer had followed him many a day to no purpose, and so notoriously cunning was he that all the fox-hunters of the neighborhood shunned him, as it was long ago, and he again appeared. In the spring, dogs struck the trail of the "Old Dog Fox of Hacketstone," a name by which he was known for miles around the country where he made his haunts. I never started him on a day so hot that he could not send the best bound in the pack to the shade far in his rear, and I had an account against him for one valuable bound that passed from his trail one August day to the happy hunting of my dog.

My dog, according to Mosaic law when he dropped to shot in front of Tom, the old time partner of the faithful and departed Jerry.

"The Old Dog Fox of Hacketstone" was not only intensely cunning, but from a long acquaintance with him, the writer and a few friends discovered he was full of character made up of his other fox qualities, which was intense as his cunning. In the spring, while watching over his young and curing for their mother, he showed an amount of boldness and energy that was remarkable, and as a consequence his family was always superior in appearance to those of his neighbors. While the family duties of Mrs. Fox demanded her full attention, his lordship was ever near to note the movements of any prowlers about the neighborhood of his family quarters, or to lead off any of his hounds that came near for the safety of madam and her little ones. He was ever ready to thrust himself between danger and his household, and all efforts to get a chase with his partner at this season were a failure. If by chance some early bound struck the trail of the mother fox and started her, she would run but a short distance, when her partner would put in an appearance, shake her and the hounds to lead them off while she returned to duties at home. It was amusing to see the tactics he would employ to keep the hounds after him instead of his mate. If by chance the dogs kept on the trail of the madam the Old Dog would follow on, overtake them, and by a series of pranks, made in full sight of the hounds, attract their attention and divert it toward himself. As he went off at a good exercise gallop, he would glance back to see that all the hounds were following him, and if the pack had been split so that part of them were still following my lady, he would return and maneuver until he got them all on his trail. Once satisfied that the whole pack was at his heels, he would lead them a merry chase of about ten miles, straight away, where he would cut up some of his "chills," lose his partners, and return to his domestic duties.

After his family had reached an age when his assistance to their welfare was not called for, he passed his time in comparative ease, always in prime condition and ready for a frolic with the hounds. It seemed as if he would put himself out of the way at any time for a run, and opportunity to do this he insisted he had cultivated to such mature form. If he was started with a fast pack he went away like a race horse, and out of the neighborhood so far that the hounds would be several days getting over the chase and fit to return home; but he was always promptly in his quarters the next morning, and if his previous day's chase had been severe, and hounds disposed to make him run on the next morning, he would start off on a short run, by his wonderful cunning, and a slow bound followed him, he was ever accommodating enough to grant him a chase, waiting for him, and in many instances helping him out of some snare he had laid him into. But "every dog" has his day, and foxes as well, and one day the "Old Dog Fox of Hacketstone" was compelled to surrender that life which had come to be looked upon as almost charmed.

The night before the old fellow started on his last run, the writer, a visiting friend and neighbor, had planned a day's sport for the morrow, which was to open with a short, sharp chase with the full pack before breakfast, then a quiet hunt until dinner, and some sport with the rabbits by moonlight. We had anticipated starting the "Old Dog Fox of Hacketstone" within a half hour of our leaving home, and as we would only hear the music of the hounds for less than an hour, we reckoned not upon getting a shot at the noble old courser, but on just excitement enough for breakfast, which, by arrangement, was to be on board in an hour after the hounds opened. A fortunate circumstance occurred before bed time, by which it became necessary to forego our forenoon work over the severs, and at the last moment we concluded to take up more of the morning on a fox hunt, and make a desperate effort to capture the wily old master of the Hacketstone. While the shades of night were yet lingering in the western horizon, and the grey light of day was just peeping over the eastern hills, we were in council before the kennel, discussing the wisdom of several propositions: Billy favored taking Tom and Jack, while Horace thought the full pack would afford the most sport. We finally voted our chance for the covered hound best with steady, lazy, reliable, level-headed old Jack, a hound as remarkable for his cunning and judgment as he was for his laziness. Once on the trail of a fox, he kept him moving at a steady pace, not sufficiently fast to force the fox out of the country, but he always preferred some other bound should set the fox a going. With Jack, and a full knowledge of the fox we were after, we hoped to have at least a good morning's sport watching the battle between the cunning chaser and the impetuous chaser.

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his kennel as we were fast going out of sight down the road, while the rest of the pack danced the work before us. "Old Jack is in no hurry to stir around and find a trail, we shall have a rare morning's sport," said Billy. "And by the way," he added, "our best plan will be to keep the road, and strike his trail where he crossed." This we did, but strange to say we failed to find where he had crossed. I suggested that in all probability we had passed along before the old fellow had returned from the morning excursion to the neighboring hen roosts, and as it was a question of doubt whether this was or not, we concluded that instead of taking the chance of wasting time by testing it, we would strike toward the river road, where we would be likely to run across the trail of some young fox in the habit of crossing that way. We had followed the road in vain, and feeling very much out of humor with old Jack for covering so little ground, were on the point of giving up the hunt in disgust.

"It serves us right," said Horace, "for depending on that lazy old rascal; he never was of any use in starting a fox."

"It is a retribution for leaving poor little Tommy at home, when he wanted to go so badly," said Billy.

"You are both right," I replied, "and I'll promise never to go fox hunting again without Tom; but there is no use fretting over the matter; let's sit down, and while we are resting we can arrange for—"

"Look at Jack!" said Billy, and we were on our feet in an instant, intently watching the hound industriously working out a trail down the road.

"What do you make of it?" inquired both.

"Why he's got a trail!" said I, "and as soon as he gets out of the sandy road and over the wall into the woods, we shall have a true music. I think is a young one that has taken a trot down the road out of pure curiosity; it is a good track, I know, from the interest Jack shows in it." Instead of going into the woods on the right, Jack jumped the wall on the left, and went away over a frost covered pasture in full cry. We could not understand the trail going off that way, and naturally were at a loss what to think of it.

"I guess it's a young one gone to the brook for a drink," said Billy, "and while Jack is getting around on the trail to where the young fellow lies in the woods, let us each get on a stand so as to be ready for him when he comes out."

"But Jack is already across the brook," said Horace, "and going direct toward Hacketstone."

"That settles it," said I, "it's the Old Dog Fox," so we may as well follow on, and as we go, arrange which of his runways each of us will take."

The going was so good, that Jack moved right along on the trail at his best gallop, without once making a balk, and before we could get to our stands Jack had the fox on the trail. Old Jack and the fox had become pretty thoroughly acquainted with each other, and we knew that as soon as the fox discovered that Jack was alone, he would just play around home with him until he was tired of the sport, when he would take a trip off and lose him.

Billy had gone on to guard one corner of the pasture and woods, while I was to put Horace, who was not familiar with the runways, at a stand. Now Horace was something of a "tender-foot," and as the boots he wore "fitted him a little too much," he was hardly as swift of foot as the necessities of the case demanded, and before we got to what was to be his stand, we heard Jack driving on through the woods in that direction.

"It's no use to try to get there now," said I, "for he will reach the point ahead of us, hurry along, and we may get to the other corner of the woods where he will come out into the pasture for a run in the open and on the stone walls."

Hardly had I finished, when we caught sight of a little red figure, as it popped up upon the wall, and looked back in the direction of the hound. After standing like a statue for a moment, he came into the open, and gave us a full view of his graceful figure. The sight of the fox had put new life into Horace, and he was ready to get to the next stand in short order. As we started the fox had again turned into the wood, and unless we made haste would not reach our stand in time. We had got half way, when we knew from the sound of old Jack's voice that he had made another turn, and as he seemed to be working along toward the point we wished to reach, we concluded to stop. We were about five hundred yards from the stand, and by carefully working our way along a wall we could get into a field two hundred yards from the runway; then we could wait and take the chance of his coming out. We had just crossed the wall into the field, when we saw the fox come out of the corner of the woods, jump up on the wall, then off again, then back on the wall.

"Now you go to the wall behind us, and crawl down to the barway and wait for him, while I go to yonder tree, and I guess one of the other of us get a shot at him, when he gets ready to leave this field. Take plenty of time," said I, "for you have not far to go."

But not a word or a move from Horace