

EUGENE CITY GUARD

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Fire at Smyrna caused a loss of £2500. The Suez canal is to be improved and enlarged. The chamber of deputies at Rome has dissolved.

The American consulate at Tunis has been abolished. Secretary Folger has returned to his home in Geneva.

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Stanley denies that DeBrazza has purchased any portion of African territory.

The Hillsdale rowing crew have taken passage home on the steamship Indiana.

Estimated reduction of the public debt during September is about \$16,000,000.

The Manhattan hay and produce exchange at New York was opened on the 4th.

Nelson Walling, wool manufacturer at Millbury, Mass., has failed, with liabilities of \$90,000.

Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, has arrived at Brussels and had an interview with the king.

The coinage at the Philadelphia mint during September amounted to \$7,876,800, including 1,000,000 in silver dollars.

An explosion in the torpedo magazine on the Russian ironclad Admiral Popoff, at Odessa, killed two officers and thirty seamen.

The Sacramento river salmon canneries have about finished their fall packing operations, and are closing down for the season.

Mier Marcuse, formerly a well known dealer of furs in Chicago, committed suicide on the 3d. Financial embarrassment was the cause.

Mrs. M. C. Butterfield, a prominent stock raiser's wife, of Pomeroy, W. T., died suddenly on the 5th at the residence of D. H. McBride.

The Chicago base ball club have signed contracts for the next year with every member of the present team, excepting Nicol, the substitute.

Milton Ind and Samuel Hodges, colored, were sentenced to be hanged at Knoxville, Tenn., for the murder of James McFarland, a year ago.

Tax collector Frederico Hubbe, of Mexico, was killed at his home on the 5th, his wife mortally wounded and the house robbed of \$4000 by bandits.

The Merchants Bank of Canada have decided to close their branch office in Chicago, as rates of interest there are lower than in Canada and the east.

Near Cornwall station, N. Y., on the Middletown branch of the West Shore Railroad, three men were killed and three badly hurt by a premature blast.

A collision occurred at Linder station on the Baltimore & Ohio road between two freight trains on the 5th. Conductor Ruffner lost a leg and brakeman Sanders was killed.

Abraham Loiseil, a miner, at Ellsworth, Nev., was killed a few days ago by a large rock falling upon him. He was well known in Nye county and on the Comstock.

The bodies of Larcombe and his son, who were drowned some three weeks ago in the Truckee river, have not yet been recovered, though persistent efforts have been made to find them.

From Toronto comes the statement that as soon as the Marquis of Lorne's time expires, Sir John Macdonald will be raised to the peerage and created governor-general of the Dominion.

The board of equalization at Virginia City, Nev., raised the assessment of J. M. Douglas, on personal property, \$35,000, and of J. C. Hampton \$13,000, on mortgages they had forgotten to give in.

The single snail race at Flushing, N. Y., between Wm. Elliott, ex-champion of England, and Geo. Gatzl, of Harlem, for \$500, over a three mile course, was won easily by Elliott; time 23 minutes.

A Nevada City dispatch of Sept. 30th says: An old man named Pravel was found dead in the woods near You Bet yesterday, by a teamster. He was last seen on Wednesday. Deceased was a native of Virginia, aged about 72 years, and had resided at You Bet for a long time. His death was supposed to have been caused by heart disease or apoplexy.

St. Louis folks are deeply interested in the suit brought by Mrs. Wallburza Wackerle, widow of Wm. Wackerle, against the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, to recover \$4000 on an insurance policy. A man was killed by a railroad accident in Texas, and she had the remains exhumed and identified as those of Wackerle, but the company has produced a man claiming to be Wackerle, who, although identified by others, could not tell on the witness stand the number of his children and their ages. The woman swears that he is an imposter.

A San Francisco dispatch of Oct. 4th says: The 6:10 train from Alameda via East Oakland Saturday evening, ran over and killed instantly an unknown man on the horsehoe bend between Alameda and East Oakland. The man was probably walking on the track and struck by the engine, and then run over by the wheels. The back part of the skull is cut open, and the whole face is mashed and gashed. The right arm was almost severed, the pieces being connected by shreds of skin. The left arm is also broken. The man is five feet six inches in height, and of sandy complexion, with sandy moustache and spare goatee. His clothing indicates that he was a working man. His coat and hat are dark, the vest is pepper and salt, and the trousers a rough tweed. The clothes had been worn a long time. He wore a checked shirt and blue flannel underclothing. In his pockets were found \$20 05 in silver, a two-foot rule and a couple of carpenter's pencils. He had with him a cotton bag containing a bundle of beef, one of sausage and a third of bacon, and several plugs of tobacco. In his inside coat pocket was a whisky flask, empty. At the coroner's inquest the body was identified as the remains of Abraham Hammond, a ship carpenter, who was employed by Dickey Bros., San Francisco. He leaves a wife and six children, and lived on Clinton avenue, near Willow street, Alameda.

Frank Honsen, a San Francisco news boy, committed suicide on the 5th by shooting himself through the head.

C. Peterson, an employee in the mill of the Seattle Lumber and Commercial company, had his hand cut off by a buzz saw on the 5th.

The owners of the steamship Eden, sunk in a collision with the Lepanto, have filed a libel in the United States district court against the Lepanto for the recovery of \$443,789.

A boarding house occupied by quarrymen was burned at Leemont, Va., Sept. 30th. Two young men named Coover and Green failed to escape and were burned to a crisp.

Mrs. Charlotte M. Fisher, a widow lady residing with her daughter, at No. 10, on Market street, San Francisco committed suicide on the 4th by drowning herself in a bath tub at the sanitarium. The lady had been much depressed for some days.

Emmanuel Hansen, under arrest on a charge of grand larceny, charged to have been committed in taking a \$20,000 promissory note from the Pacific bank, San Francisco, is still in custody, having been unable to secure bail in the sum of \$20,000.

John F. Burrell, late grand secretary of the grand lodge of Masons in Illinois, is in jail in Springfield, charged with the embezzlement of nearly \$8000 of the funds of the order. He waived examination, and in default of \$10,000 in bonds, was committed to jail.

The National Woman Suffrage association concluded its session at Lincoln, Neb., on Oct. 1st. Large audiences have been in attendance at all the sessions, and great enthusiasm was developed. Five hundred ladies and gentlemen have pledged themselves to uniting efforts in behalf of the proposed amendment.

Israel Landers, aged 74 years, who lives about six miles from Stockton, Cal., fell from the top of a ladder while repairing a windmill, on Sept. 30th, and broke his neck. Mr. Landers was one of the 40ers of California, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. He leaves a large family of grown sons and daughters.

A Boston dispatch of Oct. 1st says: The Eastern railroad's White Mountain train, which left Falsyans yesterday afternoon, ran off the track at Rochester, N. H., and Oliver Goldsmith, the engineer, and M. Randall, the express messenger, were badly hurt. An obstruction had been placed upon the track, manifestly the work of train-wreckers.

The six days' pedestrian contest for Sir John Astley's long distance championship belt was concluded at Birmingham, Eng., Sept. 30th. Littlewood made 451 miles, doing 414 in seventy hours twenty minutes, beating Dobler's record in America of 414 miles in seventy-two hours. Littlewood takes the belt and £50; Day, of Birmingham, second, scoring 377 miles, and Corbett, of Aberdeen, third, with 347 miles. Pearce, of America, finished sixth 395 miles. The competitors walked twelve hours daily.

A Nashville dispatch of Oct. 5th says: This morning at half-past seven o'clock, Mr. E. E. Bernard, of this city, discovered that the nucleus in the great comet had separated into three unequal fragments, the longest of which is estimated at 15,000 miles in length. The space between the fragments of the nucleus is estimated at not less than 2000 miles. Yesterday morning Mr. Bernard observed that the nucleus had assumed the form of a long stripe, not less than 24,000 miles in length and 3000 in breadth.

A dispatch from Taylorville, Ill., of Oct. 5th, says a cold blooded murder was committed a mile north of Palmer. John Leigh and James Regby, two farmers, quarreled about the possession of some land and became involved in a lawsuit from which Regby came out victorious. Yesterday Leigh approached Regby and pretending that he desired to effect a peaceable settlement suddenly opened fire with a revolver, one bullet produced a fatal wound. Leigh escaped but a posse are in pursuit, and as the excitement runs high, lynching is probable. Murderers have usually escaped the law in this region.

Last May, General Ward, lessee of the Dunkin mine, on Fryer Hill, says the Denver Tribune of September 30th, was "held up" and robbed of \$1700 while returning from town. The police next day captured two men, who were placed in jail. Shortly after this General Ward disappeared. A few days ago, while a party of miners were at work getting out one of their comrades, who had fallen down the shaft of the Climax mine, they found a coat and hat belonging to Ward. A sickening odor arose from the water in the bottom of the mine, where it is thought Ward's body is lying. A searching party leaves to-morrow, which will probably result in the solution of the mysterious disappearance of General Ward.

Prof. Talden submitted to District Attorney Corkhill a report of the chemical examination just concluded, of the poisoned banquet given Guitau by his sister, Mrs. Scoville, the day before the execution. The report says the large bud of a half opened flower contained over five grains of white arsenic, not only sufficient to cause death had it been swallowed, but so largely in excess of a fatal dose, that the intent of the person who prepared the flowers would have been defeated by an emetic. The original amount of arsenic was greater than that found, as the petals failed to retain, in a dry state, some which adhered when moist. Corkhill says he is trying to discover who poisoned the flowers, and if found the person will be held to answer.

Recently James T. Hair of Chicago sold to Julius Festner, of F. C. Festner & Son, of Omaha, the right of Nebraska for Hair's patent hotel register for \$2500, taking promissory notes for the same, which were signed with the firm's name by young Festner. Soon after the transaction Festner senior, upon learning of the affair, issued an injunction to prevent Hair from disposing of the notes, it being claimed that young Festner was insane. The young man has certainly done some very insane things lately, and his father, to protect himself in business, dissolved partnership. Hair, who retained possession of the notes was arrested on a charge of violating the Nebraska law in regard to patent right notes, as the law requires such notes to state on the face that they were given for a patent right. The penalty is \$500 fine or six months' imprisonment, or both. Hair gave bonds for his future appearance.

Costly Chinese Dead Folks.

Great indeed are the expenses entailed on the living by the dead. In no land can the loss of a kinsman be more sorely felt. To begin with, there are heavy funeral expenses. The body must be dressed in fine new clothes, and another good suit must be burnt, as also his boots and shoes, most of his wardrobe, his bed and bedding, and the things most essential to his comfort when living, for he is supposed to require all these in the unseen world; and though paper representations are useful later, the real articles are needed for the original outfit. Then a handsome coffin is essential, and the priests must be largely paid for funeral services at the house of the deceased, and again for their services in ascertaining the lucky day for burial—while a professor of feng shui must also be paid to choose the exact spot where they may safely prepare the grave so that the dead may be shielded from the evil influences which proceed from the north, and encompassed by all the good which breathes from the south.

From the tenth to the seventeenth day after death the priests, whether Taoist or Buddhist, hold services in the house to protect the living from the inroads of hosts of spirits who are supposed to crowd in, in the wake of their new friend, and as all relatives and friends of the family must be entertained as well as the priests, this is another heavy item of expense. In short, many families are often permanently impoverished by the drain to which they are thus subjected, and which, in the form of masses for the departed and offerings at his grave or before his tablet, are certain to recur again and again. To omit them would be to incur the anger of the spiteful dead, who are now in a position to avenge themselves on the living by inflicting all manner of sickness and suffering. Besides, if the priests know that there is any possibility of extracting money from the family by playing on their feelings, they pretend to have had revelations from the spirit world showing the unfortunate dead to be tortured in purgatory, and that the only means by which he can be extricated is by a fresh course of costly services in the house. The price to be paid for these is fixed at the highest sum which they judge it possible to extract—say \$1000, and though the family may remonstrate and endeavor to make a better bargain, it generally ends in their raising every possible coin, and even selling their jewels to procure the necessary sum which shall free their dead from suffering and also secure his protection and good will. The sums thus expended in connection with the worship of the dead are almost incredible. I heard a calculation once made by one well entitled to know what he spoke of, to the effect that fully \$30,000,000 is annually expended in China at the three great festivals in honor of the dead; while, in addition to the above, by calculating the average expenditure of each family at \$150,000,000 is annually spent in fully equipping the spirits.

DEFTING A RATTLESNAKE.—A working party on a railroad in North Carolina is made up of mountaineers and Georgians. One of the latter performed a foehly feat the other day that made the blood of the unaccustomed spectators run cold. They were at work clearing away the thick underbrush in advance of the engineers, when some one shouted "Ware of rattlesnakes!" He saw one of these reptiles about four feet long and five or six inches in diameter, lying just ahead. The Georgian cut a short stick with a forked end, and creeping up to the snake he deftly pinned it to the earth by pushing the forked end on either side of its neck. Then, seizing its tail in his right hand, he ran his left down the snake's body and grasped it firmly just back of the head; he held it up at arm's length and called on the others to "look at the varmint's mouth." It was anything but a pleasant sight, and most of the spectators were horrified. After holding it a few minutes for general inspection, he suddenly swung the snake over his head with the right hand, letting go the hold of the left, and dashed it with great force against a rock, killing it instantly. It was a cool and dexterous feat, but very trying to the lookers-on, who censured the man for his "folly," at which he seemed to be mightily amused.

BUNYAN NOT A GIPSY.—"Was Bunyan a gypsy?" is a controversy that seems about to rise in the Daily News, and h's called forth a letter from Mr. Thomas Bunyan, chief warden of the Tower of London, full of the most appalling erudition on the subject. The Bunyans are not gypsies; they are one of the "first families" of Roxburghshire, and, though they did not come over with the conqueror, they came over very soon after him. The original Bunyan, whose name was perhaps Bunyano, was an Italian mason who came over and helped to build Melrose abbey in 1136; he settled near Melrose, and Melrose is full of Bunyans. The chief warden goes on to say that the younger sons no doubt went to England, and probably were the ancestors of the great Bunyan of Bedford; and, moreover, the sturdy independence of Bunyan shows at once he could not have been "a submissive Bedford peasant."—[Pall Mall Gazette.

THE ENGLISH SCRIBE LAW.—Among the acts passed at the recent session of the English parliament was one repealing the old law with regard to suicides, under which all the goods and effects of the deceased were forfeited to the crown. With such severity did the common law regard the suicide that his property was not only lost to him, but formerly an ignominious burial followed the crime, and he was interred in the highway at the intersection of the crossroads, with a stake driven through his body. All the legal penalties once attaching to the act are now formally repealed. In point of fact the penalties had been evaded for many years by the verdict of "temporary insanity," which it had become customary for the coroner's jury to return in such cases, the law not applying where the suicide was mentally responsible.

"This is my solitude money," said Hardup to Simpson. "Why do you so designate it?" asked the Pawnee. "Because it's a loan," replied the graceless scamp.

A Baltimore belle has married a policeman. His beat was in front of her house over a year, and she noticed that he never snored.

FINLAYSON'S OPERA GLASSES.

Mrs. Finlayson felt aggrieved on returning to the domestic hearth in Brayansons Square in the country, at finding that her husband was not at home to receive her. If he would not take the trouble to meet her at the station, she thought he might at least have made a point of welcoming her on the threshold of his house. She subsequently ascertained that her lord and master had started on a journey to Liverpool early in the morning, and was not expected to return until late. The information, however, did not soothe the good lady's ruffled spirit, though she had been married long enough to realize the exigencies of business. The truth was that old Mat Finlayson, as his friends called him, after a long and jovial bachelor existence, had developed into such a docile and attentive husband that he repaid the reward of his excellence in the shape of domestic tyranny and oppression.

When the truant at length made his appearance he was greeted by the wife of his bosom in the chilliest manner. The lady was tired and sleepy or she might have had a good deal to say on the subject of his alleged neglect. She contented herself, however, with haughtily repelling his friendly advances and answering his questions in monosyllables. Mr. Finlayson seemed much less tenderly affected by this behavior than usual, a circumstance which did not escape his wife's notice. He was evidently in a nervous and preoccupied frame of mind, which he explained by saying that he had a long and disagreeable day's business. Mrs. Finlayson was so struck by his demeanor that in exactly the way the cabman's friend.

"Did your master take his opera glasses with him?" inquired Mrs. Finlayson, in desperation.

"I don't know, ma'am," replied the man with strange deliberation, which belied his words.

Mrs. Finlayson asked nothing further, being entirely convinced, not only of her husband's deceit but also that the man Simmonds was his abettor and accomplice. She began to reflect seriously how she should act in the present disagreeable emergency. Strangely enough, the startling revelation which had come upon her so unexpectedly seemed to have subdued both her temper and her strong-mindedness. She thought more of her wretchedness than of venting her righteous anger or indignation upon her offending spouse. To add to her tribulation she was troubled by self-upbraiding thoughts, which accused her of having habitually presumed upon her husband's easy good nature, and of having probably by that means alienated his affections from her. This bitter reflection materially increased her unhappiness, though it inclined her to forbearance and forgiveness.

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"Oh! Matthew, how can you ask?" she exclaimed, shrinking from his embrace. "I know the truth about yesterday. You have been deceiving me for a long time."

"My love, I have acted with the best intentions," he answered eagerly. "I only wished to spare you your brother's disgrace. Heaven knows I have been worried out of my life over that wretched business, and was afraid I should not be able to avert a criminal prosecution. However, I shipped him off to America yesterday, and hoped you would never know anything of the matter."

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"Yes. Ever since I put him into our Liverpool house I have been uneasy about him, and there is no doubt, I'm afraid, that he forged that acceptance. However, he has escaped the serious consequences of his indiscretion, and let us hope that in a new country he will mend his ways," said Mr. Finlayson, seating himself on the sofa and kissing his wife sympathetically.

Mrs. Finlayson was silent for a moment, rendered speechless by the intensity of her emotion. A humiliating sense of her own meanness and ingratitude caused a flush of shame to mount to her cheek. She could not, however, restrain herself from saying:

"I had an idea, Matthew, until now, that you might have gone to Doncaster yesterday."

"Not I," replied her husband in evident surprise. "But by Jove!" he added, rising and ringing the bell violently, "that reminds me, a man I met to-day swears positively that he saw Simmonds there. The rascal must have bolted directly my back was turned without asking permission."

WAYS OF HOTEL CUSTOMERS.

A writer in the New York Hotel Reporter, who is evidently a close observer of "men and things," presents this life-like picture of the man who resigns himself to the custody of the young gentleman at the desk who parts with his hair in the middle and sports a plover egg sized diamond in his shirt-front, and who, dismissing all "cares that infect the day," resolve to follow the example of Falstaff, when he declared his intention to "take nine cases in nine inn." Most men, and women, too, for that matter, deport themselves far differently in a hotel from their style at home.

"He who delights in resigning himself to observation should spend a few days at a metropolitan hotel. When a man delivers himself and his effects into the hands of a landlord, all his hobbies and eccentricities begin to crop out. There is the hypochondriac, rheumatic, wheezy, and afraid of sudden death. He always looks sour and disgusted. He insists on having two connecting rooms, and every mode of entrance must be supplied with double reversible locks. He wants a toy to st' by his bed all night and awake him instantly if any irregularity in his breathing is observed. Perhaps he imagines that if he should happen to stop breathing the boy might possibly breathe for him. He has learned to grunt and puff while he is asleep, so that the boy will not get a napping, so careful is he to make provision for all possible emergencies. Then there is the ostentatious guest, who scatters up to the office when he arrives and deposits a thousand dollars for safe keeping with a flourish that would dare an English lord. There is also the pious guest, who delights in giving advice and relating personal experiences. You will see him of an evening in gold-bordered spectacles, sitting by himself and leaning forward on his cane, humming "Greenville," or some old Methodist hymn. It is said that he plays cards occasionally, and don't often get left. We like to meet the jovial guest. He allows no opportunity for displaying his wit to pass by unimproved, and he has an appreciation of it, too, that it is rarely met with in others. He grins and grimaces, he laughs loud, and shakes his sides, he likes those who laugh too, and damns those who do not. He cannot understand that the salt of a joke lies in its freshness."

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Mr. Jardine, M. P., has recently had erected, in the grounds at Castlemilk, a snail dial of extraordinary dimensions. It consists of a large twenty triangular-sided sun, supported on a pedestal thirteen feet high, and is after the style of Queen Mary's dial in Holywood grounds. There are altogether fifteen dials. Two indicate Greenwich time, two tell the time of night by the moon; the others indicate the rising and setting of the sun, the length of the day; tell when it is noon at the principal places over the globe, the sun's declination, etc. Altogether the structure is a novelty, and has been exciting no little wonder among the simple folks about Lockerbie.—London World.

she reflected that she now occupied the painful and invidious position of a wronged wife, she felt overwhelmed with the magnitude of the misfortune which had befallen her, and her anger gave place to bitter humiliation and anguish. But though she would now fain have persuaded herself that her suspicions were groundless, her fatal curiosity impelled her, on her arrival home, to cross question Simmonds, the butler.

Mr. Simmonds was a sedate and pompous individual, whose only merit was attachment to his master, whom he had served in the capacity of valet in his bachelor days. A kind of armed neutrality existed between Simmonds and his mistress, each being secretly jealous of the other's influence over the head of the household. Mrs. Finlayson made her inquiries guardedly, but was met by a similar spirit of caution.

It soon became evident that, whatever the man knew or suspected of his master's proceedings, he was not going to reveal anything. He did not deny, however, that Mr. Finlayson had been away from home a good deal during his wife's absence, and his marked reserve served to confirm his mistress's suspicions.

"Your master left early yesterday morning, did he not, Simmonds?" said Mrs. Finlayson. "What time did he leave?"

"He left the house shortly after half-past six, ma'am," replied the man sulkily.

"Did he leave in a cab?"

"He hailed one at the end of the square. I was sounding my whistle on the doorstep when master hurried past me and said he could not wait."

Poor Mrs. Finlayson's heart sank on hearing this. These apparently trifling details left her in exactly the way the cabman's friend.

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BETTER THAN GOLD

CALIFORNIA FRUIT SALT

A Pleasant and Effective Remedy.



IF YOU HAVE ABUSED YOURSELF By over indulgence in eating or drinking, or by nervous headache, dizziness of the head, or feverish tendency; night sweats and sleeplessness, all needs use

Slaven's California Fruit Salt. And feel young once more. It is the wisest and most reliable remedy for all these ailments. Try it; 25¢ per bottle; 6 bottles for \$1.50. Wholesale and Retail Druggists. HODGE, DAVIS & CO., Wholesale and Retail Druggists, N. E. Corner

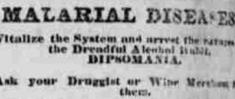
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