

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

LONDON PENNY-A-LINERS.

Habits and Haunts of Space-Writers - Sharp Practices of Metropolitan News-Makers.

[London Cor. Philadelphia Press.]

In describing the London newspaper press of to-day it is no inappropriate beginning, I hope, to descend to the lowest round of the ladder, and to introduce your readers forthwith to the "penny-a-liner." He still exists—poor fellow—and at times plays an important part in the pages of daily journalism. Indeed, with a clear run of luck, I venture to state that the "liner" is the most read man of the day, and when he has chanced to fall on a great sensation, and is successful in retaining the monopoly, his readers are to be numbered by millions, and are limited only by the united circulation of the several prints publishing his "copy." Yet the author is doomed to bluish unseen while wasting his sweetness in some gin-shop. The "liner," then, is "the picker-up of unconsidered trifles"—the scavenger of the press. As such he is attached to no one paper, but contributes to all. He belongs to no staff and acknowledges no superior. His daily work depends entirely upon his own selection, and his anxiety at all hours is for news. When his search is successful, he proceeds to use his "blacks," a carbonized paper, his stylus, and his wits, in order to produce some six or eight "fimsies," which he afterward drops into the respective "editor's" boxes of Fleet street, in the hope that one, two, three, or even more of the journals of the following day will contain his item of intelligence. The liner is paid by the line for what is used only, and hence his income is a most precarious one. Perchance some windfall may put a heap of gold in his way, at rare intervals, but in the ordinary course his "fimsies" are thrown into the waste basket as soon as received.

Sub-editors are but human, and badly-written, almost illegible, horribly spelled, and frantically ungrammatical expressions on commonplace subjects are liable to try their patience unduly. "Boil it down" is a rule which is not to the "liner's" interest to observe. On the other hand, one of the chief qualifications of his craft is to enlarge, expand, distend, dilate the most matter-of-fact circumstances. Artful "liners" write a small, cramped hand, and leave no margins for corrections or space between the lines.

If so fortunate as to secure some sort of engagement by one of the morning or evening papers, the "liner" has a stimulus to labor honestly, which most of his fraternity are without. There is every reason to suppose that low-class "liners" make the major part of their incomes out of the dunces they receive for suppressing reports. Provided there be a combination among them, they can safely promise to "keep it out of the papers," and they are sometimes bribed to hush up what probably never would have appeared at all; for it is the ignorant man who magnifies his personal affairs that is most desirous of paying hush money.

The feeling of rivalry is so strong among "liners" that they do not hesitate to betray each other when it serves their purpose. An amusing incident is related by Mr. James Grant, formerly editor of The Morning Advertiser. A "liner," who, in those days, was allowed access to the sub-editor's room, placed on the table a report of the romantic elopement of a rich beauty with a stable-boy. The sub-editor was absent, and before he returned another "liner" entered the room, saw the heading of the copy and purloined the news. When he set to work to rewrite the statement, which was a most interesting one, and under his own name, took it back to the office. The account duly appeared. Both "liners" sent in their bills, and the dishonest one was first at the cashier's counter, and went his way with his ill-gotten gains. On the arrival of the real author a scene ensued, and the sub-editor was called upon to produce the MSS. On his doing so the victimized "liner" was bewildered to find that it was his rival's handwriting. A collision subsequently took place, in the sub-editor's presence, between the two "penny-a-liners," and by and by the recriminations reached so great a height that the real author, determined to be revenged on his enemy at all hazards, broke out with great energy in these words: "Sir, the article is mine. That man must have stolen the copy I left on your desk, for there is not a word of truth in the story. It was a pure invention of mine from beginning to end."

Tears of Blood.

[Chicago Herald.]

The phrase "tears of blood" has often been used in a metaphorical sense, but it appears to be a well proved fact that blood may drop from the eyes. There seems to be no eye disease in these cases, any more than in that of Louise Latou, the Belgian "stigmata," who had any disease of the skin where the bleeding marks of the so-called "crown of thorns" were seen. The "bleeding tears" occur, as a rule, in nervous, hysterical young women; but we may readily see how, in such cases, the addition of a little religious mania or superstition would easily convert a physiological curiosity into a "modern miracle."

A Popular Statue.

[London Figaro.]

Of all the classic figures known to us in modern times, this Venus of Milo is certainly the most popular. It is calculated that every year some 55,000 reproductions of it in marble, plaster, terra-cotta, etc., are sold in Europe; while for its photographs it can claim a greater sale than Mrs. Langtry or Miss Mary Anderson in the zenith of her fame. In the recent inventory of state property made by the French government this matchless statue was computed to be worth 1,500,000 francs, or £60,000.

NEW YORK SKY PARLORS.

Danger from the Many-Storeyed Buildings of the Metropolis.

[Chicago Tribune.]

It is a tall city house that rises more than sixty feet from the ground. In New York plans have recently been submitted to the building department for a fifteen-story flat house which will be 182 feet high. It will be surmounted by a cupola forty feet higher. The rage for the conveniences of flat life has stimulated the erection of these lofty buildings in New York until the safety and health of the city are threatened. Capitalists, in pursuance of their inalienable right to do as they will with their own so long as they keep within the laws, are going ahead to multiply these sun-excluding, fire-inviting traps until public policy, in the person of some of its leading citizens, has been driven to remonstrate and form an organization to change the law, since it is only the law that will restrain the spirit of money-making.

These citizens have prepared an act for the consideration of the legislature entitled: "An act to regulate the height of dwelling houses." They have fortified it by a careful report in which the evils that are the certain result of the extravagant height of modern flat-houses are set forth in the most convincing style. The chief of the New York fire department states that seventy-five feet is the maximum point at which men can get practical control of a fire. Within two years there have been erected in that city more than 103 buildings the lowest of which is five feet higher than this maximum, and of these sixty-six are intended for the residences of human beings, who are thereby exposed to the dangers of a most horrible death. It is not in the buildings alone that life is in danger. If one of these enormous structures ever takes fire "no living man," says the board of underwriters, "can stay in the street dividing these buildings; if he should attempt it he would promptly cease to be a living man."

These are the objections of accident, but there are others which, though less catastrophic, are not less productive of misery, and perhaps through disease, as much loss of life. A building 155 feet high on a sixty-foot street throws a shadow at noon 110 feet high on the opposite building; 142 feet in height throws a shadow ninety-eight feet, and so on. Residences in the vicinity of one of the monster modern flats get but very little sunshine even in the longest summer day. They become gloomy and unhealthy. The street in front remains damp, and, deprived of the disinfecting help of sunshine, gets to be a mine of disease. So thoroughly is this understood, that the report, in Italian cities, where the streets are mostly narrow, that the better classes seek the higher rooms for residences. Travelers know full well from sad experience, that what we regard as the most desirable rooms have been the foyers of pernicious fevers; that, too, in a climate where there is far more sunshine than we here enjoy.

Paris, which has the best apartment-houses in the world, regulates the height of these buildings in the strictest manner. The free admission of light, sunshine, and air to all parts of the capital is one of the objects of its building laws. On the widest avenues of Paris the maximum height permitted is but sixty-five feet seven inches, while on our sixty-foot streets buildings have been erected twice and almost three times as high. The time has come for regulation of a similar kind in New York, and accordingly it is proposed that no apartment-house shall be more than eighty feet in height, and that the maximum on streets not more than sixty feet wide shall be seventy feet.

Uncle Essek's Wisdom.

[The Century.]

A very stubborn man is often wrong, but seldom dishonest.

A crank is a fool, with more brains than he knows what to do with.

The man who is always anxious to take his chances, invariably takes one chance too many.

Take all the luck there is in the world, and you couldn't make a half dozen genuine successes out of it.

There are plenty of people who know how to make money, and how to waste it, but few who know how to spend it.

The symptoms of patience and laziness are so near alike that it would better many people to tell which disease they have the more of.

There is nothing that shows strength of character more than eccentricity if it is natural, and nothing that shows weakness more if it is artificial.

What the country wants the most just now is less religion and more piety, less advice and more example, less politics and more patriotism, and less pediggree and more pluck.

The Chinese in Mexico.

[Chicago Herald.]

Mexico will soon have an opportunity of wrestling with the Chinese question, for late advices state that the almonded Celestials are swarming into the land of the Montezumas along the railroad lines. At present, however, they are a necessity. No hotel can be run without Chinese, for there are no Mexican cooks, and the hotels are too small to employ American cooks at wages demanded. As yet they have not gone to work in railroad building nor into the great mining camps, except as restaurant-keepers and laundrymen. The working classes of the country have not felt their competition, but there is likely to be bloodshed when they do. There is a demand at the capital for legislation restricting Chinese immigration by overland routes, and absolutely prohibiting it into seaports.

Shakespeare's Autograph.

It may be of interest to those who make the subject a study to know that there are only five genuine signatures of Shakespeare known to be in existence. One is in the London library, the other in the British museum, one attached to his will at Doctor's Commons, and two in possession of private collectors.

The Danger of Judging by Appearances.

[Boston Transcript.]

Do not chide the young man who uses profanity in the presence of ladies. He is undoubtedly ashamed of himself.

Be charitable to the man of whom everybody speaks ill. He may be married to a woman with a mind of her own, or perhaps his neighbor keeps hens.

Do not think, because a man snaps you up every time you speak to him, that he has not an agreeable disposition. It may be that he has a bad stomach.

If the salesman is somewhat brusque, reflect that he may have just spent an hour showing goods to the woman who only wanted to secure a few samples for her crazy quilt.

Do not think the conductor a surly fellow because he answers your question somewhat surlily. Remember that you are probably the 190th person who has made the same inquiry.

Possibly it is not because of ingratitude that the young lady does not return thanks for the gentleman's courtesy. She may be just from the dentist's, where she has left her teeth and measure for an indigenous set.

Do not find fault with the man who persistently keeps to the left on the sidewalk. How do you know but he has been endeavoring for the last hour to pass people to the right, and has finally given over the attempt in despair?

Do not think the editorial writer who slashes right and left is a particularly brave man. We have seen a boy, not all at courages, who would fearlessly throw stones at the boys in the street when he was behind a thick board fence where nobody could see him or get at him.

Better Than a Lawsuit.

[Peck's Sun.]

Not many months ago a man felt aggrieved at something that appeared in The Sun, and after blowing around for a day or two he came to the office to interview the editor. He explained his grievance, and wound up by saying that his lawyer had told him that the article was libelous, and that he could recover damages. The editor never had a lawsuit, and never wanted one, and he said to the man, "Partner, a lawsuit is a foolish way to enjoy religion. Now, I'll tell you what to do. You go to the president of the Merchants' association, of which you are a member and I am not. Have the president appoint a committee of five men from the association to hear your statement. You take the paper containing the obnoxious article to them, and state your case, just as strong as you can. I will not make any defense. Whatever amount they say you have been damaged I will give you a check for, and we will shake hands and be friends, and go to the same church as usual, and listen to the same minister preach the gospel. If I have damaged you, you must have your money, but we don't want to spend the balance of our lives in a lawsuit." The man stopped and thought a minute, and said: "That is the fairest proposition I ever heard, and you don't owe me a cent, and the matter shall drop from this moment." If people would never go into a lawsuit until they couldn't go into anything else, there would be fewer men with enemies all around, and while lawyers might get tired sitting around, it would do them good in the end.

Better Dwellings for the Poor.

[The Current.]

Nearly all the English newspapers and periodicals are discussing plans for furnishing better dwellings to the poor. Official inquiry has revealed a revolting sanitary condition of rented tenements, although much money has been spent during the last twenty years, building large blocks of houses for renting purposes. In England (meaning England proper) nearly two-thirds of the people live in cities and towns; and, consequently, the subject of public health is a matter of grave importance, as it should be, in fact, in this country, comparatively new as it is.

In London, which seems to be still absorbing the population of the united kingdom, blocks of wretched buildings are found where four families are huddled together in one room. People have been discovered so degraded that they prefer to live thus and decline to go into the new model tenements, where a lower rent is charged. The tenement trustees paid a net gain from rents and interests last year of \$125,000. The enormous surplus wealth in England could be profitably employed ameliorating the condition of the poor. In our own large cities there is a growing demand for similar investments and for the largest employment of sanitary engineering.

A Little Heretic.

[Inter Ocean "Carbuncle Crayons."]

"That reminds me," said a firm stepper, who came in from Ann street, "that there is a little story about a minister's daughter that ought to get into print. She is a bright little miss, 7 or 8 years old, and has a sister two or three years younger. The younger girl was enlarging upon the, to her, newly discovered fact that God created all things, when the older sister broke in with, 'Do you believe that? Well, I suppose I did when I was little like you, but I know better now. He couldn't do it. No one person could make so many mosquitoes and worms and lions and elephants and people. I have found that out.' Imagine the horror of the learned doctor over this little heretic at his own hearthstone."

A Late but Pertinent Question.

[Exchange.]

Subscriber asks: "Is it proper to eat corn from the cob, and if so, should it be eaten from the left to the right, or vice versa?" You are late in the season for such information. Yes, it is proper to eat corn from the cob, and at a boarding-house table it is not considered bad form—by the landlady—if you eat the cob as well. Touching the proper direction to take, it is purely a matter of individual choice. If there are but few ears on the plate, the wisest way is to eat from left to right, and then from right to left. By these means the time required jumping from one end of the ear to the other is saved.

MOUNT VESUVIUS' CRATER.

One of the Great Freaks of Nature—Climbing Up to the Mountain Top.

[Nabys' European Letter.]

It is not the greatest wonder in Europe, looked at simply as one of the great freaks of nature, for everything great is a freak, whether it is a mountain or a man. The regular thing is a dead level, and anything which challenges attention and holds it, is a freak. The average is the natural, anything beyond is abnormal.

Vesuvius is by no means as imposing, considered merely as a mountain, as scores of others, nor does it impress the observer. Mount Blanc, lifting its snow-crowned summit into the skies, is a greater and a grander object, and so is the Jungfrau. And so likewise are scores of mountain peaks in the Sierras. Vesuvius is a mountain of no extraordinary height, clad with vines at the base and above to its very crown, as ugly as sin when you are near enough to it. There is always a column of smoke rising from its summit, which is beautiful at a distance, but in and of itself does not either awe or inspire. As a part of a picture the mountain is wonderfully beautiful. It is a proper finish to the magnificent bay at its base, and the islands that dot the bay would lose half their beauty but for this giant among them that makes always a great background. By itself it is only so so; as a part of a magnificent whole it is wonderful, because it is exactly what is necessary to the rest. Nature always finishes up everything.

To get up to the crater there are two ways. English capitalists, who are argue-eyed, saw that the whole world had to go up Vesuvius, and they immediately set about making profit out of it. A company built a railroad from the foot of the mountain almost to its summit, straight up the side, the same as the one to the top of Mount Washington. This road is extended in almost to the edge of the crater and you go that way if you choose.

Up the mountain you climb. For a few miles you ride through vineyards, olive and mulberry orchards, through little lanes and by villages all crowded with beggars. Then you come into vast fields of cinders, through which you toil painfully, until finally worn out and with a secret abjuration at the necessity that compelled you to the toil, you reach the lower edge of the lava fields.

The crater is simply a vast bottom less gulf, but with the breath of the fires in the earth's center, which cannot be described. From the gulf ascends forever the smoke of nature's torment. It is as near an approach to the old orthodox idea of a hell as can be well imagined. It is a gulf with fire in its interior, a fire that is never quenched, but burns on forever and forever.

What feels it? Who knows? Science stops short at this point, as it does at many others. Conjectures are as plenty as blackberries, but as to certainties, it is, and that is all that is known of it or ever will be. No one can ever go down into the devil's kitchen to find out, and it doesn't make much difference whether it is ever known.

Like a great many other things Vesuvius is at its best at a distance. Distance softens the horrors of the center and lava fields. Across the bay you cannot see that horrid cavern, the crater, the smoke that ascends forever is soft and feathery, not angry and fierce as when close to it, the horrible precipices and ugly jagged rocks are softened in their outlines, and the haze of the atmosphere softens and blends what is really fearful, close at hand, into something beautiful.

Vesuvius is beautiful from the Naples side—it is a terror when you are actually upon it.

Superstitions of a By-Gone Age.

[Atlantic Book Reviewer.]

What more plausible historical argument could a modern pessimist adduce for his opinions than the disproportionate number of evil beings which were conjured out of the north of old, the traditional habitation of demons, as may still be noticed in Milton? They thronged the witches' Sabbath; they rode howling down the winds in the pack of the spectral hunter; they assumed all disguises corporeal or ghostly, ugly or fair, strange or ordinary, human or beastly—Amalmon, whom Glendower gave the bastinado, Barbason, Mahu, the chief dictator of hell, and the whole unloosed legion. No: did they only walk the earth in "all shapes that man goes up and down in," their shadowy influence was felt in many a ludicrous conceit or cruel custom. The goat still went to the devil every twenty-four hours to have his beard combed; a tailless cat would empty a room like the pestilence; the stool and stake were at hand for the trial and execution of any withered, crooked, mumping old crone.

The supernatural was as usual then as scientific experiments are now. The moon shed insanity, engendered the abortive moon-calf, touched herbs with medicinal virtue; the thimble stone fell, the Scotch barnacle blossomed into geese; the owl shrieked, the basilisk fascinated; the phoenix, dragon and unicorn were names of weird meaning, and rats were rhymed to death in Ireland. Similarly, the plants, flowers, insects, reptiles, had curious properties and strange histories. In medicine—next to religion—the great field of unreason—alchemists distilled potable gold, witches made mummy for Otello handkerchiefs, and quacks sold drugs against the malign influence of the sun and moon's eclipses. To a truly scientific mind, how almost out of nature must it seem that the sanest mind in all literature was "evolved" during the prevalence of such a view of natural phenomena!

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Messrs. Francis Newberry & Son, London, England, established for 125 years, write: As a testimonial from one of the oldest drug-houses in Great Britain, respecting your household remedy, will no doubt be of interest to you, we are pleased to make the statement that we have sold, St. Jacobs Oil, with satisfaction to the public, for several years, and that, owing to the extraordinary merits of the article, the demand is continually increasing, and that we have heard of many favorable reports regarding its great virtue as a pain-curing remedy.

The Puzzling Red Sunset Phenomena.

[Prof. Daniel Kirkwood.]

Recent phenomena has more puzzled astronomers than the remarkable appearance of the atmosphere as observed after sunset and before sunrise during the last five months. These brilliant glows have been seen in all parts of the habitable world. They were first noticed on the 28th of August, and they may still be seen, both morning and evening, when the state of the atmosphere is favorable. It is well known, in fact, that on any clear day the matter by which the appearance is produced may be seen around the sun, extending to a distance of twenty or thirty degrees. The phenomena have been ascribed:

1. To watery vapor in the atmosphere.

2. To meteoric matter through which the earth has been supposed to be passing; and

3. To the volcanic eruptions of Java and Alaska.

The first conjecture has been disproved by the spectroscopy. The second may be said to be rendered extremely improbable by the long continuance of the glows. The earth crosses the meteoric streams of August and November in a few days at most, but the present phenomena have already lasted more than five months. The volcanic hypothesis is received with most favor, and we must either accept it or admit that the true explanation remains to be discovered. In the last number of The Sidereal Observer, I have briefly stated some objections to this theory, as follows: "No similar results—at least to any great extent—had been known to follow volcanic eruptions. If the matter started from Java on the 26th of August, its rate of motion through the atmosphere till its appearance in Brazil was 109 miles an hour. Or, if we assume that the appearance in South America was derived from the Alaska outbreak, we have the additional improbability that results of a character before unknown follow volcanic eruptions in opposite hemispheres at nearly the same time. Again, what force could have maintained this volcanic matter at so great an elevation during a period of several months?"

In short, no explanation yet offered is free from serious difficulties.

Intellectual Faces.

[Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

Just why a person cannot be intellectual and handsome at the same time, is one of the trade secrets of nature quite beyond the reach of the ordinary comprehension. I never become one of a cultured audience that the fact, the hard, persistent fact does not appear and refuse solution. Why the low forehead, large eyes and small straight nose of beauty cannot front a crisp brain, is unfathomable. The observer discovers here that strong profile, such as was worn by Dante, Savonarola, Cardinal Newman and George Eliot, every where present with intellect modified in the ratio of the modification of brain power.

The extra width of forehead and height admit of broader physical development of brain lobes. But the nose—that is the puzzle. And the eyes—a problem; a large, full eye should see deeper than the small, half-shut eyes of great thinkers. Though one may say with half-satire eyes one sees less of the outer goings-on and further into the inner world.

Queer Things in This World.

[Pittsburg Telegraph-Chronicle.]

The world is chock full of incongruities. There is, for instance, the big bearded man with a voice like the bull of Bashan. He comes before the audience and sings "I Fear No Fox" in bravura style, and in a way that drops bits of plaster from the ceiling. And in two hours thereafter that man will be going up stairs in his stocking feet to bewake a 110-pound wife. And next morning he gets up meekly and kneels before his fires.

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