

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## THE FAULT-DEMON.

[Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.]  
I've seen a white-robed maiden  
With flowing gold hair laden,  
As heavy-burdened body as she could bear,  
And then came a wild black raven,  
So eager and so craven,  
And hid himself all silent in her fair gold hair.

When she cried, "Thou misbehaven!"  
"Caw!" said the wild dark raven,  
And all her tedious life he only said "Caw!"  
Yet safe be on her shoulder,  
This heavy black bird-bowler,  
And moved not, would not leave her, for  
patience or for law.

Now, on her tomb was graven  
"The Maiden of the Raven,  
Who peered from her long tresses for all to see—  
Some said that it was pride  
Gave the bird so long a ride."  
But he left her when the church-bell rang  
sonorously.

## LITTLE PEOPLE.

Something About Professional Dwarfs and Midgets.

[Cleveland Herald.]  
"I have been looking all over the world for a woman no bigger than I am," said Che Mah, the Chinese dwarf, at the museum last evening, "and if I could only find her, and then marry her, I would be happy." Che Mah is about the smallest man of his age living. He is 46 years old, and only two feet four inches high. But Che Mah is rich, with a regular income of \$200 a week, and is anxious for a wife with whom he can keep company during his long hours on exhibition. Che Mah is a particular friend of Chang, the Chinese giant, who is eight feet tall, but who admires Che Mah, not so much for size as for his nationality.

Che Mah has written a little book about dwarfs, himself in particular, in which he tells of the high social position of his family and explains the cause of his peculiarity of form. His mother, while walking the streets of Ningpo was greatly shocked and frightened by seeing a very small child crushed to death by the falling of a tree. She was greatly affected, and when Che Mah was born shortly afterward he bore a most striking resemblance in face and figure to the little one that was killed. The child killed was but 2 years old, and Che Mah has never grown bigger than a child of that age. Attention has been called to the resemblance of Che Mah to the baby killed by the mother of the dead child meeting Che Mah when he was 4 years of age, and exclaiming, as she seized him, that her little one had returned to life. The circumstances attracted widespread attention and led to a judicial investigation, wherein all the peculiar facts of the case were brought out.

"The most attractive little woman as a curiosity," said Mr. Elliott, of the museum, "who was ever on exhibition, is Lucy Zarate. She is the smallest of them all, being but twenty-one inches and weighing fifteen pounds. She can command a salary of \$750 a week, and is quite wealthy."

Mrs. Gen. Thumb is probably the most intelligent dwarf living. But the only real live doll baby is Hop o' My Thumb, the little Nova Scotia midget, who weighs scarcely more than ten pounds. Martha's Vineyard has recently sent out two little people, the Adams sisters, who are each scarcely three feet tall, and who are valuable as curiosities because of their intelligence. "The trouble with little people or midgets," said Mr. Elliott, "is that but few of them are intelligent, and many of them almost brainless. A large number of the children midgets on exhibition about the country are repulsive monstrosities. But when a diminutive specimen of humanity is discovered who has a well-developed intellect he is indeed a rarity. Tom Thumb found himself a large man when compared with other midgets during recent years. But he was one of the first ever exhibited, and his prestige gave him a lasting fame. There will never be another Tom Thumb. People have become so accustomed to curiosities, and have seen so many little people, that mites, midgets or dwarfs have ceased to create the great sensations they formerly did."

## The Value of Shade Trees.

[Dr. Felix Oswald in Lippincott's Magazine.]  
That our ancestors emanated from the shades of a tree land is one of the few points on which Moses and Darwin agree, and it seems hardly probable that the descendants of a forest shade, especially where that shade is confined to the six warmest months in the year. After October, when sunshine becomes preferable to shade, trees do not obstruct the rays of the sun. They merely moderate its summer glare, and at noon offer the best possible refuge from the brooding heat. No human contrivance can rival the anti-caloric arrangements of a leafy canopy—free access to all the winds of heaven, and a roof impervious not only to the direct light of the sun's rays, but also to their warmth, which is felt through a single roof as plainly as though a flimsy sunshade. But a shade tree, with its hundred strata of light-absorbing leaves, interposes an effective barrier to the hottest sun; and, moreover, plants have a direct refrigerating influence, analogous to that of animal bodies in generating warmth. Even under the blazing sun the juice of oranges, watermelons, apples, etc., is from ten to fifteen degrees colder than that of stagnant water, and on cloudy summer days the air of a treeless district is considerably warmer than the atmosphere of a shady forest on sunny days.

## Moscow's Big Bell.

[Chicago Journal.]  
The largest bell that was ever cast is the great bell of Moscow, Russia. It was cast in 1654, and weighed 288,000 pounds. In 1733 it was recast, and weighed about 432,000 pounds. It fell in 1737, and was injured, but it was subsequently raised, and now forms the dome of a chapel.

## SWALLOW-TAILS.

To Be Cut in Diagonals, Leaving Broadcloth to the Waiters.

[New York Sun.]  
"The best-dressed men were the waiters," said a young man to a Broadway tailor, speaking of a dinner he had attended the night before. The tailor smiled and said:  
"That is all going to be changed. You are not the first man who has been crushed by the swell clothing of the man who filled your glass."  
"How are you going to help it?"  
"By changing the material of which the dress suits of gentlemen are made. Broadcloth has been the only cloth since the memory of man for gentlemen and for waiters. The elderly gentlemen and other conservatives stick to the broadcloth, but the thing to get for your next dress suit is a diagonal or a basket pattern in black. Coat, waistcoat and trousers are all made from the same piece. These goods are lined with silk and bound with a narrow braid. The cuffs are bound around about four inches from the end of the sleeve, and underneath two imitation button-holes are worked and two buttons sewed on. The coats are cut closer to the figure than they used to be."

"Is there any reason for this?"  
"Yes. It is because we can do it. The diagonals are an easier, more elastic kind of goods. They give with the motions of the body. This enables us to fit the form better, and at the same time leaves the wearer as easy as if he was dressed in a business suit."  
"What becomes of the white Marseilles waistcoats?"  
"They hold their own. Full evening dress where ladies are to form part of the company is not complete without a white waistcoat, and never will be. The cut of this garment differs from the old style a little. It exposes more of the shirt front."

"How about the coming out of trousers?"  
"Trousers are not quite so tight, but they follow the shape of the legs."  
"Is it possible to revive the old silk hose and knee-breeches?"  
"Not here. Possibly it could be done among a class in the old country, who devote no time to business. The use of knickerbockers in Scotch chevots, with blouses, for gentlemen who are going into the country is increasing. They are very comfortable to tramp in. The line is drawn at the city limits."

"Will there be any change in business suits?"  
"No. The sack coat will have the run. Many brokers down here will wear four-button cutaway coats in diagonals, with striped trousers. That is really the most elegant business suit. A man is ready in such a suit to go anywhere except to the opera or to a reception. Some prefer Prince Albert coats, but the majority fancy the sack coat, and the majority set the fashion."  
"I occasionally see a gentleman with figured waistcoat of a rather loud color."  
"Yes. I wish a few, not many, would display a taste like that. I have a quantity of stuff that I would like to sell. It was left from three years ago."

## A Cold Day Fish Story.

[Detroit Free Press.]  
"So you never heard of keeping a fish alive for a month out of water? Well, it's a fact all the same, 'cause I've done it myself." Frank, a well known fisherman who drags his living out of the Mississippi not many miles above St. Louis, was talking to a reporter about his experience on the river. They were both in a resort much frequented by men of his craft, and Frank was contentedly sucking his pipe and toasting his shins before a red-hot stove. "When old Peter told me that such a thing could be done I laughed at him, and was just about to call him a liar, but he looked dangerous like, and I did not do it. We were taking lunch, and I offered to bet him two cans of oysters to one that he couldn't keep a fish alive out of water for a day. It was very cold and he took me up. The next morning he caught a good sized buffalo, and almost before he had him well out of the water there was a skin of ice over him, and in a little while he was frozen hard as a rock. I was having lots of fun laughing at him, but the next morning he slipped him in the water. It took the fish a little while to thaw, but just as soon as he began to warm up he began to move, and in an hour he was as lively as any of them. I've kept a fish frozen for eight days this winter and then brought him to life again in water. I've done it many a time, but it has to be cold enough to freeze him quick, and you must not let him freeze himself."

## Prince Bismarck's Obesity Cured.

[St. James' Gazette.]  
Stout people would no doubt be glad to have further information as to the method by which Prince Bismarck has at last got rid of his superfluous flesh. For a dozen years the man of blood and iron has been afflicted with all sorts of maladies, more or less directly traceable to his excessive corpulence. He passed sleepless nights, and could hardly walk a couple of hundred yards without fatigue. Doctor after doctor was called in; but "physicians were in vain." At last, however, he has found his savior. Count William Bismarck, the prince's second son, was, like his father, long troubled by obesity. One happy day a literary friend introduced to him a certain Dr. Schwenninger, a Bavarian, who claimed to have hit upon a regimen which was an infallible cure for fatness.

Count William placed himself unreservedly in the hands of the herb doctor, and in a few weeks had lost his superfluous bulk. Thereupon Dr. Schwenninger was summoned to the chancellor, whom he undertook to cure, as he had cured his son. At the end of seven or eight weeks Prince Bismarck weighed sixty pounds less, and he now looks upon himself as cured. He sleeps long and tranquilly; he is at his desk at 7 in the morning; he takes long walks which would fatigue a young man, and after ten years' absence from the saddle, he is now able to ride. All this is prodigious; but what is Dr. Schwenninger's mysterious regimen?

## The First Inauguration.

[Ben. Perley Poore's Reminiscences.]  
William Dunlap, the artist, graphically described the appearance of Washington and other dignitaries at the first inauguration. The oath was administered on the balcony of Federal hall, in Wall street, New York, where a statue of Washington now marks the spot. This building had been erected for the accommodation of congress under the direction of Major L'Enfant, a French officer of engineers, who afterwards planned the city of Washington. In front of the balcony were the volunteer companies of militia in full uniform, with a large concourse of citizens.

Gen. Washington is described as having worn that day a plain suit of brown cloth, coat, waistcoat and breeches of home manufacture, even to the buttons, on which Rollinson, an engraver, had portrayed the arms of the United States. White silk stockings showed the contour of a manly leg; and his shoes, according to the fashion of that day, were ornamented with buckles. His head was uncovered and his hair dressed and powdered, for such was the universal custom of the time. Thus was his tall, fine figure presented to our view at the moment which forms an epoch in the history of nations.

John Adams, a shorter figure, in a similarly plain dress, but with the (even then) old-fashioned Massachusetts wig, stood at Washington's right hand, and opposite to the president-elect stood Chancellor Livingston in a full suit of black, ready to administer the prescribed oath of office. Between them was placed Mr. Otis, the clerk of the senate, a small man, bearing the Bible on a cushion. In the background of this picture and in the right and left compartments formed by the pillars stood the warriors and sages of the revolution.

When all was ready Gen. Washington stretched forth his right hand with that simplicity and dignity which characterized all his actions, and placed it on the open book. The oath of office was read, the Bible was raised and he bowed his head upon it, reverentially kissing it. The chancellor then made proclamation, "God save George Washington, president of the United States of America." A shout went up from the multitude, cannon were fired near by, the music played and every one appeared delighted.

## Trial by Jury.

[Gath in Philadelphia Times.]  
I would not be surprised if in the next few years there were some remarkable changes made in this city. Even trial by jury is becoming regarded as an obsolete institution, too cumbersome and uncertain for modern administration. Why should twelve men be called away from their work to decide a case that three judges can understand in a limited time and settle more justly? Here are the courts crowded every day with juries waiting to get on a case and all ardent to go home. They regard themselves in a measure as injured by having been summoned, and they often find verdicts according to the delays lawyers relatively interpose. When they go out to deliberate, if there is a disagreement they do not wait about it five minutes, but one side or the other gives up or they compromise. Hence the principle involved in the trial is lost sight of entirely. Besides, these juries of twelve men are composed of some exceedingly ignorant persons, who sleep and nod during the case, and by the end of the trial forget what the beginning was. Three judges would not go to sleep and would make the lawyers hurry up, and we should not therefore have our courts clogged with cases, some of which take a week or two to try, when men who understand the law would close them up in half a day to a day.

## The Speaker's Gavel.

[Washington Letter.]  
It has become customary, by courtesy, for a retiring speaker to take with him the gavel he has used, to keep as a relic in his family; so a new one must be made for each speaker elected. The new one made for the present speaker has a very plain, stout round hickory handle, about ten inches long. Its mallet is a stout piece of ivory, about five inches in circumference, and on either end are two blue circles. The first handle made for this new gavel was a fancy one of ebony, with various projections and indentations; making it very weak in certain places; so at the last moment a new handle had to be made, lest the new speaker should break the ebony one the first time he used it with emphasis. He is not a man, however, giving to acting on violent impulses or easily provoked to anger on any occasion. Two of those, however, whom he has within a few weeks called to take his place in the chair have broken the strong handle of the new gavel. Once the mallet-end flew off the handle and just missed striking one of the clerks at the table in front of the speaker's desk upon the head. Such a blow from the heavy piece of ivory would have been painful if not serious in its effects.

## English Women as Fire-Builders.

[T. Goodman in Cleveland Leader.]  
There are no women in the world better posted on fire-making than the daughters of England. They don't feel ashamed of it in any class. They pride themselves with using the tongs to perfection. By carefully placing the coals on the fire instead of throwing them on they leave an opening to let the blaze through between the pieces, and that is the reason that the fires of English houses have a smoother and more cheerful appearance than elsewhere. With such coals as we have they might have the handsomest fires in the world. It is a dainty thing to make a nice fire in a polished grate.

## The "Furrin' Style."

[Philadelphia Call.]  
Jones—I see it stated that private coachmen of very fashionable families are now attired in heavy furs such as gentlemen used to wear.  
Smith—Yes, it is necessary.  
Jones—Why should it be necessary?  
Smith—To distinguish them from the gentlemen who are now attired in heavy, short-waisted, long-tailed, big-buttoned coats such as coachmen used to wear.

## WOMEN ROMANCERS.

The Imaginary Censor Who Has Helped to Edit The New York Ledger.

[New York Cor. Indianapolis Times.]  
The Ledger's most popular writers, with a few exceptions, have been women. Mr. Bonner has really done a great deal toward giving women an equal chance with men, and at a time, too, when the public was unaccustomed to receiving instruction or amusement from any but male authors. Mrs. Signorini was the first woman he ever employed as a writer. At that time there was no one of either sex who could give more dignity to a publication than she. Alice and Phebe Cary, and many other women, whose names afterward became famous, helped make The Ledger.

I asked Mr. Bonner if he did not think that one of the secrets of The Ledger's great success was the fact that it had so strong a corps of women writers; as women who had any literary skill whatever, usually possessed the faculty of their own sex, and it was an undeniable truth that where women are largely interested in a paper its destiny is favorably fixed beyond peradventure.

He thought they had been of great advantage, but said he had never been quite certain what the main-spring of The Ledger's luck had been, but was inclined to think it was its high moral tone. He had been continuously watchful to keep everything out of its columns which any one of the very highest moral sensibility could object to. In order to make sure that the standard could not be lowered, he employed an imaginary censor, who sat in judgment severe but honest, upon every line printed. The person who filled this responsible and exalted position was a mythical old lady who belonged to Dr. Potts' church, then the very stronghold of the most conventional piety. The manuscript reader was instructed to eliminate everything the imaginary censor could possibly think unfit to read to her children and grandchildren. Everything the reader passes upon favorably Mr. Bonner afterward reads, correcting, erasing and interlining, in order to give it all that peculiar and distinctive tone which can only be obtained by conformity to one mind. Frequently he finds something to expunge after the reader has done his work. He draws his pen over it and writes on the margin: "The old lady would be sure to object to this;" or, "The old lady does not approve of this," and returns it to the reader, that he may be guided in future by two marginal comments, which are supposed to be the direct opinion of the imaginary censor. Mr. Bonner, the reader and the good old lady make up The Ledger's editorial staff, the old lady's authority being always considered the highest.

Public taste has changed wonderfully within twenty-five years, but the old lady still holds her position as supreme censor in The Ledger office, and her judgment is just as severe as it ever was. Indeed, nothing pertaining to The Ledger has been changed since its early days. It runs the same departments, the same style of stories often by the same writers, who, being well "paid," are also long-lived.

## The Man with an Overcoat.

[Washington Republic.]  
"Why is it," asked a lady, "that gentlemen—no, men—persist in wearing their overcoats to their seats in theatres and then taking them off, to the immense discomfort of at least four people—those on each side and those before and behind him? A man with a good vigorous swing to his arms usually manages to dislodge the bonnet from the head of the lady beside him, and the most careful action cannot save that of the lady in front of him. To be this lady in front is to have an experience unparalleled in its annoyance. A sudden blow on the back of the bonnet is the first intimation you will receive that the man behind is about to uncase himself before you recover, a blow on the side of the head assures you that one sleeve has yielded up its contents in a somewhat sudden manner; unless you are unusually quick-motioned you do not avoid a blow on the other side when he pulls the coat off from the other arm; all this, however, might be borne, but your discomfiture is complete when he turns square round to hand the coat upon the back of his chair, thus giving the unfortunate bonnet another blow that destroys your good-humor for the evening. Talk of large hats! They are bubbles of vanity beside the nuisance of a man with an overcoat."

## Unexpected Discovery in a Goblet.

[Hartford (Conn.) Times.]  
At a gentleman's dinner party in this city recently, one of the guests, catering to what some consider a depraved taste for ice-water, was seen to lower his goblet before it touched his lips and peer into its crystal depths through his eye-glasses. "What is this?" he asked, as he agitated the water with his fork. "A little fish, I declare." And, sure enough there was a "wee bit" of a fish, too small to be seen easily with the naked eye, but plainly visible through strong eye glasses, and lively enough for drinking purposes. Stir him up and he would dart swiftly through the water and lose himself behind the ice. The cause of temperance suffered by the incident, as trout brook water was at a discount after this discovery.

## \$30,000 GONE!

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The Chronicle publishes in substance the following marvel: Captain W. F. Swasey, the oldest pioneer of the coast, makes a statement of the intense suffering of his friend Colonel D. J. Williamson, an Army officer of distinction, and an ex-U. S. Consul, who was attacked in the winter of 1881-2 with violent rheumatism. So great was his agony in after years, he became a helpless cripple, and after trying numberless remedies, the baths of other countries and spending a fortune of \$20,000, the disease seemed to assume a more virulent type. Finally, he was persuaded to try St. Jacobs Oil, the great conqueror of pain. It worked a miracle of cure. In a letter to the Chronicle he confirms Captain Swasey's statement, and adds: "I cheerfully give my unqualified attestation to the truthfulness of the statement, because I feel perfectly certain that a knowledge of my cure by St. Jacobs Oil will prove the means of relieving hundreds of sufferers."

## Beginning of the Carrier System.

[Moses S. Beach in New York Sun.]  
After my father had been connected with The Sun for about a year, in charge of the business department, he bought my uncle out. To give you an idea of the rude character of the first machinery I remember that we had an old oscillating engine, used for running a single rocking cylinder, and one of the feeders happened to get his foot under the pump crank. Well, it hurt his foot terribly, but it broke the pump. That old engine was in use afterwards over in Brooklyn—used for pumping salt water for a bathing establishment on the Heights close by here. The Sun and The Courier were the first papers that used steam, and I think it was used by a 1-cent paper called The Transcript about the same time, or soon afterwards. I know it was about the year 1835.

In that year there were not probably more than a dozen newsboys in the whole city of New York, and the first of them was started by The Sun. The boys who afterward sold the six-penny papers were paid by the week, while the boys who sold the penny papers were paid according to the copies sold. So, by mutual arrangement at the Albany boats, the six-penny boys used to keep back and let the penny boys have the first chance at the passengers. This system finally developed into regular carriers' routes, each paper having its own carriers, and protecting them by refusing to sell any papers to newsboys on the street, until about an hour after the carriers had been supplied and had started on their routes. Some of the routes became very valuable, worth as much as \$5,000. This system was broken up by Old Bennett, who determined that The Herald should be supplied to everybody, and I have been much amused recently to find his son endeavoring to re-establish the old carrier system, which was broken up by his father.

## An Actor's "Lengths."

An actor always speaks of his parts as being so many "lengths." A length is forty-two lines of written matter, including the cues, which he has to memorize the same as his own speeches. Leading parts, such as the male and female lead, the comedian, and the heavy man, will average in a modern play from eighteen to twenty lengths, or about 800 lines. The rapidity with which some actors can commit these to memory is wonderful. Instances have been known where, owing to accident or sudden sickness on the part of another, his substitute has learned a part of 800 lines in three hours.

## To Suddenly Think.

[Boston Star.]  
How it startles you in a theatre, when you're stalling the programme into the overshoes which the man just in front of you has put under his seat, so he'll have the satanic majesty's own time in getting them on, to suddenly think that the man behind you may be playing the same game on you.

## Harmonizes.

"I see you've got a colored servant girl," said a man to another the other day. "Yes," was the reply. "You see, my wife's sister has just lost her husband, so as we had to get into mourning, we discharged our white girl and hired a colored one. She harmonizes with the mourning, as it were."

## A Georgia Levy.

[Chicago Herald.]  
Contents of a house which was levied on by a bailiff of Blakeley, Ga.: One tin pan, two tin plates, one broken tray, one broken speller, one looking-glass, one pair tongs, two guns and a "yalle-coon dog."

## SUMMING UP THE RESULTS OF A YEAR'S TREATMENT.

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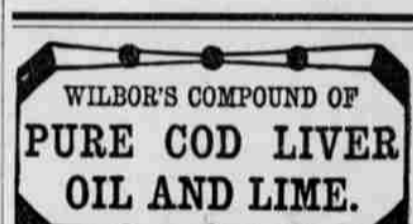
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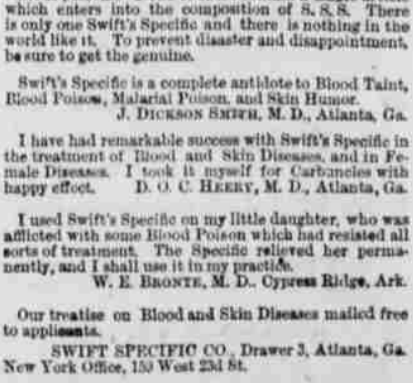
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