EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

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A CONCORD LOVE SONG.

Shall we meet again, love,
In the distant When, love,
When the Now is Then, love,
And the Present Past?
Shall the mystic Yonder,
On which I ponder,
I sadly wonder,
With thee be cast?

Ah, the joyless fleeting,
Of our primal meeting,
And the fateful greeting
Of the How and Why!
Ah, the Thingness flying,
From the Hereness, sighing
For a love undying,
That fain would die!

Ah, the Ifness sadd'ning,
The Whichness madd'ning,
And the But ungladd'ning,
That lie behind!
When the sign-ess token
Of love is broken
In the speech unspoken
Of mind to mind.

But the mind perceiveth
When the spirit griveth,
And the heart relieveth
Itself of woe;
And the doubt-mists lifted
From the eyes love-gifted
Are rent and rifted
In the warmer glow.

In the inner Me, love,
As I turn to thee, love,
I seem to see, love,
No Ego there,
But the Meness dead, love,
The Theeness fled, love,
And born instead, love,
An Usness rare!

—*James Jeffrey Roche, in Boston Transcript.*

THE BACCARAT KING.

Career of a Remarkable Young Man—Heavy Winnings at Paris Gaming Tables—Losses and Final Disappointment—A Promise to Pay all Debts.

William R. Deutsch, well known in many Paris clubs, and who earned two years ago the sobriquet of "Le Roi de Baccarat," sailed in the Amerique from this port to-day for New York. He leaves in Paris, I believe, a rather heavy amount of debts incurred at play, and has gone because he sees no way of recovering his losses and paying the debts already made. The career of the King of Baccarat in Paris has been a remarkable one, and if his wonderful successes were alone considered, his example would be rather an encouragement to the gambler than otherwise; but the interview which we publish below will show the dark, hopeless side of the picture; and its publication is not the least charitable act done by "Billy" Deutsch.

W. R. Deutsch is an American, and was for several years a well-known theatrical manager of New York, having once been prominently connected with Booth's Theaters and with other public places of entertainment of that city. He came to Europe about two and a half years ago, and during the past two years has been a prominent figure at several of the best known Parisian clubs.

The stories told of his play seem almost incredible, but it is certain that he had two years ago one of the most remarkable runs of luck ever known at cards. In August, 1882, Mr. Deutsch won for twenty-eight consecutive days at the Washington and Press Clubs, and during those days his smallest winning was eighteen thousand francs and his highest two hundred and sixty thousand francs. He never lost on any one of these days, and his total winnings were over one million, seven hundred thousand francs. That all of this sum has gone, and much more with it, in two years it is not necessary to say. How it has gone the sumptuous banquets at Delmonico's, New York, in Paris and in London costing thousands and tens of thousands of francs each; still further, heavy and unlucky play, and indeed all the extravagances of suddenly acquired wealth, will tell.

A correspondent of the *Morning News* met Mr. Deutsch before his departure and expressed surprise at his going.

"Yes," said Mr. Deutsch, "I am going back after a terrible experience. I have experienced all the ups and downs that a man possibly can, and now I have found the means and the courage to return, to begin life over again. I leave with spirits far from gay, and I am anything except happy. I go to meet abuse at home for my folly, and to hear from Paris that I have been condemned for what is unavoidable. I leave with debts behind—no debts of honor, but some humiliating—which it will take time to pay. All I have left now is my health and, what my friends will admit, integrity of purpose."

"How did you manage to get in so bad a position after being worth upwards of two millions of francs?"

"Yes, I was worth two millions francs two years ago. But no man, except one who has made such a sum in one month, knows how to spend it in so short a time. The winner at cards is the most reckless, careless and extravagant man living. He gives right and left, he literally throws money away, and only appreciates his folly when he wants."

"Why did you not buy an annuity or put a sum where you could not get it again and could only draw the interest?"

"My Christian friend, I have seven boxes full of letters of advice; but when I have wanted a hundred francs I seldom got it.

'Tis a beautiful world that we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow, or ask for your own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

"But there is no use of crying for spilt milk, and I do not care to say much about my personal affairs. I only trust that my experience may tend to reform some and discourage others from continuing in the pursuit of what is only a pleasure while Fortune smiles, but is always a vice, and *to all*, ruin. Gamblers have success, but the greater the success the greater the fall and the greater the misery. A gambler may in a moment of luck win, say two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand francs, but no sum will repay him for sleepless nights and for hours of anxiety, for nights made into days. No occupation, legal, political, or mercantile, will pay for the extravagances he must indulge in. While he is in the full tide of pleasure the clouds are near, and the gambler finds his 'hell on earth.' For every hour of pleasure he spends days of misery. The pleasures become only recollections while misery, despair, and often suicide, stare him in the face.

"A man with the passion for play will do anything to procure money in order to recover his losses. He will borrow five thousand francs from his bank, one thousand francs from a friend, five hundred francs from an acquaintance, one hundred francs from a comparative stranger, fifty francs from a club waiter, twenty francs from the cook, ten francs from a cabby who may have driven him three or four times, and then five francs from anybody to get a dinner or breakfast with. All taste for honest industry leaves you, honor even takes wings and finally you are slighted by your friends and vilified by those you have served."

"You have won and lost large amounts during the past two years, have you not, Mr. Deutsch?"

"Yes; my differences in two years have been fully four million francs—that is, I have won quite two million and lost over two million."

"How much of this went for percentages to the clubs?"

"Well, I should think that at least four hundred thousand or five hundred thousand went into the clubs as percentages. It is only a question of time when the entire capital of a player must be consumed by the proprietors of clubs, and the various fees, etc., necessary. Play at Paris clubs means certain ruin if a man keeps at it long enough. They must in time ruin every man who plays at them, and they will finally consume all the capital or drive away the capitalists."

"What do you mean by ruining all the players?"

"I mean simply this: Take ten players each with ten thousand francs, or five hundred louis. They take alternately banks each of an average of fifty louis, which costs two louis to the canette for each bank. Now they can deal fifty banks a day, which makes one hundred louis to the canette, and thus in a certain number of days easily calculated the entire party must have lost the entire sum they went in with. Outside of this, the taxes are terrible. In the first place there are the dues of the club; second, the man who deals a bank at baccarat of ten louis must give one louis to the house, or ten per cent. of the original investment. If he loses, the players against him win but nine louis. If he wins but one louis in his bank, the players have lost two louis, and the banker wins nothing. Then if a man has occasion to ask credit at the caisse he has to pay one louis per day for every fifty louis he has lost.

"The charges at ecarte at the clubs are even worse. Five francs have to be paid for each pass, so that it is easily possible for two players to play and both lose. I have played with a gentleman forty-six games at one louis a game. My opponent won twenty-two and I won twenty-four times. At the finish, therefore, I had won two louis from my friend, but we had paid five francs for each pass—I paying six louis altogether and my friend five and a half louis, so that the net loss was nine and a half louis. I lost four louis and my friend seven and a half.

"There is no chance for any one unless he has a remarkable run of luck and then stops. But who will do this? No one has a right to play except the man with unlimited capital and the man with nothing."

"Besides the proprietors of clubs, some of the servants in the gambling rooms have made large sums, have they not?"

"Yes; there is a garcon at a club in Paris who, twelve or fourteen years ago, was an ordinary servant at a hundred francs a month. By small loans of a louis or fifty francs, charging tremendous interest to players, he built up a fortune valued at from four to seven million francs. He drives fine horses, has coachmen and footmen, a splendid hotel, and some of the most priceless pictures in France."

After a few further remarks of minor interest on the subject of his experience, and with expressions of hope for the future, Mr. Deutsch took his departure.—*Havre Cor. Paris Morning News.*

Exploring Hudson's Bay.

The Canadian Government intends to make a thorough exploration of the great inland sea that occupies so large a portion of North America. The country bordering upon Hudson's Bay has heretofore been of value merely for its fur crop; but the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which is being constructed through the wilderness between Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay, has called attention to the industrial and commercial possibilities of the latter. There is said to be a wheat region north and northwest of Minnesota and Dakota, large enough to supply all the world with flour. At any rate, the Canadian Government has appointed experienced scientists to reveal to the world the exact value of the region surrounding Hudson's Bay. This is a matter of interest to us, for the time cannot be distant when all North America will be ours. There is no natural boundary between the United States and the Dominion. The latter is militarily indefensible, and its continuance as a dependency of Great Britain is an anachonism.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Real-Estate Swindle.

Jones—"Swindle! Why it was the most outrageous swindle ever practiced on me. That man is little better than a thief."

Smith—"You amaze me. I understood that he sold you his residence for less than it cost him."

Jones—"Yes, but he should have paid me for taking it instead of cunningly luring me into paying him."

Smith—Why, what is the matter with it?"

Jones—"On one side there is a girl learning to play the cabinet organ, and the family on the other side has twins."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Some of the dime novel writers are in a hurry to get their pay, otherwise they would revise their work, and not allow such startling statements as the following to appear in type: "I grew up to manhood without ever knowing what the love of a parent really was, for my mother died when my eldest brother was born."—*Texas Siftings.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—"Successful hymn reading," says Prof. L. T. Townsend, D. D., of Boston University, "at the present time is a rare pulpit accomplishment."

—It would seem as if religions were flying out in China, judging from the fact that a large number of temples in Foo Chow are leased by the priesthood to Europeans for dwellings or business purposes.

—The grounds around every schoolhouse should be tastefully and systematically planted to choice specimens of native trees. The scholars should be taught the names, habits of growth and manner of propogating of each sort.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—In the Presbytery of Cheefoo, China, last year one church received 348 persons on profession of their faith, and another 260. The number received in the first of these churches exceeds that added to any other Presbyter an Church during the year, at home or abroad. The nearest approach to it is in the case of the Tabernacle Church in Brooklyn (Rev. Dr. Talmage's) which reports an addition of 235 new members.

—There are a hundred things which you can not do, and which you are not called upon to do; but you can always do what is your duty here and now. There are a thousand places which you might conceivably fill; but the fact remains that at the present moment, you are only called to fill one place. Do the one thing; fill the one place. He who sees all things, and all places will take care of the rest.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—The New York Port Society, having its headquarters at the corner of Catharine and Madison streets, was organized in 1818 for special religious work among the seamen visiting this port. Its sixty-six years of labor have borne "much fruit," and to-day it is more vigorous and doing steadier service for the Master than ever before. During the past year from two hundred to four hundred persons have been present at the prayer-meetings, and there have been many hopeful conversions.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—The following summaries of statistics are from the respective journals of Episcopal Conventions: Mississippi, parishes and mission stations, 64; clergymen, 31; churches and chapels, 47; baptisms, 325; confirmations, 229; communicants, 2,512; total of offerings $43,320. Alabama, baptisms, 283; confirmations, 269; communicants, 4,076; total expenditures, $44,626. Oregon, baptisms, 190; confirmations, 100; communicants, 940; total of offerings, $19,914; clergymen resident in the diocese, 18. Missouri, clergy, 55; number of communicants, 5,432; total of offerings, $137,794.

Evenings at Home.

The long evenings, which follow the short days, are made in some families the happiest of all happy times. The cares of the day are ended: the mother's resting-time has come; the father has come; the father has dropped all sorts of business worries and perplexities, and the whole family throw themselves with zest into the innocent pleasures of the home circle.

It is well for the women of the household to remember that the pleasant evenings at home are strong antidotes to the practice of looking for enjoyment abroad, and seeking for pleasure in by and forbidden places; for relaxation and recreation will be indulged in somewhere by most men, and happy are they who find in the home circle the diversion they need.

A lively game, an interesting book read aloud, or, in musical families, a new song to be practiced, will furnish pastime that will make an evening pass pleasantly.

A little forethought during the day, a little pulling of wires that need not appear, will make the whole thing easy and different ways and means may be provided for making the evening hours pass pleasantly, and the time to be looked forward to with pleasant anticipations.

We visited once in a large family where it was the duty of each sister, in turn, to provide the evening's occupation, and there was a pleasant rivalry between them as to whose evening should be the most enjoyable. The brothers entered fully into the spirit of the simple home entertainments, and were as loth to be obliged to spend an evening away from home as their sisters and parents were to have them absent. Every one spoke of this family as an uncommonly united one, for each and every member showed such a strong attachment for the home to which each one contributed so much pleasure.—*Signal.*

A Sofa Pillow.

A handsome sofa pillow can be made at small cost; the material may be cashmere, should silk, velvet or satin be deemed too expensive. Select a fine piece, an excellent quality will not come to more than $1 yard; about three-quarters of a yard will make a large cushion pillow. A rich blue cashmere or a deep cherry gives a bright and cheerful effect when prettily decorated. Make the top side as ornamental as it may be desired; the opposite side is better perfectly plain; run a large silk or gold cord around the edge; this will cost from eight to twelve cents a yard; two or two and a half yards is all that is needed; finish the corners with tassels to correspond, or ribbon bows; sometimes looping or a bow-knot of the cord forms a neat and effective finish to the corners. The decorative design is best wrought in embroidery. Applique work is handsome, yet the former is much to be preferred, especially on all wool fabrics. A lovely pillow design is had by clustering flowers, for instance, June roses in one corner, July pinks the opposite corner, balsam which blossoms in August, mixed with Paris daisies; these have clear white petals and yellow disc. Another artistic design has a bunch of fancy grass, the top of which is flying open, as if disturbed by the wind; on the ground are scattered daisies, buttercups and wild roses. The ground is close cut lawn grass, which is wrought in chenille, presenting four shades of green; the effect is exceedingly pleasing; near the scattered blossoms are butterflies of various sizes, some flying and others just ready to light on the owers; a humming bird is hovering over the fluttering grass that is tied up like a bunch of ripe wheat.—*Western Rural.*

Deer Stalking in Scotland.

A day's stalking, from the beginning to the end, is full of incident and excitement. The highest hopes may be dashed by sudden disappointment, and there are perpetual slips between the cup and the lip. It is so much the better when toils have been crowned by success, and the stag round which your maneuvers have been concentrating themselves, at last, in his magnificent proportions, is lying dead at your feet. First comes the finding of the deer. Time after time your trusty stag may have been driven into the hillside and the telescope steadied against it. Time after time the wild landscape may have been swept in vain. After the closest examination of each rock and patch of heather there has not been a glimpse of hide or of horns. Then all at once, and perhaps where you least expected it, you have seen the little herd of deer feeding, unsuspicious of danger.

There is a heavy stag, we may suppose, with a respectable head, and on him you have set your affections. But he is surrounded by a small seraglio of hinds, one or two of them having been told off upon sentinel duty. Sinking down upon the heather, crawling back behind the nearest cover, you hold quick but anxious consultation as to the circumventing him. A great circuit has to be made before you can creep down upon him against the wind. Taking the bearings of the herd by certain landmarks on the sky line, you start away upon the long detour. You have already done considerable walking in the course of your peregrinations; but it is now that strength and breath are tasked, or, rather, they would be tasked were it not for the excitement. The sinewy keeper steps out in most deceptive style, getting over the ground twice as fast as you might fancy. You may have to breast sundry stiff hills in succession ere reaching the last point of vantage, where you begin the critical operations. There, where you hope again to sight the deer, is a moment of intense expectation. They may have shifted their ground by chance, or may have taken alarm and left altogether. To your satisfaction you see that they are much as they were; but the satisfaction is by no means unmingled.

The stag is recumbent and ruminating so quietly that it appears you might almost step up and stroke him; but one of the hinds on duty is constitutionally restless, and it is her ceaseless vigilance you have to elude. The approach is a sharp descent down the hills, and that makes the task all the more difficult. Then it is that the red Indian instincts of the keeper are called into play. He pioneers the path, if path it can be called, where you are either crawling like a snake or groveling like a rated spaniel. Now you are grinding off your buttons against the angularities of impracticable stones. Now you are making a rush between hillock and hillock, bent nearly double, while the head of the sentinel hind happens to be turned in the opposite direction

You know, nevertheless, that she may sight you at any moment, or that some treacherous air current may give her your wind, in which case all your labors have been thrown away. Or perhaps your lines of painful approach may have fallen in the broken bed of a mountain burn, and then all the crawling and the crouching have to be done with the cold water running in at the neck of your shirt and filtering out at the knees of your knickerbockers. Surmounting these trials and vicissitudes successfully you may congratulate yourself when you find yourself safely ensconced within sixty or eighty yards of the deer.

It is then that the keeper may be thrusting the rifle into your hand, urging you to shoot; it is then you will do well to assert your independence. In the first place you have been overheated, overstrained, and then soaked; so it is next to impossible that the pulses can be beating quietly, or that even by the aid of some convenient slab of stone you can make sure of steadying the rifle. In the next place, as we have imagined the deer lying down, it is possible he may offer but a doubtful mark. Yet undue delay will be dangerous, as well as irritating to the nerves. Each fleeting minute is pregnant with hope or possible incident. Luck may befriend you, the stag may stretch himself and get up, or a low whistle may at last be necessary, which will land him at once on his legs, when he will stand stationary and listening for a moment. Then, as the bullet goes home with a thud behind the shoulder, you know that all your labors are repaid; should you shoot wild and miss or merely maim him your first idea is instantaneous suicide.—*Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

Treatment of Criminals.

A somewhat remarkable account appears in the Paris *Temps* of the way in which persons convicted of murder are treated in some of the European States where capital punishment is either abolished or never enforced. In Belgium it appears that many murderers, who are confined under life sentences, may be seen "going about unshackled or working at some easy occupation, like toy-making, in cells that have been made to look homelike with pictures and other little things which the convict has bought out of his earnings. This is one way of punishing murderers, because the King is too tender-hearted to allow a capital sentence to take effect. The other side of the picture is shown in Italy, where conscientious scruples also prevent the executioner from doing his duty." Passamante, who tried to murder King Humbert in 1878, is confined to the Island of Elba. He is secured to the wall of an almost dark cell by a chain five feet in length, which is rivited to an iron ring around his ankle, and which does not allow him to take more than one step in any direction. His keepers are forbidden to speak to him or answer his questions. He has become imbecile. The most sensational French novelist never invented anything worse than this of the Bastile in its palmiest days.—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

Process of Canning Fruit.

The process of canning fruit adopted by the large canneries is an exact science. The guess of the thrifty housewife as to the amount of sugar, water and fruit to mix together is superseded in the canneries by an exact measurement of every thing. The following is a brief description of the method of canning string beans adopted in one of the largest canneries in the State: A score or more of long tables are piled high with bright green beans; at each table there are a dozen or more Chinamen, who, with nimble fingers, break the tips of the pod and pull the string from the sides; after breaking the pod in three and four pieces, the beans are put into a kettle of hot water and washed. After being drained they are taken to a dozen or more Chinamen, who stand before the tables with great piles of cans in front of them. Each can has been filled about half full of salt water. The Chinaman fills the can with beans and weighs it, adding to or taking from to bring it to the exact weight. The filled cans are taken on trucks to other tables where a number of Celestials are waiting to solder them. When they are closed they are put on trays, each holding forty or more cans. The trays are piled in great wooden vats filled with water. Through the bottom of the vat runs a steam pipe full of holes. The steam is turned on and in an instant the hot steam is bubbling up through the water. In a few minutes the water is brought to a boil and the beans begin to cook. The trays are taken out and a small hole punched in the top of each can. The air rushes out of the can at once and before it cools off and more air enters the small hole is closed by a piece of solder. In this way almost all of the air in the cans is removed. The cans are again placed on the trays and put into the boiling water, where they cook the requisite time. The trays are then taken out and the labels pasted on the cans, which are then placed in cases ready for shipment. The whole process does not occupy more than half an hour from the time the fruit or vegetable is placed on the table for picking till it is cooked and canned, and packed.

The process of making jellies and jams is as exact and expeditious. The currants or whatever other fruit or berries the jelly is made of are first placed in great copper kettles, which are slightly heated by steam. The currants are softened a little by the heat and made easy to press. They are then placed in a press and all the juice squeezed out of them. The pure juice is taken back to the polished kettles, which shine like a mirror in the sun, and for every gallon of juice, which weighs eight pounds, there is added six pounds of sugar. After fifteen minutes' cooking the juice and sugar, "jells," as it is called by the men in the canneries, and the jelly is dipped into two-and-a-half pound cans, which are labeled and packed in cases, ready for shipment.

An interesting experiment was tried in the cannery a few days ago in regard to the use of sugar in making jellies. The proprietors desired to know whether it was more economical to use much or little sugar. He put thirty gallons of juice into the bright kettle and one hundred and twenty pounds of sugar, that being four pounds to the gallon. He found that it took a long while for the juice to "jell," because the juice could absorb much more sugar and was quite thin. It did not "jell" till a large amount of the juice had evaporated. Next he tried one hundred and fifty pounds of sugar with thirty gallons of juice, and found that it took some time for the mixture to be brought to "jell," but not so long as in the first case. Again he mixed one hundred and eighty pounds of sugar and thirty gallons of juice. In a few moments the mixture "jelled" and little juice was lost by evaporation. He found that the jelly of all three experiments was of the same quality, but that he made one hundred and thirty cans of the first, one hundred and sixty of the second and one hundred and ninety-two of the third mixture. He found that it was more economical to use a large amount of sugar with the juice. It not only produced more cans of jelly in proportion to the amount of juice and sugar used, but it also saved about one third of the steam used in cooking.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Up in arms—the squalling infant at midnight.

* * * * Pile tumors cured in ten days, rupture in four weeks. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The writing master does a flourishing business.

If you want a good smoke, try "Seal of North Carolina," plug cut."

We call the attention of the public to the advertisement of W. B. Wilshire & Co., who are well known all over the Pacific Coast as dealers in and agents for the Macneal Safes, and the Buffalo Scales. The firm has been in business in San Francisco for over ten years, and have gained an enviable reputation for fair dealing and the excellent quality of the goods which they represent.

A tea made of lettuce leaves is good for wakefulness.

Equal parts of chloroform and alcohol will remove paint spots from cotton goods.