

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.
EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

PITH AND POINT.

A rainy day picnic and a broken marriage engagement are in one respect alike—postponed on account of the weather.—*Burdette.*
—Can anybody tell why everybody at a lecture manages to cough just as the lecturer is pronouncing the one word which of all others you want to hear?
—The *Journal of Chemistry* gives this piece of consolation: "If you live in a town don't cry over spilt milk. Examine it closely, and you may find it is not milk after all."
—"Aunt," said a thoughtful boy to his aged nurse, "what comes of all the old moon?" "Deed, I'm not very sure, child," she answered. "Maybe they be chipped up to make stars out of the bits."
—The wife of Dr. Tanner used to earn \$3,000 a year as a physician before her marriage. Now she has lost all that income. It is never advisable for a self-supporting woman to marry a "fast" man.—*Lucy Littleton.*
—The incessant talker may be of use in the world, but there is a strong suspicion abroad that his principal service to mankind is to illustrate the fact that it doesn't require much brains to make a noise in the world.—*Old City Derrick.*
—A proof-reader, out for a walk, was met by a Typographical Error; but the proof-reader did not speak, nor did he even bow in recognition. "Ha, ha," chuckled the Typographical Error, "I know he wouldn't see me!"
—A family in Lewiston, Maine, recently received a visit from a prominent clergyman. In the family is a girl of three years—the pet and privileged character of the household. At the table she listened attentively while grace was being said, and when the clergyman had reached his "Amen," she exclaimed: "Tain't pretty to talk so at the table; my papa don't!"
—A London chemist, in an analysis of the tea we drink, found that it contained "nut-galls, iron filings, filbert husks, sulphate of copper, horsetails, nests, acetic acid, green paint, tar rope, desiccated door-mats, ammonia, stable sweepings, etc." This would seem to disprove the general belief that tea is adulterated, unless something of the kind may lurk in that suspicious, "etc."
—A New York dude went to a celebrated doctor to be examined, as his health was on the wane. The physician examined the young man carefully and said: "I find your heart is affected."
—"Anything else, doctor?" "Yes, your lungs are slightly affected."
—"Anything else about me that is affected?"
—"Yes, your manners are also affected."
—*N. Y. Sun.*

MINING SHARPS.

Western Story Tellers That Assayers Have to Deal with—Two Big Liars.
"Some big liars come to an assayer's office once in a while," a town-town assayer said incidentally in a talk about mining property, "but I think the two biggest liars I have ever seen came into my office last summer, not together, thank goodness, for if they had I would have kicked them out for supposing that I might be an eternal fool. Instead, I listened to each, and then gave him a piece of my mind. The first was about forty-five years of age, sharp-featured, long-haired, and with the appearance of a Western miner. He carelessly unwrapped a newspaper from a lump of silver ore, and asked in a business-like way to have it assayed. I picked up the lump and said off-hand: 'There's no need of having that assayed. It's seventy-five per cent silver at first glance.' And it was. It was about as rich a specimen as I had seen in some time. It was worth at least \$18,000 a ton.
"But I want it assayed," he said. 'I've got a drift of ore like that six feet wide, and I want to sell it. I don't want to lie about it, and I want to know just what it is worth.'
"That's my business, and, of course, I knocked off a piece of the lump. I charged him more than I would anybody else, because I knew he intended to swindle somebody. I ground the piece of ore into dust, and put in a bottle. Then I took a little and assayed it. It turned out just what I thought it would. As usual I made record of the assay, and waited for the man to return.
"About four days after the assay four or five respectable old gentlemen came into the office together, and one of them unwrapped a piece of ore and said: 'Will you please assay this for us? We are thinking of buying a silver mine, and this is some of the ore. What do you think it is worth?'
"I looked at it closely and discovered that it was from the lump my Western man had brought in.
"Excuse me, but I have assayed this ore within five days," I said.
"Yes," said the spokesman of the party said, hesitatingly. 'We understand that it has been assayed, but we thought it would be safer to have it assayed for us particularly. How much did you make it out to be worth?'
"Twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a ton," I said, not wishing to be too particular at first. 'I'll see.'
"While I was looking over my record book I noticed the gentlemen looking knowingly at one another.
"It was \$18,000," I remarked, turning toward them. It didn't startle them a bit.
"That's pretty rich, isn't it?"
"Decidedly so. Where's the mine?"
"In Colorado. We have a drift there six feet wide."
"Colorado?" I exclaimed. "That ore never has been assayed. That's from some Mexican mine."
"I knew what I was talking about when I said that, because I can pick out Colorado ore from two thousand specimens. I can pick out ore from the Comstock lode anywhere you put it. After getting a few more particulars about the man who wanted to sell the mine, I said: 'Gentlemen, I don't want to have you taken in by anybody, and especially by one of those Western mining sharps. Instead of taking my word for this assay, go to somebody else, and I've no doubt you'll find many who will be as honest with you as I intend to be, and have your ore assayed. Take some of this dust with you and see if it is like your ore.'
"But we can buy this mine for only \$30,000," the first speaker said.
"If you can find a mine where the ore is all like that," I said, "I'll find men who will give you \$50,000,000 for it. That isn't a true specimen, and, besides, it isn't from Colorado. It's a rich find from some old mine in Mexico."
"They looked rather glum and went out. I roared pitied them. The next day the Western man came in to see me. I gave it to him hot. 'Look here,' I said, 'we have just about enough of such fellows as you around here. When you come on here to sell a mine, don't try to palm off Mexican ore for Colorado ore. Take my advice, and don't show that lump to any miner, because he'll know it in a minute. Now sk off.'
"I have never seen the old gentlemen since. I guess they found somebody who told them the truth as I did.
"The other chap was a short, dumpy fellow. He wanted to have everything very secret. He had a piece of ore that I knew was Mexican, and it was a long time before I could get anything out of him. At length he said: 'I'm a commercial traveler, and while I was in Mexico this summer I struck an old trail over the mountains that, I thought, would take me by a short cut to where I wanted to go. I took it, but it was the roughest ground I ever struck. About noon I was almost overcome, and I dropped off my mule near a shady place to catch a nap and rest. My mule, that was wandering about, awoke me after awhile by nearly stepping on me. In pulling my blanket off that served as a pillow, I noticed that the rock sparkled. It struck me all at once that it was silver, and I looked around to see if there were any other rocks like that. I don't know whether you'll believe it, but a short distance off the trail the ground was covered with them. I picked up about twenty pounds and packed them on my mule and started for the nearest settlement. I didn't say anything to anybody in that neighborhood, and I didn't dare to have the ore assayed until I got to El Paso. But I inquired about the price of land, and found I could buy that piece of ground for about \$15,000. I've come on here to raise that and then start a mine. What do you think the ore is worth?'
"I took the fellow all in and said: 'Did you pick this off the ground?'
"Certainly," he replied.
"Was it in this condition?"
"Of course," he answered, although he was beginning to be frightened.
"Then you are the best liar I have ever seen," I said, very decidedly.
"The fellow winked, and I continued: 'You don't know anything about ore, and you don't know any-

MINING SHARPS.

thing about Mexican land. This ore came from some mine more than twenty feet underground, and it isn't necessary to buy Mexican land before starting a mine. You tell your story well, but you'll have hard work to find anybody who will give you \$15,000 to pay for Mexican land. Get out.'
"There's a great difference, you know, in the appearance of ore that has lain on the surface any length of time and that of ore just dug from underground. The latter is more crystallized, for one particular. The surface pickings are what we call the results of a blow-out. Two drifts, coming together peak-shaped, are gradually projected out by the washing away of the earth. Water gets in the crevices, and, after awhile, the peak breaks into pieces, which are scattered over the surface. If that chap had had surface ore he might have been believed, except that part about the land, which was way off."
—*N. Y. Sun.*

TWO BRAVE WOMEN.

A Tantalizing Episode of Life in the Rocky Mountains.
The heroines of history are usually characters made conspicuous by the emergencies of war, or revolution, or an unsettled state of society. The same heroic qualities exist in woman's nature at all times, only in a peaceful age, and a peaceful land, the situations that call them out occur less frequently and are less likely to go upon record. The *Rocky Mountain News* tells in the following story what a girl can do bred up in frontier life, and probably, for that reason, better fitted to cope with its dangers; not cases of female bravery are by no means uncommon in our towns and cities. Those who complain that "the human race is degenerating" will do well to notice that in this instance it was the girl who proved equal to the occasion, while the man was utterly helpless.
Read's ranch did not differ materially from hundreds of others in Colorado. The same straggling, one-story structure, perfectly innocent of paint, with outbuildings looking as if they were ready to tumble down. The family consisted, at the time of this story, of Joe Reed, the proprietor, his wife, and two children. Ella, the eldest, was a rather pretty girl of eighteen, who for several years had relieved the tired mother of much of the burden of the household, and was a good housewife. Withal, often accompanying her father in rough rides of miles when looking for stray cattle.
Once a week Mr. Reed went to Denver to sell the dairy products, and purchase such articles of food as could not be raised on the ranch. Willie frequently accompanied him, and the two women thought nothing of being left alone in the house until long into the night, as the distance to the city made the drive a long one.
It was on one of these evenings in the early fall, just as they had completed their supper and the mother was arranging the table for the hungry father and son, that the younger woman went to the barn, the back of which was immediately on the road, to see a calf that was sick.
Suddenly she heard the voices of men in the road near the barn. Listening and scarcely daring to breathe, she heard words that almost froze her with terror.
"The old man keeps his money-bag in the drawer of the old bureau, but the old woman carries the key."
"How can we get at it?" asked another voice.
"We can blind both women, and if they make any noise, we can stop that."
For a moment the terrified listener was fairly paralyzed with fear; then she started up, and running quickly around to the back of the house and crawling through an open window, went to a closet and took from it two revolvers which were always kept loaded for emergencies, concealing them in the folds of her dress.
Hastily rejoining her mother in the larger room, she was just in time to see two burly-looking ruffians enter by the door.
The taller of the two men demanded supper, "and let it come quick, too," he said, in a menacing tone. The brave girl placed the food on the table, knowing that the scoundrels would satisfy their hunger before putting their purpose of robbery, and possibly murder, into execution. She then sat down in front of them, and watered them. The moment their meal was completed, she suddenly thrust the muzzles of the pistols in their faces, threatening to shoot if they moved.
Expostulations and protestations were in vain; the heroic girl stood there with eyes flashing and determined, for what to her seemed ages. The poor mother, as soon as she comprehended the situation, overcome by her great terror, had fainted and was lying on the floor.
At last the sound of wagon wheels was heard coming toward the house, and in a moment the father and brother entered the house in company with an uncle who had arrived in Denver that day from their old Eastern home in Pennsylvania, and by the merest accident met Mr. Reed on Sixteenth Street in Denver.
As soon as they comprehended the situation they compelled the ruffians with revolvers at their heads to submit to being bound with ropes, and when daylight came they were taken to the county seat and placed in jail.
The brave girl as soon as relieved from her terrible guard duty, and the horrible strain on her nerves was taken off, went into a succession of hysterical spasms, and it was for weeks that her reason, if not her life, was despaired of.
She eventually recovered, however, and afterward married a wealthy Denver gentleman, and is now living in the Queen City.
The two men were recognized as old offenders, in fact they were fugitives from justice from a distant county, and afterward served a long time in the penitentiary in Canon City.

—Elmura, N. Y., has lined a milkman \$25 for putting one quart of water and three of milk together and shaking them up as a gallon of the creamy quill. A milkman can go too far.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A DRY TIME.

The Day is Coming When the Earth Will Drink Up All the Sea.
Most of the planets have probably cooled down by radiation to a solid crust like the earth. The sun, owing to its greater mass, is still a fiery globe not yet cooled down so as to have a solid crust. But our moon being a body of small mass, only about one-nineteenth of the earth's mass, is supposed to have had time to cool down to a solid globe all the way from its surface to its center. Its internal heat is supposed to have been all radiated away into the surrounding cold space. Now the hot interior mass of the earth can, of course, contain no water, and little or none of the free gases that constitute an atmosphere. They would be boiled off, expanded and driven to the surface where are found now the great bulk of our oceans and our atmosphere. But when the earth shall have parted with all its internal heat, having thrown it into the surrounding cold space as the moon has done, then the cold, solid but porous mass within its present crust, which is now incapable of absorbing water or air, on account of the present high temperature, will begin to drink up the water and air just as the parched soil after a summer's drought drinks up the rain, and the ground is dry in a few minutes after the shower. But you may well ask, could the solid porous mass within the present crust of the earth thus drink up the whole of the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and cause all the waters of our globe to disappear? Let us examine this more closely.
While the interior of the earth remains as hot as it is at present it is no more possible for the water and air of our globe to penetrate to these fiery regions than it is for a drop of water to remain on a hot stone. But the earth is losing its heat day by day and year by year, radiating it out into the surrounding cold space. I know it has been computed that the earth receives from the sun annually just as much heat as it loses in a year by radiation into the surrounding space. Grant that it be so for the present and for many thousands of years to come. But the trouble is that the sun himself is cooling off, and, therefore, will not be always able to send us as much heat as he does at present. The time will, therefore, surely come when we shall lose more heat by radiation into space than the sun will be able to return to us. Then it will be only a question of time for the earth gradually to cool down, as the moon has already done, from surface to the center. When that time comes will not the dry hot solid and porous core of our globe drink up the oceans and atmosphere, causing them to disappear, not into large cavernous pockets, but into the minute pores of its substance?
The proposition appears to be established by strict calculation that the interior of the earth when cold will be able to absorb more than four times, possibly more than thirty times, the amount of water now on its surface. Now, it seems certain that in the manner first explained the earth will continue to lose both its superficial water and its atmosphere. The earth, the other planets, and even the sun himself, are regarded as doomed at some future day to the same fate. Melancholy fates some will say. But why complain of the general law of nature? Everything in nature has its morning of life, its high meridian of glory and strength, its evening decline and its midnight of blackness and death. Is the case of a world—is that the last term of a series?—*Prof. Cookley.*

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

A Mysterious and Interesting Question in Zoology Which Puzzles the Scientist.
Familiar as this migration of birds is to us, there is, perhaps, no question in zoology more obscure. The long flights they take, and the unerring certainty with which they wing their way between the most distant places, arriving and departing at the same period year after year, are points in the history of birds of passage as mysterious as they are interesting. We know the most migrants fly after sundown, though many of them select a moonlight night to cross the Mediterranean. But that their meteorological instinct is not unerring is proved by the fact that thousands are every year drowned in their flights over the Atlantic and other oceans. Northern Africa and Western Asia are selected as winter quarters by most of them, and they may often be noticed on their way thither, to hang over towns at night, puzzled, in spite of their experiences, by the shifting lights of the streets and houses.
The swallow or the nightingale may sometimes be delayed by unexpected circumstances. Yet it is rarely that they arrive or depart many days sooner or later, one year from another. Foul weather or fair, heat or cold, the pullies repair to some of their stations punctually on a given day, as if their movements were regulated by clock-work. The swiftness of flight which characterizes most birds enables them to cover a vast space in a brief time. The common black swift can fly 276 miles an hour, a speed which, if it could be maintained for less than half a day, would carry the bird from its winter to its summer quarters. The large purple swift of America is capable of even greater feats on the wing. The chimney swallow is slower—ninety miles per hour being the limit of its power; but the passenger pigeon of the United States can accomplish a journey of 1,000 miles between sunrise and sunset.
The distance traveled seems, moreover, to have no relation to the size of the traveler. The Swedish blue-throat raises its young among the Laps, and enjoys its winter holidays among the negroes of the Soudan, while the tiny ruby-throated hummingbird proceeds annually from Mexico to Newfoundland and back again, though one would imagine that so delicate a little fairy would be more at home among the acacia and agaves of the Tierra Caliente than among the firs and fogs of the North.—*London Standard.*
—A man who brings suit against a young woman and wins her for his wife sometimes gets heavy damages.

THE "HOODOOED" CLAIM.

A Piece of Mining Property that Brings Bad Luck for Those Who Work It.
There is a superstition prevailing among a number of the miners in that locality that a certain claim in Iowa gulch is an unlucky one. It got started in some way that a man who worked in that claim was sure to meet with bad luck of some kind. He would either get blown up by giant powder, or fall down a ladder, or the mine would cave in on him, or some other equally undesirable occurrence would take place. By degrees the belief became so prevalent that property was considered "hoodooed," to use a slang expression. The result is that nobody will work it at all, and the owners are at a loss to know what to do for men.
A Herald reporter having heard of the superstition, for, of course, it is nothing more or less than a superstition, accosted an old miner last night and asked him whether he was one of those who believed the stories that were being circulated.
"Well, to tell the truth, I must confess I do believe some of them, strange as it may seem to you."
"What foundation have you for your belief?" asked the reporter.
The old miner took a fresh chew of tobacco and said: "The fact that so many who have worked it have had bad luck of some kind or other makes me think there is something in it. I know one man who had not been at work in that infernal hole more than two days before he was taken down with pneumonia, and he came very near dying. Another went to work there and his cabin was robbed before a week. A third one tried it, and he fell from a ladder and came near being killed; that satisfied him and he quit. Besides these there have been several other mishaps to men working the claim, and they followed each other in such close succession and with such unvarying certainty that the men at last came to the conclusion that there was bad luck in some way connected with the property."
"Is the claim worth anything?" asked the reporter.
"Yes, if it was developed I think it would turn out to be good property; but I, for one, would not work in it if it was given to me."
"Might it not be a job put up by some one who wants to buy it?" asked the reporter.
"I don't know about that," replied the miner, "but I don't see how so many of the men could get to believe it if there wasn't something in it. No, sir, it's no job, that claim has had bad luck for any man that works it. You may call it superstition or anything you like, but I don't go to work in it."
Seeing there was no chance to shake the old miner's belief that there was some supernatural agency that had cast a spell of bad luck over the ill-fated property, the reporter left him firm in his faith.—*Leadville Herald.*

NOT WHAT SHE SEEMED.

The Other Side of the Young Lady the Men Stared at Through the Window.
She sat at a window on a public street, and day after day the crowd who passed saw her at the sewing-machine. The old man mentally remarked that she was a perfect lady, and the young men voted her the rival of a June rose. If she had raised her eyes to the window she might have met the pitying gaze of various bald-heads, and the admiring glances of legions of maidens, but she never did so. Nose, whiskers, and underclothes were hidden with a foot of glass, but she hummed and trilled and gathered and played as if utterly unconscious of the existence of the outside world.
It is probable that five hundred men gazed into that window in the course of the day, but the sewing-machine never stopped humming on their account.
Things had been going on this way for months when, only the other day, a widower with a heart full of pity for the unfortunate got himself up regardless of expense and boldly entered the place. The charmer was there alone. With a melting soul he approached the sewing-machine and laid his heart upon it. That is, he coughed, gurgled, gasped, and inquired if she wouldn't prefer to brook a fifteen-thousand-dollar brook house rather than make shirts for seventy-five cents per day.
The charmer rose up. She had a short leg. That side of her face which the public had never seen displayed three moles and a bad scar. That eye which the public had never gazed into contained a squint, and she had had front teeth. She made a grab at a yardstick and said something about "settling an old duffer's baser pretty broken for out doors." His sympathizing and palpitating heart was left behind him as he went, but the charmer picked it up and followed after him and heaved it into the gutter with the remark:
"I've just been waiting for a chance to break some of your necks, and don't you put your hoofs in here again if you want to see next spring's dandelions."
—*Detroit Free Press.*
Served Her Right.

THE DANGER OF INSOMNIA.

If you are a sufferer from Sleeplessness, that warning indication of serious nervous derangements, which, if not arrested, may lead to most disastrous consequences, send a statement of your case to Drs. Starkey & Paley, 1109 Grand street, Philadelphia. They have successfully treated many such cases with their new "Soothing remedy," which acts directly on the nervous centers. An opinion will be promptly given, and they will call at the same time furnish you with reports of cases from which you will be able to judge for yourself as to the value of their special treatment in your particular case.
All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Mathews, 606 Monticome Street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.
The First English Menagerie.
The first English menagerie is a pretty old affair, dating from the days of that furious hunter, who thought more of a deer than a man, King Henry I. With a passionate fondness for the marvels of distant countries, he used to beg fervently from foreign sovereigns for lions, leopards, lynxes, camels and other animals that were not produced in England, and he kept his favorite wonders in the park of Woodstock.
Paul, Earl of Orkney, although a subject to the King of Norway, was constantly sending presents of that kind to gratify the whim of Henry, with whom he was desirous of being on terms of friendship.
One especial pet was "a creature called a porcupine," which animal is found in Africa, says a chronicler of the time and "which the inhabitants call of the urchin kind, covered with bristly hairs, which it naturally darts against the dogs when pursuing it; moreover, these are, as I have seen, more than a span long, sharp at each extremity, like the quills of a goose where the feather ceases, but rather thicker, and speckled, as it were, with black and white."
The first elephant arrived in England at a much later period, being sent across the Channel in 1255, as a present from the King of France to Henry III. Crowds of people, as may be imagined, flocked to see the novel monster.—*Golden Days.*
—The Milwaukee Sentinel says that St. Paul's Episcopal Church in that city "contains the finest window in the world—a triumph of art in stained-glass, such as can be found nowhere else." The central panel of the window is a reproduction of Dore's great painting, Christ Leaving the Pretorium. The entire window will cost about four thousand dollars.
—The past season on the Erie Canal has been the dullest for twenty years.—*Buffalo Express.*
The school census of Iowa shows an increase of 21,000 over last year.
TALL OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW.
Great and good results often spring from small deeds and so fatal diseases come of a seemingly trifling neglect. Colds neglected often lead to serious catarrhal troubles. If this is your case, lose no time in becoming acquainted with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its healing virtues will surprise you. It is simple, efficacious, speedy, sure. Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges from the nose into the throat are symptoms of this horrible complaint.
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Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels constipated, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Flitting of the eyes, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.
IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEeded, SEVERE DISEASE WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED, BUT TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, and often effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
They Increase the Appetite, and cause the Body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents.
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