

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

DAY BY DAY.

A little older every day.
A little nearer to the close;
Nearer the ending of the fray,
Nearer the long repose.

Nearer the time when o'er our head
Shall spring the blossom and the grass,
And friends will murmur: "He is dead,"
As by our tomb they pass.

Nearer the time when we shall cast
An anchor by the mystic shore;
And see and feel and know, at last,
What we could not before.

Ah! how the years go rolling on!
How short the step to manhood's prime,
How soon the gold of life is gone
Into the vaults of Time!

Cincinnati Enquirer.

MADAM WHIMS.

Her Devices to Conceal the Cruelties of an Insane Husband.

A young girl, who had just arrived, was the center of a group of women on the porch of the old-fashioned hotel in Wildgrapeisle, a little island the medicinal qualities of whose springs, especially in the case of nervous complaints, were just beginning to be known, one lovely August evening.

"And now," said she, after the usual welcoming speeches and complimentary remarks about the becomingness of her traveling costume had all been made, "tell me who is here."

"Oh! the old set," answered two or three of her friends together. "With the exception," added two or three more, "of Madam Whims," chorused all the rest.

"Madam Whims," repeated the new arrival. "What a very odd name."
"Oh! it isn't her real name," explained several of the group in one voice again. "Her real name—"
"Suppose one of the party enlightens me while the others remain silent," interrupted the girl, laughingly. "It's rather confusing you know, listening to a chorus on a subject of which the listener happens to be in total ignorance. You, Maud, used to be a capital story-teller in our school days, and that isn't far enough away for your tongue to have forgotten its cunning, and so suppose you narrate and oblige yours truly, Bell Morrison."

"There isn't any story to tell, Bell, my dear," replied the youthful, bright-eyed matron thus singled out. "The case is simply this: A lady is stopping here—she came about three weeks ago—whose name is Eleanor Halpin, but whom our circle with common consent have dubbed Madam Whims, because, my dear, she really is the whimsiest of whimsers. Pun intended—hope you all see it."

"I recognized it at once," said Bell, "having met it many times before, notably in the old verses which, if my memory serves me aright, runs somewhat in this way:

"When five first wooed with love so kind
Her Adam called her woman;
But when she brought him grief and woe,
Why, then he called her woman."
Since then the men declare the sex
With follies overhanging;
And so they've changed the name again,
And now they call them whimsers."

"Am I to go on, or have you any more verses to repeat?" asked Mistress Maud.

"You are to go on, and go on quickly," answered her sprightly friend, "for I haven't had my supper yet and I shall soon be awfully hungry. You said last she was the 'whimsiest of whimsers.' Pray tell me what shapes her whims take?"

"Oddities of dress, principally. When we first beheld her, two days after her arrival—she had kept her room in the interim—she wore a sort of turban, apparently evolved from a large, soft, crimson silk handkerchief, tilted rather rakishly over the left eye. It was not altogether unbecoming, but it was extremely queer. In a few days the turban was discarded and she appeared in very long, very loose gloves, morn, noon and eve, breakfast, lunch and dinner, for nearly a week. Then she came down with a cane, a handsome one, and walked with an affected little limp for another week. Then a lace scarf graced her head, tied down over her ears, my dear, with a big bow under her chin. And to-night, warm as it is, she has several yards of white illusion twined around her throat and standing up at the back of her neck in a manner that strongly suggests an Elizabethan ruff."

"Which suggestion of an Elizabethan ruff I suppose I shall have the pleasure of seeing," said Bell, "as each of my lady's vagaries seem to last for several days. But tell me something about herself, Maud. Is she pretty? Is she clever? Is she wife, widow or divorcee? If wife, what kind of a husband has she?"

"Well, she is not ugly, rather pretty, in fact, and somewhat clever; so we infer from what conversation we have had with her, which is very little, for it is one of her whims to have her husband always at her side, and you know how hard it is for women to talk to each other when there is a man around. By the by, we also infer from the never-varying brightness of her face that she must be a very happy, very sweet-tempered woman."

"And her husband?"

"Oh! yes, I was coming to him. He is a splendid looking fellow (though Kate Dutton, who is given, you know, to finding resemblance to animals in human beings, declares there is a hint of tiger about him), but we are none of us particularly interested in him, because, to tell the truth, my dear, he hasn't shown the slightest interest in any of us."

"And how does he appear to regard his wife's whims?"

"With extreme indulgence. I see him looking at her peculiarities of dress, sometimes, with the kind of smile with which a fond parent regards the trick of a spoiled child."

"Spoiled child, indeed!" here joined in a sharp-nosed, thin-lipped elderly dame who had evidently thus far been

holding her tongue with great difficulty. "I have no patience with him. Why don't he make her take off those fall-de-lals (Maud hasn't told you about half of them) and dress like a Christian? I would, might, quick, if I were he. But as he don't I should think that companion of hers—Mrs. Gregg—who seems to be a sensible person, and to have some influence over her, might prevail upon her not to make a show of herself."

"Perhaps she is the sort of woman who can't be prevailed upon," said Bell.

"I guess you are right," acquiesced Mistress Maud, with emphasis. "She has a very determined look at times about her mouth, though it is a small and smiling one. And her big, dark gray eyes meet your gaze almost defiantly."

"Defiantly? Impudently, I call it," resumed the sharp-featured lady, "and I'm sorry for her husband, I am, for altogether, I've no doubt he has a pretty hard time of it. I'm sure if I were a man I shouldn't want my wife tagging round after me every step I took, especially if I had a wife like Madam Whims, eternally devising ways and means, in spite of her pretended devotion, of attracting attention."

"That is false!" said a voice from the drawing-room window, and the next moment Mrs. Gregg, a tall, pale woman, clad in black robes, stepped out upon the porch.

"False!" echoed the unlovely spinster.

"Yes, 'false,' and to my mind the time has come when the truth should be told. I can not, in consideration for her, take the dreadful responsibility of keeping my mistress' secret any longer. Ladies, that splendid looking fellow—so bound to the side of his wife—would, had it not been for her angelic love and devotion, have been long ago the inmate of a lunatic asylum. Don't be frightened, he has never hurt any one but her. For years he has been subject to insane paroxysms whose fury he vents upon the being he loves best in the world. Once over them he is as sane as you or I. For several weeks past these attacks have been much more frequent than ever before. But no one has suspected them, even in this crowded hotel, for having, as you have already suggested, Miss Dutton, something of the tiger about him, it is but a stealthy bound, a noiseless, heavy blow, or two or three—received without a murmur—and then he sinks into a profound slumber from which he awakes utterly unconscious of what he has done, to laugh as you do at his wife's whims. That fantastic turban concealed a wound in the left temple; the long gloves covered bruised hands and arms; the scarf was tied about a swollen neck, and the yards of illusion wrapped around her slender throat to-night hide the marks of cruel fangings. 'Madam Whims' Madam Saint, I say! 'He only hurts me,' she prays, when I threaten disclosure. 'He only hurts me and does not mean to do it, as you will know, Gregg, for he loves me, he loves me dearly and I adore him. What he does in the wretched moments that he is not himself I can bear, but to be parted from him forever—oh! that I could not bear.' She came here in the hope that the waters might do him good, but he has, as I have told you, grown worse, and after to-day's experience it would be crime for me to remain silent any longer. 'Give me the name, please, of the best physician in the—my God! what was that?' she broke off suddenly to exclaim, as a pistol shot rang out upon the air, and then she fairly flew back through the drawing-room, out into the hall, and up the stairs that led to her mistress' apartment, followed, almost as swiftly, by the horror-stricken women who had been listening to her story. Throwing open the door of the sitting-room she entered, leaving the others huddled together in the threshold. 'Too late! too late!' she cried: 'look there.' And there on the floor, beside a couch which held the form of his wife, lay the lifeless body of Luke Halpin. 'He has killed her in one of his insane moments,' continued the companion in a shrill, unnatural voice, "and finding her dead on awakening has taken his own life with the pistol I thought I had so carefully hidden from him. And see, see, wringing her hands while the tears rolled down her cheeks, oh! what a pitiful sight—she played 'Madam Whims' to the last." And pressing silently forward they saw that the dying woman, with some wild idea of hiding the act that had cost her her life, and shielding him who was dearer to her than that life, had with her last strength draped a gauzy shawl over the knife-wound in her breast, but the tell-tale blood had dripped through and stained the white silk which she wore with spots of vivid red!—*Maryaret Eytinger, in Detroit Free Press.*

"He Let His Cows For Beans.

"If Smith don't kill his cow out of my garden I will kill her. I have shot her side full of beans every night, but she gets in my garden the next night just the same as if nothing had happened. I believe he turns her in my garden." "Of course he does," said Jones, "for I saw him do it." "What the dickens does he do that for?" "To get you to shoot his cow." "To get me to shoot his cow?" "What does he want me to shoot his cow for?" "Because he is a Boston man and his cow brings home enough of your beans to support his family. He keeps his boys busy picking the beans out of his cow's hide. Take him over a bushel of beans and his cow won't get in your garden for a week."—*Paris Beacon.*

—Lately the distance between London and Edinburgh was covered in three days by a tricycle rider. This feat was surpassed a week later by another traveler, who accomplished the four hundred miles in two days and nine hours, considerably more than half the distance being traveled in the first twenty-four hours. A medical writer in the *Lancet* warns all "cyclet" riders to beware of large wheels which are accompanied by small saddles. He says that unless a good-sized seat is provided, serious evils may result.

—Among the victims of cholera at Naples was an old woman aged one hundred and three years.

GOLD LEAF.

Combined Skill and Judgment Requisite in Its Manufacture.

If a sheet of gold leaf is held up against the light it appears to be of a vivid dark green color; this means that the light is transmitted through the leaf. When it is considered that this leaf is a piece of solid metal, a better idea of the extreme tenacity of thickness of the leaf can be comprehended than by any comparison of figures; nothing made by the hand of man equals it in thinness. "This extreme thinness is produced by patient hammering, the hammers weighing from seven to twenty pounds, the lighter hammers being first used. When the true method of this beating is understood, the wonder expressed sometimes that gold leaf beating should not be relegated to machinery ceases; the art belongs to the highest department of human skill and judgment. Apprentices have served a term, and have been compelled to abandon the business, because they never could acquire the requisite skill and judgment combined necessary to become successful workmen.

The only pure gold leaf that is used by dentists for filling carious teeth, and it is called foil. It is much thicker than the gold leaf for gilding—indeed, it could not be beaten so thin; for thin or leaf gold an alloy of silver and copper is required to impart the requisite tenacity. Dentist's foil weighs six grains, five, four and three grains per sheet, or leaf, according to its thickness. The last operation on the leaf is annealing. This is done over a charcoal fire, the leaf being laid singly in a sort of corn popper—a square receptacle with wire bottom at the end of a handle—over which is held a similar cover to prevent the flame from carrying the leaf away. An instant's exposure to the flame induces a red heat, when the leaf is laid on a sheet of a book.

The material for gold leaf and dentist's foil is coin gold. The gold is precipitated by muriatic and nitric acids over a fire to separate the gold and silver, the copper of the alloy passing off in the heat. The silver from gold coin amounts to about seven pennyweights to eight hundred dollars worth of coin—the amount usually treated at a time. This reduction and separation of the metals is the usual method, and does not require special description.

The pure gold is then melted in sand crucibles with the proper proportions of silver and copper to produce the color of leaf desired, very fine ornamental effects being produced in gilding with leaf of different shades. The fluid metal is poured into iron moulds, making bars seven inches long and one and an eighth inches wide and one-fourth of an inch thick. These bars are forged, like iron, between anvil and hammer, to even the edges, and then rolled in powerfully-gear rollers to a ribbon not thicker than writing paper and one inch wide. Of course, in the rolling as in all the processes, there must be occasional annealings.

Now comes the first of the beating processes. These squares of gold (one inch square) are placed in a pile alternating with larger squares (four inches or more) of "kutch" paper, a material made from a pulp of animal membrane—raw-hide, intestines, etc.—and the outside of the pile receives a square of parchment. The hammering then begins with a seven-pound hammer on a block of marble that rests on a solid foundation. After one hour's beating the pile is warmed at a fire to anneal the gold, a process requiring care, so that the kutch paper be not burned. Four hours of beating suffices for this preliminary process, 180 squares of gold being treated in one pile. The final process requires great skill. The partially beaten squares are packed as before, but with alternates of gold beater's skin, until the pile contains 900 sheets. The beating is continued with increasingly heavier hammers until the final finish with the twenty-pound hammer. The gold-beater's skin comes from England, and the best of it—and the most of it—is made by one family—Frederick Perkins. The skin is so thin as to be almost transparent, and yet it is double, two thicknesses. It is prepared from the larger intestine of the ox. Each sheet of the skin is rubbed on each side, before the pack is made, and whenever the pack is rearranged (placing the outer gold in the center and vice versa) with a powder made from calcined gypsum of a very pure sort, imported from Germany. This is to prevent the gold from sticking to the skin.

In beating, the work of spreading the gold is from the center of each square of gold out toward the edges, and the finished squares are thicker at the edges than in the center. A contrary spreading would split the edges and ruin the squares. In rearranging the squares in the process of beating they are sometimes torn, but another piece laid on as a patch, lapping over the torn place, will be firmly welded in the after beating.

The finished squares are cut to a size of three and three-eighths inches, and packed in a "book" holding twenty-five sheets, the paper leaves being rubbed with red ochre to prevent sticking. These books of twenty-five sheets are sold at from thirty to forty cents each. The cutting of the leaf is done by knives, which are simply slips of the outer shiny shell or skin of the Malacca cane such as is used for walking sticks. The outer rind contains silica or flint in minute, invisible particles, forming a peculiar edge. Steel will not answer the purpose.—*Scientific American.*

The length of Welsh names is proverbial, says the *London Graphic*, but even Taffy seems outdone by the title of a Marathi work lately published in the Bombay Presidency, i. e.: Shri-madhawaripandhanawarannaatmakapadyaratnanaala, which means, "Verses describing the death of Peshwa Madaw Rao I."

The following is said to be a literal translation of a paragraph in a French novel: "Casting herself between her brother and his intended victim the fair Inez exclaimed in a voice that vibrated with agony: 'Rudolphe, do not kill him, for if you did he would surely die.'"

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The treasury of the Baptist Home Missionary Society in such a depleted condition that appointments have been only made for six months, fears being felt that money enough may not be contributed to pay a full year's salaries.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

There were 600 Frenchmen at Oxford the past term—quite an unprecedented number. The general style of living demands less expense than formerly, and no man finds it now incumbent on him to give wine parties as of yore.

At a Sunday-school convention, objection having been raised to the unhealthful influence of many of the books in the libraries, a superintendent rose and suggested that they should be weeded out and sent to the poor children out West.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Miss Mary Caldwell, a wealthy Catholic lady of Baltimore, has given \$300,000 to be used for the establishment of a Catholic university for the better education of the priesthood, on the plan proposed by Bishop Spaulding. The Plenary Council has accepted the gift.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Mr. John Scott, who recently closed a ten weeks' term of free high school in the town of Holden, Me., says that in all that time he had no occasion to speak reprovingly to any one of his scholars. He says he has taught fourteen years and never before had such an experience as this, and he asks his fellow-teachers of this country to tell him whether any one of them can say as much for any school taught by them.—*Troy Times.*

The new catalogue of Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, shows that there are now 42 members of the faculty and 402 students, the latter being divided as follows: Collegiate Department, 244; Chandler Scientific School, 74; Agricultural College, 28; Medical College, 44; Thayer School of Engineering, 12. In the Academic Department 19 are from Maine, 98 from New Hampshire, 54 from Vermont, and 33 from Massachusetts. Outside of New England nineteen States and Territories are represented.

The Rochester Post-Express is doing a commendable work in showing up the defects of country school sanitation. The yards and surroundings of many school-houses in the country are indescribably filthy. Some of the details can not be referred to in a public journal, and are sickening to contemplate. There may be some excuse for faulty sanitation in crowded cities, but there is none in the country. It is high time that attention was called to this evil. If the cholera were to come to this country it would make short work with the people who live in such neighborhoods.—*Chicago Journal.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

In London a "pony" is a five-pound note, in this country a glass of beer, and in the dictionary a small horse.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

An experienced housewife in a long article tells "how to save your dishes from being broken." It is unnecessary. All you have to do is to put them away and eat off of tin dishes.

My dear sir, you cannot always reason correctly from analogy. Because, for example, red-skinned apples make the best jelly, it does not follow that a red-faced man makes the best husband.—*Chicago Journal.*

"What is economy?" asks the Philadelphia North American. We'll tell you. It is paying ten cents for a cigar and compelling your wife to turn her last season's dress to make it do another winter. The country is fairly bulging with such economy.—*Norristown Herald.*

A girl who had become tired of single blessedness, thus wrote to her intended: "Dear Jim, come right off if you are coming at all; Edward Keiderman is insistent that I shall have him; and he hugs and kisses me so continually that I can't hold out much longer."—*Boston Post.*

A festive dude came into our sanctum. He had a poem; we kindly thanked him. With the office club we gently plunkum over the top of his phizarrantum. He swore an oath which sounded like blunkum, and gazed at us like a dinged old crankum, and then there was a vacancy in our sanctum.—*Evansville Argus.*

"Well, Dobkins, are you going to the club to-night?" "I haven't made up my mind yet." "Haven't? Why it's time to be there now." "I know, but my wife hasn't got back from the woman's meeting yet." "Ah, I see. You can't make up your mind till your wife brings it home."—*Chicago Tribune.*

She had named Friday of the following week as the day for the wedding. "But Friday is an unlucky day," said George. "O, so it is!" she exclaimed; "I had forgotten that. No, it wouldn't do to be married on Friday." "How would Saturday or Monday do?" suggested George, tenderly. The girl hesitated and blushed a little. Then she said: "I—I think Thursday would be better, George."—*Detroit Post.*

"Does you know John Jackson?" asked Jim Webster of Pete Simpson. "I should say I do know him. He is an awful sly cuss." "What has he been doing that was so berry smart?" "The other day I seed him walking along on the opposite side of Austin Avenue. I called out 'John!' two or three times. De niggah made out as if he didn't hear me. I overtook him and cotched him by de arm, and dang by buttons if he wasn't anudder niggah entirely. You bet he am a sly one."—*Texas Siftings.*

"What do our daughters need?" asks a writer. Well, we have come to the conclusion that they need about everything under the sun—except bread.—*Burlington Free Press.*

CUTCAST LONDON.

Much excitement has been made by reports recently published on the vile condition of the slums of London. In one cellar was found a family consisting of a man sick with smallpox, his dying wife, three half-naked and dirty children, and one pig. In some parts there is one gin-mill to every hundred persons. What deplorable! Yet corresponding impurities often defile the human blood. They can be cast out by Brown's Iron Bitters, the great strengthener and purifier. Mr. E. J. Strange, of Stark Lake, Florida, says, "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best blood purifier I ever tried. It gives all the satisfaction a man can want."

A SALESMAN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

To sell goods appears to be easy business, especially when the goods are so beautiful and attractive as to seem almost to sell themselves. But there are duties and responsibilities connected with the life of a head salesman in a great establishment, of which the casual shopper has very little idea. One of the largest houses in the artistic porcelain and glass business not long ago came near losing its chief salesman. Had he died, as it was expected he would, his place would have been a very difficult one to fill. His escape from death was indeed a very narrow one.

When our editorial correspondent recently called on Mr. Alonzo Clark, he found him surrounded by all manner of tasteful elegancies in china and bric-a-brac, in the spacious saloons of the well-known house of first-rate, New York. Mr. Clark is a somewhat spare and sinewy gentleman of about 40 or over. He carries with him the marks of a severe tussle with disease, but shows, both in his countenance and his actions, that he won the victory.

"We will let Mr. Clark tell his own story: "My trouble," he said, "was chiefly with my lungs and throat. Originally I had a good constitution, and came of a healthy family, my mother having reached the advanced age of 82, and being still an active woman. During the war I caught the long marches and severe fatigues, and could lie on the ground at night without being attacked by rheumatism. My first sickness was four years ago in a malarious region in Connecticut. The malaria got the better of me and laid the foundation for starth and all the other evils I have been afflicted with.

"About a year and a half ago I caught a severe cold. My lungs became inflamed, and my chest was throbbing. Originally I had a good constitution, and came of a healthy family, my mother having reached the advanced age of 82, and being still an active woman. During the war I caught the long marches and severe fatigues, and could lie on the ground at night without being attacked by rheumatism. My first sickness was four years ago in a malarious region in Connecticut. The malaria got the better of me and laid the foundation for starth and all the other evils I have been afflicted with.

"After I got rid of the doctors, who had given me up for lost, I got a little better and was able to drag myself down to the store. A couple of lady customers spoke to me about Compound Oxygen, and advised me to go to the New York office in the city, and see Dr. Turner, who had told me that I should be able to breathe again. I knew nothing about this remedy, but concluded to try it, just on a venture. On taking a few inhalations at Dr. Turner's office, I was surprised at the effect on me. It seemed as if matter to inhale something which was without taste or odor; but certainly it did me a great deal of good. My benefit began at once. I soon was able to walk up and down stairs. I took one more inhalation, which lasted me for two or three months; then I got a second. My appetite returned and my sleep was good. When I first visited Dr. Turner, I had not for months slept in a bed. I got a little better and was able to drag myself down to the store. 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