EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

PITH AND POINT

—The Lowell *Courier* suggests that there ought to be no cheating at checkers, for they are always played on the square.

—A Yonkers bride received, among her wedding gifts, a receipted bill of eight dollars for gate hinges from her father.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—In some regions of Africa girls must be six feet high before they are allowed to marry. And pray why shouldn't Hymen insist upon high women?—*Boston Transcript.*

—A new book is entitled, "How I Made Money at Home." We advise our readers to have nothing to do with it. Three men were arrested a few days ago for making money at home.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A piece of glass an inch long was taken from the head of a Rochester man recently, in whose skull it had been imbedded for twenty years. He had complained occasionally of a pane in his head.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—"If man wants to own the earth, what does woman want?" inquired Mr. Grapp of his better half, after a little family mat nee, a few days ago. "Well, my dear," responded that lady in a gentle tone, "to own the man, I suppose."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Miss Sharp is making her first visit to Washington. She wrote home to her owngest chum the other day as follows: "I think I must have got a cast-iron digestion since I've been here. Yesterday, would you believe, I visited the navy-yard and lunched on a monitor." On her return home she will dine on a Pullman car.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The family were putting on their best airs because Juniata's beau was eating dinner. The old folks were delighted at the way the young man was making love between the mouthfuls. When they got to the dessert, he said, loud enough to be heard all around the table: "You ought to take some angel cake, you're so like an angel," and the old gentleman had just winked at the old lady and said, "He's gettin' there," when little Tommy called out: "You ought to eat sponge-cake, Mr. Smith." "Why, my little man?" asked Mr. Smith, looking very sweet. "Because ma says you're an awful sponge."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

AMBERGRIS.

A Valuable Product Which Is the Result of Disease in the Whale.

A valuable product of this whale is the remarkable substance called ambergris—i. e., gray amber. Until late years ambergris could only be found floating on the surface of the sea, the coasts of Africa, Brazil and the Bahamas being the usual localities for it. The color of ambergris when broken is ashen gray, mostly clouded with a reddish hue, and diversified with irregular streaks of yellow and black spots. On the exterior it is black and shining, and looks as if it had here and there been daubed with pitch. It is mostly found in lumps varying in weight from half an ounce to a hundred pounds, or even more. As it is worth about a guinea per ounce, a large piece is of very great value; so that a party of sailors who once found a lump of fifty pounds weight and knew the value of their discovery, deserted their ship and went home with their prize. Ambergris has now been robbed of its mysteries and is known to be unprosaically formed by a morbid condition of the intestine, and therefore each whale is carefully searched before the body is cut adrift after the blubber and spermaceti have been removed. Not one whale in fifty, however, produces a single ounce of ambergris. The black spots which have been mentioned are the hard beaks of octopods which the whale has eaten, and which retain their shape after the soft flesh has been digested. The geological reader may remember that the beaks of cuttles have been found within the bodies of certain fossil reptiles, thus showing conclusively what was the nature of their food. There are several specimens in the College of Surgeons, one being a valuable object, as it is cylindrical, and retains the shape of the intestine in which it was formed. Ambergris is little used in Europe, but in the East it is held in high reputation, partly as a perfume, and partly as a valuable ingredient in cookery.—*Longman's Magazine.*

OLD LIBRARIANS.

The Effect Constant Companionship With Books Has Upon Their Custodians.

The old Librarian was a peculiar character, as these officials are apt to be. They have a curious kind of knowledge, sometimes immense in its way. They know the backs of books, their title-pages, their popularity or want of it, the class of readers who call for particular works, the value of different editions, and a good deal besides. Their minds catch up hints from all manner of works on all kinds of subjects. They will give a visitor a fact and a reference which they are surprised to find they remember and which the visitor might have hunted for a year. Every good Librarian, every private book-keeper, who has grown into his library, finds he has a bunch of nerves going to every bookcase, a branch to every shelf and a twig to every book. These nerves get very sensitive in old librarians sometimes, and they do not like to have a volume meddled with any more than they would to have their naked eyes handled. They come to feel at last that the books of a great collection are a part, not merely of their own property, though they are only the agents for their distribution, but that they are, as it were, outlying portions of their own organization. The old Librarian was getting a miserly feeling about his books, as he called them.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Atlantic Monthly.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Tichborne claimant is exhibiting himself to small audiences in England to earn a living.

—Of the 217 members who in 1821 formed the Paris Geological Society—said to be the oldest organization of its kind—only one is now living.

—While elephant hunting recently in the Garrow Hills, in Bengal, Lords Arthur and Henry Grosvenor captured eighty-five elephants in three drives.

—It has always been the belief of Mrs. Burton, wife of the well-known traveler, that since England took the Koh-i-noor diamond, proverbial for the ill-luck it brings, nothing but disaster has attended all concerning British India.

—A fatal duel, arising from a most trivial cause, is reported from Cologne, where two officers met recently, and, after the exchange of seventeen shots, one of them was mortally wounded, expiring within an hour. The cause of the duel was that one of them put on the other's cap.

—A young Englishman has had his left leg specially exempted from the insurance granted him by several companies, whose losses through the sudden weakness of that limb had led them to be wary in the matter. Hence clauses in his policy provide that he can not recover unless proof is made that his injuries shall not have been caused by the faulty member.

—The *Lancet* says that appetite is a most misleading sensation, only remotely related to the actual demands of the organism. If we only ate more deliberately we should find half our accustomed quantity of food sufficient to satisfy the most eager cravings of hunger, and hence save ourselves from the evils of dyspepsia, or, on the other hand, a tendency to over increase in weight.

—Timber rafts on the Rhine are a noticeable characteristic of that historic river. A single raft has often eight or ten small houses on it, and from 400 to 500 workmen, rowers and pilots. The vast pile is steered by means of immense oars, and is so constructed as to twist like a huge snake in the narrow channels. The sale of a raft at the end of the voyage often realizes about $150,000.

—Porto Rican ladies, although as dark as mulattos, carry with them to all public places a face powder made from grinding a peculiar shell, and when they think no one is looking their way they give their faces fresh coats of it. Of course the powder shows, but good breeding makes the observer technically blind to the ludicrous combination of black nature and white pulverized shell.

—The increase of the criminal class in England has by no means kept pace with that of the general population. In the fifteen years from 1869 to 1874 the population of England and Wales is augmented by nearly 5,000,000 souls, but the prison population had actually fallen by more than 1,500. If England had gone on producing criminals at the rate at which she was turning them out in 1869, she would have had a prison population in 1884 of something like 14,000, instead of one below 10,000.

—The public baths of Vienna are said to be the finest in the world. The building itself, says the *English Mechanic*, is situated in the heart of the city, and incloses a basin 156 feet in width by 578 feet in length, and varying in depth to twelve feet. The enormous quantity of water contained in this basin is renewed three times a day. The whole establishment has accommodation for 1,500 persons, and is open from May 1st to October 31st, and from five in the morning until dusk. There is also a bath, restricted to ladies, open from nine in the morning until one, and the Vienna ladies are especially good swimmers.

THERMAL LEVELS.

How Discrepancies in Thermometer Marks May Be Explained.

The general fact that the temperature of the air varies with different levels above the earth's surface has long been recognized. Meteorologists tell us that there is usually a fall of one degree Fahr. for every 300 feet of ascent above the sea level, with certain variations for local causes. We may call this a meteorological thermal fluctuation, and it is always marked by a fall of temperature with increased elevation. But there is an equally important change of temperature in the opposite direction, of great importance to the farmer and fruit-grower, namely, a loss of temperature as we descend into valleys. In early years I was a country doctor, and had to take many a long ride in the night. The road passed from a high bluff into a deep valley, with another bluff on the opposite side. When the air was still I could detect by the change of temperature the transition from the warm air of the bluffs to the chilly air of the valley. It was like passing into a cold stream of water, and the change was equally abrupt on passing into the warm air on the opposite bluff.

I appreciate the fact that one's feelings can hardly be accepted as a reliable test of temperature, and that a thermometer is better than a sensation to furnish reliable physical data. "The temperature of the open air" for any given locality, and for the same time, is supposed by most persons to be a definite and uniform quantity. If two persons in the same neighborhood report different temperatures for the same hour, it is supposed that such difference must arise from a difference in the correctness of the thermometers, or some accidental variation of exposure, it being assumed that the "temperature of the open air" for a given locality and identical time would be the same. Many persons suppose it is a very simple thing to determine the temperature of the open air; it is only necessary to hang the thermometer outdoors till it has reached a point of no fluctuation and then read off the temperature by the thermometer scale. But when trial is made even with thermometers that compare favorably with each other under identical conditions, a marked discrepancy is often observed in places of near neighborhood.

This is especially true if the thermometers are at different levels and there is no wind. We treat of air under the head of pneumatics, whereas it sometimes comes rather under the head of hydraulics, for *cold air flows in currents the same as fluids.* In the absence of wind which mixes up the strata of air of different temperatures, and consequently of different specific gravity, the cold air of the night will flow in streams and gather in ponds or lakes the same as water. Under such circumstances the temperature will vary with the level, and the subject of thermal levels becomes a matter of importance. I have made many observations to determine the difference of temperature with slight differences of elevation. An open air thermometer hangs at the north door of my laboratory, adjusted to avoid accidental variations of temperature. A ravine runs through the college lawn near the laboratory. A thermometer was placed in the ravine 150 feet from the one by the laboratory door and twenty-five feet below its level. In very cold weather, when the air was very still, I have occasionally seen the thermometer in the ravine mark eight degrees below the thermometer at laboratory door.

During the cold weather of last month I again examined the relative temperature at these two points, selecting mornings with little wind for such observations and reached the following results:

February 2', at 6:45 a. m. laboratory....—15°
February 22, a 6:45 a. m., ravine.....—20°
February 23, at 5:30 a. m., laboratory....—15°
February 23, at 6:30 a. m., ravine.....—20°

A slight breeze with velocity of two miles an hour was blowing on both mornings. The lowest temperature on the preceding nights at my meteorological station (about forty rods distant and on higher ground than the laboratory) was 14 deg.

February 24, at 6:30 a. m., laboratory....—1°
February 24, at 6:30 a. m., ravine.....—4°

I then carried the thermometer from the ravine and hung it by the side of the one at the laboratory, and they soon marked the same temperature—1 deg. I carried the thermometer ("Green's Standard") back to the ravine and placed it about two feet lower, and in the narrow channel of the ravine, and it soon reached 5 deg. The minimum temperature at my station for the night was 1 deg.

These investigations show that thermal levels, or marked changes of temperature with slight differences of elevation, are facts of great importance to the farmer and fruit-grower where the difference of a few degrees of temperature makes the difference between success and failure. A very intelligent fruit-grower in the Traverse region had on his farm a long narrow valley of sandy soil which descended somewhat rapidly into another deeper valley below; about half way down this upper valley was a bank or dam of sand cutting across the valley like a mill-dam across a stream. The soil being a warm quick sand was cultivated, and good crops secured save in the air pond above the dam. No frost troubled the crops in other parts of the valley. Tiring of this dam and weary of the frosts he removed the dam and opened up the valley for its full length. He had no more frosts in his former frost pond, the aerial torrent now left its frost marks in the lower part of the valley, where the crops had never been troubled before the dam was removed. Aerial drainage is a subject that will demand more attention in the future.—*Dr. Kedzie, in N. Y. Tribune.*

GAS TAR.

Its Value as a Preservative From Attacks of Epidemic Diseases.

The serious outbreak of cholera with which France has recently been visited has caused inquiry to be made as to the extent to which persons engaged in particular manufacturing operations enjoy immunity from or are rendered more susceptible to the attacks of epidemic disease. It has been known almost ever since the establishment of gasworks that the exhalations arising in the various processes of gas manufacture—although, perhaps, not specially pleasing to the olfactory organs—are not detrimental to health, but, on the contrary, highly beneficial in special forms of diseases, such as whooping cough and croup. The extensive use, in throat ailments, of preparations in which some form of carbolic acid figures largely is a testimony to the value of this derivative of coal tar as a therapeutic agent. A recent issue of the *Journal des Usines a Gaz* contains an article in which particulars are given respecting certain investigations made by Dr. Lemaire some years ago into the subject of the influence of coal tar and its derivatives upon the health of the workmen employed in the preparation of these substances. His inquiries were made chiefly in connection with the employes of the Paris Gas Company. He found that those whose duties did not necessitate a prolonged stay in the parts of the works where tar was to be found were liable to all kinds of ailments, and formed a considerable proportion of the number on the sick list; while among the workmen specially occupied with tar, only three were sick in the course of seven years. This result is all the more striking when the number of workmen in the service of the company at the period referred to is considered. There were altogether 20,553 men, of whom 764 were engaged in some occupation connected with tar. Dr. Lemaire also cites the case of the Bayonne gasworks, where the workmen had not only not been attacked by cholera during its prevalence, but generally enjoyed immunity from skin diseases. M. Bouley, a professor at the veterinary school at Alfort, found as long ago as 1860 that gasworks employes escaped during cholera epidemics, and the communication of this fact to Dr. Lemaire caused him to institute his inquiries into the subject.—*London Iron.*

—A gang of eight men raided the China houses at Huntingdon, Ore., the other day and secured about $2,000 from the inmates, who were forced with halters around their necks to give up their money.

SUBDUING AN ELEPHANT.

Swinging a Recalcitrant Quadruped in the Air to Bring Him to Reason.

It took a dozen men five days of last week to break the spirit of a vicious elephant in the winter quarters of Adam Forepaugh's menagerie. Early in February one of Mr. Forepaugh's European agents bought four elephants and shipped them to this country. The huge beasts reached New York two weeks ago, and were at once transferred to Philadelphia. Three were docile, but the other, Ajax, is a tusker, eight feet high and vicious.

On reaching this city he became sullen, but Jack Forepaugh, who has charge of the winter quarters, believing that the brute would become good natured in a day or two, hitched him to a post and locked him up for the night. A few hours' later Ajax broke his chains, butted the iron-bound door of his room, and rushed into an apartment in which a dozen of the more peaceable elephants live. He attacked a performing elephant named Bazie and a desperate fight began. Five or six of the small elephants broke loose. Their frightened cries soon excited every animal in the buildings, and the air was filled with roars that aroused the neighborhood. The night keepers were afraid to attempt to separate Ajax and Bazie, who were trumpeting and charging at each other with great fury. When their huge bodies came together at the end of every rush the shock could be felt throughout the place.

Jack Forepaugh was sent for, but before he arrived the watchman discovered that Ajax and Bazie were so engaged with each other that they did not heed what was going on about them. The doors were opened, and all the elephants except the fighters were driven out. By the time this was accomplished Mr. Forepaugh arrived. He has had thirty years' experience with wild animals and stands no more in fear of an elephant than an ordinary person does of a dog. Grasping an elephant hook—a spike and a hook on a handle—he ran between the furious beasts and ordered Bazie back. Bazie obeyed, but the blood of the new elephant was up and he charged on the man, who eluded him and fastened the hook in the beast's ear. Ajax turned and bore down upon him. The trainer stabbed him with a spike and dodged behind a post. Ajax butted the post down as though it was a reed. The other men ran to Mr. Forepaugh's assistance and assailed the elephant from so many points that he paused irresolute. During that pause a chain was passed about one of his hind legs and fastened to an anchored ring. This rendered him almost helpless. His other legs were hobbled and he was left alone until daylight, Bazie being driven off to another part of the quarters.

On Tuesday morning Ajax was as sullen and vicious as ever. Bad elephants sometimes remain in this mood for days, and no man can approach them with safety. Until such an elephant's spirit is broken, he is worse than useless. Steps were at once taken to convince Ajax that he must obey his keepers. Of the thirty-six elephants under Forepaugh's care none was as hard to subdue as Ajax.

The work of conquering the proud spirit of Ajax began at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning and ended shortly before noon yesterday. Beating has no effect upon a mad elephant. It only renders him more stubborn and wicked. The breaker's only hope is to convince such an animal that he is powerless against man. That accomplished, the beast becomes as docile as elephants ever are. On Tuesday morning four hawsers were passed through immense pulleys attached to beams under the roof. Then a set of harness, shaped something like a monster shawl strap, was fastened about Ajax's defiant body. The leather straps, which were three-ply thick, covered small chains. All the leather plates were copper-riveted and a foot wide. Ajax looked as though he were in armor after being encased. Three hours were spent in getting the harness on him, and during the job he slightly injured two of the keepers.

Through iron rings, supported by great chains, were passed the hawsers. Then a dozen men grasped two of the lines of rope that passed through pulleys and before Ajax knew it his hind feet were six feet above the ground, and he stood on his front ones in the most approved performing elephant style. For a moment he was paralyzed with astonishment, but surprise gave place to fury when he appreciated the ridiculous posture he was in. He surged and trumpeted and flapped his ears, but all to no purpose.

When his struggles subsided some of the men ran off with the front ropes, and in a jiffy Ajax's body was suspended in the air. He made the most frantic efforts to tear the belting off with his trunk, but the chains between his forelegs and around his shoulders prevented it. There the monster brute hung as helpless as an infant. He was free to kick and plunge and butt the air as much as he pleased. From time to time he was lowered, so that he might rest his legs, but none of the men were allowed to approach or worry him. In the evening he was lowered and fed, and allowed to spend the night on the ground, thinking over the indignities that had been put upon him.

After his breakfast on the following morning he was trussed up as before. He resisted, but his efforts were unavailing. He was a stout-spirited brute, however, and the second day's punishment only seemed to increase his rage. When he came down to supper he was the maddest elephant that ever trumpeted in Forepaugh's winter quarters. At the sight of the harness on Wednesday he became greatly excited. Mr. Forepaugh said he was "coming to his senses." This, however, did not prevent him from being hoisted up again. He surged about less in his comfortable swing on Thursday, but otherwise he was as stubborn and dangerous as ever. An anchor was sunk five feet in the ground and covered with earth in another part of the quarters. Only a ring was exposed. Ajax's forelegs were hitched to the ring on Friday morning. Ropes were attached to his hind legs, which were then drawn out, leaving him "spread-eagled" on his stomach on straw.

Jack Forepaugh walked over Ajax's prostrate body every few minutes. The animal was let up and thrown down several times during the day. After three or four hours' experience of this kind Ajax became meeker, and he was quite dejected when, in the evening, he was unchained and ordered to stand up. He was hobbled and thrown down on Saturday morning, and when his body touched the ground he cried out, and the tears trickled down his trunk. He was conquered. The chains were removed at once, and he got up quietly. At the word of command he walked into the room he had broken out of on Monday night, and was as meek as a sheep. Next week he will begin the training necessary before he appears in public.—*Philadelphia Times.*

COUNTRY POST-OFFICES.

The Kind of a Pleasure Country Postmasters and Their Clerks Enjoy.

The uninitiated seem to think that we clerks in country Post-offices have regular picnics just about all the time, and, though you may be somewhat surprised at the frankness of the confession, I am compelled to admit that in a certain sense we have.

The mail has come, and I am awfully busy. In comes Claude Jones, and planting himself in such a position that no one else can get near the delivery window, he begins his cantata by asking:

"Is there any mail for Ira Jones?"

"No."

"Is there any mail for Wilbert Jones?"

"No. If there had been I should have given it to you."

"Is there any mail for John Jones?"

"No. There is no mail for any of the Joneses."

"Is there any mail for Lon Jones?"

"No. There isn't, there hasn't been, and what's more, there isn't likely to be." He looks at me with a blank sort of a suspicious stare and then gives the crank another turn with:

"Is there a registered letter for Stella Jones?"

I seize him by the hair. There is an unearthly yell, and an indiscriminate mass of boy's legs, ears and groans is piled up in the snow-drift in front of the store door.

Just now there steps up a man. He is an older person than Claude and must be treated with more consideration. He rubs his hands, squirts a handful of tobacco juice on the stove, and leads off. I know what he is coming for. I have gone through the same series of questions an answers with him two or three times a week ever since I came into the Post-office.

"There hain't no mail for me?" quite confidentially.

"No, sir."

"What! no letter?"

"No, sir."

"Well, now, that's strange. I orter 'a' got a letter from my woman's father. He writes reg'lar every two weeks, an' we hain't heard from him for nigh onto a month. How d'ye account for it?"

"Prhaps the old man is sick," I venture.

"Sick! Huh! Unka! Never sick a day in his life. No, sir; it's some fault of the Post-office."

"Well, I am sorry, but there is no letter here for you."

"Ha'n't there no postal card?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I was lookin' for a postal card from a seed house in Philadelphy. I wrote 'em a letter three weeks ago and I think it's about time I heard something from it."

I know there is just so much of it, so I let him go right on. He hitches up his trousers, and, looking me full in the eye, touches off the fusilade as follows:

"Did there any box come for me?"

"No, sir."

"Well, it might be a little package. I didn't know just what shape it would come in. My woman's uncle down in the south part of the State was goin' to send her some slips of house plants, and I was a thinking that like enough they might be along this week."

"No, sir, there is nothing at all."

"Is there any registered mail?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I didn't expect any yet, but Old Pete Simons, down in Goshen, has been talkin' of sendin' me the money to pay the taxes on that old back forty on section seven, and I wanted to make sure so that it wouldn't be returned to the County Treasurer with the money here to pay it. You're sure there ain't no letter?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, I guess I'd better be gettin' along, for it will be all-fired close to grub time 'fore I get home. 'A' the old woman is a powerful prompt hand about meals."

Perhaps you think that the agony is over, but I don't. In comes Bert Davis. He says:

"Is there any mail for me?"

"No."

"Well, then," he says, "is there any female?"

Then he laughs, and haw-haws, and chuckles, and doubles himself all up with merriment. He thinks he has propounded the funniest joke of the season. This makes the three hundred and sixty-fifth time he has done the same thing in the last year, and always with the same side show of nonsensical performances. I am beginning to get sick of this sort of thing, so I stare at him very hard, and say in a chilling, north latitude tone of voice:

"Did you say anything to me, sir?"

"This seems to paralyze him. Heretofore I have always met his mirthful sallies with uproarious laughter, and he can not understand this sudden change. But I keep right on looking at him and he keeps growing smaller and smaller and smaller, and slowly edges away toward the door. My gaze is fixed steadily upon him, and by the time he gets out on the sidewalk he isn't bigger than a pint of yeast. He has gone away to die.—*Jim Nash, in Detroit Free Press.*

—Under the delusive idea that she will receive a large reward for 1,000,000 canceled postage stamps, a female resident of Newburyport, Mass., has succeeded in gathering half a million of them, and is eagerly striving for another 500,000.—*Boston Journal.*