EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Pope Leo XIII. thinks that the evil of the working classes arise chiefly from the abandonment of religious principles.

—At Yale thirty per cent. of the Freshmen room in the college buildings; at Harvard forty-eight per cent.; and at Princeton eighty-four per cent.

—The sexton of a New York church has a crank in his pew, by turning which he regulates the temperature of the house during service.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The University of Cairo, in Egypt, said to be nine hundred years older than Oxford, has ten thousand students, who are being educated as Mohammedan missionaries.

—A church paper makes the positive assertion in regard to Christian workers, that in most churches "about nine-tenths of the work is done by less than one-tenth of the members."—*Chicago Herald.*

—During 1883 the six faculties of medicine in France conferred 662 diplomas of doctor of medicine, viz: Lille 20, Nancy 21, Lyons 43, Bordeaux 44, Montpelier 69, and Paris 465. During the same year 692 diplomas of medicine were conferred in Germany.

—The total cost of maintaining the common schools of the State of New York last year was $11,834,911. The number of pupils was 1,000,057. These figures acquire a peculiar interest when one considers what New York was when Sir Moses Montefiore was a boy.—*Current.*

—Russia is so far behind in educational matters that in the rural districts the village priest is the only teacher available for the education of the children of the working classes, while even in such a city as Moscow, with 100,000 children of school age, there is only school accommodation for 7,000. In technical education, however, the two great schools in Moscow and St. Petersburg are among the finest in Europe in point of equipment and endowment. The capital also contains efficient schools for education in mining and engineering pursuits.

—President White, of Cornell University, believes in the value of athletic sports as a part of college life, and cites the fact that while he was at Yale the sixteen men who composed the boat's crew were not only the best men in college physically, but were also the best mentally. While this may be true enough, the tuition-paying public may still properly insist that the college authorities shall see to it that the students shall be continually reminded that the chief business of college-life is study.—*Chicago Current.*

—General Booth, of the Salvation Army, having been interviewed by one of the staff of the *Methodist Times*, gives this report of the financial condition of the army: "Our own people contribute about $1,500,000 a year. We get about $100,000 from outsiders. The last two years we had very heavy expenses. We had to spend $350,000 on Clapton, the Grecian and other special undertakings. That withdrew some subscriptions from the ordinary work. We have not yet recovered from that great effort. But $25,000 is all we want now to put ourselves in easy financial circumstances

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Will the coming man work?" asks a social scientist. That will depend a good deal on the wealth of the coming woman.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—If advertisements were allowed on the Washington monument everybody, for a wonder, would not want their cards "at the top of the column.

—Josh Billings: "When I was a young man I was alwas in a hurry to hold the big end of the log and do all the lifting. Now I am older I seize the small end and do all the grunting."

—"Shall I take your love to your mother?" said a lady visitor who was going to see the mother in question to a little child of three years. "She has my love," was the quaint reply.

—Brown—"Yes, I'm going to take a short trip through the South. I don't care so much about it myself. I only go to please my wife, you know." Fogg—"Ah! I see. You leave Mrs. Brown at home, then."—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Did you say that your wife never gave you a curtain lecture after you came home late at night?" "She never did." "How is that?" "She always goes along with me when I go out."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Those persistent purists who claim that one should invariably say: "The lamp was lighted," will of course make no definite or vigorous kick against saying "the young man chased out of the garden gate by the infuriated mastiff was bited."—*Chicago Telegram.*

—It is said that bees will never sting a person whose head is smeared with molasses. The bother of it is, when a man has incurred the animosity of a colony of bees, he doesn't have much time to go home, get molasses and spread it on his epidermis. The old-fashioned way is the best—just run.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Too sad to be continued:

There was a little man,
And he had a little can,
And a quart or more of kerosene was in it;
And upon the kitchen fire,
To make it burn still higher,
He poured the oil, and in much less than
quarter of a minute
There was no little can,
There was no little man—
The tale's too sad—I can't go on—O, why
did I begin it?

—*Margaret Eytinge, in Detroit Free Press.*

—In Montgomery County, says a Macon (Ga.) journal, there is a pear tree eighty-seven years old, which has not failed to bear a crop of fruit in over eighty years. The tree was set out by Stafford Davis in 1798. The fruit resembles the sand pear in shape and flavor. The tree is six feet in circumference. By the way, it would not be amiss to state that Mr. Davis is now a resident of Wo[illegible] county, where he removed from Montgom[illegible] many years ago. He is now 107 years old, married four years ago (at the age of 103) a young lady of eighteen years of age. Mr. Davis is a farmer, and made a good crop last year. He plowed regularly through the working season.

WHIPS.

A Dealer's Talk About These Indispensable Adjuncts to a Driver's Outfit.

"What is the latest thing in whips?" asked a *Tribune* reporter yesterday, as he entered the office of a well-known manufacturer in West Thirty-third street.

"Well, English holly holds its own yet," replied the maker of scourges. "English holly or yew, with a light lash. For gentleman's whip to go with a dog-cart, this is a very neat thing," holding up a whip whose stock was of native whalebone, polished and mottled, with an ebony handle and gold mounting. That will cost you about $35. Here's a neat one for about twice the money. Not so much gold on it, but the handle is a species of basket work, formed of whalebone interwoven. The highest priced whips run up to $100 or $125. They are sticks which nature has shaped to the hand, crabbit sticks, as they are called by the trade. This is a four-in-hand whip, a holly stick, with a sixteen-foot lash of horse-hide."

"Isn't this what the novelists would call the irony of fate, to whip an animal with a lash made from the skin of his own species?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I suppose so; but all lashes are made of horse-hide now. Buckskin is about played out."

"How long since the old style whalebone whip went out of fashion?"

"Well that's hard to say. You see the change was gradual. I got the first order for holly sticks in '64 from Syracuse. To fill it I got every one there was in New York—just three—and I wouldn't pick 'em up to-day, if I saw them lying in the street, they were so big and clumsy. Malacca-cane and whange—w-h-a-n-g-e—yes, that's right—are used a good deal now. In them you get length and strength with lightness. A good whip of English holly or yew costs about six dollars. Those things that you are looking at in the case are English hunting crooks. No man who respects himself will be seen on horseback without one. This loop of white kid on the end is the keeper. When an Englishman rides to the hounds he has a long lash attached to the keeper with which he punishes the hounds when necessary. As there are no hounds in Broadway or in the park we dispense with the lash but retain the keeper. The hunting crook has altogether taken the place of the riding whip, which is now only used by ladies. The highest priced riding whip we have made in sixty years of business cost $355."

Before going the reporter was shown through the factory, where were whips in all stages of preparation. In one corner was a machine which upon turning the crank moves a web more intricate than that of the fates. This furnishes the covering for the whalebone whips. These are formed by gluing four pieces of wood about a long strip of whalebone. The whole is then worked down to the requisite size and taper, after which it is put through the covering machine and comes out a full-fledged whip.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

RICHMOND, VA.

Society at Richmond at the Beginning of This Century.

It would be worth while, had we the space, to present here a characteristic sketch of Richmond society at the beginning of this century. The cravat was the important part of a gentleman's toilet. A Richmond exquisite of the first decade of this century vested himself like a silk-worm in the ample folds of his cravat. His valet held one end and he the other of the long thin texture, the former walked round his master till both ends met, when they were tied in a large bow. If the gentleman did not enjoy the luxury of a valet, one end of the cravat was tied to the bed-post, and he walked toward the latter, turning all the while, and wrapping his neck in his cravat till he was wound up like an Egyptian mummy. The stiff collar of the dress-coat stood as high as the ears, and was kept back several inches from the head to enable the wearer to turn to the right or the left. Buckskin breeches and top-boots completed the gentleman's apparel, the perfection of both depending on the tightness of the fit. A quarter of a century earlier—that is, about the time of the American Revolution—Richmond was a smaller town than either Norfolk or Fredericksburg. Its safe and central position caused it to be selected as the capital of the State, but in the year 1775 it was a cluster of villages rather than a town.

The gentleman of Richmond at that time wore an old-fashioned dress—breeches, stockings, large roomy coats, cocked hats, and knee-buckles. They figured in magnificent waist-coats covered with flowers in gold threads, and reaching to their knees, big-heeled shoes, queues tied with gay ribbons, and a snowy storm of pow[illegible] hair.

The favorite amusement [illegible] stylish Richmond ladies a[illegible] was a game of cards calle[illegible] ladies met at each other's [illegible] after discussing a dish of t[illegible] other of gossip, the car[illegible] brought out. Gentlemen [illegible] ted to this entertaining c[illegible] who played the most [illegible] dashing game was the m[illegible] provided he was not too [illegible] his winnings. The stakes [illegible] but by forfeits, etc., the [illegible] pool would sometimes acc[illegible] it amounted to $50, $7[illegible] Then the game became int[illegible] esting. The practice of [illegible] came at last a social c[illegible] duties were neglected, m[illegible] their children, wives rifled [illegible] books of their husbands [illegible] gambled away their gold w[illegible] and ladies their earrings a[illegible] carried away by the mad s[illegible]

The burning of the Richm[illegible] on the 26th of Decemb[illegible] which seventy-two valuab[illegible] lost, charged the light t[illegible] to one of a graver and [illegible] character.—*E. L. Didier, Magazine.*

—[illegible] are Mr. G[illegible] widowers of the [illegible] *ington Post.* [illegible] and Mr. La[illegible]

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

One Brakeman Who Was Blamed Because A Passenger Was Not Killed.

It was a damp, foggy night in early spring, and I was one of the crew which had in charge a "wild" freight, which we had been most of the night—for it was nearly morning now—in getting an insignificant distance towards our destination. We had been side-tracked several times for trains to pass us, the last time for several hours, so that when we got under way and thought everything was clear for a good run, it was only about an hour before daylight—the very darkest time in a very dark night, however. I think I never saw a blacker, thicker atmosphere than we had that night; even the lanterns could not be seen more than the length of half a dozen cars.

When we got under headway I started to go up to the engine for something, and was groping my way over the tops of the cars very cautiously—for it was dangerous work, on account of the darkness, for even an experienced brakeman, while I was green and awkward—when happening to throw the light of my lantern down between the two cars, I saw a dark mass of something against the end of one of them. I stopped to look closer, and swinging my lantern between the cars saw it was some poor fellow stealing a ride. He had his hat pulled down over his face and, more asleep than awake, was keeping in an upright position by clinging to the steps used for getting up on the car. The light I had thrown about him and the noise I had made roused him up. When he saw he had been discovered he put the best possible face on the matter and expressed his determination to stay on the train until we reached the end of the route. I told him that he could not do this and we soon got into an angry dispute. He then climbed up on the car, and as he did so I moved to the other end. In this position we continued our war of words, he meanwhile standing very close to the end of the car. I soon concluded to leave him and find out of the conductor what should be done. I did not like his impudence and knew that somehow we would have to get him off the train; but with the indications of brawn and muscle which he possessed I did not care about getting into close quarters with him alone on the top of a freight car.

As I was about to move away the train gave a lurch as she struck an imperfect rail, which almost threw me off my feet. At the same time I saw my unwelcome passenger make a wild grasp in the air, as his body swayed backward with the shock through which it had been so hard for me to keep my position on the car, and as dimly as I could see his face the expression of horror and fright was one of the most painful sights I ever saw; then he uttered a wild shriek, and half swinging around on one foot upon which he was trying to balance himself, he fell headlong out of sight between the cars. One more piercing wail reached my ears, then all was drowned in the roar of the onspeeding train.

It was not a manly thing to do, I am aware; but I fainted on top of the car.

It must have been about half an hour afterwards, for it was by this time daylight, when I came to and began to realize what had happened. As soon as possible I got back to the caboose and detailed to the conductor what had occurred. By this time we were ten or twelve miles from the scene of the accident, so he said:

"We're running wild, and if we go back and pick up the remains of that fellow it'll take an hour. Only thing I can see that we can do is to go on to the next station and send for orders."

This we did and got permission from headquarters to run back.

The train had to back down, of course, and when we came within a couple of miles of the point near which we supposed we would find at least a portion of our man, the train slackened its speed and the conductor and myself began to keep a careful watch along the track.

Presently, from a clump of blackberry bushes in a corner of the rail fence some one sang out:

"Gents, if you 'uns cum clean back here fur me, I simply want to say that I 'preciate it. 'Tisn't every road 'd do it. I ain't no pressin' engagements at the end o' your line; but I 'preciate your kindness in comin' back fur me, anyhow!"

We peered in the direction indicated by the voice. There upon the top rail of the fence with one leg thrown over the other, and calmly smoking a short pipe—a picture of impudence—sat the fellow we had expected to gather up in fragments, safe and sound, scarcely a scratch worse off than when I first saw him between the cars.

The conductor grasped the situation at once, and our train was soon again going forward. His feelings were so outraged to think the [illegible] hadn't been hurt—that he [illegible]se upon me and I believe [illegible]t a criminal [illegible]t prove fatal [illegible]he had been [illegible]cause of it. [illegible]as an entire-[illegible] the incident; [illegible]think that by [illegible]an ought to [illegible], somehow, [illegible] missing fire, [illegible]d in conse-[illegible]ter I got my [illegible]*ree Press.*

—[illegible] very absent-[illegible] Dallas. A [illegible] other day, [illegible]h asked him: [illegible] coming out? [illegible]h of late? [illegible]t smile. He [illegible]hree years." [illegible] of the pall-[illegible]rs thinking [illegible]ed about the [illegible]ed much of [illegible]

—[illegible]erica speaks [illegible]es seem to [illegible]-wood trees [illegible] States be

ONLY A COLD.

Take Care of Little Maladies and Great Ones Will Need No Care.

Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves. These aphorisms are very familiar to us all. Hundreds of men get rich by simply taking care of the pennies. Elihu Burritt learned fifty languages by simply taking care of the minutes. Hundreds of people die every year from what was at first "only a little cold."

Worcester definer a cold as "an inflammatory disease occasioned by cold." A few scores or hundreds of the two million "tubules" through which the insensible perspiration of the body is carried off are closed up by cold, and the effete matters that should escape from the body are retained within it and cause inflammation.

Nothing is more common than "a cold in the head," which is a very simple malady if it is cured there and goes no further. But the membrane which lines the air passages of the head is continuous with that which lines the throat and lungs, so the inflammation in the head, if not arrested, spreads to the throat and lungs, causing cough and finally consumption and death.

When the pores of the body are closed, the ill effects are likely to be felt in the weakest parts of the body first. Some suffer from colds first in the head, some in the lungs; in some a cold affects the joints, causing rheumatism, in others the bowels, in others the kidneys, and so on. When the cold has settled in the weakest part of the body, or in any part of it, all the lurking impurities in the system seem to concentrate there; that is the lowest point as to health, and all the streams of degeneracy flow into it.

More people die of pneumonia and kindred diseases in the spring than during any other season of the year, and the reason of this we need not go far to discover. Shut up in close and heated rooms, the impurities of the body have accumulated within it. The skin, from lack of frequent bathing and from being kept from the air by close-fitting flannels, has become inactive; the lungs, from breathing impure air, have become enfeebled; and the whole body, imperfectly and scantily supplied with well oxygenated blood, has lost its elasticity and soundness. A little cold taken when one is in such a condition is not easily thrown off; it is like a little break in the dykes that keep out the sea; unless stopped promptly it may open wider and wider till the river of death flows through it.

The lungs, the skin, the kidneys, the bowels, are the great sewers through which the impurities of the body flow from it. So long as these are kept wide open impurities can not collect in the body. The lungs must have pure air or they can not perform their office perfectly. The pores of the skin must be kept upon by exercise, by bathing and friction, or they can not perform their office. The kidneys must be supplied with material for the easy performance of their duties. Medical writers say that Americans do not take liquid enough. We have no national beverage as the Germans have; we are not wine-drinkers as the French are, or tea-drinkers as the English, and ice water, of which large quantities are consumed by us, is not the best thing for us. Soups are recommended as meeting a want of our people. Water, hot and cold, chocolate and its cousins, cocoa and "shells," are wholesome beverages, and it is better for such as find tea and coffee "to agree" with them to drink that, than not to take fluid enough. Constipated bowels mean cold feet and a hot head. Exercise and diet will cure these if taken seasonably.

Boerhave's rules for health were these three: "Keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the bowels open." These rules can be well observed by due attention to the sewers of the body as above particularized, for if there is a free movement through these there will be a corresponding demand for fresh supplies of air and nutrition, and the functions of the body will be so vigorously carried on that disease will find nothing to lay hold of.

The first thing to do when one finds one has a cold is to open the pores that are closed, to start into action the functions that are suspended. There are various simple ways of doing this known to everybody, and we are inclined to believe that the simplest ways are the best. Some can "work off" a cold; some can starve it off; sage tea in large quantities, drunk while one keeps in a uniform warm atmosphere, will cure some; a "wet pack" is efficient with many; a bountiful fruit diet is a good cure; a Turkish bath is agreeable to some constitutions. But no one can afford to neglect even a "little cold," since it may draw after it such large consequences.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The first patent granted to an inventor in the United States is mentioned in a speech of ex-Senator Wadleigh, of New Hampshire, in the Forty-fifth Congress. The Senator said: "An intelligent gentleman of my own State has referred to me an act of the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, passed in 1646 granting to one of his ancestors, Joseph Jenks, the exclusive right of making and selling his improved scythe for the space of fourteen years. That, I think, was the first patent granted to an inventor in America. The improvement referred to changed the short, thick, straight English scythe into the longer, thinner, curved implement with stiffened back now in use."

—"English as she is spoke" by foreigners is always amusing, and also as "she is wrote." Here is a Japanese specimen: "Notice. Shoe manufacturer. Design at any choice. The undersigned being engaged long and succeeded with their capacity at shoe factory of Isekats, in Tokio, it is now established in my liability at undermentioned lot all furnished will be attended in moderate term with good quality. An order is acceptable, in receive a post, being called upon the measure, and it will be forwarded in furnish. U. Inoya."—*Exchange.*

—The chief engineer of the Croton Aqueduct reports that 20,000,000 gallons of water are wasted in New York every day.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HUMOROUS.

—During the mania for roller skating a rink'll attract many a young lady, although, as a rule, young ladies never find a wrinkle attractive.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—"Come along with me and have a fine time," remarked a policeman to a man he had arrested. "I am afraid you are trying to sell me," replied the prisoner.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Henry returns in triumph from the junior exam nation. "How did you get along, my son?" his doting parent inquires. "First rate," says Henry, "I answered all the questions." "Good. How did you answer them?" "I said I didn't know."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Overset from the *Omnibus*: "See, dear husband, here have I just upon an auction an album bought for only eight marks. That costs everywhere fifteen marks. Thus have I seven marks saved." "But was then the album necessary been?" "That not; but if I it not bought had, so had I nothing saved!"

"Prisoner," said Prosecutor Buxton, you are charged with gambling. "Gambling. What is gambling?" "Playing cards for money." "But I did not play cards for money; I played for chips." "Well, you got money for your chips at the end of the game, didn't you?" "No; I didn't have any chips at the end of the game.—*Cleveland Herald.*

—Barry Sullivan, the Irish tragedian, was playing "Richard III." some years ago at Shrewsbury in England. When the actor came to the line: "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" some one in the pit called out: "Wouldn't an ass do you, Mr. Sullivan?" "Yes," responded the tragedian, turning quickly on the interrupter, "please come round to the stage door."

—"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from the honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life; are you to be President or Vice-President of this concern?" "I want to be neither President nor Vice-President," she answered; "I will be content with a subordinate position." "What is that?" "Comptroller of the Currency."—*Boston Courier.*

—A solemn moment. After the marriage of Miss Lillian Sniggs, of Dallas, the bridal party partook of a sumptuous banquet, toward the end of which a younger brother of the bride got up and said solemnly, raising his glass: "Ladies and gentlemen. I have to propose a toast, which, however, must be drunk standing. Please take your glasses and rise up." The guests although somewhat bewildered, did so. "Now," said the young scapegrace, "if you will remain standing for a few minutes I'll find out who has been sitting on my new stove-pipe hat."—*Texas Siftings.*

—The reason that it is not healthy to breathe through the mouth is, that "the air is better warmed when taken into the lungs through the nose, owing to the heat of the blood in that organ, and because the capillary projections in its cavity catch all the deleterious matter and throw it out.—*Chicago Times.*

—The brain of an adult man weighs on an average forty-eight ounces while that of the average adult woman weighs forty-four ounces, and yet woman is far superior to man mentally. I have obtained this information from a lady friend who is entirely trustworthy. —*Bill Nye.*