EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL. - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is life worth living? Ask the lad
Barefooted, homeless, starved, ill-clad,
And hear the answer you will get:
"My dorg an' me has fun—you bet."

Is life worth living? Ask the wretch
Upon the gallows doomed to stretch
The hangman's rope and heed his cry:
"It is! it is! Don't let me die!"

Is life worth living? Ask the tramp
Who's home's the gutter, cold and damp,
And hear him tell you with a jerk:
"It is, old pard, for I don't work."

Is life worth living? Ask the dude
Whom old Dame Nature somehow spewed,
And see him suck his cane and say:
"Aw—weally—life is—aw—quite gay."

Is life worth living? Ask the fool,
The giggling maiden fresh from school,
The toiler, invalid, the slave;
O! life, sweet life, they ever crave.

Is life worth living? Ask the wise
Philosopher who vainly tries
To solve the mystery about
The matter and—remains in doubt.

Is life worth living? Ask the great,
The millionaires, the kings in state,
And note their looks of utter woe
As in despair they shriek: "No! no!"

—*H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.*

A SHADOW OF DEATH.

A Weird and Pathetic Tale of the "Corrida de Toros."

"I am a native of Leon. My father was a 'contrabandista,' and smuggled mules into France over remote and secret passes of the Pyrenees. We were very proud of our sleek, handsome, smooth mules. We made large sums of money, but we also ran great risks of detection and imprisonment. I hated the business, so once when we were crossing one of the passes I ran away. For days I wandered about, until I reached a large city full of white, clean buildings, which they told me was San Sebastian. I asked if there was a 'corrida de toros' (bull ring) there, and on being told there was I made my way to the place, saw the manager, and told him my story and my desire to be a bull-fighter.

"At one time there used to be a good school there for training bull-fighters. After various preliminaries I was admitted, and found some twenty or thirty other young men who were going through their training for 'chulos.' The great favorite of the school was a young 'espada' named Fernando Nunez, as handsome and as graceful a creature as the dear God ever made. He was also pleasant, always kindly, and had a cheerful greeting and a smile for each one of us, and was the idol of the whole school. He was very young, perhaps the youngest 'espada' that was ever seen in the arena.

The bull ring of San Sebastiano stands—or used to stand—on a long, sandy stretch of plain on the other side of the railway line. It was a large wooden amphitheater, and the pens for the bulls were quite apart, but connected with the arena by a long, dark passage, through which the bulls were driven into the ring. For three or four hours every day we practiced jumping and vaulting in the arena, playing with the lasso and bulls with tipped horns.

"There was to be a great bull-fight on the feast of San Sebastiano, and Nunez was to try his skill there for the third time in his capacity of 'espada.' He was considered by the authorities the 'rising star' as a bull-fighter, and almost equal to Montes in point of courage, daring and dexterity. He was always very kind to me, and rather picked me out from my comrades to be his constant companion. I was much flattered, of course, by his distinction. Perhaps I showed my elation too much, for an old bull-fighter (who had served many years in the arena and had retired from public life only to be master in the school at San Sebastiano, with a pension from the Government) said to me one day:

"'Mi hijo, you will not misunderstand me if I give you a word of warning, will you?'

"'I shall only be too grateful to you,' I replied, wondering what I had been doing to incur a censure in my work.

"'Do not go so much with Nunez. He is fascinating and very charming, and, so far as I know, as good as he is handsome. But his absence is better than his company. You remember the old proverb: "Ninas y vinos son mal a guarder," and he is as enticing as wine.'

"'But he is so good and pleasant that he can not have sold himself to the devil,' I said. 'Of what are you accusing him?'

"'I am not accusing him of anything,' replied the old man, crossing himself devoutly, 'but'—and here he put his mouth closely to my ear—'he is a doomed man.'

"'A doomed man,' I cried, 'but why? Who could wish the poor fellow any ill? He is so good and kind and gay.'

"'No one on earth wishes him ill, I am sure,' said the old man, eagerly. 'But the ghost of the arena follows him like a shadow by day and by night, and I am sure that he is a doomed man. I have been in this business for years—long before you were born. I have had my triumphs as 'espada,' but I have never known one to live who was followed by the ghost. Montes was doomed by it, so was Cuchares, so were many others I could name; and now this poor young fellow—' The good old man broke down with tears in his eyes.

"'But what sort of creature is this ghost?' I asked. 'Does it follow all the company?'

"'Oh, Santa Fe, no!' cried my friend Rodriguez. 'It only follows certain people who are to die. You will see a double shadow of the same shape and size as he walking beside him by day and by night, and—and—a few days before the bull fight comes off the ghost stands before the arena door with a drawn sword, and accompanies the doomed man everywhere.'

"'I can not believe it!' I cried. My hair on my head was standing up with fright, and my body was wet with a clammy cold.

"'Just wait and see,' said old Rodriguez, sadly. 'I shall not go and see him fight, because I could not bear to see him killed, for I love him.' And saying this he left me.

"I turned the matter over in my mind and came to the conclusion that Rodriguez was getting silly, and that I had better mention nothing of what he had told me to any one.

"The days passed, and Nunez was still the gayest of us all; as happy and gentle, as unselfish and thoughtful for others as usual, and more beloved than ever. My fears and terrors for him had almost ceased, when one day I happened to go with Nunez to the arena to watch him practice with a bull. I sat on the barrier and watched the performance, applauding his agility, his grace and general ease of composure.

"To my horror I saw on the sand of the arena the shadows together. When one moved the other moved. When Nunez waved a 'Manta,' the double did the same; when he turned gracefully to one side of the bull, the double shadow turned with the same grace and ease

"I nearly fell from my perch with faintness and fright, but I resolved to see the thing to the end. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Yes! there was certainly another figure practicing with Nunez, of exactly the same size, height and form with the same grace and ease of manner, and this double kept pace with us when we left the arena until we reached a church next to the school, when it disappeared.

"I was so disturbed by this apparition that I decided to ask some of my comrades whether they had seen the strange double, fearing that having brooded so much over the story of the old bull fighter my brain might have been affected.

"'O, yes,' cried my comrades when I told them what I had seen; 'the ghost follows him wherever he goes, but that is a superstition, as we do not think anything of it.'

"'But old Rodriguez thinks a great deal of it,' I exclaimed, 'and fully believes that Nunez is a doomed man. I think some one ought to speak to Nunez and warn him.'

"It was three days before the fight was to come off that I went one evening to Nunez to take a look at the bulls he was to kill.

"When we came to the door of the arena Nunez entered first, and I stood looking at the moon for a moment or two. As I turned I distinctly saw a white figure with a drawn sword between me and him, which turned and walked with him shoulder to shoulder. It was the double.

"It accompanied him everywhere—in the arena, in the pens of the bulls, in the keeper's quarters—everywhere. When we sat down to have a glass of wine with the keeper, the shadow sat down beside Nunez; when we left to return to the school the double escorted us, shoulder to shoulder with Nunez, and these shadows were reflected by the moonlight on the ground.

"I could bear it no longer, and when, at the church door, the shadow left as usual, I told Nunez of what I had seen, and of the fears and dread I had for him in the coming bull-fight, and I besought him to give it up, at whatever cost.

"He turned a little pale as he listened. Then he laughed merrily, and, laying his hand on my shoulder, he said:

"'My dear fellow, I thank you for the warning. But I have no fear of the ghost. I shall not die before my time, ghost or no ghost; and if I am to die I will not shirk my duty—I will die in harness. But I do not believe your superstition.'

"He evidently thought no more about the warning, for the next day he was as cheery as ever, laughing and chatting gayly to every one.

"The day for the bull-fight broke clear and bright; not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. As the hour approached for Nunez to go Rodriguez and I started out for a long walk.

"'I can not go to see him killed,' said the old man, and I felt very much of the same mind.

"As we were leaving the house we met Nunez in his beautiful embroidered dress, drinking 'courage' (as the bull-fighters call the absinthe which is given to them before they go into action) with his other comrades.

"'Come and wish me luck, both of you,' Nunez said gayly to us, and we complied with inward misgivings. For both of us wished most devoutly that all was over and that he was back among us again safe. 'And,' he continued to me as we drank with all the honors, 'give me that white pink in your buttonhole, Alvarez; and if anything happens to me that ghost will give it back to you,' he added, laughing.

"The whole company shuddered in spite of themselves. For though they pretended not to believe in superstitions his words sounded like tempting Providence or braving the devil.

"Rodriguez and I went on our walk and returned to the school about seven. The first thing that greeted our eyes was the body of Nunez being carried into the church near the school dead. The ghost had made good his warning, and the brave lad met his fate, cut off from life in the prime of manhood. His comrades, silent and pale, were wringing their hands in agony. 'Oh, that we had warned him!' was in the minds of all.

"I would not go to bed alone that night, but turned in with old Rodriguez; and in the dead of night we were awakened by a martial footstep, and we saw a white, dim figure, with a drawn sword, stop at the bedside, drop something on the coverlet and depart as suddenly as it had entered.

"In the morning on the coverlet lay my pink, white the day before, now faded and scarlet."—*Philadelphia News.*

—The New York Ladies' Club, projected with enthusiasm, has died before it was formed. Its aim was simply amusement, imitating the features of men's clubs.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—It is with ton upon ton of canned rabbit that Nevada hopes to regain a lost fortune.

ACTING POST-SURGEON.

An Amusing War Incident Said to Have Occurred in Mississippi.

During the war Dr. Wright, of the Confederate army, was the post-surgeon at Canton, Miss. Among the furloughed soldiers at that place was a tall, commanding-looking fellow named Forester Richards, a high private in the Ninth Mississippi. He had been wounded, and his furlough having expired, he was, by a "general order," required to report to Dr. Wright, who had power to extend his furlough or to send him back to his command. Richards was having a good time, and although his wound had healed he was not altogether ready or axious to go back to the front. He was a good deal of a wag and managed to so win the Doctor's favor that the latter detailed him as a clerk in his office. One day while the Doctor was out for a drive, Richards dressed himself out in an extra suit of the Doctor's uniform, and seating himself in the office, awaited his return. When Dr. Wright arrived he rose from his seat in a very dignified manner and introduced himself as Dr. Ford, Chief Medical Director of General Bragg's army, and immediately commenced reprimanding him for neglect of duty—for being absent from his post, etc. Of course Dr. Wright, who had not recognized his clerk in the person of his visitor, and, as he thought, ranking officer—was very much agitated and offered all manner of excuses and apologies. Richards could not contain himself and soon gave himself away by his smiles, and when the Doctor found out that it was a joke, he at once bound Richards up to keep it a secret, knowing that if the officers of the post got hold of it he would never hear the end of it. Richards assented, and in the course of a week or two the Doctor told him that he was going to Jackson, Miss., for a day or two, and that he wanted Richards to act in his place as post surgeon, in other words, that he would leave the office in his charge until his return. Dr. Wright had hardly gone before Richards called a lot of his soldier friends into the office and furloughed the last one of them for sixty days.

In the afternoon a Mrs. Applegate, whose little son had received gratuitous medical treatment from Dr. Wright, desiring to make some return therefor, sent a large tray of cake and several bottles of wine to the office. Richards and a half-dozen of his recently furloughed companions were having a high time over the good things when in stepped Dr. Wright, who at once demanded to know "what they were doing."

Richards explained, whereupon Dr. Wright wanted to know "how he dared to take such liberty with his property."

To which Richards replied: "Am I not, by your authority, acting surgeon of the post? Do you think, Dr. Wright, that I would accept the responsibilities of the position without the benefits of some of its pleasures."

"Well, all I have got to say is I think your conduct outrageous and in violation of all military discipline, and I shall immediately order every one of you back to your commands," said the Doctor.

"You do it, Dr. Wright, and I shall at once appeal the case to Dr. Ford," replied Richards, and the party arose and left the office.

In about ten minutes the Doctor sent his servant for Richards. As the latter entered the office the Doctor said: "Look here, old fellow, don't you want a sixty days' furlough so that you can go home and hunt and fish until your wound gets perfectly well?"

"That suits me exactly, Doctor," said Richards.

It is needless to add the desired furlough was immediately forthcoming, but not until Richards had promised to say nothing about what had happened while he was in the post surgeon's office—at least, not until the war was over.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CRYING FOR MORE.

The Old Farmer Who Wouldn't Admit That He Had Been Conquered.

All honor to the people who will not be beaten! Although a confession of failure comes very gracefully from the lips, the refusal to own that one has been conquered, bespeaks an indomitable spirit.

A good story is told of an old farmer in New Hampshire, who would always come out ahead of his antagonist, in one way if not another, no matter what the character of the competition might be. One day, he and his help were engaged in getting in hay, when, the old man having found much fault from the mow with the slowness with which his assistants were pitching the hay up to him, the boys concluded they would "satisfy him."

They began rapidly forking it up, and continued until the mow was so dusty as to be fairly suffocating, and the old man was almost buried in the mass.

After a little they heard not a word of complaint, and in a few minutes down to the floor, covered with hay and almost choked, came Uncle Silas. As he dropped, the boys cried out:

"What are you down here for?"

To which the irrepressible Uncle Silas made answer:

"Consarn yer lazy picters! I'm down here for more hay!"—*Youth's Companion.*

A Hard Game to Sit down To.

Eastern Man (out West)—Do you play a gentleman's game of poker here?

Western Man—What's a gent's game, stranger?

Eastern Man—Taking a gentleman's word for what he's got and omitting to cut the cards.

Western Man—Wall, I don't take a gent's word in these parts, an' as for cuttin', stranger, you kin do as you like, I most allers shoots. Will you jine us?

Eastern Man—N-n-not to-day.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—While a laborer was engaged in excavating a lot at Vallejo, Cal., his pick brought up a full set of elegant jewelry. Among the articles were a necklace and locket, handsome chain, pin, stud, earrings, bracelets, etc., all gold, and set with a medium grade of diamonds.—*Chicago Times.*

SOPHIA.

The Mythological Beginning of the Capital of Bulgaria.

This city may be called the sacred city of the Bulgarians. It has been known to the trading world for more than two thousand years, and, like most cities of ancient renown, had a mythological beginning. The Illyrians, whose empire extended the whole length of the east shore of the Adriatic Sea, were the first people of importance living in the countries now inhabited by the Servians, Dalmatians, Albanians and Bulgarians. The early traditions of the Illyrians declare that Sophia or Sardica owes its foundation to celestial agencies, which, when Westernized, read something like the following: Illyria, King of the Illyrians, having an exceedingly beautiful daughter, who had attracted the attention of a famous god circulating through the air of her neighborhood, was easily persuaded by him to desert her parental abode of ease and affluence and fly away with him to find new scenes and discover new lands. Borne through the air in the arms of her captor, they begin prospecting for a good location for settlement. Spying a beautiful green basin, hemmed in by a wall of mountains covered with dense forests, with here and there a a snow-capped peak towering above the grand chain, the happy pair conclude to descend from their ethereal sphere, select their farm, build themselves a log house, lay out a town, and begin life in a practical way. The god called the town Sardice, the name of his mortal bride, and the Illyrian word for "heart." And so that town being on the route of the great commercial caravans from the east to the west, and of the monster armies marching both ways in the middle ages, as early as the time of Alexander the Great of Macedonia it was an important and flourishing city. When the Romans conquered Illyria, about one hundred and sixty-five years before Christ, Sardica became chief city of the Empire, the Romans making it the center of the Radii, the roads of which running in every direction were so well built that until within a few years they were in wet weather the only passable ways for the shepherd and traveler. Upon the fall of the Romans a Scythian horde from Asia, under their chief, Bulgar, reached the Balkan mountains, and, spreading all over the rich plains between Asia and Russia, in time become one of the most powerful tribes, carrying their conquests as far west as Hungary, and holding sway for nearly four hundred years. They were, however, defeated by the Servians and Hungarians, who, in turn, were conquered by the Turks in 1382, but the Bulgarians gained their independence only in 1870. Notwithstanding these dynastic changes, Sardica remained the chief city of the Balkan peninsular on the road from Constantinople to Vienna. That it was a great center of travel in the long past the ruins of a mammoth hotel, erected in the middle ages, large enough to accommodate a thousand guests, may still be seen, though perforated with Turkish bullets and shot, and showing the conflicts of ages of war.

The Bulgarians called their city Sophia, after their queen, and erected to her memory the celebrated mosque, or church, the finest specimen of Bulgarian architecture in existence, and which, though much dilapidated, is the admiration of the European traveler. In the old city the remains of a Grecian temple dedicated to Sardice and a Roman amphitheater may still be seen. The beautiful situation of Sophia, its great age, the extent of the territory it covers—its houses being mostly one story in height and all surrounded with gay gardens—and as the residence of Prince Alexander give the city new interest. With its number of distinct races, each speaking its own idiom or language, and differing from each other in dress and manners and customs, which comes, as one traveler expresses it, from the fact that each province has its own mountain barrier and sea boundary, as if it was intended by nature they should form so many independent States, the city of Sophia presents an attractive picture to the tourist emerging from the deep forests or descending the high hills of the Bulgarian frontier.

The city contains about twenty-two thousand inhabitants, many of whom are wealthy, and owing to their healthful occupations and sobriety they are strong and patriotic people. In a few years, under the progressive impetus given to the whole world by the invention of the railroad and telegraph, the archæologist may have the pleasure of studying three cities within a stone's throw of each other—the Ulpio-Sardica of the Illyrians and Romans, the old city of Sophia of ancient Bulgaria, and the new city of Sophia, which is being built southeast of the site of Sardica.—*Chicago Times.*

Ice Water for Catarrh.

A writer in the *Russkaia Meditz* says he has cured over three hundred cases of catarrh by the use of ice water. The legs from the knees downward are washed with it in the morning and at night, and rubbed vigorously with a coarse towel. It is necessary to do this for two days only, and sometimes one day is sufficient.

—A lady in Bath, Me., who is a firm believer in spiritualism, states that on a recent occasion, while trying to paper her parlor and while making a hard job of it, the spirit of a well known paper-hanger appeared in the room, and on recovering from her surprise she found the paper had been put on the wall as neatly as the most skillful human hands could have done it.—*Boston Globe.*

—A Boston school-teacher made a boy nine years old eat pepper because he offered to tell on another pupil. The boy's mouth was terribly burned, and the next day he took cold, and died three days later of diphtheria.—*Boston Journal.*

—Now we have it that our own Mary Anderson has adopted the English trick of turning her toes in. This is abominable. Turn the rascals out.—*Albany Times.*

A "PATENT" SOLILOQUY.

"Well, well, now," said Palmer, with something like pride -
Willow, titwillow, titwillow—
"Why not advertise in our Patent Outsides?"
Willow, titwillow, titwillow.

You can save ten per cent, in your business this way,
And owe your success to Palmer & Rey;
The profits will treble the price that you pay—
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They have on their list a rural array—
Willow, titwillow, titwillow—
Of papers no other house can display,
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Your "ad" will be read by thousands each week;
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When the "Rurals" come in, be sure to look meek, singing—
Willow, titwillow, titwillow.

You can afford to sell lower, and in prices can beat—
Willow, titwillow, titwillow—
The snide opposition you have on the street—
Willow, titwillow, titwillow.

So come to the center, and good judgement display,
By placing your "ads" with Palmer & Rey,
With whom to advertise you'll find 'twill pay—
Willow, titwillow, titwillow.

A Confounded Fool.

"Are you interested in the subject of steamship navigation, sir?" said a wheezy old man with a wandering eye, as he took a seat and made himself at home in the private office of a State street business house the other day.

"No, sir, I am not," said the head of the firm, rather curtly.

"If a man was to tell you that he could build a ship that would cross the Atlantic in twenty-four hours what would you say?" inquired the old man, leaning forward to catch the answer.

"I'd say he was a confounded fool," responded the merchant, with emphatic promptness.

"Well, sir, I can build that ship."

"You can?"

"Yes, sir, I can."

"Then, sir, permit me to strengthen my previous remark by saying that I consider you a blamed sight bigger fool than my first observation indicated."

"Why so, sir?"

"Because you don't build it. Good-day, sir."

The old man picked up his hat and slid out.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Sleeping-Time of Fish.

An experiment has recently been tried at the Invent ons Exhibition Aquarium by Mr. W. August Carter, with a view to discovering how far fish are prone to sleep. After a close examination he found that among fresh-water fishes the roach, dace, gudgeon, carp, tench, minnow and catfish sleep periodically in common with terrestrial animals. The same instincts were found to actuate marine fish, of which the following were observed to be equally influenced by somnolence, viz: the wrasse, conger eel, dory, dogfish, wrasse bass, and all species of flat fish. Mr. Carter states that, so far as he can discover, the goldfish, pike and angler fish never sleep, but rest periodically. Desire for sleep among fish varies according to meteorological conditions. Fish do not necessarily select night-time for repose.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
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For seven years I suffered with a cancer on my face. Eight months ago a friend recommended the use of Swift's Specific, and I determined to make an effort to procure it. In this I was successful, and began its use. The influence of the medicine at first was to somewhat aggravate the sore; but soon the inflammation was allayed, and I began to improve after the first few bottles. My general health has greatly improved. I am stronger and am able to do any kind of work. The cancer on my face began to decrease and the ulcer to heal, until there is not a vestige of it left—only a little scar marks the place.

MRS. JOICIE A. MCDONALD.

Atlanta, Ga., August 11, 1885.

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