

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

IN THE GRAY DAYS.

Evermore all the days are long, and the cheerless skies are gray, Restlessly wand'ring the baffling winds that scatter the budding spray, And the drifting currents come and go like serpents across my way.

Wearily fades the evening dim, drearily wears the night, The ghostly misters and the hurrying clouds, and the breakers' crests of white, Have blotted the stars from the desolate skies; have curtained them from my sight.

Speeding alone, my wave tossed bark encounters no passing sail, Welcomes my friend nor challenges foe answers my eager hail— Only the sobbing, unquiet waves and the wind's unceasing wail.

Hopefully still my sails are bent, my pilot is faithfully true, He holds my course as though the seas and the mirrored skies were blue, And the port of peace, where the winds are still, were evermore in view.

For over the spray, and the rain, and the clouds, shines the eternal sun; The unchanging stars in the curtained dome still gleam when the day is done, And the mists will be kissed from the laughing skies when the port of rest is won.

—R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

"LUCKY" BALDWIN.

How He Started in Life—Other Millionaires.

Room No. 330 at the Galt House is occupied by a medium-sized white-haired man, who is usually attired in a plain dark suit, with a coat of the double-breasted sack cut. There is nothing flashy about him. The man is E. J. Baldwin, familiarly known as "Lucky Baldwin," the noted California millionaire. Mr. Baldwin has been here for several days attending the fall races with his string of runners.

Last night Mr. Baldwin related to a *Courier-Journal* representative much of his early experience, how he rose from poverty to millions, and what dangers and labors he passed through before he reached wealth. He was born near Cincinnati, O., but in 1853 was running a small store in Racine, Wis., endeavoring to take care of himself and a young wife.

For four years the fame of the golden California coast had traversed all parts of the East and the Mississippi Valley. Stories of how men, one day the possessors of nothing, and the next the owners of fortunes, were common, and all were believed. In that same year, 1853, Mr. Baldwin sold out his little store in Racine, and he and his wife joined a wagon train to make their perilous way across the plains to the new Eldorado, where fortune bid fair to smile on all. Indians were the great danger to the emigrants, and during the year that Mr. Baldwin chose for his journey they were worse than they had ever been before or since, although there is much reason to believe that many of the robberies and murders were committed by the Mormons disguised as Indians. Mr. Baldwin's train was not an exception to the lot of sufferers, and he graphically related how the attack was made.

"When we came to the Humboldt River, in Colorado," he said, "our party separated, about thirty, among whom were myself and wife, going to the north, in order to pass around the wells, or headwaters of the Humboldt River. We had left the main portion of the train for several days and had gone around the wells, when we camped one evening near a spring of fresh water in a little valley, with a high bluff on one side. The night passed away without trouble, but early the next morning, just after day-light, shots were fired at us from the bluff.

"A party of Indians had concealed themselves amid the thick shrubbery on top of the bluff and were beginning a lively fire upon our party. We had placed our wagons in a kind of a semi-circle and, barricading behind them, we returned the fire. Our people were not all well armed, for they had only a number of old guns that could not be depended on, and thus little damage was done on either side. The Indians sent part of their men around and they came down in the valley, opening a fire from our side. Things grew too hot and we had to take flight. We hitched up our horses and took our course through a kind of canyon that led through the hills.

"The Indians followed us with a yell and soon overtook our wagons. They could have killed us, but evidently thought they had a sure thing and preferred to sport with us for a while. I was driving the wagon, in which lay my wife, who was ill. Two Indians, each with a cocked revolver, seized hold of the bridles of my horses and ran along by their side. I gave myself up for lost, but the Indians did not shoot.

"Our good fortune saved us. Just at the head of the canyon was encamped a large ox train, embracing a party of about seventy-five people. They, too, had been attacked by the Indians, but by building a fortification held them at bay. Both our party and the Indians who were attacking us ran upon this before we knew it, and the Indians were afraid to pursue us further. We at once joined forces with the other crowd, while the two parties of Indians did the same. They surrounded our camp, and crawling around the tall grass fired upon us whenever a man exposed himself, yet they were not sufficiently strong to storm our fortifications. We remained in that spot two weeks, when the Indians finally left us, and we made the remainder of our way to California unmolested. The band that attacked us belonged to the Apache tribe."

Mr. Baldwin's fortune did not come to him by some sudden streak of luck, as his nickname would indicate, but was accumulated gradually. When he reached San Francisco he obtained possession of a small hotel, but ran it for only two weeks. A friend whom he had known in the East was interested in a Government contract for

making brick. Mr. Baldwin obtained a share in the venture, although he knew nothing in the world about making brick.

"But I was determined to learn," he said, "for a man can do anything, and I bought a book on the art of brick-making. I sat up at night and studied it, mastering the details."

The brick-making venture prospered and the emigrant began to make money, clearing about one thousand five hundred dollars a month on his contract. From that kind of business he passed to some other, and turned his hand to almost everything, as he himself has said. Finally he drifted to the stock market and began to make money rapidly. Mining stocks were the kind he traded in, and a keen eye for business caused him to rarely lose.

"That is the way I made my money," he said, "for I never had any great stroke of luck, like some other men. The *Chronicle* gave me my name of 'Lucky' for some successful venture that I had made in stocks. I worked hard and I examined the mines that I bought. I crawled through tunnels and went down shafts and labored for years like a slave.

"I have made some big deals," said Mr. Baldwin. "In 1876 I cleared four and a half millions at one time out of the Ophir mine at Virginia City, Nevada. I had all the dealers on the coast and the California Bank against me, but I outwitted them and broke the bank, or rather that was what led to its break. By the way, the history of that bank has been rather remarkable. It broke in 1876 for fourteen millions of dollars, but it paid off everything and its stock is now worth double the par value. When I had the bank and its friends outwitted I could have made eighteen millions of dollars. Somebody might have shot me, but still I could have done it."

In his capacity of millionaire Mr. Baldwin has, of course, rubbed against the other millionaires of the Pacific Coast and is intimately acquainted with them all. He says that the railroad men are the richest of the crowd. Mackay made his fortune out of mines, and he and Baldwin have crawled through many miles of tunnel together. Mr. Baldwin puts his wealth at twenty million dollars, and that of Flood and O'Brien at ten million dollars each. Fair's he estimates at ten million dollars. The railroad people go above that. The estate of Mrs. Mark Hopkins, he says, is worth over thirty million dollars, and that of Crocker about forty million dollars. Leland Stanford is also worth forty million dollars. San Francisco, Mr. Baldwin estimates to be the richest city in the world in proportion to its population. There are plenty of millionaires there whom one has never heard of.

"All that I have told you," he said, "is only a very vague outline of the real facts. A detailed history of these things would exceed the tale of Aladdin's lamp, and people would not believe what they read, for it would be like a dream."

In his conversation Mr. Baldwin spoke of the Spreckles-De Young shooting, and evidently sides with Spreckles, his fellow-millionaire, whom he believes to have done right in shooting the editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

The Californian is a devoted admirer of fast horses, and has an immense stud farm north of Los Angeles. He was the owner of Mollie McCarthy when she made the race against Ten Brock, and believes that the little mare would have won had it not rained the day before the race.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

A Disgusted Doctor.

An Americus (Ga.) physician was recently waked in the dead of night by a tremendous noise and a bright glare, from which he thought his house was on fire. He rushed to his door and found a negro with a flaming torch, and in a most excited manner the darky said to him:

"Doctor, 'scuse me fer wak'n' you, but I've ben 'possum huntin', and my dog is snake-bit. I wouldn't take nuthin' fer 'em, and I've come to see if you can't cure him."

The doctor's sympathy was aroused, and he administered antidotes which soon relieved both the dog and his master.

Another physician of the same city was hastily sent for, with the request "for heaven's sake to come quick." He rushed to the place, and to his disgust found that he had been summoned to administer to a sick dog. Without appearing the least disconcerted, he applied a dose of strychnine, remarking:

"Well, sir, I think that will fix your dog."

The dog, of course, died, but the doctor returned his bill for five dollars for services. Payment was refused, the physician sued, obtained a verdict and received his payment.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

A Cruel Trick.

"Humanity" writes as follows to the London newspapers: "There is a jugglery entertainment now being given at some of the London music halls which distinctly calls for the interference of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The conjurer shows a canary in what purports to be a cage. He makes some rapid movements with his hands, and cage and bird vanish. Apparently the trick is harmless, but how is it done? Simply by killing the bird each time! The cage is a contrivance of India rubber, which collapses directly the conjurer removes one hand, instantly crushing the hapless little victim within. The cage thus flattened disappears inside the conjurer's coat, and is drawn to his armpit by a well-known conjurer's dodge."

At a wedding in Bridgeport, Conn., recently, the groom, a young man, who appeared nervous from the start, broke into hysterical sobs before the ceremony was over.—*Hartford Post*.

John Hagerwood and his son were killed by the falling of a tree, near Nashville. A faithful dog fought off the hogs that endeavored to eat the bodies.—*Nashville American*.

MERCHANT AND MELON.

A Wealthy Bostonian's Experience with a Country Constable.

One of Boston's richest and most respected retired merchants owns a large country seat in the near suburbs. The other Sunday morning he rose at four o'clock and spent the morning hours in walking over his broad acres. On this particular occasion his dress was more indicative of a tramp than of a millionaire. He wanted to go to an adjoining field to pick a fresh melon for breakfast. Going out well into the middle he deliberately chose the finest one in the patch and hastened to make his way out. As he jumped over a stone wall and was about to enter the highway, some one from the rear rushed up like a tornado, and grasping his collar with no gentle hand, exclaimed, while shaking the old man with a vigor that made that person think of his school-days:

"Ain't yer ashamed of yerself, yer old tramp, to impose on a respectable man this way. Stealing melons, are ye? Well, you won't steal any more this week, you contemptible old vagrant. I don't want to hear any of yer guff; I caught yer; that's enough for me." Then, with another shake that made his victim's teeth chatter with fear, he made tracks for police headquarters.

On the way the old farmer recovered in a degree his self-possession and ventured to remonstrate with his stalwart companion.

"How dare you attempt such a thing," sputtered the irate victim as he was forced over the road, regardless of mud or water. "Do you think I'd stand it? No, I won't," he shouted. "Pretty country this, if a man can't pick a melon on his own field. I say there, Mr. Jones, come here and help me!" he yelled, as he was traveling past a neighbor's house at an extraordinary rate of speed.

"Oh, shut up," puffed the sturdy policeman, as he tried to force "his man" along at a faster gait. "That gag don't work in these parts."

Suddenly the "copper's" chin dropped until it seemed to touch his waist-band.

A weary, troubled sort of an oath escaped his lips. Neighbor Jones had responded with alacrity to his friend's call, and seizing a crowbar, came down the driveway like a steam engine.

"What's the matter, Samuel? Where's yer going?" he shouted.

"Ain't yer going nowhere, if yer'll help me. Make that jackass of a constable let go my collar."

The crowbar and a word of explanation had the desired effect. As the crest-fallen officer turned his course to himself: "The stingy old cuss! it was good enough for him."

The police force is still employed to guard the fruit-laden acres, but that particular constable has retired. His health was poor, the pay small and the experiences unsatisfactory. He is now trying to keep a first-class grocery.—*Boston Globe*.

A SILVER-SHOD HORSE.

The Way a Wealthy Woman Disposed of Part of Her Income.

A visitor to the Westinghouse stables, in the East End, sees among an array of handsome blooded horses one of peculiar beauty of color and carriage. Casual notice is quickened into close inspection when it is noticed that the horse never moves. He is dead. Though lifeless, he is, perhaps, the only horse in America to-day which wears a full set of solid silver shoes. Mrs. George Westinghouse is the leader of the East End fashionable life. Her dresses are the costliest, her receptions the most brilliant and her turnout the finest in the city. Her husband is said to have settled an income of \$150,000 per year in pin-money upon her. She is a lady of artistic taste and a year ago she decided upon a team of cream-colored horses, with flowing, snowy manes. Such horses are as rare as they are beautiful, but Mrs. Westinghouse, nothing daunted, set about to procure them. Four agents were employed, and for months the country was scoured, and stables and stock-farms were ransacked to find the silver-tipped horses. At last the team was turned over to their delighted mistress. They cost but \$3,000, but the expense of getting them was enormous. Mrs. Westinghouse, early in the use of her new acquisition, became concerned as to what she should do if one of them should die. The agents who secured the first pair were sent out to secure a third. They were successful, and the three beauties were soon on friendly terms. The strangest part of the story is, perhaps, that what Mrs. Westinghouse feared, the death of one of the original pair, occurred but two weeks after the third had been acquired. So much had Mrs. Westinghouse become attached to the horse that she ordered him sent to New York to a well-known taxidermist to be stuffed. There he was treated to silver shoes, and given as near as possible a look of recognition, so that when his mistress enters the stables none appears more glad to see her than he. The horse is carefully blanketed and attended as carefully as if alive. His bed is always made, and his manger is always full of hay.—*Pittsburgh Cor. Philadelphia News*.

The South rejoices in a new industry. The canning of oysters, shrimp, etc., has been begun along the gulf coast, and there are already five establishments engaged in the business between New Orleans and Mobile. They have all flourished from the start and have rapidly extended their operations. The gulf oyster now finds its way into all parts of the South, and has driven the Baltimore oyster out of much of its territory.—*St. Louis Post*.

The Mexican Government has resolved on undertaking a geological survey of the whole of Mexico, as far as practicable, and it has appropriated \$10,000 for the preliminary expenses. A survey on an extensive scale can not fail to have an important influence in developing Mexican mineral resources.

Colonel Frank A. Burr, Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Times*, is engaged upon a review of the military and civil career of General Grant.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Turkey is the only State in Europe that is not Christian.

A contrivance by means of which the blind can play whist, is a new invention.

An apple tree at Java, N. Y., produced fifty bushels of good fruit this year.—*Buffalo Express*.

An engineer running a train near Reno killed forty sheep out of a flock of seven hundred.—*Denver Tribune*.

In fifteen counties of New York one-half of this year's potato crop has been destroyed by rot.—*Troy Times*.

Forest culture in Dakota has led to the appearance of birds that were never before seen there.—*Chicago Herald*.

A mystery as to the cause of the death of a San Francisco man was solved at the autopsy by the finding of a lemon seed lodged in his intestines.

The pickle crop of this country last year was just four pickles to every man, woman and child. This year it is short, not more than a pickle apiece.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Siberian cats are the newest agony in pets. A Siberian cat has a cold and searching voice, and is a valuable addition to the back-yard orchestra.—*Hartford Post*.

Toronto papers say the growth of that city is something wonderful. The census of 1880 gave it a population of 86,415. Now the Assessor's returns show 111,800 inhabitants, and this is said to be rather under the mark.

The Shah of Persia studies geography from a globe covered with jewels. The seas are made of the finest emeralds, and the different countries are represented by diamonds, rubies, sapphires and other precious stones.

In a pack of cards with which two Chinamen had been playing poker at Stockton recently, were found five eights, six sixes and so on, showing that the Mongolians understand the intricacies of the game.—*San Francisco Call*.

Anti-vaccinationists rest one of their chief arguments on the fact that calves have tubercular consumption—a communicable disease. Late researches by Strauss show that the proportion of tuberculosis in calves does not reach one in one hundred thousand.—*N. Y. Herald*.

A Spanish doctor, named Forino, has calculated that, supposing three hundred cigars are rolled in a day, the movement of the fingers is repeated two hundred and seventy-four thousand, five hundred times in a year of two hundred working days. This often causes professional cramp, so-called cigar-roller's cramp.

They make good coffee in Guatemala. A traveler says he never drank as good elsewhere. It was simply the essence of the berry—a dark brown, thin liquor, kept in a close-stoppered decanter. To a spoonful or two of this liquor is added hot water from an earthen jug. The decoction is then indeed worthy of the gods.

It was Lum Smith of Philadelphia, whom Colonel Fred D. Grant recently stated had offered \$5,000 for the bedstead upon which General Grant died. Mr. Smith's mother's maiden name was Lum, and it was at Mrs. Ann Lum's magnificent residence that General Grant made his headquarters after the siege of Vicksburg.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Lady (in art store): "Have you any painting that you can guarantee to be a real old master's?" Proprietor: "We have a few, madam, that are well authenticated. What particular study or subject would you prefer?" Lady: (a little undecided.)—"Well, er a bit of Andronack scenery, I think, or if you haven't that, Nagara Falls in mid-winter would do."—*Buffalo Courier*.

A forcible illustration of the weight of the atmosphere was recently given by a lecturer in London, who said that the air, which scarcely appears to be matter at all, is so enormous in mass that it really presses with nearly a ton to each square foot, so that the weight of all the buildings in the world's metropolis, for instance, is less than that of the air above them.

Drunk men often meet with mishaps, such as falls, blows or shocks that would kill a sober man. The reason of this immunity is that the nerve centers are so much paralyzed in the drunken man as not to be affected by the shock of the fall, which, in a sober man, would have acted upon them so violently as to stop the heart, arrest the circulation and cause instant death.—*Boston Budget*.

An example of the extraordinary high prices paid for articles of food during the Revolution is recorded on a leaf bearing the date November 27, 1778, from the manifest of the English ship William & Anne, which was captured by one of Paul Jones' cruisers. In United States money the prices read as follows: Flour, \$150 a barrel; pork, \$100 a barrel; peas, \$12 a bushel; rum, \$13 a gallon; butter \$1.25 a pound.

The Russians have made Jericho a delightful winter resort, and the junction to go thither is no longer disrespectful. The beautiful spot, around which cluster some of the most sacred associations of the Christian world, will probably become a fashionable watering place if access to it is facilitated by the opening of the proposed railway route between England and India, through Northern Africa from Tangier to Cairo, and thence along the Euphrates Valley and the Persian Gulf, quick trains covering the distance between London and Bombay in nine days.—*Pulson (N. Y.) Guardian*.

The mechanism of the human hand is most perfect. The hand of a man or woman, with its wonderful checks, balances and lightning-like pliancy, is of itself enough to crush forever an atheistic thought. Its adaptability to use is something which staggers credulity. It is that agent of the mind which executes that which the mind conceives, and there seems to be no limit to its executive powers. The slightest mutilation of this agent impairs its usefulness, because its muscular and nervous vitality is weakened. In fact, such mutilation as is recommended, or of any other part of the human organism, is a positive crime.—*N. Y. Mercury, Latest Piano-Playing Idea*.

IS EVERYBODY DRUNK?

Among the many stories Lincoln used to relate was the following: Trudging along a lonely road one morning on my way to the county seat, Judge overtook me with his wagon and invited me to a seat.

We had not gone far before the wagon began to wobble. Said I, "Judge, I think your coachman has taken a drop too much."

Putting his head out of the window the Judge shouted, "Why, your infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!"

Turning around with great gravity, the coachman said, "Bedad! but that's the first 'rightful' s'cision your Honor's givin' in 'twel' mont'!"

If people knew the facts they would be surprised to learn how many reel in the streets who never "drink a drop." They are the victims of sleeplessness, of drowsy days, of apoplectic tendencies, whose blood is set on fire by uric acid. Some day they will reel no more—they will drop dead, just because they haven't the moral courage to defy useless professional attendance, and by use of the wonderful Warner's Safe Cure neutralize the uric acid in the system, and thus get rid of the drunkenness in the blood.—*American Rural Home*.

There are three times as many telephones in the United States as in all Europe.

"What we learn with pleasure we never forget."—*Alfred Hervey*. The following is a case in point: "I paid out hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit," says Mrs. Emily Rhoads, of McBrides, Mich. "I had female complaints, especially 'dragging-down,' for over six years. Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I advise every sick lady to take it." And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell it.

The coal fields of the Powder River country have been burning since 1870.

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