

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

J. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

THE HUSBAND DETHRONED.

I was the monarch of a realm,
Where all obeyed my sway,
Until this young usurper came
And took my crown away.
He is a despot, his desire
Of power naught can cloy,
Who is this tyrant, do you ask?
He is our baby boy.

My mothers, sisters, brothers, all
Of old looked up to me,
Yet I before this new-crowned king
Am a nonentity.

For now they pay their court to him;
My empire melts away.
"The King is dead! Long live the King!"
Methinks I hear them say.

My wife, who once spoke English well,
And used to talk with me,
Quite sensibly, speaks gibberish—
The tongue of infancy;
This uncouth language she insists
The baby understands;
But I can not quite comprehend
How pappies can mean hands.

Although this tyrannous youth has made
His father abdicate,
Yet I, as strange as it may seem,
With grace accept my fate;
No subject such unselfish love
To monarch ever gave;
I am his humble servant—
His most obedient slave.

-N. Y. Ledger.

A POOR "BUT" MAN.

Something Lacking to Gain Success and Happiness.

One of the best-known men in New York is the Colonel. Everybody who has lived long enough in the city to know Broadway from the Bowery has seen him a score of times or more, and those who have lived in hotels or boarding houses are intimately acquainted with him. The appearance of the Colonel varies with circumstances. His usual age is somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty years. He is sometimes tall and bearded, sometimes short and smoothly shaven, but he is always a shrewd observer, a ready talker, and has a fund of information at his command which came to him largely from observation. His name also shares the variable quality of his appearance. He is often doctor, not infrequently Major, sometimes General, and most generally plain mister, but for the purpose of identification in this case he is Colonel, fifty years of age, tall, neatly formed, with the easy bearing of a man of the world, shrewd in his observations and communicative to a degree.

It was at a side table in a cozy chop house, just off Broadway above Madison Square, to be particular, that the Colonel sat one evening a short time ago with the writer for his vis-a-vis.

"Speaking of different types of people we meet in boarding houses," said the Colonel, "did you ever know a 'but-' man?"

"A 'but-' man?"

"Yes. He is one of the commonest of all the men I know. You meet him everywhere."

"Not by that name though?"

"Well, perhaps not. He is generally a moderately good fellow. He has some weakness though, some damaging fault which blights his career and is expressed invariably by this qualifying conjunction. He is always described as 'a very nice fellow, but-' or 'a very good business man, but-' Of course you have heard of him. He is typical in all countries and in every rank of life. Great Generals, commanding statesmen, and even monarchs have toppled and fallen below the lowest levels of humanity on account of the one fatal omission in their characters denoted by this potent monosyllable."

"I knew a young man," continued the Colonel, "whom I will call 'George.' He was a winning fellow, with a bright, happy, cheerful, sunny temperament which lightened the atmosphere of every room he entered. His face was handsome, open and ingenuous as a child's. He was tidy in his dress, an easy talker and generally managed to say something entertaining. So, soon after he engaged a hall bedroom in our boarding house he became a prime favorite with everyone. Even the silent husband of our little, over-worked landlady liked him, and this was a compliment shared by no one else in the house."

"I took great interest in the boy and he made a confidant of me to an extent that was oftentimes burdensome, for we none of us care about assuming the entire control of our acquaintances, however much we may like them. George was employed in a wholesale dry goods house as entry clerk—not an important place in itself, but one likely to lead to something better. He was a fairly good entry clerk, too, barring a slight tendency to carelessness and a lack of interest in the details of his work. The head of the firm was Mr. Caldwell, dead these many years, I am sorry to say. He had occasion to see a good deal of George, and one day, when there was a vacancy in the office, he translated him from the basement to a desk in the glass-walled room on the main floor. George was highly elated with the change and confided to me that he was on the high road to success, as he picturesquely put it: 'All I have to do now is to reach out my hand and pluck fortune from the stem where it grows.' And so it looked to me. Mr. Caldwell was generous, wealthy, and had a habit of advancing his employes as far and as rapidly as they could go. George remained in the office a year or more without making any particular advancement. He did his work fairly well, but in spite of this he was not advanced to anything better. When the day's work was light he spread it over the seven hours he was in the office, and when it was heavy he managed to finish it within the same specified time. This was strictly just to the firm, but the fact remained that after two years' service he was absolutely unacquainted with anything else than the duties which appertained to his own position."

"During this time George managed to become acquainted with Mr. Caldwell's motherly daughter Mildred, a charming, vivacious girl, full of life and spirits. She often came to her father's office and George was so entertaining, as he well knew how to be, that an intimacy sprang up between them, and in the course of time he became a regular visitor at the merchant's residence, with Mr. Caldwell's entire consent, for he never denied his daughter any wish which should not be indulged, and George was a gentleman both by breeding and instinct. When the merchant observed, as he did in time, that his daughter was beginning to think rather more of his clerk than she did of her other friends, and he too took an added interest in the young man, in a variety of ways he showed his friendship to the boy. George was not unmindful of this, but with good taste he never attempted to impose upon him, but continued modestly at his work, content to wait for what the future might bring forth."

"After George had been in the office three years a vacancy in the position of European buyer occurred, and he mentioned the fact to Mildred."

"Why don't you speak to papa about it?" she said.

"I will," he replied.

"He likes you. I know he does, and you have certainly been there long enough to expect something better than the work you are doing."

"Yes, you are right," answered the young man. "I will speak to him tomorrow. Because you know, Mildred, dear, I have reasons for wanting to get along faster than I am doing."

"The girl blushed, as girls do, you that night filled with rose-colored hopes, know how, and George left the house and the future looked to him like a gorgeous rainbow. So beautiful are the hopes of the young. The next day at noontime George ventured to address Mr. Caldwell upon the subject nearest his heart. After listening to him patiently, the merchant replied kindly:

"I am sorry, George, but I am afraid you are hardly well enough acquainted with the business."

"Haven't I been here long enough, sir, and done my work well enough?"

"Yes, you have certainly been here long enough, but I am afraid you have not learned enough of the business. That was what my partner and I thought when we talked about the matter last week, so we have decided to send Mr. Jones."

"Mr. Jones!" gasped poor George. "Why, he has only been here three years, why all told, and was my assistant entry clerk when I came into the office."

"I know that, George," replied the merchant, "but he has managed to pick up a good general knowledge of the business and he has a faculty for learning what he isn't called upon directly to know, and we concluded he was the best man in the store for the place."

"That was a sad day for George. He looked the picture of misery when he came home that night, and even contemplated leaving the store and going out West 'where he could have a chance,' as he expressed it to me. I consoled him the best way I could, for I sympathized with him in his disappointment, but I am afraid it did him little good."

"To cut the story short," continued the Colonel, "five years later George was still at the same desk in the same office. Mildred had never married, and they were as much in love with each other as ever, but he had never asked for her hand from her father. He had never made advancement enough in the business to warrant such a request. They were both young and he was very patient. Finally tiring of delay they agreed one day that he should speak to the merchant upon the subject, so the next evening George met the merchant by appointment in his study."

"I want to speak to you about a matter of the gravest importance to both of us," observed the young man after an awkward pause.

"Yes," replied the merchant, encouragingly.

"Your daughter."

"Well?"

"We love each other, sir," said George, impulsively, "and I want to marry."

"This is not unexpected to me, George," responded the merchant gravely. "I have been waiting for either you or her to speak about it for several years. I like you, George," he went on, while George's face lighted up with hope, "I have never met a young man who appealed to me more directly. You are honest, faithful, and, on some accounts, I think you would make Mildred a good husband."

"Thank you, sir," exclaimed George, gratefully.

"But what I was about to say," continued Mr. Caldwell, "is this: On some accounts you would make her a good husband. But I am afraid I shall have to refuse my permission. You are a good fellow, George, a good clerk, an honest employe, but—" Benjamin Northrup, in N. Y. Graphic.

The Widows of India.

Lady Dufferin's great plan for the improvement of the condition of women in India has met with the encouragement it deserves; but we are sadly ignorant of the real position of a Hindu woman. In India the Education Committee state that there are twenty-one million widows, and a large proportion of these are children between five and fifteen. A Hindu lady, herself emancipated from the bondage of her caste, has written to the *Times of India* in very forcible language on the subject of enforced widowhood, and painting in sadly true colors the terrible position which a widow holds in India—it is a positive stigma. The sight of one draws forth a curse from the orthodox Hindu, and she is degraded to coarse food and menial work in the household. A man may marry many wives, and probably does; but a woman, once a widow, must remain so all her life, be she a child of tender years or a woman of sixty.—*London News.*

"When Mandalay was built the king (of Burmah), in order to render it impregnable, buried seven young women alive under each of its eight gates. The superstition did not avail King Theebaw, who was too much of an old woman himself to test its efficiency by defending his capital.—*Boston Journal.*

GERMANY'S NEW ISLANDS.

Interesting Information Concerning the Marshall and Gilbert Group.

The Rev. Dr. Judson Smith, D. D., Junior Foreign Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, was interviewed recently in regard to the seizure of the Marshall and Gilbert group of islands in the South Pacific. Mr. Smith stated that he had received an intimation some time since that a seizure of the islands by some European Power, most probably Germany, would likely take place shortly. Although the missionaries and other agents of the Board had been chiefly instrumental in elevating the natives of the group to their present state of civilization, and often tendered their counsel in the government of the islands, still it could not exactly be said that the Mission had ever laid any claims to the real proprietorship of the islands, either in their own or the name of the United States. True, they had done their utmost to foster trade with the group with satisfactory success, and naturally sought as much as possible to direct that trade in American interests, but outside of this they allowed the natives to govern themselves. Foreigners upon the islands were few. The missionaries have for years past been almost the exclusive representatives of the white race. He did not know what action the Board would take, if it took any at all. He did not think the German Government would in any way interfere with their work outside of diverting the trade of the Islands into German channels instead of those of the United States, as formerly. In conclusion, Dr. Smith gave some very interesting information about the Gilbert Group. Although lying immediately in the center of what is known as the cannibal region, the natives have never been known to be cannibals, and in intelligence have been considerably above the natives in the neighboring islands. The Gilbert Group is composed of a number of islands, the eight larger ones being named Butaritari, Maraker, Apaiang, Tarawa, Maiana, Apemama, Nanouti and Topitenea. These islands are the seat of government, each being ruled independently by a native chief. These chiefs have no connection politically with each other except in case of war, when they unite for the common safety. The entire group does not number in all over twenty-five thousand persons, of whom two thousand six hundred and fifty are Christianized members of the church. The report for the last year shows that on the islands there are eleven missionaries from the Hawaiian Group and six from Kusa, the headquarters of the Mission Board in Micronesia. There are thirty-eight church buildings and twelve teachers. The deaths were forty-three and the Christian marriages four hundred. The Board of Missions has a school established at Kusa, one of the Caroline Islands, some five hundred miles to the westward of the Gilbert Group, and here every year are brought a number of young natives who wish to be educated as teachers or preachers. When they have completed their course the missionary vessel—the Morning Star—takes them to the various islands to which they belong, and brings back such others as desire to be educated. It is due to this that the influence of the missionaries has been almost supreme.—*Boston Journal.*

"Remember, Mr. Crimsonbeak, that there are older ones than you at the table," said Mrs. Shavepenny, in reply to a remark the gentleman at the head of the table made. "I am painfully well aware of the fact, ma'am," was Crimsonbeak's only reply, as he shut his teeth and made another attempt to saw the bird.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Han Qua, chief banker of Canton, China, is worth one billion and four hundred million dollars. Great Caesar! What a vision of Han Qua chiefs, shirts and things that calls up.—*Binghampton Republican.*

"A tramp when arrested gave his residence as 'all over.'—*N. Y. Sun.*

GERMAN-AMERICANS.

Industrious and Frugal People Who Have Done Much for the West.

The German settler is not over particular about the quality of his land, so long as his title to it is clear. If he can find a good tract of prairie land, at a fair price, he buys it; if not, he goes into the woods, "grubs out" a farm, acre by acre, and in the course of years secures a property which compares well with that of his prairie neighbor. It really does not seem to matter much with him whether the soil is good, poor or indifferent. If it is in the slightest degree workable, he will make it pay, and pay well. There is something almost mysterious in his success. It would be called mysterious, were it not so common. But this phenomenon has been witnessed again and again in Wisconsin. Some portions of the State might never have been settled at all, had not the German immigrant found his way to them, and built his humble home, and broken the unpromising soil. But there he is, prosperous and contented, and his children are growing up around him. In some places he has caused the desert to blossom as the rose, and he does not seem to begrudge the years of hard toil that he has spent in this effort. He is not afraid of work. His fathers always worked hard. Why should not he?

The German is not given to launching out for himself, alone and single-handed, in new and untried enterprises. He is conservative in disposition. Furthermore, his social instincts are stronger than those of the American, and he will not isolate himself. Even if by living far apart from his countrymen he could own a richer land and more of it, he would generally prefer to remain in the community which he and his neighbors have formed, enjoying its advantages and sharing its mishaps. With him society means a great deal. Had he not been assured of the society of his compatriots in the New World, no visions of broad acres would ever have tempted him to leave the fatherland. He builds up communities here which are as distinctively Teutonic as any villages of Saxony or Wurtemberg. There are certain streets in Milwaukee, the German-American metropolis, on which one may easily imagine himself in the Prussian capital. There are towns in the interior of Wisconsin in which the predominating spoken language in the stores and shops is German. Because of this tendency to gather in communities, some people say that the German is clannish. And yet this accusation is hardly just. We do not make enough allowance for differences of temperament and tastes between him and us. He does not adapt himself easily to his surroundings. Amalgamation is a difficult problem with him, but in his slow, deliberate way he is working out a solution. Despite his tenacious social notions—and can we deny that they do him honor?—he is gradually letting down the bars of nationality, and adapting himself to the conditions which he finds in the land of his adoption. Take him as he is to-day, on his Wisconsin farm, and no one need despair of his future. He has the making of the substantial American citizen, and we can not doubt that time will complete the product satisfactorily.—*Birch Arnold, in Chicago Current.*

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THE PHANTOM SHIP.

A Sailor's Yarn About His First Meeting With the Flying Dutchman.

Sailors are proverbially a superstitious class, but among the many supernatural things in which Jack believes there is none better known than the tale of the Flying Dutchman. The story goes that in the early days of the East India trade a vessel left Amst-rdam bound for the Indies. She had fine weather until she reached the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope; when she encountered gales and head winds, against which she was unable to make headway. After trying for several weeks to round the Cape, the Captain, who was noted for his profanity, swore that he would accomplish it if it took until the Day of Judgment. His oath was heard, and to punish him for his profanity he was condemned to battle ceaselessly with the elements off the "Stormy Cape" until the great trump shall sound which will arouse the dead. Many an old sailor has thrilling stories to tell of his meeting with the Flying Dutchman, and if these stories may be believed a meeting with the phantom ship is a sure sign of wreck and disaster. An old seaman who spent his early days in the merchant service, but who is now a Captain in the United States Revenue Marine, in speaking of the phantom ship to a reporter said:

"I will remember the fright I once had on her account. I was a boy then, on my first trip to sea, and the sailors spent all of their spare time in telling me stories of the sea, and particularly blood-curdling stories of the Flying Dutchman. We were homeward bound from Manila at the time of my fright, and as we neared the Cape of Good Hope I began to think over the tale of the phantom ship, and by the time that we rounded the Cape I had worked myself into such a state that the appearance of a sail on the horizon would send a chill over my body. The sailors noticed my condition and determined to have some fun at my expense. One night, during my watch on deck, soon after we had passed the Cape, one of the seamen touched me on the shoulder and said: 'There's the Flying Dutchman!' I looked over the weather rail, and although we were under reefed topsails, I saw a large ship bearing down on us under a cloud of canvas. I stood with bated breath, and with my eyes fixed on the ship until she had passed us and disappeared in the darkness to leeward. As she had neared us my hair seemed to stand on end, and it was not until she was out of sight that I regained sufficient control of myself to speak. It was not until afterward that I found out that a ship running before the wind could carry sail with perfect safety that would swamp a ship that was close-hauled. The men who had been watching me were delighted with the success of their plan to frighten 'Greeny,' and it was many a day before I heard the last of the Flying Dutchman."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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TIDAL WAVES.

The Tremendous Wave Which Swept the Coasts of Chili and Peru in 1868.

A former seaman, who was on board the U. S. flagship Powhatan, in August, 1868, at the time of the great tidal wave that swept the coast of South America, says:

"I noticed that the papers describing the explosion of 275,000 pounds of dynamite at Flood Rock, say that the wave following the explosion was no more than the 'wash' of a Sound steamer. The conditions were not exactly those of an earthquake, but I can not help thinking that the force of an earthquake must be immeasurably greater than that of the dynamite, when I compare this little wave with the great one which swept the coast of Chili and Peru in 1868."

"I was on the Powhatan at the time, and we escaped destruction by the merest accident. We had been bound for Africa, but returned to Callao for coal, and while there were sheltered by the island San Lorenzo from the tidal wave, which, however, shook us up considerably. The vessel 'boxed the compass' twenty-three times in as many minutes, but the anchor and chain cable held us fast."

"Afterward we went down the coast to Arequipa, Iquique, Arica and other towns that had been destroyed by the great wave."

"Its size and force can scarcely be realized. At Arica the United States war ship Waterer was carried completely over the town and landed a long way inland. Only one man was lost from her, the vessel riding safely over the buildings, which were, of course, destroyed."

"The captain of the mail steamer Santiago, lying in Taena, seeing the wave approaching, ordered all hands banded, banded down hatches and drove the vessel, under a full head of steam, into the wave. She emerged safe on the other side, but with her decks swept clean of masts, rigging, smokestack and everything else. Not a soul was lost."

"But these were exceptional experiences. Nearly all the vessels on the coast went down with all on board, and probably one hundred thousand people perished on land or sea by this terrible tidal wave."

"It is assumed, of course, that this wave was caused by an earthquake under the sea; but what an awful convulsion of nature it must have been to raise a wave that could sweep the shores of a continent, when the greatest charge of explosives ever fired by man only occasioned a wave compared by imaginative reporters to the 'wash of a steamboat.'"—*Golden Days.*

BURMESE PONIES.

Where the Wonderful Equine Jumpers Come From.

The famous Burmese ponies are not Burmese at all, but Shan, and are brought down from the confines of China, some four or five hundred miles beyond our frontier. They are very sure-footed, and many of them are perfectly beautiful in symmetry. They are speedy for their size, and wonderful jumpers; they are very docile, for they are like the pure Arabs—handled from their birth, and only require shoeing when brought upon our macadamized roads. They have a good deal of Arab blood in them, too, for a Shan has as keen an eye for a horse as a Yorkshireman, and many of them purchased officers' Arab chargers in days gone by and took them to their own country. The ordinary Burman pony is very like the "tat" of India, but they get through a lot of work, and a Burman will prefer one of his own breed to that of the Shans—probably because they cost a tenth of what is asked for the latter; but they are hardier, and will live where a Shan pony would starve. The saddles, bridles and stirrups in use among the Burmese are very peculiar. A Burman rides principally by balance; the knees are well away from the saddle, and when necessary they hold on by their heels. Only the great toe is inserted in the stirrup. Ungainly and unsafe as appears their seat, they get over the ground wonderfully well and seldom fall off. The ponies are all taught to amble, and a good pacer will fetch a long price.—*All the Year Round.*

THE OPIUM HABIT.

The Hold It Had Upon Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the Great English Poet and Theologian.

In 1813 Coleridge's face was sallow, his eye wild, his hand and step tottering. The cause of his condition was no longer a secret. Cottle, as his oldest friend, expostulated with him. Coleridge in answer discloses his dreary history. He wishes to place himself in a private madhouse, and concludes: "You bid me rouse myself; go, bid a man paralytic in both arms to rub them briskly together and that will cure him. Alas!" he would reply, "that I can not move my arms is my complaint and misery." His sense of his degradation was keen. "Conceive," he writes, "a spirit in hell employed in tracing out for others a road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him. In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, hopeless, and you will form a notion of my state." The sums which he spent in opium were large. Meanwhile he left his wife and children to be mainly supported by friends, and his son Hartley was sent to college on alms collected by Southey. He "never," wrote Southey in 1814, "writes to his wife or children, or opens a letter from them; he did not even answer the letter in which Southey told him of the scheme for Hartley's education. He might have made money by his pen, but he preferred to accept the charity of a Cottle."—*Edinburgh Review.*

"The best time for a young man to take his girl sleighing is during a 'driving snow storm.' He can then use both his arms to hold his girl in the sleigh, and let the snow storm do the 'driving.'"

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"GENUINE ENTERPRISE."

Successful Business Methods of a Firm of City Street Peddlers.

"Just watch that little game down there—it works as slick as if it were greased," said the big policeman in front of St. Paul's Church yesterday. He pointed his club toward Vesey street. Fifteen yards further down Broadway in the middle of the block, was a bright young man with a big push cart loaded with hand mirrors, brushes and combs, which a big placard proclaimed "the last of a bankrupt stock at half the cost price." In front of the cart, which stood up against the curb, was an ingenious looking man with a large ulster and a well brushed silk hat. He had just bought five hand mirrors and was looking at the brushes as the porter came up and began examining the "bankrupt stock."

"Well, I declare! Did you ever see anything so cheap?" exclaimed the ingenious man as he turned to the reporter. "Here they're selling these mirrors for twenty-five cents apiece. Real Venetian mirrors and solid metal frames. I can tell that, for I was in the importing business once. They're worth one dollar apiece at the lowest. I've just bought five. I'm going to give one to my wife and one to each of my girls."

"You're right, sir," said the bright young man behind the cart; "they're almost given away. Just look at this, sir, and you, too, madame," as he stopped wrapping up the parcel for the ingenious man, and thrust one mirror into the reporter's hand and another into the hand of a lady in a seal-skin sacque who had heard the eulogies of the ingenious young man and had stopped for a moment in an undecided sort of a way.

"Upon my word," continued the ingenious man in an enthusiastic tone that floated forty feet away. "I never saw anything like it—yes, it's a real ivory comb and a genuine ivory brush. English made hair brush—I've dealt 'em myself. How much did you say for my man? What! only a quarter apiece? You may wrap me up four each. I never saw anything so cheap in my life. Just given away; just given away is the word, sir," as again he turned his radiant countenance upon the reporter.

The lady's doubts seemed dispelled by this emphatic approval and she bought a hand mirror, brush and comb. A dry goods clerk, who