

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In London gas is furnished at the rate of sixty-five cents per thousand feet...

In the American Journal of Insanity Dr. Pliny Earle says, so far as statistics are an indication, the recoveries in British asylums exceed these in American institutions by between eight and nine per cent.

The petrified skeleton of a whale thirty feet long has been discovered by an officer of the Coast Survey on a range of mountains in Monterey County, Cal., over thirty-three hundred feet above the sea level.

The United States Fish Commissioner says that within the past six years over twenty thousand applications for young carp have been supplied. Reports of success have been received from about one thousand. Very few have found the business a profitable one.

Eric Canal boatmen are raising a fund to put a monument at Tonawanda over the remains of Peter Cummins, the driver who drove the first boat from Buffalo over the canal in 1825.

A black-and-tan terrier, has the honor of having been the smallest full grown dog that ever lived. He belonged to Lieutenant General Sir Archibald MacLaine, of England, and in honor of his extreme thinness is now carefully preserved under a glass case.

A touching example of confidence in the unknown factors of human experience is related in Gaillard's Medical Journal. A countryman, with a distressing toothache, asked a druggist for something to relieve him.

"Man's inhumanity to man" was mourned by the poet. Man's confidence in man deserves to be celebrated. Look at the unhesitating manner in which packages and books are sometimes left upon the city letter-boxes by people who have such complete faith in their fellows that they are sure no one but the postman will carry away the articles intended for him alone.

In 1659 two Quakers were hanged in Boston. A woman had been sentenced to die with them, but was reprieved on condition of her leaving the colony. Her name was Mary Dyer. Next year she returned to Boston and was executed. In 1660, the same year in which she was executed, Charles II. was restored to the throne of his fathers.

Much indignation is expressed by the Judges of the Supreme Court at the current intimations that they are hard drinkers. "There is," says Justice Miller, "a tradition that in olden times there used to be a black bottle in the closet of the room where we hung our overcoats and put on our robes, but there has never been any such thing in my time, and I have never seen any of my associates drinking."

SOUTH AMERICA.

Tremendous Commercial Importance of the Southern Peninsula.

Several of the nations of Europe keep watchful eyes on South America. It is a vast and comparatively unoccupied portion of the earth's surface. Germans, Italians and Portuguese, as well as the English, keep up close relations with it.

MOTIVE.

If your purpose is high, and your aim is pure, And you toil with patience, and wait and wait...

A swarm of insects may dim the skies, Till the sun seems shadowed and overcast; But clouds that are only the wings of flies Must yield to the power of light at the last.

Nothing noble can be dowered, And nothing worthy long hidden from sight; Back of this Universe stands a God, And He moves all things by the lever of Right.

It takes true motive to make true art— Art without motive lives but for a day— And where there is purpose, and feeling, and heart, It can not perish though worlds decay.

Keep up your courage, and work and walk, O, toilers who toil with an aim sublime, The eyes of the years shall discriminate, And read your purpose aright in time. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Chicago Tribune.

"PROF." SMITH'S SCHOOL.

Forcing Young Ideas in the Southwest Many Years Ago.

Thirty years ago education in the Southwest was a lucky accident. Any man who happened to know more than his neighbors became a teacher. There was no system of schools, the only common belief being in the birch rod as a quickener of the intellect.

Such a teacher, belonging to one of those old Virginia families, was William Smith. His grandfather had moved with his numerous family at an early day into the famous blue grass region of Central Kentucky, in consequence of a grant of six thousand acres from the mother State on account of military services.

When William Smith was a boy, the center of all accessible learning in that country was the Miami University, at Oxford, O., and to it the youth was sent. Such an event in those days is to be compared with that of a modern explorer to unknown lands.

When William Smith returned from college no youth was thought to have ever carried away so large a burden of learning. All disputed questions—such as the spelling of a word, puzzling problems among the bricklayers, and hitches in the exchange of butter and eggs for calico—were brought before him.

The school house was a large brick building, painted white, with a portico and those imposing columns that were a part of the dignified architecture of that country, and was called the college. In keeping, William Smith was styled professor. Years after, when the school was only a memory, middle-aged men would occasionally drift around to William Smith's home, then in a different State, and to the astonishment of his family, who knew him only as an active business man, call him professor—a title that sent his grandchildren giggling behind the tables and chairs.

At that time, however, as if to make amends for the restraint of the title, the boys out of school spoke familiarly of him as Bill Smith. A real college professor has since told me that his life was made miserable at one time, when an installment of William Smith's boys was sent to his college, by being continually told "that wasn't what Bill Smith said;" Bill Smith didn't do it in that way.

William Smith himself used to tell with glee how little Drake Beasley, whose father begged to have him sit in the school room and gather what crumbs of learning he could, since he was too young to be admitted, too precocious for other schools, and too bad to keep at home, used to twitch him by the elbow in the midst of a lesson: "Say, Bill Smith, lend me a chaw of tobacco."

The familiarity was all the more marked since little Drake might have borrowed tobacco from any of the boys, for wooden boxes filled with sawdust were as much a part of the school furniture as the desks.

I knew William Smith as an elderly man, although for some time familiar with the reputation of this school, which is one of the traditions of the country he had long before left. Since he has retired from active business, as all men whom circumstances have turned aside from chosen pursuits, his mind delights to dwell on those early days. This pleasure is particularly keen after he has been invited to some closing exercises or public school examinations. It is announced by a series of "ahems!" an uneasiness in his chair, an anxiety about getting his trousers properly adjusted over his shoe tops, all of which the children would call "getting a good ready." His friends understand these signs, and usually some one considerably says:

"Mr. Smith, the high school exercises were very fine, now, weren't they? The essays were creditable and the declamations just grand. Well, well, children nowadays are greatly blest. We didn't have such schools in our day, eh?" This is enough. William Smith gives his person a final adjustment. "Well,

if you call it a school where one-half of the time is spent in getting the children's toes on a crack, and the other half in keeping them there, all I've got to say is we didn't have any such schools in our day. Why, I happened to go in the public schools the other day, and the teacher, a young thing in frills and buckles, was trying to get the school in order. She was all red and hot with trying. Then she said 'one,' and the children took up their pens. 'Two,' and they struck a position with their arms. Then some of the boys weren't up to time, and it all had to be done over. 'Three,' then they began to write in copy books that had all to lie at a certain angle. It took nearly ten minutes to get them started. You may see the value of all this fuss and feathers. I don't. I never had any such red tape in my school."

"Your school. Why, really, Mr. Smith?" "Why, yes," says Mr. Smith, smiling, and taking an easy position. "I wish you could have seen my school. That was a school, and none of your still-as-death schools, I can tell you. Jeems Rivers! You don't want still schools. You want noisy schools. There is an educational value in noise that none of the folks down there" (snapping his fingers in the direction of the high school) "know anything about."

"Now, look here. What is a school but a preparation for life. After you have been trained in one of those deaf and dumb asylums they call schools, do you suppose the world is going to hold its breath while you do your work? No, siree. I never demanded but one thing of my boys—learn, learn. Every man-jack studied in whatever key his voice went the easiest one. I'd like to have heard a boy come to me and say he couldn't study for the noise. I'd have put him between two of the greatest roarsers in the school. Then when he was a man I'd have expected him to come and thank me."

"The aim in my school was to get knowledge, and each boy got it in the way best adapted to his case, and as fast or slow as his mind was capable of receiving it. Some boys shot ahead like arrows, other boys crept like snails. But they all learned, sir."

"But how did you manage about their school books, Mr. Smith?" "Now, school books. There's another delusion. I didn't break parents up buying school books as they do nowadays."

William Smith flung himself again around the inner circumference of his rocking chair. "Every boy brought whatever school books they happened to have in the house. There was a museum of old arithmetics, algebras and geometries in that school. I didn't care what book a boy studied in. When he went to the blackboard I pretty soon found out how much he knew."

"Well, you must have needed as many hands as Briareus to have heard a recitation." "Do you suppose, sir, I asked any boy those out-and-dried things out of the books? They never saw any problem I ever gave them. I made them up. If a boy was in fractions he got fractions, or interest and proportion, he got interest or proportion. I had equations all along the line, and surveyed fields of every conceivable shape. That is the way to find out how much boys know. Why, in mathematics, I'd match my boys against any set of boys your graded schools ever have, or ever will produce."

"There was my brother-in-law, Daniel Parker. He was a banker. One day he came up to my school and said, 'Smith, I've brought you a problem that will try your metal. We've been working on it at the bank until we're worn out. See what you can do.' I turned around and handed it to his son, a lad of sixteen. 'There, John,' said I, 'solve that for your father.' John took it and went smilingly to work. In five minutes he gave it to his father, done, sir. You never saw a man as pleased, and at the same time as crestfallen as Daniel."

"O, what beautiful studies are Latin and Greek! I just wish you could have heard Horace Morton conjugating the Greek verbs. That was what I call music, sir. And as for Homer, I'd rather hear one of my boys rolling out those great, large, sonorous Greek syllables than any of the prima donnas you think so much of. There's more music in it, sir."

"Mr. Smith, didn't you have any girls in your school?"

"Girls? No, sir, except Kitty. I could do what I pleased with my own, when her mother would let me. She used to toddle around and stand up between the tallest boys in the spelling class and spell 'ba' and 'bo.' But girls, no. You can't whip girls. They'd always be crying and running home to their mothers."

"O, ho! There was some whipping done. It wasn't all rose-color at that school, Mr. Smith."

"I tell you, sir, we had some of the jolliest whippings you ever experienced. You don't have any such nowadays. They were the nicest set of boys you ever saw in your life. But at first they would play truant. Then they caught it. I only whipped for that and lying. I remember one time Dobyns Pogue and Mit Bramble played hockey. Of course the next day they had to take it. I punned away, and although they roared like young bulls of Bashan it didn't seem to me I caught the right note. I began to investigate, and would you believe it, the little rogues had borrowed blacksmiths' aprons and stuck them inside of their shirts."

"You see, I didn't allow any interference from the parents. When Mrs. Pogue came to me about Dobyns—I'd walloped him for something or other—I made her a present of him. 'Take him. I don't want him.' The first thing I knew she was back, with tears in her eyes, begging me to take him again."

"Why, sir, my exhibitions were the events of the year. Ette here, and all the girls, used to come and dress the church with cedars and colored paper wreaths. Every candlestick in the town was ours for the asking; and we had all the girls' finery we wanted. They were only too proud to lend it."

"And as for the people, every hitching post had two or three horses tied to it. All the country people came and the First Presbyterian Church would be filled cram jam, and the rest of the world look in at the windows."

"Ette," calling his wife again, "what would Mr. Higgins have thought if he could have heard Horace Morton declaim Pollock's description of hell: 'Wide was the place, and deep as wide, And perilous as deep.'"

Or Smith Kephart, in a long, black cloak and tartan cap and feather, give Lochiel's 'Warning.' Ah! that was grand. And there was Angus Liggett, in my niece Antoinette's balzarine dress, and his hands chained, reciting 'The Maniac' until there wasn't a dry eye in the house. Exhibitions! There's nothing like them now-a-days. You may say what you please, sir, there's no profession to be compared to teaching. Give me forty or fifty boys with ability and industry, and I wouldn't exchange it for the best business in the world."

Nobody said him nay, and William Smith sank back again into his chair, apparently contemplating the toes of his shoes, but his gaze in fact was fixed in the far away past, the source of so many pleasant and proud memories.—Mary Gay Humphries, in N. Y. Star.

CURRENT FANCIES.

Novelities of the Midwinter and Early Spring Seasons.

This is emphatically a velvet season. Even morning wrappers are trimmed with fur.

Small plush wraps will be worn again in the spring.

Cuffs as well as linen collars are again fashionable.

Corsages will be shirred on the shoulders in the spring.

Feather and lace fans are the prettiest for ball-room and opera use.

Plain black silk, faille and gros grain, is again in favor for entire suits.

Round waists and belts a la Josephine are by no means out of fashion.

A novel fancy in men's wear is velvet bindings on dressy day suits.

Ball dresses are loaded with flowers, natural and artificial, this season.

The catogan coiffure is in high favor in Paris, but not in New York as yet.

Old-fashioned round bows, very long and large, are coming in vogue again.

Men's shoes, to be fashionable, must be pointed at the toe and low in the heel.

China gauze broche with small figures comes among other ball dress novelties.

Open work Scotch plaids are to be worn in the spring, cut into lengths for trimming plain stuffs.

Tulle dresses, with satin bodices of the same color, will be the preferred ball dresses of the season.

Silk crape, spangled with gold and silver tinsel, is shown for ball dress draperies and entire skirts.

When ball dresses are cut low, in heart shape, in the neck in front, they are cut still lower in the some form in the back.

A novel kind of ornament for the hair is a band of velvet set with West Indian beetles in colored gold, alternating with gold sequins.

Ball dresses are slightly trained for married women, but de rigueur short, round, and full for young ladies and enthusiastic dancers.

One of the novel fancies of this season in Paris is the wearing of straw hats, but then they are heavily lined with felt, cloth or velvet.

Russian coats with very high collars, in the back of the neck especially, are worn with those high toques ornamented with shaving-brush pompons.

The prettiest opera slippers are of fine black or colored satin to match the toilet, and beaded with jet or tinsel on the toes. The heels are de rigueur high.

Enormous capes and collars, worn upon the cloaks and coats abroad, are the outcome of the desire to shield the bare nape of the neck made by wearing the hair on the top of the head.

Military pompons, looking like a shaving brush of exaggerated length, trim the most popular hats, the high toques of velvet, plush, astrakhan and cloth, which are worn with tailor-made suits by fashionable women.—N. Y. Sun.

Journalism in Austria.

According to the latest official information there are in Austria 1,623 newspapers and periodicals, of which 490 are political, 175 economical, 181 agricultural, 113 connected with trades or special occupation, 92 medical or scientific, 98 pedagogical, 55 geographical and historical, 208 representing literature and humor, 13 military; 129 advertising papers, 53 ecclesiastical, and 107 local papers; 727 of the whole number are published in the single province of Lower Austria. As to language 1,054 are German, 225 Czech; 108 Polish, 95 Italian, 85 Slavonian, 32 in other Slav dialects, and 74 are mixed—that is, have portions in different languages. It is noteworthy that, as compared with the preceding year, the German papers have increased in number by 7 per cent, the Italian by 6.7, the Czech by 13.6, the Slavonian by 20.7, and the Polish by 54. Hungary and the provinces dependent on the Hungarian crown are not taken into account of this summary, which is confined to the Austrian provinces only.—N. Y. Post.

The White Elephant.

After the British had conquered Burmah, one of the four sacred white elephants died at Mandalay. The Burmese have always expected some national disaster when one of these sacred animals die. The earliest traveler in Burmah, as far back as 1532, speaks of this reverence for the white elephant as having had even then an ancient and remote origin. When one of these royal beasts expires, the same honors are offered up to it as to a dead Queen. The queerest part of the business is that there probably never was an entirely white elephant. The one that has just died had some white about the eyes, but the body was black or brown. It is passing strange how even a semi-intelligent people should for generations have paid such marked honors to a beast so far inferior in every way to the human race.—Demorest's Monthly.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Edinburgh has 181 churches, of which 124 are Presbyterian.

The public school superintendent of Wyoming reports 4,508 pupils, 73 school houses, 147 teachers, and the total amount paid for salaries as \$88,000.

Five of the Bishops of the Episcopal Church were born in Ireland, one in Canada, and nine in New York City. Only two were born in the States in which they are Bishops.

The native churches of Japan are strict in the admission of members. A play-actor, story-teller and editor of the "personal" department in a newspaper, were refused until they changed their business.

While some of the educational papers are yet debating the question of the wisdom of industrial education, the School Journal comes forward with the unequivocal declaration that it is "THE education."

The Japanese Government has lately sent to Yassar College a pair of bronze vases handsomely ornamented with inlaid decorations in gold and silver, in appreciation of the education given to Japanese girls.—Poughkeepsie Eagle.

A new school in Saharanpur, India, has been opened for the wives of the young men of the Theological Seminary of that place, to prepare them to take their places beside their husbands when they shall become Christian pastors and missionaries.

The sale of Bibles, religious books and magazines through the colporteurs of Mr. Spurgeon's Church amounted during the past year to nearly \$45,000. Seventy-eight men were employed in the work, and 1,500 towns and villages were visited.

Since 1876 twenty-three missionaries have been sent to the Central African mission of the London Missionary Society, of whom ten have died, and nine have retired from the service. In spite of these immense losses, the Society has resolved to go on with the work with vigor, and a strong reinforcement is to be sent at once.—Christian Union.

There is a school in London called the Zenana and Medical School, from which sixty women have been sent out as missionaries to India, in connection with the Baptist, Episcopal and Wesleyan churches. Lady Dufferin, wife of the Viceroy of India, is said to be enthusiastic in advocacy of sending more well-trained women as missionaries to that country.

The case of clergymen ordained in the English colonial dioceses seems a rather hard one. They are in many cases exiled for life from England. Thus the Rev. Mr. Malachi was ordained deacon and priest by Bishop Hills, of British Columbia, and for four years was curate of the Cathedral, Victoria. Family circumstances compelled him to return and live in England, where he desired to follow his profession of a clergyman. But both the Archbishops of Canterbury and York has refused a license and have told him that having been ordained in and for the colonies it is his plain duty to return to them.

WIT AND WISDOM.

We hear of a grocer who calls his scales "ambush" because they lie in wait.—Lowell Citizen.

A young lady wrote some verses for a country paper about her birthday, and headed them "May 30th." It almost made her hair turn gray when it appeared in print, "My 30th."

A horrible accident happened in this city the other day. As a dude was about stepping across a gutter a button in the rear of his shirtband broke, and his high collar sweeping upward cut off both his ears.—Philadelphia Herald.

An inveterate old wag, seeing a heavy door nearly off its hinges, in which condition of neglect it had been left for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.—N. Y. Mail.

A lawyer in an Eastern State, whose reputation in the community was not very high, met an old gentleman and said to him: "Do you know, Mr. H., that I am a direct descendant of Miles Standish?" "Is it possible?" was the reply. "What a descent!"—Argosy.

"Just borrowed nine hundred dollars on my own note," said young Hardup, "and I feel like a great man's monument." "How's that?" said his friend; "cause somebody else has to pay for it?" "O, no; not exactly that; but I've got such a good start on paper."—Brooklyn Eagle.

SIMMONS' GREAT LIVER REGULATOR. THE GREAT LIVER REGULATOR FOR LIVER AND BOWELS.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and waterish, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately constive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high-colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

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