

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

S. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A German observer is surprised that more attention is not given in this country to directing youth in the study of nature.

A man in Orland, Cal., made a wagger that he could smoke ninety cigars in two hours. He failed on the nineteenth, which made him sick.

A partridge flew through a plate-glass show-window one-quarter inch thick, at Chester, Vt., the other afternoon, and dropped dead inside with a broken neck.

From a single acre you can gather 3,000 bushels of prime oysters," said an oysterman of the Lower Chesapeake Bay. "This beats wheat-raising by a large majority."

Santa Rosa, Cal., has a remarkable town clock. When the hour hand points at six and the clock strikes seventeen the people then know that it is exactly twelve o'clock.—*San Francisco Call.*

Twenty-five years ago we were 20,000,000 people; now we are nearly 60,000,000. Then we had 141 cities and towns of over 8,000 inhabitants; now we have 286 of such cities and towns. Then the total population of our cities was 5,000,000; now it is 12,000,000.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Sampo tribe of Indians, who occupy the reservation between the Spokane and Nespelem Rivers, are said to be the most advanced and civilized race of Indians on the Pacific coast. Their boast is that never has one of their tribe shed the blood of a white man.—*Chicago Times.*

Some purists object to the use of the word "render," as often applied to the delivery of a song by an artist upon the stage; but we are inclined to think such use legitimate, inasmuch as we find in the dictionary a secondary meaning to be, "to inflict."—*Lowell Citizen.*

The new Brazilian slave law fixes the maximum value of slaves at the following rates: Slaves under thirty years, \$900; slaves from thirty to forty years, \$800; slaves from forty to fifty years, \$600; slaves from fifty to fifty-five years, \$400; slaves from fifty-five to sixty years, \$200. The value of female slaves is put at twenty-five per cent. lower than these rates.

Charles H. Tweed, who died at Pittsburgh, had peculiar views. Among other things in his will, he said: "No flowers at the funeral, except at the door, nor monument or stone to mark the grave. The first is cheap respect, the second heathenish, and the last I can not afford. What money there is to be devoted to useful purposes."—*Chicago Mail.*

A railway is building from the Southern Pacific's main line to the celebrated Cinnabar mines, producing quicksilver, in the neighborhood of New Almaden, Cal. Great difficulties have always been experienced in getting cheap and suitable transportation to and from these mines. Donkeys have been largely employed hitherto, and at one time many of the camels now running wild in Arizona were used there.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The business of painting the huge signs upon fences and barns which assault the eye in all parts of the country is in the hands of a few contractors in New York and Chicago. One firm in this city spends from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year in this way, paying from one and one-half to two cents a square foot for the work. The bigger the sign the better. Many can be found reaching 300 feet in length, and the biggest of all (at Newark, O.) is more than 800 feet long and contains only one word.—*Chicago News.*

Crater Lake is thus described in a petition that is being numerously signed in Oregon to make a national reservation of the wonder: "The surface of the lake is 6,300 feet above sea level, and it is about eight miles long and six miles wide. It contains a circular island 600 feet high, on which is found an extinct crater which is ninety feet deep and 475 feet in diameter. In another portion of the lake is found a conical-shaped rock, which is perpendicular and rises to an altitude of 2,200 feet above the water's surface. Other rocks of remarkable form and elevation tower high above the lake. The lake walls are nearly perpendicular and vary in altitude from 1,000 to 2,000 feet."—*Denver Tribune.*

ANCIENT CURES.

How Hydrophobia Was Treated in the Good Old Times.

The old recipe of "a hair of the dog that bit you" was almost literally realized in a prescription for the cure of hydrophobia much in vogue with the "Pastors" of the fifteenth century: "Take a mastiff pup of a month old, and stuff the same with cloves, cinnamon and divers other spices, and thereafter boil the carcass entire, the which, taken warm from the pot and laid upon the part that hath been bitten, will, without doubt, do much good"—which, somehow or other, it did not. A more primitive but more successful method was employed within the memory of living men in a remote part of Ireland, the patient being the eldest son of the family, a fine lad of nineteen. His recovery appearing hopeless from the strong symptoms of hydrophobia which he exhibited, the doctors decided upon bleeding him to death as the only alternative to the barbarous plan of smothering under a feather bed, which was then common. A vein was opened and he was locked into an out-house and left to die. But toward evening the milkmaid of the household, passing near the spot with her pail, was amazed to hear the sufferer's voice faintly asking for "something to drink." Overjoyed at this unmistakable sign of recovery, she lost no time in summoning assistance, and the young man's life was saved, the physicians ascribing his extraordinary escape to the carrying off of the poison by the copious flow of blood.—*N. Y. Times.*

WEBSTER'S BIRTH-PLACE.

Changes wrought by the Years in the Scenes Which the Statesman Loved.

Webster's birth-place was formerly situated in Salisbury, N. H., but many years ago a large tract of land, containing this and many other farms, was set off in helping to form the town of Franklin. The road approaches the spot from the south, but on reaching it turns at a right angle towards the west, so that the present dwelling faces the south. It is a large, plain farm house of two stories, with door in the middle. From the northern side, just flush with the eastern end, runs a one-story L, adjoining this on the north is a woodshed. The house and L were once painted yellow, but the sun and storms of many years has been at work, and, if not defeated by a new coat of color, will, before long, reduce the whole to that hue which nature loves to bestow on all structures raised by man.

Directly east of the L stands a magnificent elm. It was planted by Daniel's father, Captain Ebenezer Webster, in 1768, and for nearly a century and a quarter has been nurtured by the sunshine and the showers, and invigorated by the pure air of this northern region. Its diameter is more than five feet at a height of nearly a yard from the ground and its gigantic limbs have a sweep of some seventy-five feet from side to side. Beneath it is a well of pure, cold water, dug by Captain Webster many years before the birth of his illustrious son. The old-fashioned well-sweep once erected above it gave place to a more convenient curb over a quarter of a century ago, and this in turn has been supplanted by a modern wooden pump, which creaks and "chugs," indifferent to the fact that it stands upon historic ground, and delivers from its mouth of pine the water from one of the oldest wells within this soil. For this well and this noble tree Daniel Webster never lost his fondness.

After resting and feeding our horses, eating our lunch beneath the old elm, and drinking from the historic well, we drove down to the valley of the Merrimac, a distance of three miles, where is situated the Elms farm, to which Captain Webster removed his family, two years after Daniel's birth. The old tavern in which they first lived, in which the lad read the Psalms to the teamsters when only six years old, and in which he subsequently made his famous defense of the woodchuck, has disappeared with the march of improvement, but the dwelling that they subsequently occupied still stands. It is in one of the broadest portions of the Merrimac valley, and forms the central part of a group of buildings now occupied as an orphan's home. On the death of Captain Ebenezer Webster the estate came into the hands of Ezekiel, who sold one undivided half of it to Daniel. The latter, at the decease of his brother, became sole owner. After his own death it was purchased by a gentleman by the name of Tay, from whom it was secured for its present use.

The house fronts the north, and is a plain two-story structure, with door in the center. The L, which adjoins it on the west was built by the statesman, by whom a large number of beautiful elms and maples were planted about the place. Within every thing is kept, as far as possible, in its former condition. We see the same restricted front hall; the same quaint, narrow staircase, with square rail balusters; the same old-fashioned wainscoting; the small windows with broad paneled shutters on the inside. On the right of the door on entering is the dining-room, in which the Senator used to entertain his friends, and on the left of the parlor, from the rear of which opens the sitting-room, originally with folding doors between. These, however, have been taken away, and only the broad doorway remains.

In the parlor formerly stood Mr. Webster's table, at which he was accustomed to sit, looking out of the east window down the valley to the graveyard where slept his father, mother and several other members of his family. It was the sight of this burial ground that led him in later life to exclaim: "Alas! while the living all change, the tabernacle of the dead remains unaltered. To me my little native village is now hardly known but by its sepulchres. The villagers are gone; an unknown generation walks under our elms; unknown faces meet and pass me in my own paternal acres. I recognize nothing but the tombs. I have no acquaintance remaining but with the dead."—*Cor. Providence Journal.*

THE CORINTH CANAL.

An Eminently Useful Work Which Will Be Completed in Five Years.

This work, which, cutting through the Isthmus of Corinth, will be of sufficient depth and width to allow of the passage of large vessels, is making rapid progress, employing about one thousand men. The quantity of earth to be excavated will be about twelve million cubic feet, and of this, about two and a half millions have already been removed. The depth of the canal is proposed to be twenty-six feet; and the width at the surface of the water will be seventy-two feet, except at the entrance, where it will be about three times that width. The water is already admitted to a distance of sixteen hundred feet into the land at each end, the depth being nearly seventeen feet. It is confidently estimated that the canal will be accomplished in about five years from the present time, judging by the rate at which it is being carried on. It will be an eminently useful work when completed, and one calculated to save much valuable time, by enabling ships to go through the Isthmus, instead of having to sail round the Morea in order to pass from east to west, or from west to east—a circumstance that must carry its own importance in the commercial and maritime world.—*Chambers' Journal.*

There used to be 362 varieties of sharks in salt water, but the number has dwindled down to about ninety, without any apparent good reason for such a change. The number of land-sharks has steadily increased.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE POMAKS.

A Curious and Interesting People Who Dwell in Eastern Roumelia.

The Paris *Temps* gives an interesting description of the Pomaks, or Mussulman inhabitants of the territories of Roufchos and Kirdjali, in Eastern Roumelia, which reverted to Turkey in accordance with the arrangement come to between the Sublime Porte and the Bulgarian Government. The territories of Roufchos and Kirdjali are both of them in the south of Roumelia; the former being in the upper valleys of the Rhodope mountains, while the latter, which lies more to the east and is by far the most important of the two, is situated between the river Arda, which forms the southern boundary of Roumelia, the Ulu-Dere and the mountains of Hisardjik-Dagh, which are part of the Rhodope chain. The district of Roufchos contains sixty-four villages, with a population of about twelve thousand, the principal of them being Dele Kili, Baibani, Hirsora and Nostankey. The district of Kirdjali comprises one hundred and eighty-eight villages, with about twenty-two thousand inhabitants, the principal of which are Kirdjali, Karamanli, Mersiler, Karaguencher and Hasanbabalar. There is, however, a dispute as to whether twenty-four of these villages should belong to Turkey or Bulgaria, and they are in the meanwhile held by the latter. The inhabitants of these two districts are all Mussulman Pomaks, these Pomaks being descendants of the Bulgarians, who, like the Servian Begs, the Albanian Arnauts and Greek Vanalades, embraced the Mohammedan faith at the time of the Ottoman conquest, or soon after, in order to retain possession of their lands. These Pomaks, though living in nearly a savage state, are for the most part of a very peaceable disposition. Confined to their mountains, they live mainly by agriculture and by the manufacture of charcoal from the forests which cover the sides of the mountains. The Pomaks furnish the best arabadjis, or wagoners, and the transport of goods between Macedonia and Roumelia is entirely in their hands. The Pomaks of Kirdjali are much better off than those of Roufchos, as their territory is extraordinarily fertile, and, being irrigated by various streams, the valleys and mountain slopes produce an endless variety of fruits. Grapes grow in abundance, and these are dried as raisins, for the Pomaks do not drink wine. Peaches, apricots, pears, apples and nuts are very plentiful, and the quality of the tobacco grown in this district is very good. The Pomaks have preserved some very curious religious practices and superstitions, and, though they belong to the Mohammedan faith, they look upon the Bulgarian priests as magicians possessing great power. When ill they always go to them for advice, and do not hesitate to recite the prayers to the Virgin which the priests instruct them to offer. When there is a severe drought they take a maiden from one of the villages, cover her over with palms, and pour water over her, chanting in Bulgarian appeals to the clemency of the divinities in whom their ancestors believed—the companions in arms of Asparuk, Kroum and Boris. The Roufchos Pomaks have never paid any taxes either to the Ottoman or to the Bulgarian authorities; and if a tax-collector ever applied to them for payment they politely requested him to return to the place whence he came, while in the event of his refusing they shot him. Two collectors and a posse of Roumelian gendarmes were killed in this way; so that will perhaps explain the readiness of the Bulgarians to make over these districts to Turkey after the Servo-Bulgarian war last winter.—*London Youth.*

SEACOOK'S WRATH.

A Man Who Can Not Appreciate His Wife's Aesthetic Tastes.

"Love," said Mr. Seacock, as he entered the door, "did you buy the things I gave you money for to day?" "Yes," answered the devoted wife, "and as you said that I was only to purchase what we really need, I didn't invest in a new dress." "That's right, Matilda; you're a wife to be proud of. It's a great thing to have a better half one can trust with important commissions. Did you buy any flour?" "No, John, but I bought the loveliest feather for my bonnet you ever saw. And it only cost three dollars." "Great Caesar! You call that a necessity! We can rustle along on cornmeal mush, I suppose, so that you can make your hat umbrageous with feathers. What else did you buy?" "I bought a hanging lamp for the hallway—a perfect beauty. Mrs. O'Hooligan says it is the prettiest one she ever saw." "What does she know about hanging lamps? What does she know about anything? Her old shanty is illuminated with candles and fire-bugs, and here she sails around giving off a lot of slack on hanging lamps. Why doesn't she hire a hall and deliver a lecture on electricity and lanterns? I suppose you bought a bushel of cardinals, or something else that no family can be without. How about the weather strips?" "I didn't buy them. I bought a lace cover for the arm chair, though." "Yes, and I suppose you ordered a lot of tiled roofing for the cyclone cave and wall decorations for the hen house, perfume for the cow, and a pair of opera-glasses for the horse, and a Webster's dictionary for the baby, and spent the rest of the money securing a mortgage on the next earthquake, while we must masticate last year's sandwiches, so that you can buy necessities that we don't need in a hundred years. Fork over the oleo-margarine."—*St. Louis Whip.*

The Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat speaks of a double apartment nest found in that vicinity lately, with two broods of American sparrows, separated by a horsehair partition.

It requires one hundred and eighty-three policemen to keep order in the English Parliament when it is in session.

A human skeleton weighs from ten to sixteen pounds, and the blood of the body about twenty-eight pounds, but promotion leaves only eight ounces.—*Health Monthly.*

A CHURCH CONCERT.

Trustworthy Report of What a Young Man who Accompanied a Young Lady Saw and Heard There.

(We enter and take our seats.) Young Lady—There, Mr. Jenkins, I told you we should not be late. You see we have lots of time. Oh! did you ever see such a horrid hat as Mrs. Deussenbury Smith has got on? It's perfectly awful.

Woman behind us (in a hoarse whisper)—What that girl can see in Jenkins I never shall understand.

Her Companion—Me neither. They say he owes thirty-seven dollars for board to Mrs. Bowler, and she tells me—

Myself—Excessively warm, is it not? Young Lady—It seems quite cool to me. But see! here comes the pianist, Signor Staccato. I think he is just splendid.

Sign. S. (on the grand piano—pianissimo)—Tom, tumty, tum. Tumtytum ta-a-a-a, etc.

Various persons in my immediate neighborhood—They say she's going to be married again, and—No, indeed, for I told him just what I thought of—You don't say so! Well!—Yes, that's him right over there. He—She sings in the choir, and I must say—Isn't he perfectly grand? Sign. S. (fortissimo)—Thump-thump-thump-thump-crash! bang!

Young Lady—He is just wonderful! (Tumultuous applause. Sign. S. comes back and does it some more.)

Young Lady (when he has finished)—I could listen to him all night, couldn't you?

Myself—I could, but it would make me very sad. (My Lady Friend looks daggers at me, and I see that I have made a mistake.)

Woman behind us—How out of place that Jenkins looks at a classical concert like this.

Myself (feigning a deep interest)—Ah, Miss Cantake is going to sing. High-priced Soprano—Una voce poca fa, etc.

Man in front of us—That woman has been married three times. Her name ain't no more Cantake than mine is. Her first husband was—

Woman behind me—It cost a dollar seventy and a yard, and—(Wild applause. High-priced Soprano comes back and bows but won't sing. Enter the gifted artist, W. Macready Higgins.)

Young Lady—I am acquainted with him. He is too awfully funny for any thing. He told par that it came just as natural to him as breathing.

W. M. H. (giving his great imitation of Irving)—God, gud, me lud, etc.

Man in front of me—Did you ever see Irving?

His Companion—Yah. He's no good. You orter see Buffalo Bill. Now he can act, he can. (Frantic applause. W. M. H. comes back and imitates Lawrence Barrett, whom he represents as an asthmatic individual with unmistakable premonitory symptoms of the blind staggers.)

Young Lady—Ain't he just too splendid? He told par that Mr. Barrett saw him give that representation once, and was so overcome that he had to leave the hall.

Myself—I can readily believe that. (I am about to make further remarks of a sarcastic nature when—Enter Israel Morgenstern, the talented American violinist.)

I. M. (playing his great Revery in G sharp minor)—Wa-a-a-a, wah, wah, wahwahwah wo-o-o-w, etc., etc. (I gradually become oblivious to my surroundings, and am soon in the arms of what you may call him. I dream that I have been chosen umpire in a cat-fight, and that I am presently obliged to decide against a large, blue-eyed cat with a determined expression of countenance, who in his indignation fiercely attacks me. We fight for some time with clothes-poles, and I am presently stabbed in the arm. I awake to find that my Young Lady has stuck a pin into me.

Infant Phenomenon (on the platform)—Mabel, little Mabel, with her face against the pane.

Myself—I'm afraid I've been dazed. Young Lady (jelly)—You have slept through two entire numbers.

Myself—I am very— Young Lady (ten degrees below zero)—You need not apologize.

Pastor of Church (large, portly man with a voice like a fog-horn)—I am requested by the Young People's Association to thank the congr— I mean the audience—for its attendance, and to state that an oyster supper has been prepared in the chapel. (Audience becomes interested.) Only fifty cents per head will be charged, and the proceeds will be used—thanks to the kindness of the Young People's Association—to defray your pastor's expenses on his coming lecture tour. Passes through the door to the right. (I am about to invite my Young Lady to partake of bivalves, when I remember that I have only thirty-five cents in my pocket. Excuse, myself and my Young Lady into the street. Excuse nearly every one else into the chapel.)—*F. A. Stearns, in Tid-Bis.*

Chances of Matrimony.

A man who has studied the various phases of the matrimonial market has come to the conclusion that every woman has a chance to marry; it may be one to fifty or it may be ten to one she will. Representing a woman's entire chance at 100, he has made out the following table to show the chance at certain points of time:

Between the ages of 15 and 20 years	14 1/2 per cent.
Between the ages of 20 and 25 years	12 per cent.
Between the ages of 25 and 30 years	10 per cent.
Between the ages of 30 and 35 years	15 1/2 per cent.
Between the ages of 35 and 40 years	24 per cent.
Between the ages of 40 and 45 years	24 per cent.
Between the ages of 45 and 50 years	5 of 1 per cent.
Between the ages of 50 and 55 years	4 of 1 per cent.

After 60 it is one-tenth of one per cent., or one chance in 1,000.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A human skeleton weighs from ten to sixteen pounds, and the blood of the body about twenty-eight pounds, but promotion leaves only eight ounces.—*Health Monthly.*

26,587,335

BOTTLES OF Warner's SAFE Cure

Sold, to Dec. 27, 1886.

No Other Remedy in the World Can Produce Such a Record.

This wonderful success of "Warner's SAFE Cure" is due wholly to the merit of the Remedy. For a long time it has been REGARDED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AS THE ONLY SPECIFIC FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND URINARY DISEASES AND FEMALE COMPLAINTS. Thousands of people owe their life and health to "Warner's SAFE Cure" and we can produce 100,000 TESTIMONIALS to that effect.

Read the following and note the large number of bottles distributed. We guarantee these figures to be correct, as our sales-books will prove.

Boston, - - - 1,149,122. Pennsylvania, - - - 1,821,218.

CAPT. W. D. ROBINSON (U. S. Marine Insp., Buffalo, N. Y.), in 1885 was suffering with a *skin humor like leprosy*. Could not sleep; was in great agony. For two years tried everything, without benefit. Was pronounced *incurable*. "Twenty bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure completely cured me, and to-day I am strong and well." (Feb. 5, 1885.)

Providence, - - - 171,929.

EX-GOV. T. G. ALVORD (Syracuse, N. Y.) in 1884 began *running down* with *General Debility*, accompanied with a sense of weight in the lower part of the body, with a feverish sensation and a general giving out of the whole organism. Was in *serious condition*, confined to his bed much of the time. After a thorough treatment with Warner's SAFE Cure he says: "I am completely restored to health by its means."

Portland, Me., - - - 441,105.

MAJOR S. B. ABBOTT (Springfield, Mo.) in 1871 was afflicted with *lame back, Rheumatism and Kidney trouble*. Consulted the very best physicians in San Francisco, and visited all the mineral springs there. Took a health trip to the New England States, but for seven years *suffered constantly* from his malady, which had resulted in *Bright's disease*. After using a couple dozen bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, and two of *SAFE Pills*, he wrote: "My back and kidneys are *without pain*, and, thank God, I owe it all to Warner's SAFE Remedies."

Bal. of New Eng., - - - 441,753.

MRS. J. T. RITCHEY (562 4th Ave., Louisville, Ky.) was a confirmed *invalid for eleven years*, just living, and hourly *expecting death*. Was confined to bed ten months each year. Was attended by the *best physicians*. Her left side was *paralyzed*. Could neither eat, sleep, nor enjoy life. The doctors said she was troubled with *female complaints*; but she was satisfied her kidneys were affected. Under the operation of Warner's SAFE Cure she passed a *large stone* or calculus, and in Nov., 1885, reported, "Am to-day as well as when a girl."

New York State, - 3,870,773. Bal. N. W. States, - 1,767,149.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ABOUT "WARNER'S SAFE CURE." THE MOST POPULAR REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED.

Cleveland, - - - 682,632. St. Louis, - - - 1,530,527.

EX-GOV. R. T. JACOB (Westport, Ky.) was prostrated with severe *kidney trouble* and lost forty pounds of flesh. After a thorough treatment with Warner's SAFE Cure he reports, "I have *never enjoyed better health*."

Cincinnati, - - - 873,667.

GEN. H. D. WALLEN (144 Madison Ave., New York), *scarcely able to walk* two blocks without exhaustion, and, having lost flesh heavily, began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure and says: "I was *much benefited* by it."

Bal. Ohio, [State,] - 633,158.

COL. JOSEPH H. THORNTON (Cincinnati, O.) in 1885 reported that his daughter was very much prostrated; had *pain in the head*, nervous disorder and *catarrh of the bladder*. She lost fifty-five pounds. Other remedies failing, they began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, *SAFE Pills* and *SAFE Nerve*, and within three months she had gained fifty pounds in weight and was *restored to good health*. That was three years ago, and she is still in as good health as ever in her life. Col. Thornton, himself, was cured of *chronic diarrhea* of eighteen years' standing, in 1881, by Warner's SAFE Cure.

Southern States, - 3,534,017

C. H. ALLEN (Leavenworth, Kan.) son Edwin, two years of age, afflicted with *extreme case of bright's disease*, and the doctors *gave him up*. By the advice of the doctor's wife, began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, and after taking seven bottles he is *perfectly well* and has had no relapse.

Canada, - - - 1,467,824. Bal. Pacific Coast, - 732,316.

Every Testimonial we publish is genuine. Write to the testators, enclosing stamp for reply, and learn for yourselves.

THE OLDEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD Is Probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's CELEBRATED EYE WATER SEEDS! E. J. BOWEN, Wholesale and Retail Seedsman 65 Front St., PORTLAND, OREGON. Garden, Flower and Field Seeds. Clover Grasses, Alfalfa, Onion Sets, etc. etc., in all varieties and lots to suit. Largest and most complete stock in the Northwest. Merchants, farmers and gardeners are requested to write for prices. Illustrated Catalogue Mailed Free.