

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

HER GRAND-AUNT JANE.

When you asked for my hand, and I answered you "yes!" I certainly loved you then. For I thought you all that a husband should be. And better than most of the men; but since you have uttered some notions of yours

On the wife you expect to obtain. I have a half-doubt if we're suited for mates—you should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

You say that a woman should gentleness be, with a timid and downcast eye. And govern her temper and bridle her tongue. However much troubles may try. But I'm gentle alone when they're gentle with me.

I speak with an utterance plain. And I look a man square in the face when I speak—you should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

You say that a woman should close up her ears to the gossip that travels around. And always remain with her dattie at home. Where a wife should forever be found. But when visitors chatter I let them talk on. While my thoughts in my mind I retain. And I like the fresh air now and then for a change—you should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

Eve was taken from Adam, you say—oh, yes! From a rib she was fashioned complete; but you'll please to remember she came from his side.

And not from his head nor his feet. And though in the great matrimonial state. An absolute monarch you'd reign. I fear my rebellion might ruin the realm—you should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

My kinswoman now is past fifty, they say; and never a petulant word. Has ever escaped from her innocent mouth. And slander she never has heard; while she never goes gadding away from her home; and the cause of her goodness is plain—she was deaf, she was dumb, she was lame from her birth—you should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

If you seek not a slave, nor a toy, but a wife. With a heart that is loyal and true. Who will bring you affection as warm as your own. And the honor she knows is your due. I am yours to the end, be it bitter or sweet. A share in pleasure or pain; but if other your views about marriage, why, then, you should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

Why a Cool Burglar Failed in His Scheme.

Mr. Bradley was standing not more than a foot from the telephone when it began ringing. Instantly applying the instrument to his ear, and calling "Hello," he heard some one's voice faintly answer back:

"Hello! Is that Mr. Bradley?" "Yes," he replied. "Who are you?" "Is it Mr. Henry A. Bradley, of Colton Hill?"

"Yes, sir, that is my name and residence. Who are you?" "You must not be surprised, Mr. Bradley, but I am a burglar in your house on Colton Hill."

"What on the living earth do you mean?" "Just what I say—a burglar in your house on Colton Hill, and talking with you here at the telephone. You are necessarily excited by this information, but try to compose yourself," the squeaking voice went on.

"Great Heavens! Compose myself! You infamous scoundrel, what are you doing in my house?" "Precisely what I have said, Mr. Bradley. I am a professional burglar—I really hope you will take this quietly. It will be to your advantage, you know; I will show you that."

"I shall take it quietly, you poor sinner, by starting a squad of police up the hill after you in less than ten minutes. Say your prayers for strong legs, for you will need them more than you ever did before."

"You can not do it, sir. Listen to me, and I will show you that I know all about the situation. In the first place, your house is the only one on this hill, except Mr. Boyd's, immediately across the street, and he is away in the country for the summer. In the second place, the nearest inhabited house is half a mile distant, at the foot of the hill, and the nearest telephone, except the one in your neighbor Boyd's, is at Winchester, five miles off. Now I know you might ring up the Winchester telephone, but it is a long way off, and besides, there is no squad of policemen there. I should not wonder if the town's single guardian were asleep somewhere in a corner. Don't you see that I know all about the place, and that you had better be persuaded to take it quietly?"

"What in the deuce do you want, anyhow?" queried Mr. Bradley, ignoring the question with which the burglar had ended.

"For one matter, to assure you that I am perfectly well posted in all your affairs, which will take but a few words. You are by present occupation, Mr. Bradley, treasurer of the Nonotank Woolen mills."

"That's correct enough." "—And the 30th of every month you go out to the mills with ten thousand dollars in greenbacks done up in a bundle, like groceries, for pay-day."

carrying the greenbacks so much about, and that you would leave them in the house until this afternoon, when you would call for them on the way to the mills. Have I been correct?"

"Possibly, but I must tell you that money is not there. It will be a great disappointment to you, but I brought it into the office this morning."

"Well, well, I will try to bear it. But listen to the rest of my tale. After supper you appeared to hide those greenbacks in some place up-stairs, and this morning, for some reason, when you started for Boston with your wife, you did not have the bundle which you brought home with you yesterday. How am I to understand that?"

"By the use of your reasoning faculty. There are many ways of carrying money."

"My reasoning faculty is just what troubles me; the more I reason, the more I am convinced that the money is here in this house. Of course, you will never admit it without some inducement, and I therefore have a plan to propose for the adjustment of this whole matter—on a basis of mutual benefit, I mean. I will now state it. My name is Smith, by-the-way."

"Very well, Mr. Smith. I can not say that I am glad to make your acquaintance. I must say that our present relations seem very unconventional."

"Unconventional, Mr. Bradley, yes, but not without its conveniences. Just see. Through a burglar in this house, I am able, by means of the latest refinement of civilized invention, to converse with the very owner himself, who knows all its nooks and corners. And you also, the owner, are present at an occurrence of great importance to yourself, instead of remaining ignorant until all is over, as usually happens."

"Oh, well, if you talk in that way. Pray how and when did you enter my house, Mr. Smith, and how am I to know that you are, in fact, talking with me from there, and not from some other point on the line?"

"I entered at the rear kitchen window as soon as I saw you and Mrs. Bradley start down the hill. You can easily make sure of my presence here by asking me some question about the room."

"Very well. There is a small picture over the telephone. Can you describe it?"

"I can. It is an etching—three mice in a trap. It's by Rajon."

"You are undoubtedly on the premises. Yes, there's no question but that you are in my west sitting-room on Colton Hill. And being sure of the impossibility of interruption, since the nearest telegraph station is five miles distant, you have a feeling that you can take matters comfortably. Do I succeed in grasping your view of the situation?"

"Admirably; perfectly." "You say also that you are in communication, by means of the latest refinement of civilization, as you express it, with the owner of the house, and that I, the owner, am as good as present at an affair of great importance to myself—though I don't see yet where the benefit to myself comes in. But you have some plan to propose about that."

"Just so; it delights me to hear you take the matter so sensibly. The truth is, the arrangement that I have in view will be quite as much for your advantage as for mine; the money that is here—"

"No, no; you are mistaken." "Oh, of course you must protest, Mr. Bradley, but I know that it is here, and—"

"Allow me—we can not both talk at once, and I pay the rent for this telephone. It is true, indeed, that I did not bring in a bundle this morning, but I carried in the greenbacks quite the same, in one of my boot-legs, and they are in the safe now; so that if the plan you have to reveal relates to them, I feel quite sure that it will be disappointed."

"We shall see—we shall see. Did I understand you to say that you carried the greenbacks to the city in one of your boot-legs?"

"Yes, sir, in one of my boot-legs—the left one." "I don't want to be inquisitive, but what sized boots do you wear?"

"Tens." "Tens. I suppose you have three or four pairs of tens?"

"I suppose I have." "Now, Mr. Bradley, before entering on this conversation with you, I spent some time in making a thorough search of your house, and as I was on the lookout for hiding-places, I ran my hands into several pairs of shoes, but, curiously enough, I did not find a single pair of boots."

"Ah! I see the inference. But I can not find them myself half the time. You are a married man, and can understand that."

"What I understand is that you avoid the point at issue. The time is passing, and here we are, no nearer a settlement. Had you not better acknowledge the boots; to save time?"

answers you have already given about them. Do you accept that?" "I accept it, though I must say—"

"For the love of brevity, make no more exceptions; time is flitting too fast. Can you not allow me to say what I have to say, and you remain quiet, and then you say what you have to say, and I remain quiet?"

"Very easily. It was you that interrupted me, you remember. But let that pass; I am listening with a hundred ears."

"Oh, very well, then. Here we are— But I had better begin at the first. Your house, as I have intimated has been pretty thoroughly searched. I entered it, Mr. Bradley, soon after you left it, and have been at work ever since; and I was not afraid of Mrs. Bradley's returning, because the habits of your family have been a subject of quite close study to me for some months, and I knew that when Mrs. Bradley went in town she always spent the day there. I knew also that the children were away from the country, and that your wife was herself keeping house during their absence. You perceive that I am posted."

"Very much so." "Yes. It is a good part of a year since I began watching your monthly trips to the factory. Some slip was sure to come, for that was human nature. At last human nature repaid my trust, and I caught you napping."

"How guilty you make me feel! I suppose that you deem yourself an instrument appointed by the angelic powers to find out wicked cashiers?"

Not as bad as that; I will call myself simply a burglar, and leave the angelic powers to the modern business man. Well, as I was saying, I searched your house pretty thoroughly. I could find no money, and was about to renounce my task, when, my eye resting on this telephone, the conception of consulting you about the matter flashed through my mind. It seemed a venturesome experiment, but I rung up the central office, got connected with you, and here we are talking the matter over quietly. I shall soon be through now. Will you continue listening?"

"I am all attention." "Good. I knew you were a man of quick wits, and that probably you would refuse to admit that the money is here, so I made a few preparatory arrangements before calling you at the telephone. In fact, I foresaw I should have to compel you in some way to reveal the hiding-place of that money, and this, Mr. Bradley, is the disagreeable part of my task. I never burned a house down before, but my mind is made up to burn yours down now unless you reveal to me right away where that money is hidden. Yes, sir. I have just brought up several armfuls of kindling-wood from the cellar, and have piled it in the hallway and wet it with a can of kerosene, so that it can all be touched off in a minute. Now, without multiplying words—"

"Without multiplying words, Smith, I defy you. Light the house, if you want to. You have got hold of the wrong man this time—yes, indeed."

"Fiddle-sticks! How you jump at conclusions! Can't you let me finish before you explode? Perhaps I'm not as dreadful as you think."

"Finish!—yes, if you ever will. Are you aware that you have been half an hour coming to the point?"

"A half-hour of interruptions." "Well, well; henceforth I am silent. Let us by all means get through with this business. You have thoroughly searched my house, and you have piled up several armfuls of kindling-wood in the hall, with kerosene on it, ready to touch off in a minute; and here we are, as you say, quietly talking the matter over. What comes next?"

"What comes next is an alternative. The burning of your house, Mr. Bradley, seems quite needless, as well as disadvantageous to us both. Here is the cause: On the one hand, if you refuse to give up the money, and compel me to burn the house, you'll lose both the house and the money. On the other hand, if you sensibly tell me where the greenbacks are hidden, you will lose the money, it is true, but you will save the house. In either case, the money is lost; you can not save your employers' funds whatever you do, and you have simply to put that question aside. Well, put it aside. It now only remains for you to decide whether you will save your house or lose it, and I offer you that alternative. Does it appear a very difficult one to decide upon?"

"Smith, you were made for a logician, not a burglar. Your statement of the case quite resembles a lawyer's brief, and before we go any further I should like to ask you, if I may, whether your occupation has always been what it is at present, for you do not talk like an—"

"An outlaw?" "Yes, that's it—in plain language. What is it that has brought you to the pass of piling up kindling-wood in other people's houses, and threatening them with conflagration after a thirty minutes' statement of alternatives?"

"A sense of humor. Did the absurdity of the world and its conventions never strike you? I was born with an unusual dose of that."

"But there is imprisonment for life, and such little matters."

"That strikes me as humorous, too. Think of the conceit of locking a person up for life! Of course it is a justifiable hardship, but just think of the vastness of conceit implied in one man's walking up to another and clapping him into prison for all his born days. Merely as vastness of conceit it

is very humorous. This is a ridiculous bubble of a world."

"It is a ridiculous bubble of a world; only I fear you under-estimate the disadvantages of laughing on the wrong side."

"I seem to be safe at present. Are you not going to answer my alternative?" "Yes, the alternative; I was forgetting it. The trouble with that alternative, Smith, is that my mind sees another. As you say, the burning of the house seems entirely needless and disadvantageous to us both, but I should put it on different grounds. You assume that the money is out there, but I assume that it is in here. Here, then, is my case. On the one hand, if you insist on burning the house, you do not get the money, and you make yourself guilty of the crime of arson; on the other hand, if you sensibly go away with empty pockets, you leave the house for me, and are a guiltless man. In neither case can you have the money, for it is in here, and you have simply to put that question aside. Let us suppose you have put it aside. It now remains for you to decide whether you will voluntarily make yourself liable for arson. What could be simpler?"

"Your argument is all sophistry—hollow sophistry." "So bad as that?"

"Yes; and I will tell you the little fact that will prove it. It is that I am becoming an impatient man, and have, in fact, just taken a bunch of matches out of my pocket."

"Then you really intend to do it?" "The matches, I tell you, are in my hand."

"Don't take the fatal step quite yet; there is a question I want to ask you. You remember my inquiring for some evidence that you really were in my house? Now how do you know that I am in my office?"

"I do not care whether you are or not." "That seems to me a rather careless opinion. Here we are, Smith, talking over this burglary, and while I know exactly where you are, you have not the remotest idea where I am. Now, suppose I am in Boyd's house across the street from you; there is a telephone there."

"Yes, and suppose you are not." "But I am. Here, in fact, we are, talking with each other at a distance of fifty yards, instead of many miles, as you have supposed."

"It is a likely story!" "Oh, of course you are incredulous; but listen, and I will explain it to you. Understand, in the first place, that I do not carry large packages of money about with me without keeping my eyes open. I have known for several weeks that I was being followed by some one, and my employees have therefore set a watch, so that while you were waiting for me to trip, we were waiting for you to do the same. Yesterday evening the fatal hour came; you were discovered looking through my window, and then we knew what to expect to-day. Accordingly we arranged during the night that I should watch to-day in Boyd's house, with two policemen. It was to have been a busy day in the city, and I could ill spare myself from the office. But I told the telephone clerk to send all calls for me out here to Boyd's, and to this precaution I owe our conversation, which certainly has been a very extraordinary one. Unfortunately, I can not offer you an alternative, Mr. Smith; I must come over with an officer right away, and carry you off to the city. But you believe I am here now, do you not?"

"I believe it is all a weak fable." "Will you look across the street?"

"At this point Smith opened the blind beside the telephone at which he had been talking, and was not a little astonished to see Bradley leave the opposite house and cross the street in the company of a very competent-looking policeman. In a few moments they were at his side, and Bradley was saying, after a look at the burglar's undismayed countenance: "You now have an opportunity, Smith, for even more direct communication with the owner of this house than you have enjoyed heretofore. Here I am, as you see, and here is the policeman."

"Yes, we are all very much present. It resembles a scene in the pantomime."

"Ah! If it only were pantomime! So airy and ingenious a spirit as yours— But I will not waste words. Will you tell me where that pile of kindling-wood is? I think I should like to get it off the carpet."

"That? Oh, that was an invention of mine." "And so you did not intend to burn the house after all?"

"Perhaps not. At all events, I shall not do it now."

"I am inclined to wish for your sake, that the whole affair were an invention. You have made a bad bargain with Destiny, I fear, this time."

"Never mind about me; I am lost in admiration of your cleverness. Come on; I'm ready. Well, well, it's a ridiculous bubble of a world."—Xenos Clark, in Harper's Weekly.

—Tree labels and labeling should receive attention in the winter's leisure. The labels that are on the trees when purchased must not be trusted, but something more durable be provided. For ordinary purposes a heavy pine label, well painted and written upon with soft lead before dry, is excellent; while one made of zinc and similarly written upon is still better. In either case fasten to the trees by use of No. 16 copper or brass wire, making loops so large that years of growth will not fill them out.—Western Rural.

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That is a fair question in regard to anything, and as to "Compound Oxygen" it may have the complete answer by any applicant to Drs. STARKY & FALLIN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., who have names to whom they may with full consent refer in nearly every State and Territory of the United States. Judge Kelley, "father of the United States House of Representatives," heads the list of willing witnesses. Every profession and occupation is represented. Send for the literature on the subject, which will come to you free.

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Now read this carefully, and note every word, for it may lay the foundation for your future happiness and health. Any man or woman, young or old, that suffers with any disease, no matter what it is called, or of how long standing, or who has doctored you, if you will sit down and write me a full history of the case, and all the symptoms, I will write you my opinion of the case, the probabilities of a cure and cost. I am prepared to treat everything requiring surgical appliances as well as medicinally; am a graduate; 30 years practice. Men and women both can write to me in strictest confidence. Persons coming to the city are requested to call on me. Enclose a stamp and address.

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