

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

General Boulanger is fond of cricket, a taste which he acquired during a residence in England when a boy.

Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, devotes a portion of his time in Harrisburg in teaching a Sunday school class.

A Chinese merchant of ready wit, who has had a European education, inscribes his tea chests "Tu does," which is the second person singular of the verb *Moo doceo*, to teach, and when translated becomes "Thou tea chest."

M. Katkoff, editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, who rules Russia, Czar and all, works ten hours a day and writes all the editorial matter that appears in his journal. Besides this, he reads all the correspondence and performs much of the routine work of the office.

William Kramer, one of the most prominent German citizens of New York, owns the Thalia Theater, the Atlantic Garden, an elegant up-town residence, and has recently purchased the site of old Fort George. Thirty years ago Mr. Kramer was a waiter at a salary of ten dollars a week.

Hank Hewitt, an old-timer in Arizona, went into a store in Tucson a few days since, and after purchasing a vest ordered his old one thrown away, but soon remembered that he had left two hundred and eighty dollars in one of the pockets. He succeeded in finding two hundred and sixty dollars of the amount.

R. G. Head, president of the International Range Association, has capacity to get ahead in the world. He was once a cowboy at a salary of fifteen dollars a month; later he had charge of the Prairie Land and Cattle Association at twenty thousand dollars a year, and since then he has accumulated a vast fortune in business for himself.

Dr. Albert Robin has been elected a member of the French Academy of Medicine. He is still a young man, being only thirty-eight years of age, and the bestowal of this honor is therefore the more notable. His success in the diagnosis and treatment of typhoid fever has already made him known to scientific men on this side of the ocean.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

Two young English ladies living at Dresden recently went to Berlin on a visit, and, wishing to make the most of their time, wrote to the Chancellor, expressing their fervent wish to see him; whereupon they received an invitation to his palace, where they were most kindly received. A servant took them through the palace and showed them every thing of interest, with which they were, of course, greatly delighted, their joy culminating when Prince Bismarck himself suddenly appeared and addressed them most kindly in fluent English, walking with them for some time in the garden before bidding them fare well.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

A Texas photographer advertises to "take a photograph as quick as a mile can kick."—*Burlington Free Press.*

A Philadelphia man shot a woman "just in fun!" Ha, ha, pretty good joke that was. What a witty thing it would be to hang him!—*Life.*

"By the way, you are in the drug business. How is it?" "First-rate, except that I hate to see a man die for whom I put up a prescription." "Why so?" "Well, it loses a customer."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Mr. Dusenberry—"I saw an immense electrical plant down town. It is very evident that gas"—Mrs. Dusenberry—"Was it in bloom, dear? Why didn't you bring me a cutting?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

Master of Ceremonies—"Why don't you fire, man? The trap's sprung!" Crack English shot (who has passed the previous night near the grounds)—"I thought those were some more of your blawsted mosquitoes, yer knaw."—*Tid-Bits.*

Things One Would Rather Have Left Unsaid.—She—"No; I can't give you another dance. But I'll introduce you to the prettiest girl in the room." He—"But I don't want to dance with the prettiest girl in the room, I want to dance with you!"—*Punch.*

Partly.—Mrs. Buckram—"How's dat baby ob you'n? Yo' wife was a sayin' tudder day ez how she hadn't named it yet. Reckon she call it arter yo', ob course?" Mr. Hodge Crabtree—"Waal, no'm, only pa'tly. She goin' call 'im Wilyum Crabtree, Wilyum arter her brudder Bill, and Crabtree arter me."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A certain traveling man recently discovered that he is a great poet, and this is how he found it out:

Oh, little girls, always practice economy. Even your slate pencils, save them up with care.

For some day when you no longer need them to do sums with, you can use them heated to curl your soft golden hair.

—*Merchant Traveler.*

O'Grady, the base-ball man, is the most tender-hearted fellow in the world," remarked a traveling man the other evening. "Why, he wouldn't harm a fly." "Yes," was the reply, "I guess that's so. I've seen him many a time when he seemed to be positively getting out of the way of flies for fear of doing them some damage."—*Merchant Traveler.*

EXTINCT ANIMALS.

The Bones of Enormous Beasts Exhumed in Spokane County, W. T.

W. M. Lee, the well-known fruit grower of Tacoma, gives the particulars of a wonderful discovery of bones of extinct animals in Washington Territory, which will attract the attention of the students of natural history and archeology all over the world. In a letter from Spokane Falls, he says: "The face of the whole Territory shows unmistakable evidence of great volcanic upheavals. On my trip through Spokane County I stopped at Latah, and in conversation with Mr. Copen, of that place, regarding the volcanic formation of that section, he informed me that he had examined some large bones of great antiquity accompanied by Mr. Copen I went to the spring where the relics were dug out. It is located on a low strip of springy prairie. The excavation around the spring is twelve or fifteen feet deep, and thirty or forty feet across. The bones were covered by several distinct layers.

The first layer was ancient peat, then gravel, then volcanic ashes, then a layer of coarse peat. From this spring were taken no less than nine mammoths, or elephants, of different sizes, the remains of a cave bear, and hyenas, extinct birds and a sea turtle. Mr. Copen kindly presented me with some specimens of these relics. The dimensions of some of the bones of the larger mammoths were wonderful to look at. The horns were a sort of tusk, and protruded from the head. By dropping the head in the act of feeding the circle of the horns that extended below the jaws rested on the ground, giving support to the head, which is estimated to have weighed a ton.

The horns were worn away several inches deep at the bottom of the turn or half circle, indicating constant use by rubbing on the ground or rocks. One of these horns was ten feet and one inch long and twenty-four inches in circumference. It weighed 145 pounds. One of the tusks measured twelve feet and nine inches in length and twenty-seven inches round. It weighed 225 pounds. The jaw weighed sixty-three pounds. The molar teeth weighed eighteen pounds each. Some of the ribs were eight feet long. The pelvic arch was six feet across, and an ordinary man could walk erect through this opening. The huge and antique monster was eighteen feet and six inches high, and was estimated to weigh twenty tons.

Just imagine far back in the misty by-gones of antiquity, probably before the appearance of man upon the earth, that Washington Territory was the home of those monstrous animals that roamed over the great prairies, traversed the Columbia river, and made the genial climes of Puget Sound their haunts in winter. It matters not what the theories may be in regard to these embedded bones of such huge proportions; why so many of them were piled together in those springy places; what period or age the animals lived; at what time the great change took place which made them disappear from the continent; whether they first made their appearance in this part of America and whether or not it was then a tropical climate.—*Tacoma (W. T.) Daily Ledger.*

NICHOLAS ALLEN.

Unfortunate Career of the Discoverer of Anthracite Coal in Pennsylvania.

Anthracite was discovered in Pennsylvania in 1790, by Nicholas Allen. This Allen, according to the stories and traditions that have been handed down about him must have been a kind of American Rip Van Winkle. He had come down from the Lake Champlain lumber region and opened an inn on the summit of the Broad Mountain. For a time he led a wandering existence, hunting, fishing and lumbering, while his wife attended to the wants of thirsty travelers. In one of his hunting excursions he camped out at the foot of the Broad Mountain, at a spot where a coal vein cropped out, and, upon lighting a fire, was astonished at the intense heat it threw off. He also saw that some of the black stone had become red hot. He dug some of it, and carried it home, where his wife, more practical than himself, pronounced it coal. They saw the coal crop in abundance, and visions of fortunes that might be realized out of it flashed through their minds simultaneously. So, disposing of their effects, they loaded two large covered wagons with the coal, and set out for Philadelphia, with the intention of marketing it there and discovering its true value. They drove along the banks of the Schuylkill, sleeping in the open air at night. At Pottstown three of their horses died, and the coal was dumped into the river. Wearied and disheartened, the pair returned to the old place at the summit of the mountain, and shortly afterward Allen laid his faithful wife to rest over the coal vein that proved their ruin, and turned his face toward the West, where, after an uneventful career, he enlisted for the campaign under Harrison and fell at Tippecanoe.—*Scientific American.*

Curious Experiments.

Mr. Graber has lately made some curious observations upon the effect of light upon eyeless animals, a report of which appears in the proceedings of the Vienna Academy. He put a number of earth-worms into a box, which was provided with an aperture at one side, through which light was allowed ingress. The result of many experiments showed that the worms sought the darkest part of the temporary prison, and that at least two-fifths of their number shunned the light. Experimenting with rays of different colors by means of stained glass, he found that the worms exhibited a marked preference for red light.—*Science.*

THE GRANT FAMILY.

An Interesting Chat with Harrison, the Body-Servant of the Late General.

Harrison tells me that Colonel Fred Grant is in business in New York and that the family are living there. Jesse Grant is in San Francisco, and Ulysses is attending to the interests of his wife's estate in Mexico. I asked him as to how Grant felt when he gave his relics over to the Government. He replied that the General was very well pleased that the Government could get them. General Grant said he felt that they ought to be kept together, and if they were divided among his family they would be scattered. "There was danger at the time," said Harrison, "that the creditors of Grant & Ward might take them, and I remember well when I had finished packing them, and told him that they were all ready for shipping, how much relieved he looked, and how he said, 'I am very glad of it.'"

"But the taking away of those relics," said Harrison, "made little difference in the looks of Grant's house. The rooms were only bare for a day or two. After that they were filled with things fully as curious, and some almost as valuable. I don't suppose any man ever received as many presents as General Grant. He did not know what he had. There were boxes upon boxes of rare and curious things stored away which had been shipped from Europe during his tour, and some of which had never been unpacked. A great many things had been put away because he had no room for them, and these had been forgotten. They were brought out after the relics were sent to Washington, and I thought the house looked really better than ever."

"When did General Grant first realize the fact of his approaching death?"

"It was at Dr. Douglas's office in New York. He was alone with Dr. Douglas and myself. Grant had just had an examination of his throat, and he asked Dr. Douglas if he could assure him that his trouble would not develop into a cancer. Douglas told him that he could not assure him of this fact, but that he hoped he might be able to cure him. General Grant then said 'If you think thus, Dr. Douglas, there is hope for me.' Soon after this Grant's carriage came and we went away. As we drove off he told me not to say any thing to the family as to what Dr. Douglas had said. Throughout his whole sickness General Grant's family never knew how much pain he suffered. From the time of his sickness till his death I was not two hours absent from him. Many nights he would walk the floor all night. When the family would ask him in the morning how he had rested he would say 'pretty well,' and would try to appear cheerful. He had the most terrible pain all the time, and I don't think he had a moment's cessation from pain during those last months. He felt greatly relieved when he had finished his book, and his happiest days were those just before his death. During his whole sickness he never grew irritable or lost his temper. He was the kindest man I ever knew, and he had a great love for his family. Mrs. Grant called him Ulysses and she was very fond of him. He always called her Mrs. Grant, and he was certainly one of the best of husbands."—*Washington Cor., Cleveland Leader.*

USE OF QUOTATIONS.

The Authors to Which Mr. Lowell Alludes in His Harvard Speech.

Lauder's opinion concerning the use of quotations, that "he never walks gracefully who leans upon the shoulder of another, however gracefully that other may walk," has not met with much practical support in the speeches of public men. Perhaps no one has ever given better proof of not holding the contrary opinion than Mr. Lowell in the speech he recently delivered to the Harvard students. In the course of his very interesting remarks he introduced direct verbal quotations from the Bible, from Donne, Bishop Gollios, Kripides, Joseph de Maistre, Dante, Virgil, Wordsworth, George Herbert, Juvenal, Shakespeare, John Winthrop, Macchiavelli and Sir P. Sidney. In addition to his citations of *ipsissima verba*, the lecturer made allusive references to the works of Plato, Raskin, Milton, Kant, Robert Boyle, Agassiz, Cotton, Mather, Gray, Coleridge, Montaigne, Scott, Heine, Matthew Arnold and Theocritus. Passing mention was also made of several other authors and scholars. Lucian's belief that a quoter is either ostentatious of his acquisitions or doubtful of his cause is clearly out of date; and there is no doubt that a proposition stamped with the authority of a great man carries more weight than it would if put into other words and given as a mere *obiter dictum*.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Japanese Journalism.

Mr. Inazo Ota, of Tokio, Japan, who is a graduate student of the Johns Hopkins University, is making a study of American newspaper methods. He says that in Tokio, Japan, which is the center of the wealth and culture of the country, there are over twenty daily newspapers. Most of these are of four pages, though some are of eight. The Conservative, Liberal and Radical parties have each their organs, and several papers are also published in the interest of the Christians, towards whom the Liberals incline. There are also military, banking and agricultural papers. The papers do not circulate in Tokio alone, whose population is over 1,000,000, but go all over the rural districts, where some weekly papers and a few dailies are printed. Of the Tokio papers six are published in English, of which four of the editors are Japanese, one is an Englishman and one an American.—*N. Y. Post.*

DEAD MAIL MATTER.

Strange Things Assembled in the Inventory of a Dead-Letter Sale.

No one can have a notion of what other people send through the mails until he looks over the inventory of articles to be sold at the Dead-Letter Office sale. There is something humorously absurd in the idea of dropping a sewing machine in a letter box. It suggests mailing a saw-mill, a steam engine or a yoke of steers. Yet sewing machines do find their way to the Dead-Letter Office.

Many curious secrets are unfolded in the Dead-Letter Office and there are reasons why the owners never come to claim property. There stands among the other "dead letters" a pair of numbers; six "ladies shoes." What an affliction for any lady to lay claim to! The lady thanks fortune that her name was not on the package, and allows them to be sold at auction. An old wig has been lying in the office for two years without a claimant, while the owner probably wears his hat in church. A pair of corsets made to embrace a thirty-three inch waist can find no one to confess to them. They stand around with several other pairs of similar size awaiting the auction.

But corsets and wigs and sewing machines are not the only curious things that turn up in dead letters. Besides innumerable pairs of shoes, suits of clothes, handkerchiefs, collars and cuffs, cheap jewelry, with an occasional lock of hair and an engagement ring, there are numerous ladies' bustles, brown hair switches, false bangs and frizzes, and even a few articles of underwear and pairs of garters. In one package there were two "damaged night dresses," in another a plug of tobacco, in another a package of hairpins and hair-combs. In yet another package there are six tin teaspoons and a second-hand tooth-brush. The number of packages marked "hair-combs" suggest that they are lovers' locks that some unsentimental clerk has thus viewed. Cosmetics appear in no small quantities. One "damaged hair switch" and several pairs of hoop-skirts were mislabeled in the mails. A gent's seersucker suit and a lady's chemise and unfinished dress also went astray. A pair of artificial teeth are unclaimed. A pair of artificial eyes are among the dead letters. Among other curious mail matter discovered through the dead letters are a fly net for horses, a lady's black cloth dolman, a man's old frock coat, cigarettes, old broken screw-driver, ladies' night-caps, gray hair waves, hair crimpers, ladies' woolen fascinators, four and a half pounds of cheap tea, an old knife-blade, a bunch of tangled thread, ladies' corset covers, thirteen old pewter spoons, a dog-blanket, a lady's old damaged silk dress, a nutmeg grater, shoe brush, gent's dirty clothes and old straw hat, lady's blue jersey, a pair of bathing trunks, old felt hat, bird sling, toy gun, kettle cleaner and tinware, griddle, a dozen potato parers, a sun bonnet, doll's corset, doll's overshoes, a small clock, a pair of pruning shears, a razor, and ninety-nine pounds of iron and metal castings.—*N. Y. Star.*

FOR STORMY WEATHER.

Directions for Making a Serviceable Muslin Poultry-House.

Every poultryman knows the aversior shown by the fowls to the poultry-hous in the day-time. They prefer being outside in the storm to being confined in a closed, dark place; but they are very partial to a shed, or any kind of well-lighted shelter. A cheap arrangement can be made for them, which may be movable, by using slinging lat (one by three inches) and unbleached muslin. To make a muslin house ten by ten feet, proceed as follows:

A strip for the top, four for the foot, and three for stripping one foot from the ground, making eight strips ten feet long each, or eighty feet. One strip for the top of the entrance in front, eight feet long and twelve strips six feet long for the ends and roof, the total being about one hundred and sixty feet of material, costing one dollar. A few boards on the front, with the same at the rear, completes all but the muslin, of which about twelve yards will be sufficient. Run the muslin from the bottom of the strip over the top, and fasten to bottom strip on the other side. Have nothing but the boards on the ends, so as to strengthen the frame, and also that the fowls may pass out at either end. Sew the muslin together with a sewing machine, and use it either crosswise or up and down. Draw it tightly over frame, and paint it with any kind of cheap paint; or oil may be used instead. The structure need not cost over \$5, and it will afford excellent protection against the winds and rains, as will be plenty of scratching-roof an average flock. The muslin is sufficient light, and is much better glass for retaining warmth.—*American Agriculturist.*

Ballet dancing is a pretty business when you once get the hang of it. Thus Maure, the exponent of Spanish fandango, gets \$10,000 a Rosatti gets \$12,000 and Subra \$8,000. That's better by several thousand dollars than going to Congress, or even being President of a university, and pretty nearly as good as being a popular prima donna.—*Troy Times.*

A Cincinnati critic witnessed the recent operatic performances in that city, and says: Dress suits were neither de rigueur nor de trop, but the major portion of the gentlemen in the auditorium wore them. Late comers were numerous, but the usual accompaniment of squeaky shoes was silenced by the heavy matting that covered the floor of the auditorium.

OF HANDWRITING.

Experts Whose Occupation is Mostly Furnished by Anonymous Correspondents.

Those who read character by handwriting, and still more those who profess to be experts in handwriting, have most of their occupation found them by writers of anonymous letters. No doubt there has been a good deal of unreality and errors in the conclusions of experts, so much so that no opinion of this sort ought to be received in a court unless there is abundance of corroborative evidence. As a rule, every anonymous letter which is not at once consigned to the flames or waste-paper basket undergoes a rigid scrutiny of the handwriting. Unless a person is an expert, the opinions given on the subject of handwriting are often simply ridiculous. I showed a letter one day to a lady who was thought to be a great authority on such matters. She loaded the handwriting with every species of abuse. It was the writing of a bad tempered man, of a stupid man, of an ignorant man; there could be no relieving feature whatever in such handwriting as that. "And now, madame," I said, "will you look at the signature?" It was the signature of Macaulay. So if you wish to obtain an opinion worth having respecting the ownership of handwriting, it is far best for you to obtain a skilled opinion. You are not obliged to believe the experts, any more than if you are upon a jury, and it becomes peculiarly difficult to believe when two experts are swearing hard against one another. Nevertheless, if the opinion of an expert will not help you, there is no opinion on which you can safely go. A very remarkable case of identification of handwriting came to my knowledge some time ago. A gentleman had offered a very large sum of money for the discovery of a marriage register, the production of which was highly necessary in a heavy litigation. A clergyman from the country wrote to say that the missing register had turned up in the vestry box of his own parish. A solicitor and a well known expert were sent down to examine the document. The clergyman showed them the marriage register, and after a protracted examination they all went to lunch. Then an opinion decidedly unfavorable to the genuineness of the document was delivered by the expert in handwriting. It was quite modern handwriting and did not possess the comparative antiquity claimed for it. "Then how in the world did it get there?" asked the vicar. The expert had diligently examined the vicar's handwriting in his own note, and said quietly, "Why, you forged it yourself." The unhappy parson, being threatened with highly penal consequences, fled the country. I am sorry to say any thing against the cloth, but many of my readers will recognize this as a true story. The moral is, that if it is really necessary to trace and expose an anonymous communication, you had better use the best available means for doing so.—*London Society.*

SELF-EMANCIPATION.

How One of New York's Gifted Youth Redeemed His Manhood.

Here is a true incident which we commend to the consideration not only of boys, but of the fathers of boys. Mr. P— was a stock-broker in New York. His only son, Paul, was born to the expectation of vast wealth, and hence dowered idly through college, and studied a little law as an amusement. His real training was as a society man. At twenty-two he could lead the german admirably; was an authority on women's gowns and hats, knew better than any other gossip in town which of the girls were "dily," and which were likely to catch the "big fish in the matrimonial pond." His father was, in his dainty speech, "Old Chuck-signer," his sister "the best-groomed yearling filly in the field."

He'd read nothing but the latest magazine, and *vers de societe*. He never voted; scarcely knew who was President, and took no interest in the great problems of national importance with which other men were struggling. His sole concern in life was the last cut in coats, and anxiety as to which balls or receptions he should attend next week.

On Black Friday Mr. P— lost every dollar of his fortune, and died soon afterward. Paul was almost penniless. He made his way to Colorado, and took up land, built a hut and lived in it. At bottom there was good manly stuff in the lad. Pain, loneliness, the great silent mountains about him, brought it out. No meals at Delmonico's had ever the relish of the flapjacks and bacon which he cooked himself after a hard

THE DEADLY CIGARETTE.

The Latest Victim of the Poisonous Paper-Covered Tube.

Of all the forms of tobacco, the small paper-covered tube is the most deadly. There are many reasons for this. In place the cigarette smoker is assured that the tobacco is more than rubbish which is used in any other manner. The paper is well known to be highly poisonous; not more so than the pipe tobacco, probably, but it will hilarily follow the strongest nervous system. The cigarette is an insidious and so mild, and so handy, and that the unfortunate smoker smokes more of them than he has any idea of. The other 997 reasons need not be here, as they have been already discussed in the public press. It has been the influence of exposures that cigarette smoking has increased over 500 per cent in the last four years. Yet there are those who scoff at the power of the cigarette, and it is only necessary to show them that a certain thing is very true in order to get thousands of them to test the question for their own satisfaction.

The recent case of Mr. John bins, of Wyoming, will do much to convince the eyes of the users of the vilest form. It will pain many people to know that the cigarette has insinuated itself into the ranks of Wyoming. Hitherto the guileless pastoral people have occasionally indulged in smoking, but now and then they have their worst enemy charged at them. The smoking cigarette. Now, this is changed. It is an insidious thing to see a gang of cowboys, each with a cigarette in his mouth. True, some of the cowboys stood out against the growth of this habit and shot the smokers, but although this of argument seemed to be somewhat individual cases yet matters of prevented its universal adoption in spite of the best intentions of part of the opponents of vice it continued to grow among the unsophisticated of the plains. Stebbins is an easy victim to the cigarette and incessantly. The effect of the habit was not noticed until one day he fired at a tenderfoot from the back times in succession and missed every time. This alarmed his friends, they besought him with tearful eyes to abandon a habit that was so much to undermine his health and influence on the plains. He himself felt rather shaken and consulted a physician, who told him that he should not give up cigarette smoking for not live six months. Stebbins to quit—next week. This is a part of the cigarette smokers. They ways going to quit some time or other. That night there was a card party in the shanty. Stebbins on the powder keg. He let a stamp fall on the keg. The party stantly broke up. Stebbins and of the keg were last seen going to the roof. As neither have we down serious fears are beginning entertained on that ranch that thing has happened to Stebbins. It is that the doctor's most sanguine expectations have been realized. The name of John Warrington Stebbins been added to the already long list of the victims of the deadly cigarette. *Detroit Free Press.*

—Mrs. Parvenue—"My husband going to have a life-size statue of self carved in marble." Mrs. Stebbins—"Humph! that's nothing. My husband has a bust every Saturday night." *Newman Independent.*

—Mr. Waldo (of Boston)—"A curious young person Miss Stebbins of St. Louis is, Miss Stebbins very bizarre, one might say." Breezy (of Chicago)—"Yes, she is a pain."—*Boston Record.*



DYSPEPSIA

Up to a few weeks ago I considered myself the champion Dyspeptic of America. During the years that I have been afflicted I have tried almost everything claimed to be specific for Dyspepsia in the hope of finding something that would give me permanent relief. I had about run up my mind to abandon all such courses when I noticed an endorsement of Simmons' Liver Regulator in prominent Georgian, a jurist whom I knew, and concluded to try its effects in my case. I have used two bottles, and am satisfied that I have struck the right thing. I felt its beneficial effects almost immediately. Unlike all other preparations of a similar kind, no special instructions are required, no special diet is to be observed. This alone ought to commend it to those troubled with Dyspepsia.

J. N. HOLMES,
Vineyard, N. H.

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ONLY GENUINE MANUFACTURED BY

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