

AN ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

One of the Legal Methods and Arguments of the Great Exponent. One of the very best anecdotes of Daniel Webster as illustrative of that exalted and exalted character which his mind pre-eminently possessed was told by the late St. George Tucker Campbell, of Philadelphia, himself a lawyer of great and deserved distinction.

CREAMERY BUTTER.

HOW DAIRY CO-OPERATION SPARES THE FARMER'S WIFE.

The Old Fashioned Way of Making Butter by "Rule of Thumb"—The Inevitable Evolution—The Creamery Idea Taking Root Everywhere.

It is only a few years since the most soul harrowing and back breaking duties of the farmer's wife were the churning, working and selling of the products of the farmer's dairy. Through inferior facilities they were subject to long churning—the butter would not come, owing to want of control over the temperature. It was worked in the cellar where the salty ones made the brick floor damp and disease breeding. It was salted by guess work, and the results were often disastrous, especially when it was found by testing that unwelcome flavors had crept in by exposure to the kitchen or other foul smells. The butter was sent to market all the same and was bought by the urban house-keeper to her own disgust and the disrepute of the maker and seller.

It first obtained popularity in the New England states. It was pure co-operation at that stage. Half a dozen or more farmers clubbed their capital to build a small butter factory and appointed a competent person to superintend, and announced themselves ready to make the butter and cheese for the entire community. It was soon found that the farmer could make so much more money by sending his cream to the creamery than by working it into butter by the aid of his wife's labor. Made in quantities it could be shipped and sold in the city markets at much better figures than could be got "in trade" at the country grocery. All hands were better satisfied, especially the farmer's wife.

THE INEVITABLE EVOLUTION. Capital was not long in finding promising employment in erecting and operating creameries. This brought the inevitable evolution of better business management and better mutual results. A few cardinal rules had to be observed. It was desirable to erect the building for butter and cheese making near a stream of clear, cold running water. A man of experience in the management of milk was made superintendent and given a sufficient staff of assistants. Wagons started from the factory morning and night collected the cream in cans holding from three to five gallons each. These cans on arrival at the creamery, are in summer plunged up to their necks into the clear cool water in vats. In winter this room is kept at a perfectly uniform temperature by fire heat. The churning, working, salting and shaping of the butter are all done under a perfectly uniform system, the same day after day and year after year.

THE CLIMATE OF SIBERIA

Not All a Barren Arctic Waste—Beauty and Profusion of Siberian Flowers. It is hardly necessary to say that a country which has an area of five and a half million square miles, and which extends in latitude as far as from the southern extremity of Greenland to the island of Cuba, must present great diversity of climate, topography and vegetation, and cannot be everywhere a barren arctic waste. A mere glance at a map is sufficient to show that a considerable part of western Siberia lies farther south than Nice, Venice or Milan, and that the southern boundary of the Siberian province of New Irkutsk is nearer the equator than Naples. In a country which thus stretches from the latitude of Italy to the latitude of central Greenland one would naturally expect to find, and, as a matter of fact, one does find many varieties of climate and scenery. In some parts of the province of Yarovsk the mean temperature of the month of January is more than 50 degs below zero Fahr while in the province of Semipalatinsk the mean temperature of the month of July is 75 degs. above, and such maximum temperatures as 90 and 100 degs. in the shade are comparatively common.

WITH A TURTLE HUNTER.

CATCHING KENTUCKY SNAPPERS TO MAKE FREE LUNCH OF.

How the Snapper Lies in Walt and Falls into the Urinary Mallet—Sneoping Up the Game—Steel Traps, Bile and Fish-hooks.

A wild mallard drake, with a curled tail and four eyes, was quietly taking his breakfast in the bottom of his family the other morning among the weeds and willows on the west bank of the Licking river, at the mouth of Blank Lick creek, Kenton county, Ky. The drake was rich in worms, slugs and tender shoots of aquatic vegetation, and for a time the drake swung himself on his side and washed his tail in the air, while his beak was twittering and sucking in the sludge under the river's surface with considerable concentration. It was plain that he had struck a soft snap and knew it.

Once, when he brought his head above water to swallow a slug and had a little largesse of gentle quacks into his throat, something went to take hold of his leg from below. He quacked frantically and the water with his wings. Then his wings and his back and his head went under water, and his four eyes excitedly lifted themselves into the air and winged their way into another county.

THE WANDERER.

Love comes once to its vacant dwelling—The old, old love that we knew of yore We see him stand by the open door. Who has great eyes and, and his beard swelling. He makes as though he were our neighbor. He faints and goes as he is wont before— Love comes once to its vacant dwelling— The old, old love that we knew of yore!

Fault of American Workmen. This is one great fault of American workmen, and the reason why there are so many "average men." When the day's work is done, instead of taking a mechanical paper and sitting down at their own homes, to improve their minds and keep posted on what is going on in the great world around them, they reason something after this fashion: "We poor laboring men have no time to ourselves, no time for pleasure or recreation no time to enjoy ourselves, we can't afford to take the trade papers, and we have no time to read them if we do. When our day's work is done we want to have a little time to ourselves."

Foreign Population of Massachusetts. Professor Munroe Smith tells us in Political Science Quarterly some most astonishing facts. Of all the population of Massachusetts only 55,591 were born of native parents, while 919,959 had foreign parents and 119,741 were born of mixed parents. That is, Massachusetts is in fact a foreign state, 75 to 80 per cent. of her blood is foreign. There are sixty-eight cities and towns in the Commonwealth in which there is an excess of persons of foreign parentage. These towns have 50 per cent. of the population, while the remaining 120 towns, which contain a majority of native born parentage, represent only 41 per cent. of the whole. That is, our foreign influx gravitates into towns and cities, and is largely possessed of the herd instinct. Although in Massachusetts there is the additional attraction of great factories, which open to vast numbers of foreign operatives, what is true of Massachusetts is equally true of one or two of the northwestern states. They are essentially foreign in population.—Globe Democrat.

SOCIETIES.

- EUGENE LODGE NO. 11, A. F. AND A. M. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month.
SPEICHER BUTTE LODGE NO. 1, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening.
WIMAWHALA ENCAMPMENT NO. 6. Meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays in each month.
EUGENE LODGE NO. 13, A. O. U. W. Meets at Masonic Hall the first and third Fridays in each month.
J. M. GRAY POST NO. 44, G. A. R. MEETS at Masonic Hall the first and third Fridays in each month.
BUTTE LODGE NO. 36, I. O. O. F. MEETS every Saturday night in Odd Fellows' Hall.
KADING STAR BAND OF HOPE MEETS at the C. P. Church every Sunday afternoon at 2 P. M. Visitors a most welcome.

OFFICE HOURS, EUGENE CITY POSTOFFICE. General Delivery, from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. Money Order, from 7 A. M. to 3 P. M. Register, from 7 A. M. to 3 P. M. Mails for north close at 5:30 P. M. Mails for south close at 8:30 P. M. Mails by Local close at 5:30 A. M. Mails for Franklin close at 7 A. M. Monday and Thursday. Mails for Mabel close at 7 A. M. Monday and Thursday.

Eugene City Business Directory.

- BETTENMAN, G.—Dry goods, clothing, groceries and general merchandise, southwest corner, Willamette and Eighth streets.
CELANO BROS.—Dealers in jewelry, watches, clocks and musical instruments, Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.
FRIENDLY, S. H.—Dealer in dry goods, clothing and general merchandise, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.
GILL, J. P.—Physician and surgeon, Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.
HODES, C.—Keeps on hand fine wines, liquors, cigars and a pool and billiard table, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.
HORN, CHAS. M.—Gunsmith, rifles and shot-guns, breech and muzzle loaders, for sale. Repairing done in the neatest style and warranted. Shop on Ninth street.
LUCKEY, J. S.—Watchmaker and jeweler, keeps a fine stock of goods in his line, Willamette street, in Ellsworth's drug store.
McCLAREN, JAMES—Choice wines, liquors and cigars, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.
POST OFFICE—A new stock of standard school books just received at the post office.
RHINEHART, J. B.—House, sign and carriage painter. Work guaranteed first-class. Stock sold at lower rates than by anyone in Eugene.

DR. L. F. JONES, Physician and Surgeon.

WILL ATTEND TO PROFESSIONAL calls day or night. OFFICE—Up stairs in Tinsie's brick; or can be found at E. H. Lockey & Co's drug store. Office hours: 9 to 12 M., 1 to 4 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M.

DR. J. C. GRAY, DENTIST.

OFFICE OVER GRANGE STORE. All work warranted. Laughing gas administered for painless extraction of teeth.

GEO. W. KINSEY, Justice of the Peace.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE—TOWN LOTS and farms. Collections promptly attended to.

SPORTSMAN'S EMPORIUM

HORN & PAINE, Practical Gunsmiths. DEALERS IN GUNS, RIFLES, Fishing Tackle and Materials. Sewing Machines and Needles of All Kinds For Sale. Repairing done in the neatest style and warranted. Guns Loaded and Ammunition Furnished. Shop on Willamette Street.

Boot and Shoe Store.

A. HUNT, Proprietor. Will hereafter keep a complete stock of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Shoes. BETTON BOOTS. Slippers, White and Black, Sandals, FINE KID SHOES, MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES! And in fact everything in the Boot and Shoe line, to which I intend to devote my special attention.

MY GOODS ARE FIRST-CLASS!

And guaranteed as represented, and will be sold for the lowest prices that a good article can be afforded. A. Hunt.

Central Market,

Fisher & Watkins PROPRIETORS. Will keep constantly on hand a full supply of BEEF.

MUTTON, PORK AND VEAL.

Which they will sell at the lowest market prices. A fair share of the public patronage solicited. TO THE FARMERS: We will pay the highest market price for fat cattle, hogs and sheep. Shop on Willamette Street, EUGENE CITY, OREGON. Meats delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

Ingalls' Command of Language.

The speaker was a general on the Union side in the late war, a native of New York state and a graduate of Union college. He emigrated to Kansas after his graduation from college. "There was a little crowd of us in Kansas City just before the war," said he, "from the eastern states and graduates of the eastern colleges. We formed a set by ourselves, some of real estate and town lots, some practicing medicine—all doing something actively all. I believe, have since attained notoriety in some way or other. Ingalls was a graduate of Williams college. He looked as he does now—thin and spare. He was eccentric in his dress, and always wore something striking. He used to love to wear, I remember, a big red necktie. He was a shy, reserved fellow, and had the reputation of being very cynical. It was said that he lay awake nights polishing his bitter epigrams. He wasn't very popular, and as a lawyer, though he was considered smart, he had only a fair practice.

"I think I came to be as intimate with Ingalls as any of the boys were, and I will remember his telling me one night, as we sat in my room smoking together, the manner in which he was working to secure command of language. He said that it was his practice for an hour or so each day to open Webster's Dictionary at random and run down a column or so of words, carefully studying the meaning of each word and hunting up in the lexicon its derivation and so forth. You know that in explaining the meaning of a great many words the dictionary gives a line or a couplet from Pope or Johnson, or from some one or more of the classic authors, and these quotations Ingalls would often commit to memory, especially if they happened to appeal to his imagination. Then, too, he would look up in Crabbe's synonyms, the words which meant the same, or nearly the same as the word he had in mind, and he would study carefully the nice shades of difference between them all. He told me that so far from finding this work tiresome or disagreeable he took the greatest pleasure in it, and that he knew it did him more benefit. He considered this practice far superior, for the purpose of giving one command of his own language, to the old traditional one of translating the Greek and Roman classics into English and of then translating them back again.

"I met Ingalls years afterward, and he told me he was still keeping up the practice. I suppose he is keeping it up now, and that's where his facility of expression comes from."—New York Sun.

Adobe Mansions of Santa Fe.

The adobe house, or "doby" as it is called, is familiar to all western tourists, but it is seen at its very best here. The wealthiest people live in structures which from the outside seem scarcely habitable, but within are airy and, in many instances, luxurious. Judge Thornton, a wealthy mine owner, has a "doby" house near the plaza, or public square. In the center of the building is a square courtyard filled with magnificent flowers, with a fountain in the center. The floors of each apartment in the house open on the wide veranda which runs around the courtyard, and the effect is very charming. The walls of the building are nearly three feet in thickness, giving opportunity for deep cushioned window seats. These thick walls keep out cold in the winter and heat in the summer, and there are, therefore, but two fireplaces in the whole house—for use in the event of extraordinary severe weather. The decorations of the dwelling are such as one finds in Atlanta's Peachtree street homes—beautiful pictures and statuary, imported carpets and rugs, rare bric-a-brac and potteries—everything that money can buy. Of course, all this makes the change from the outside atmosphere of squalor the more marked. Judge Thornton's home is but the type of hundreds of others owned by wealthy Spaniards, Mexicans or Americans, who have settled here because of this incomparable climate.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Race for Dear Life.

Some weeks after returning to the fort Gen. Emery who was in command of the detachment, ordered me to make a scout as far east as Frenchman's Fork, eighty miles away. I started alone, leading Joe for my horse and for a run home if jumped by the wild boys. I struck the Fork in the night, and, finding a quiet little place in the bend of the river I camped. At the break of day I climbed a tall tree near by to take a look up and down the river. I had climbed about thirty feet, when I saw several streaks of blue smoke rising up through the trees to a half mile away. I slid out of that tree mighty quickly, and, running up to Joe, soon had him saddled. I had to find out the size of that village, however, and make my report to the general. I tied Joe to a tree and crept up a high hill, from the top of which I had a good view of it. Then, with all of the information I wanted, I started for Joe, when I espied a band of Indians coming up the ravine in which Joe was tied. They were not a mile away, but had not discovered me. The grass didn't grow under my feet while I was getting down the hill to Joe, and we were soon making lively tracks out of that ravine. The Indians came on quietly until they came to the tree to which Joe had been tied. Then they saw the fresh trail running up the ravine. In a second they were after me. There were about forty of them on a buffalo hunt and mounted on their best horses. I had no time to go after the horse which I had tied further off. I would soon have led the ravine and get out on the level prairie, which stretched away for miles, and where I could be easily seen. When I got out on the level ground I put Joe to his best. I kept looking back and when I was about a mile and a half out on the prairie the Indians came in sight. They saw me at once and on they came. I knew it was to be a long race, for I was fifty miles from any white man. The Indians never got any closer to me than they were when they started, but they would not give up, thinking that my horse would surely give out. But they were mistaken. Joe held his own. They chased me within about ten miles of the fort before they gave up. I had run Joe at least forty miles with hardly a stop. I thought the run would kill him but two days afterward when the troops were ready to go after the Indians Joe was ready to go also. When we got back to the Frenchman the Indian village was gone. I went where I had left the horse tied to the tree some days before. I expected the Indians had found him, but they had not. The poor brute was there and nearly dead for water. He had eaten everything in his reach, but he could not break the strong rope to get to water. He got well, however, and I rode him hundreds of miles afterwards.—Buffalo Bill's Letter.

A Scene on the Plains.

Gen. W. T. Sherman's liking for circuses and spectacles is well known. When Buffalo Bill was at Erastina and Madison Square Garden before he went to Europe, the general was frequently present. He was talking about Buffalo Bill a day or two ago in this way: "Buffalo Bill's show is the most wonderful thing in the way of disclosing to the people how all the great western country has been settled that it would be possible to present. It is marvelous how he has been able to represent the primitive forest, with the wild animals, the wagon trains and the camps, the settlements and all that sort of thing. I watched him as he rode up in advance of the wagon train and found the spring, and where he stopped down and took the water up with his hat and handed up a turtle to his horse. "It reminded me of many a similar scene which I have witnessed. I remember just such a spring away up on the North Platte river, and I have seen many a man water his horse or his mule at just such a spring. The water is generally deep down in the surface of the ground in a fissure, where it would be impossible for the animal to reach it. When Buffalo Bill jumps on his horse and swings his hat for the wagon train to come on, it is the most natural thing in the world."—New York Tribune.