

MISCELLANEOUS.

Good authorities say the Mexican... is a servicable animal, good for... journeys, easy in a canter, intelligent...

A roaring gas well back of Canonsburg, Pa. is said to have the greatest registered pressure of any in the world.

The following story comes from North Vassalboro, Me.: On Tuesday, the 24th ult., a man died and left a sorrowing widow to mourn his loss.

In a village in Central New York there was a great deal of aristocracy and wealth and eligible matches were scarce...

Not improved workmanship but rapidly is the distinguished feature of the mechanical arts and trades nowadays.

The Boston Journal of Health says: "It is recommended that the milk supply of cities, at least in hot weather, be scalded as soon as received by the consumers to prevent it souring."

REFUSED HIS SALARY.

A Governor of Idaho Who Wouldn't Take Money He Hadn't Earned. Another distinguished son of Keokuk is Mr. Irwin, who is guilty of an act not many years ago which, if he had been tried for it by a jury of office-holders, would have consigned him to a lunatic asylum for the rest of his life.

I asked Mr. Irwin about this little affair to-day, and he laid the entire blame upon his mother. He said she was with him when he received the checks for his salary, and she said: "John, it is not honest for you to keep that money, for you have done nothing to earn it."

GREAT STEAMBOAT RACE.

More Than a Million Said to Have Been Staked Upon the Result. The greatest steamboat race that was ever run in the world was that which occurred in June, 1870, from New Orleans to St. Louis, between the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez.

There was great rivalry between the boats, and when the Natchez made her great run Captain Cannon determined to beat it. He stripped the Lee for the race—removed all parts of her upper works which were calculated to catch the wind; removed all rigging and outfit that could be dispensed with to lighten her; engaged the steamer Frank Pargoud to precede her a hundred miles up the river to supply coal; arranged with coal yards to have fuel flats awaiting her in the middle of the river at given points, to be taken in tow under way until the coal could be transferred to the deck of the Lee, and then to be cut loose and float back.

In the afternoon the Robert E. Lee backed out from the levee, and five minutes later the Natchez followed her. The whole country watched the race with breathless interest, as it had been extensively advertised by the press, and the telegraph attended its progress along the river at every point.

The latter steamer had run into a fog and grounded between Memphis and Cairo, which delayed her more than six hours. It is said that 30,000 people crowded the wharf, the windows and the house-tops to welcome the Lee on her arrival at St. Louis. Captain Cannon was tendered a banquet by the business men of the city, and was generally lionized while he remained here.

MAN'S TRUE CHARACTER.

In Most Instances It Is Called Forth Only by Great Emergencies. Great emergencies call forth the great soul. War in the twinkling of an eye turns village drunkards and pettifogging lawyers into Generals and statesmen. Love transforms Cyron from a brute into a man. Necessity makes Shakespeare a dramatist; accident reveals Scott his true powers. The most commonplace men and women have passed through the fool's paradise of love, when they were divine beings worshipping divinity, and in that fool's paradise they for a brief moment found their true selves, saw deep into the soul of their consort. That fitting dream was in truth an awakening, the brief opening of the spiritual eye. When the world of facts has passed away, our dreams may remain. The man of common sense asks for realities, the poet knows that only illusions are true. Look you, the man whom you hate are there not women who worship him, children who look up to him? Who sees the true man—you who hate him, or they who love him? Love is a divine delight; it reaches out over and around its object into the illimitable; it is a part of the over-soul of the infinite of God. Hatred is painful. It strains and racks the body, it blinds the vision, it makes man conscious of his mortal limitations. "Love sees the virtues that are of the soul; hatred only the diseases of the skin." "All men have their faults, and stealing was Bill's," said a weeping widow over the corpse of a desperado shot in attempted burglary. And grotesque, ludicrous as the expression may seem, she was right. She knew that not in the robber, the law-breaker, the outcast, did the real man shine forth, but in those rarer moods of kindness and generosity when he was the true friend and husband. Perhaps when two enemies, who have refused to see any good in each other on this earth, meet hereafter in another world free from the gummy vesture of decay which clogs their vision here, the first thought of each will be: "Is this the beautiful soul that I maligned and hated?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Pastures can not be continually cropped without something being returned to prevent loss of fertility.

ELECTRIC VIVISECTION.

Cruel Experiments That Have Recently Taken Place in New York. The old question of the desirability for any scientific purpose of vivisection will not be settled by the very interesting and yet cruel experiment that took place the other day before the Board of Electrical Control in New York. It was for the purpose of determining whether, as has been alleged, the alternating electrical currents used in incandescent lighting are more dangerous and deadly than continuous currents of even greater power.

A large dog was placed on the demonstrator's table, so that a current of electricity could be sent through the animal at a graduated pressure. The exhibition began with a current of 300 volts, cut off instantaneously, but the shock caused the dog to leap into the air with a loud yelp. The tension was then increased to 400 volts, and for ten seconds the dog howled and struggled convulsively. The next raise was to 500 volts, and the agony of the animal was intense. In his frantic effort to escape he would have broken the twisted wires of the cage had he not been held by the stout rope about his neck. Then for ten seconds a current of 700 volts was sent through him. So furious were his bounds and strains that the united rope and wire seemed too weak to hold him, and another wire was therefore wound about his neck and he was strapped fast by leather bands to the cage. Then all was made ready for another test, it being noted that "his natural power of resistance had fallen to 3,500 ohms."

At a further signal a current of 1,000 volts tension was applied, and the brute gave a yell of agony that sounded almost like a human shriek. Having thus demonstrated that 1,000 volts were insufficient to destroy life except by torture, the lecturer announced that he had worked up to 1,240 volts without attaining a fatal result from a continuous current, but would not carry the experiment so far in the present instance unless his audience desired. No one desiring further evidence, he changed the current to the Siemens machine, giving 288 alternations per second, which is about that used in producing the incandescent light by an alternating current in ordinary service.

This current at 330 volts tension killed the weakened animal in five seconds, but the scientific objection was raised that the animal's power of resistance had been grievously impaired by the continuous current. So the demonstrator was proceeding to cage a fresh dog when Superintendent Hankinson, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, put an abrupt stop to the exhibition by notifying the lecturer that if any more such tests were made he would arrest every man concerned in making them.

Thus it has been demonstrated by a terribly cruel experiment that a strong continuous current of electricity will torture a strong dog, and that a comparatively weak alternating current will kill a weak dog. Has enough knowledge been gained to atone for the horrible cruelty?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

RAILROADS IN GERMANY.

The Cozy Station-Houses Found in All Portions of the Empire. The railroad stations all over Germany are models of convenience and pretension. The smallest local train on a Germany railway receives a degree of consideration and honor that would stagger the engineers of the Chicago limited. The railroads are run entirely by the Government, and every thing connected with them shows the impress of military rule.

The stations are surrounded by small parks, in which there are fountains, flowers, and artistically-arranged fedges. The station building is often the most pretentious one in the town, and there is usually attached to it a large restaurant with several waiters in the conventional claw-hammer coats. Broad walks made of granite and marble and relieved from monotony by designs in mosaic stretch along on either side, and there is an air of spick and span brightness about every thing in sight. As the train draws into the station the waiters stand in an orderly row at the entrance to the dining-room. They have all been soldiers—every man in Germany has served a number of years in the army, and they stand in a military attitude with their hands at their sides and their chins up. Directly in front of the main entrance stands the captain of the station. His rank is indicated by a red cap. His uniform is exceedingly showy, and often becoming—for the men as a rule, aristocratic and well formed. He wears high-heeled boots, dark-blue trousers, relieved by a red stripe, a double-breasted military frock coat, with a gold belt and rows of brass buttons. Ranged behind are the guards, who are also in uniform, but whose caps are dark blue. After the train comes to a halt, the chief guard jumps to the ground and salutes the station-master. Then the men step forward, and the work of loading and unloading the train goes on with conventional Teutonic stolidity. It is the duty of one of the guards to walk along the train and rub all the dust from the door handles and other brass work, so that in the course of the journey the metal becomes brilliantly polished. When the train is ready for departure the guards salute the station master again, and he takes a whistle from his belt and blows "it twice. Upon this another guard, who is stationed at the further end of the platform, rings a huge bell three times, and then, with another salute by way of courtesy, the train moves on its way. This is only an indication of the military spirit which pervades Germany in every direction.—Berlin Cor. N. Y. Sun.

THE CANDIDATE AT HOME.

A Realistic Picture of the Trials and Tribulations of Our Great Men. "Yes, my dear," remarked the candidate to his wife, as with a weary sigh he removed the wrappers from a large yellow silk pin-cushion with his initials on it, and sent the girl down stairs with \$4.82 for the expressman; "yes, I fully appreciate the honor that some of the people of this great and effervescing Republic have done me in nominating me for so high an office; but I could wish that they would be somewhat less impetuous, as it were, in their method of expressing their esteem and admiration."

He here stopped to replace the cover on the box containing the twenty-year-old rattlesnake that had been sent him by a constituent in Wyoming, an act which he performed just in time to prevent the playful reptile from meandering out and making a light lunch of the baby. This done, he resumed, sadly: "It must, of course, be highly gratifying to any properly constructed candidate to have an enthusiastic people pouring a perfect avalanche, if I may be permitted the expression, of canes, cigar-cases, underwear, boasts of assorted sizes and colors, and other useful articles upon him; he can not but feel proud to think that his house is the objective point of every express wagon in town, and that people all over this great and glorious land are sitting up nights and neglecting their business to make rare and curious articles of vertu for him. But in time even this becomes monotonous, and—"

Here the girl came in to say that another consignment of yellow dogs had arrived, and that the expressman wanted eight dollars more. With a sigh the candidate produced the money, and ordered that the dogs be put down cellar and made as comfortable as possible.

"I do not mind dogs so much," he remarked, "but snakes and prairie wolves seem to me in bad taste, and I earnestly deprecate—"

"There's a man down-stairs," interrupted the girl, re-entering the room, and falling over the twenty-pound brindle cat, which a lady in Michigan had sent with her regards and an express bill for twelve dollars, "and he says that he has just named his two-hours' old baby after you, and thought he would come 'round and let you know, so that you would not feel anxious about it."

"This is getting played out," howled the candidate; "I've got no more money to invest in that way, and that settles it. Give him a spoon out of the holder, with my regards, and tell him I'll call 'round and kiss the baby as soon as I get time."

"Say!" remarked his wife with animation: "this paper says that a man named Wellington Hanks, in Keokuk, is making a hair-brush for you to be composed of 11,967 distinct pieces of wood."

"Great guns!" exclaimed the candidate: "Who said I wanted a hair-brush? The idea of sending a hair brush to a man without a hair on his head! I won't have it—"

Just then the girl entered, and said that a mule of rare beauty had arrived from Arizona, and was waiting his orders and sixteen dollars.

"Slaughter the beast!" cried the candidate wildly, "and tell the expressman to go to! Am I to have no time to think about the tariff and things, and no money to buy food with? I can't even get a chance to write my inaugural address; and the first thing you know it'll be the fourth of March, and I'll have to stand up there before a perspiring multitude and speak a piece out of the Amateur Orator. I won't—"

He was interrupted by the entrance of a boy with an express package, upon which were inscribed the words "All charges prepaid." As his eyes fell upon the inscription, he uttered a wild shriek and fell to the floor unconscious. For a few moments his woes were forgotten.—F. A. Stearns, in Puck.

THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

How Discipline Was Administered to a Suspected Celestial Farmer. Yesterday news reached the officials here of a summary execution which took place at Nyan-tong-bien, one of the towns belonging to this Fu. A farmer in that district named Pa'n (nicknamed To'h Chao, because he had only a thumb on his left hand) was said to be the head of a secret society numbering several tens of thousands, in this province and Shantung. As he was constantly going to and fro, and was supposed to be plotting against the Government, two military officers, acting under instructions from their superiors, resolved to arrest him the next time he returned home.

With this purpose in view, they surrounded his house with a band of soldiers, but on approaching nearer one of the officers was shot dead, and the man broke from the house and fled. He was soon overtaken and disabled by a blow from the other officer's sword, when he was slowly tortured to death by the soldiers gashing his body to pieces with their knives. They then tore out his heart and hung it up on a pole in front of his house to intimidate his followers. Before attempting to escape from the house, the unfortunate victim is said to have killed his daughter, a girl of sixteen years of age, fearing lest she should be assaulted by the brutal soldiers. The surviving officer came yesterday to report the case to the Chan-ful, the Brigadier General, who lives here.—Pekin Gazette.

A Kansas ranchman predicts that cheap beef and mutton of the future will come from the immense grassy plains of Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

RESPONSIBILITY OF CATS.

They Have Been Charged With Nearly All Crime Known to the Calendar. A merciful Providence is metaphorically said to have made the back of the domestic cat exceedingly broad, in exquisite adaptation to the moral load which that anatomical structure has to carry. We all know that most fires are due to cats. Cats are culpably careless in the use of matches. Even Messrs. Bryant and May have scarcely been able by their ingenious invention to correct the influences of feline rashness. It is far too common a thing for a cat, after lighting a cigar, to throw a wax vesta or a deadly fuscus upon the carpet or the bare boards. These animals will leave candles in immediate proximity to curtains, and forget all about them in an exciting chase after mice that have as much right to live as themselves.

A cat has been known to turn on the gas, and then, hearing a scratching behind the wainscot, to become absorbed for half an hour before applying the flame, with consequences which can be imagined, and, therefore, if Henry James will pardon us for saying so, need not be described. Cats, too, are addicted to the pernicious practice of smoking in bed, especially Persian cats, who can not otherwise perform their allotted task of reading through the "Arabian Nights" twice a year. Now, as it is notorious that no cat will endure a cover to his pipe, we need not point out the great dangers we are in by this unhappy levity. But there is really no end to the responsibility of cats, who are without any sense of shame, and appear to be most imperfectly acquainted with the laws which govern the ignition of inflammable bodies.

How many fires they cause in London from January to December, Captain Shaw alone knows. It is only necessary to mention their too familiar habit of saving themselves trouble by carrying hot coals in a shovel from one room to another, for on this occasion we may avoid the painful topic of the frauds which they too often perpetrate at the expense of the insurance companies. When all these things are taken into consideration we need not wonder, however deeply we may be grieved, at the number of fires whose origin is assigned in official reports to the agency of those noxious and ubiquitous quadrupeds. Cats are a powerful interest, and in the prevailing flabbiness of public opinion, few have the moral courage to speak the truth about them.

Excellent is the spirit of Dr. Low, an officer of the Local Government Board, who merits the respect and gratitude of the whole community for having brought out the facts about cats without flinching. No cat, after the publication of Dr. Low's memorandum, can shelter himself behind the miserable plea of ignorance from the duty of at once answering the charge that whatever may be his recreations and amusements, his serious business in life is the spread of diphtheria. It is the more courageous in Dr. Low to state this because certain Irish-American cats are more than suspected of having attempted to blow up the premises of the Local Government Board with dynamite about five years ago. Undeterred by these lurid memories, Dr. Low charges into the ranks of our feline tyrants with desperate determination. He accuses them, not by insinuation or innuendo, but in plain and unmistakable terms, of having caused an epidemic of diphtheria at Ealing. The method in which this detestable plot was carried out is truly diabolical.

A number of associated cats, whom Dr. Low, for obvious reasons, names from naming, conspired to eat the remnants of the food, and drink the remainder of the milk, which had been served to diphtheritic patients. Thus primed for their horrible work they selected a number of healthy children, with whom they began to play. The children were particularly attentive to the cats, because the cats appeared to be unwell. Such is the lot of children, who never tease animals, though animals are constantly teasing them. We saw a yell over the sequel, merely remarking that Dr. Low, as becomes his high position, has no doubt that the children were infected in this precise way. The germs of infection are, it is to be feared, everywhere, and life would become impossible if we were always speculating on the chances of coming within the grasp of disease. Meanwhile it is desirable that criminal acts should be brought to justice, and that contaminated articles—edible, potable or otherwise—should be destroyed.—Saturday Review.

Musical Instruments.

For the fisherman—Castanet. For the lawyer—Lyre. For the politician—Organ. For the whistle-player—Trumpet. For the horse-jockey—Hautboy. For the toper—Horn. For the landress—Flute. For the pawnbroker—Jewsharp—Life.

F. M. WILKINS.

Practical Druggist & Chemist. DRUGS, MEDICINES, Brushes, Palate, Glass, Oils, Leads. TOILET ARTICLES, Etc. Physicians' Prescriptions Compounded.

SOCIETIES.

EUGENE LODGE NO. 11, A. F. AND A. M. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month. SPOENCER BUTTE LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening. WIMAWHALA ENCAMPMENT NO. 4 Meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays in each month. EUGENE LODGE NO. 13, A. O. U. W. Meets at Masonic Hall the second and fourth Fridays in each month. J. M. GEARY POST NO. 49, G. A. R. MEETS at Masonic Hall the first and third Fridays of each month. By order, COMMANDER. BUTTE LODGE NO. 367, I. O. O. F. MEETS every Saturday night in Odd Fellows' Hall. LEADING STAR BAND OF HOPE, MEETS at the C. P. Church every Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Visitors made welcome.

O. & C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Mail Train north, 1:45 A. M. Mail train south, 9:55 P. M. Eugene Local—Leave north 9:00 A. M. Eugene Local—Arrive 2:40 P. M.

OFFICE HOURS, EUGENE CITY POSTOFFICE.

General Delivery, from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. Money Order, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M. Register, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M. Mails for north close at 8:30 P. M. Mails for south close at 8:30 P. M. Mails by Local close at 8:30 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.

BEITMAN, G.—Dry goods, clothing, groceries and general merchandise, southwest corner, Willamette and Eighth streets. CRAIN 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, brooch and muzzle loaders, for sale. Repairing done in the most stylish and warranted. Shop on Ninth street. LUCKY, J. S.—Watchmaker and jeweler, keeps a fine stock of goods in his line, Willamette street, in Kilworth's drug store. MCCLAREN, JAMES—Chocolatier, 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. R.—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 Titus' drug store, or can be found at E. H. Luckey & Co's drug store. Office hours: 9 to 12 M., 1 to 4 P., 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 Loaned 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 BOY'S 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. 1898.