

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

CHICAGO RESTAURANTS.

An Honest Man Who Wanted to Pay but Couldn't.

One of the Washington writers who came on to the convention had labored hard on Sunday and Sunday night.

"What!" shrieked the waiter. "A napkin." "You wipe yourself with your hand. We don't keep no napkins in here."

"I don't believe it," said the boss. "I never had a man do that before. You want to buy me a steak. You got rid right away and so quick as dot, or I call me Shaks and der sheksnife, and we half some more fun. Gid you? You was a delgado, I get you."

"No, you can put it in der slot wid der scales on veigh yourself by seeing it go. But I don't taig naddings from you. It would hoodoo der pizzas."—Chicago Mail.

Candy That Didn't Go Down.

George Harmon, manager of Central Music hall, is very fond of candy. He seldom without a box of bonbons on his desk.

But the victim Harmon was waiting for his hated rival, Adonia George Fair, of the Haymarket. Finally Fair dropped in.

The average age of cats is 20 years; of squirrels and hares, 7 or 8 years; rabbits, 7; a bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf, 20; a fox, 14 to 16; lions are long lived, the one known by the name of Pompey lived to the age of 70; elephants have been known, it is asserted, to live to the great age of 400 years.

Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30, and the rhinoceros to 20; a horse has been known to live to the age of 63, but average from 25 to 30; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of 10; cows live about 15 years.

That the manners of our fathers is not ours is well enough understood, and the phrase "of the old school" has come to be used rather as a reproach to the degenerate present generation.

She had known the boy's father when he was in Harvard, as now was the son, and as the latter could hardly remember his parents, who died in his infancy, he was always eager to learn all he could about them.

The youth was invited to call upon the old lady, who is now beyond the term set by the Psalmist for man's life, at a country place one day last summer, and had an interview with her upon the wide veranda, where she was sitting when he arrived.

U. S. SENATE PAGES.

A Bright Lot of Boys, One the Son of a Senator.

They Can Only Serve Between the Ages of Twelve and Sixteen—What They Think of Leading Senators—Well Paid and Very Ambitious.

(Copyright, 1901)

HAT if the Senate pages should strike?" The question was once asked by a gentleman who sat beside me in the United States Senate gallery and noted how heavily the Senators lean on the fourteen little fellows who perform errands for them.

What if the Senate pages should strike? The Government would go right on. The number of famous men who once were pages seems to warrant the presumption that embryonic greatness is now scamping about the Capitol in knickerbockers, running errands, perhaps, for men not fit to bear its shoes.

Four years is the longest term a boy may serve as page, since he is eligible to the office only between the ages of twelve and sixteen. In the Senate there are fourteen of these boys, under the immediate direction of Alonzo H. Stewart, a young man of nearly twenty years, who four years ago closed his career as a page and is now attached to the Sergeant-at-Arms under the title of Messenger on the Floor of the Senate.

concerning Senators they began to push and crowd and chatter all at once. The atmosphere was full of opinions. Had I been fourteen stenographers with a full complement of ears I could not have heard and preserved all that they told me.

Page etiquette demands that each lad should be permitted to wait on his own patron Senator—that is, the Senator who procured his place for him; and it is inexcusable rudeness for one page to respond to the call of another's Senator unless the other is so engaged that he cannot attend to it.

The Democratic side of the chamber, however, is what the boys call "the penitentiary," since whenever one of them is refractory Captain Bassett relegates him to duty on that side. This is an old-time custom, and pages soon learn that it is in the nature of reward of merit to be permitted to serve on the majority side of the chamber.

As I turned to leave the group one little fellow followed me, saying: "Don't forget to put in something about Noddy Boffin (Master George Mann, of Michigan) and Rev. Dr. Edward Bailey, of Georgia, the boy who says 'fo'teen' and 'deed I did,' and 'tofo' for carry; and don't forget Hadji Hassan Ghooly Khan (Master Will Aulick, of Illinois) and J. B. Bassett, Jr., the grandson of Captain Bassett, the boy that says 'pate de fo' g'ras.'"

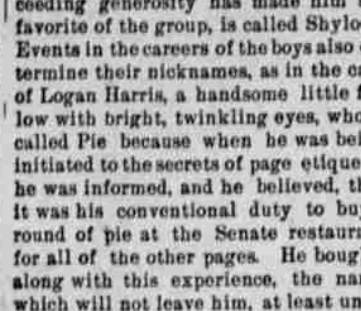
There is as much distinction among boys between a Senate page and a House page as there is among men between a Senator and a member of the lower House.

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THE INTERVIEW REFUSED.

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PITH AND POINT.

—She—"Yes, dear, I'm afraid cook wants judgment."—He—"Judgment! She wants execution!"—Punch.

—"And where's your little brother, Flossie?" "Oh, he's been divorced." "Divorced?" "Yes, mamma got him and papa's got me."—N. Y. Sun.

—"What do you think of the proposition to enlist Indians in the regular army?" "Captain Westpoint—" "Indians? Pon nah! Why, they can't dance."—N. Y. Weekly.

—"I live in Morgan Park, and between the Rock Island and the Grand Trunk roads, just outside the western village limit, lie Mount Greenwood and Mount Olivet cemeteries, side by side.

—"The night was one when about half the sky was covered with clouds, and the full moon would occasionally disappear and an inky pall would suddenly descend upon everything.

—"I had just made up my mind to return home when I received a momentary shock which came very near upsetting me.

—"I had wandered into that portion of the cemetery where the poorer people are allowed to bury their dead, and was standing in front of a tall wooden headboard. The moon was temporarily behind a cloud and everything was dark.

—"I was startled for the moment, and so, I dare say, would have been any man, no matter how stout his heart. A minute later I saw what it meant.

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GRAYEYARDS FOR INSOMNIA.

A Chicago Man Wanders at Random Through the Avenues of a Cemetery.

"I was discussing with a few friends the other night the hold which certain superstitions had upon the human mind, when one of the group, a rather young man, spoke up:

"You'll laugh when I tell you my remedy for insomnia. It's nothing more nor less than a midnight trip through a graveyard.

"I first tried the scheme one warm night in March, when I had vainly resorted to every other remedy to put myself to sleep. I got up, dressed myself and sauntered down the main thoroughfare of the village, having no particular destination in view.

"After walking half or three-quarters of a mile I neared the two cemeteries, and suddenly the idea of making a trip through one of them flashed across my brain, which was seething and bubbling as only that of a sufferer from insomnia can.

"The night was one when about half the sky was covered with clouds, and the full moon would occasionally disappear and an inky pall would suddenly descend upon everything.

"Well, I managed to effect an entrance into one of the cemeteries, and I began to wander among the grave-stones and monuments, deciphering the inscriptions and reading the praises of this or that one deceased.

"I am very far from being superstitious and am not at all a believer in ghosts, and although my visit was made at 'the witching hour of midnight,' when unearthly apparitions are supposed to visit this world, my mind was soon in a wonderfully cool and calm state, and a feeling of drowsiness began to steal over my brain.

"The remedy was beginning to work. I had just made up my mind to return home when I received a momentary shock which came very near upsetting me.

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PARIS CHILD SLAVES.

The Juvenile Beggar Bureau Likely to be Abolished.

Last year a society was organized in Paris to prevent the trade in children among professional beggars. In the first report just published, the secretary of the society has catalogued a veritable lot of Parisian institutions which are occupied exclusively with the employment of little boys and girls in street beggary.

Several saloon-keepers and proprietors of small cafes, the report says, have long had a bureau in the Rue Marcadet for the employment of young girls as flower peddlers.

The ages of the girls range between eight and eleven years. They are let to the bureau for the day by their parents. They are sent out on the boulevards in small squads, and are expected to return at night with at least three francs each clear profit on their sales.

Another bureau, situated near the Pantheon, hires girls between ten and fourteen years to play musical instruments in the low resorts of the city. The girls are usually taught to strum on a violin or harp in the bureau quarters during the afternoon, and from nine to two o'clock at night are kept on the run from door to door.

At two o'clock the children return to the bureau and are taken home by their guardians or parents. Each child earns about seven francs in an evening, and receives three francs wages. This musical bureau has sixty children at its disposal most of the time.

A third bureau deals in boys between eight and twelve years. The little fellows do ordinary begging and collect cigar butts. At dark the boys hand in the money and the refuse tobacco they have got together during the day.

Four hours every evening the young vagrants are kept busy cutting, tearing and sorting the cigar ends. They earn about one franc each daily, and are expected to net to their employes about twice that amount. At present 150 boys work for the bureau.

The most reprehensible bureau of which the society received information makes a business of hiring babies in arms and sending them out into the streets with women beggars. Whatever the weather or temperature, the little creatures are exposed by the women in charge of them on the street corners, doorsteps and bridges.

The bureau pays each woman with her baby two francs a day. Each pair brings in six or seven francs every evening. A child usually endures nine or ten weeks of this outdoor service and then dies of exposure.

The society has attached the names of each bureau proprietor to the account of its establishment, and has called on the French Government to take measures at once to break up all the Parisian institutions which buy, sell and hire children for debilitating and demoralizing employments.—Paris Letter.

ABOUT SEASICKNESS.

All That Submit Cheerfully Can Benefit from Its Effects.

Seasickness must be expected by those who cross the ocean, and while one or two may escape its attack, all that submit cheerfully can derive benefit from its effects. Children, as a rule, succumb soonest and rally quickest,—no doubt, to their simple diet, and to the consequent fact that their stomachs are less impaired by stimulating foods and drinks than those of their elders.

It is worth remarking that such of my acquaintance as enjoy at home what they pretend is "good living," but which they will agree is eating much of rich things, and then using coffee, liquor, tobacco and such stimulants to quicken digestion—these people manage to obviate, or at least postpone, the wholesome effect of seasickness by drinking champagne or using drugs pretending to cure the malady; but they succeed only in substituting one complaint for another, writes Poulton Bigelow to the Illinois American. They remain half-sick all the time they are on shipboard, and take with them on shore a demoralized system that requires many days for complete recuperation.

Children, on the other hand, and grown-up folks who have lived on a simple diet vomit freely at the first prostration, and suffer discomfort for the first day or two, but enjoy the remainder of the trip in a way to arouse the envy of all that can not share it. Pale cheeks become rosy, dull eyes sparkle, the usually listless feeling the sensation of fatigue; those who on shore slept but seven hours are now scarce satisfied with ten, and those who once needed delicacies to coax an appetite select such food as corned beef and cabbage on pork and beans.

The wise reader needs no advice beyond what he may read between the preceding few lines. He has but to make up his mind to face with fortitude the degree of Neptune, and his reward will be to find that a supposed penalty has become a blessing.

FINANCIAL FAILURES.

That is What a St. Louis Minister Calls His Synagogue in Search of Wealth.

The failure in business of a prominent clergyman suggests the fact that very few preachers ever succeed in making money. When they do the religion generally comes out as the dollars come in, and they end by giving up ministerial work altogether.

Preachers, particularly Methodist preachers, are almost always poor, and the next to them in point of poverty are the Baptists. The majority of Methodist preachers in this country receive less than \$600 a year, while the constant demands for charity greatly diminish their incomes.

Presbyterian clergy are better paid, while the Church of England ministers, both here and in Great Britain, fairly roll in wealth by comparison. The English Bishops have princely incomes, the lowest being \$10,000 a year and the use of a mansion connected with the cathedral.

The Archbishop of York, who is "Primate of England," has \$50,000 a year, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is "Primate of all England," receives \$75,000 and has two magnificent palaces. Methodist Bishops are poorly paid. Those of the Methodist Church South have \$3,000 salary, while those of the Church North have a little more, but none of them lay by any thing of their salaries.

Bishop Warren, of the Church North, is rich, having married the widow of a ranchman in Denver. But Bishop Hendrix, of the Methodist Church South, enjoys the distinction of being the richest Bishop in America, having inherited a fortune, which, by careful management, he has greatly increased.

He has the reputation of being both benevolent and rich. To schools and colleges he is especially liberal, and Central College, in this State, owes its present prosperity to his generosity. All the other Southern Methodist Bishops are poor.—Rev. Dr. Wilson, in 3k Louis Globe-Democrat.

Trouble Breaks Out Again. "This," growled the exchange editor, as he looked at the thermometer, wiping his perspiring forehead, and glanced defiantly around the room, "is Fry-day." "And to-morrow," snarled the real-estate editor, consulting the predictions and grabbing a heavy paper-weight, "is going to be a Sadder-day."—Chicago Tribune.

Or Fortyoff or Fortyfivey. The fact that the emperor of Russia gave the empress a necklace composed of forty emeralds has been made public. What the empress said in private after the bestowal was something like this: "You dear old boobyvoski, why didn't you disguise the truth and make the number thirtyoff, or thirty-fivey, at the most."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Well Up in Grammar. Pretty School Teacher—James, is "to kim" an active or passive verb? James (oldest boy in the class)—Both. Pretty School Teacher—How is that James? James—Active on the part of the faller and passive on the part of the girl. Pretty school teacher blushes and marks James "perfect" in grammar.—New York Sun.

A Tough Duck. Mr. Jinks (to landlady)—What kind of a duck did you say this was, Mrs. Dakly? Landlady—I didn't say. I simply ordered a duck from the butcher's. Mr. Jinks (struggling with a second joint)—I think he has sent you a decoy duck.—Texas Siftings.

Sweet Seventeen.—"No, I don't want to marry the baron; why, he has red hair!" Stern Parent—"Yes, but he won't have it long! Haven't you noticed that it is beginning to drop off?"—Pittsburg Siftings.

Love's Young Dream. "Birdie," whispered a happy young Chicago lover, "now that we are engaged you mustn't call me Mr. Forcine any more." "Ah, no, darling," responded the girl, with a sigh and a smile; "you must always call me 'Birdie' and I will always call you 'Butch.'"—New York Sun.

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