

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL. Proprietor. EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A Visit to Ancient Carthage. But the chief interest in Tunis is in its numerous ruins of the ancient world.

No city of antiquity has left so few ruins as Carthage. When it was taken by the Romans the decree of implacable hate...

A Hater-of Methods. "A rat that is caught by the tail will not squeal," said a professional rat-catcher.

Why Americans Grow Bald. "People become bald from washing the head," said an English barber.

Burnt Cork Notes. The popular idea is that we put some sort of greasy preparation on our faces to make the burnt cork come off easily.

A Tenderfoot in Boom City. Eastern Man—Yes, I like this climate and have about concluded to send for my family and settle here.

Shaving a Countryman. Barbers have a trick for the country-men who visit the city and go into the shop to get shaved.

A Midnight Dish. Squeaked trout served cold with lettuce and Mayonnaise dressing is said by a Boston man to be worthy of attention.

Detroit manufacturers are now using petroleum to a considerable extent in the place of coal or coke for generating steam.

The estate left by Governor Waterman of California is valued at \$800,000, and the heirs named are: Mrs. James G. Waterman, his wife; Mary P. Race of New York; Helen J. Waterman, Waldo Waterman and Annie C. Waterman, his children.

ANOTHER'S CRIME.

FROM THE DIARY OF INSPECTOR BYRNES.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE, Author of "The Great Bank Robbery," "An American Penman," Etc.

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She was standing with her eyes cast down and her hands hanging folded before her, leaning against the table. She was in a delicate position, and she knew it.

"I am innocent, and that's the end of it," said Percy. "I don't expect to prove it. The evidence is all the other way.

"I suppose you are right, but I am innocent, and I will never say the contrary," replied the prisoner with a sigh.

"Do you wish to send for him? There will be the question of bail to consider as well as other matters."

"I don't trouble myself to think me until you find out whether there is occasion for it," returned the chief detective coldly.

"I am not a clerkship in the foreign office, if he had made me chief secretary of foreign affairs, I might have buckled down to business."

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ence, I may as well be in jail as anywhere else.

"Innocent men are very seldom convicted," said the inspector impassively. "The facts are against you. No one but you is known to have been near the muff after Mrs. Tunstall laid it down."

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The beginning. He gets sense after a while, but the things the fool did remain—worse luck!

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There is a small dog along the city front that feels just about as disconsolate as small dogs are supposed to feel when they have done anything out of the way.

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AN EPIC IN FIVE FITS.

The editor in genial mood, sat in his office chair; he ran his jeweled fingers through his mass of tawny hair; he took his golden pen and wrote some grand and fiery screeds, of wars abroad, and politics, and of his country's needs; he also wrote a touching poem about a lover bold, who went across the raging sea to search for gleaming gold; and how a maiden waited long down on the ocean shore, to welcome him when he returned—who would return no more.

Having been boss of the Vandalia, this little dog, who goes by the euphonious name of Nig, thought that he should hold the same position on the Adams.

Then spoke the editor with pride, to that lone youth who had come to the office; he bowed his head as he spoke, and said: "You are a stranger in my office; but I shall be glad to see you."

With winged feet young Absalom flew to his master's side; all still and pale that master lay, as though he just had died; but soon he opened wide his eyes that fell the boy upon him.

Citizen (poking his head out of a back window)—See here, Uncle Rastus, what are you doing around my hen-coop at this hour of the night?

Uncle Rastus (promptly)—I was going to set 'em, Mistah Smith, if 'you don't want 'em git dat hen-coop whitewashed. It needs it bad, 'deed it do.—Scribner's Magazine.

In "Indigent Circumstances." The announcement that the family of the Rev. J. G. Wood, the popular English naturalist, whose books and lectures have been so much enjoyed, is left almost penniless has led to the publication of surprising facts in regard to other popular persons.

Lightning Took His Shoes Off. A miraculous escape from death was reported this morning. A young man named George Beatz, living in the extreme southern portion of this city, was struck by lightning last night, but although the bolt tore the shoes from his feet, the burning and breaking of the skin, and the shock he sustained, were the worst result.

An Immigrant's Fortune. Thomas Monahan, an Irish millionaire, who lived in Melbourne for half a century, died recently. He was one of the 360 poor Irish immigrants who sailed for Australia in 1839, and the ship was in such a terrible sanitary condition that ninety of them died on the voyage.

A Twin Watermelon. Aleck Twiss, colored, we believe, is entitled to the ginger cake for the greatest curiosity this season in the way of a watermelon. He exhibits two perfect melons joined together. Both melons were fully developed and the meat was juicy and sweet—just like an ordinary melon.

WAY OF THE WORLD.

Aloft on the bench the fair fruit hung, Cared by the wind and kissed by the sun, And standing below as it swung out of sight One longed for a taste of so luscious a pack.

An Englishman Couldn't See It. Little Marshall P. Wilder, the famous merrymaker, is perennial, and has a humorous skit for every hour of the day.

The Englishman finally explained that he meant dessert, pudding, etc. "We have apple and mince pie," said the Bowery man.

That Lovely Narcissus. Narcissus was a mythological young person who had so much beauty that it was in the way. He was interrupted during office hours by people who wanted to admire him, and a case went on record of a woman's thinking so much of him that she would always keep still until he got her through talking.

Clothing of the Esquimaux. Clothing for men consists of knee breeches, belted at the loins, a loose-fitting coat trimmed around the bottom, and the hood with wolf or wolverine, or a blending of both, a pair of stockings and a short legged pair of boots with seal-skin soles.

Many Roman and Greek epicures were very fond of dog's flesh. Before Christianity was established among the Danes, on every ninth year ninety-nine dogs were sacrificed. In Sweden each ninth day ninety-nine dogs were destroyed.

It has been concluded that whatever preservative is to be applied, the timber for piles subjected to the action of seaworms should first be charred, so as to kill any germs near the surface, open the pores of the wood for the antiseptic, and destroy the nutritive matter upon which the worm lives while beginning its action.

His Gray Hair Turning Black. Mrs. Robert Stephens, who has just returned from Eddyville, tells us that the hair upon the head of Mr. W. P. Emerson, which has for years been gray, is now turning black. It is claimed that no dye has been used to produce the effect, but that it is a freak of nature.

AND ALL OTHER DISEASES ARISING FROM A DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH OR AN INACTIVE LIVER.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS & GENERAL DEALERS



CHAPTER VII. VAL MARTIN.

HELENS were these un- toward events were occurring at the jewelry shop and the police office, an affair of a different nature was being transacted at the house of Mrs. Nolen.

A couple of weeks had passed since Valentine Martin had called on Mrs. Nolen and her daughter, so that his appearance there that day had something of the charm of novelty.



Street in Business.

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