

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

A. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Editorial Enterprise Always Hits the Mark in the West.

We extract the following from the last issue of The Arizona Kicker.

ALWAYS IN THE LEAD.—Last week we established a new department in The Kicker—that of answering questions concerning disputed points on games of chance, as well as making decisions thereon.

This department will be edited by an old gambler of thirty years' experience, and who carries seven knife wounds and the scars of four bullets as proofs of his literary caliber.

The fact that such a department hit the bull's eye is evidenced by the fact that we have added twenty-one new subscribers within a week, and they are still coming.

WE WERE INTENDING TO devote this space to religious news, but after looking the ground over, and discovering that there was none to write with blood.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.—Col. Obadiah Shaw, our popular register of deeds, has presented us with a new 25-caliber revolver of Smith & Wesson make, as a token of his esteem and affection, and we feel as proud as a boy with his first pair of boots.

We have been, as some of our friends know, greatly hampered in our editorial work during the past year by an old-fashioned revolver which would never depend on in an emergency.

When Arkansas Bill met us in front of Taylor's bank one day last summer and opened fire he had pulled the trigger three times before we could get it out.

This new weapon adds to our editorial zeal and enterprise, and puts The Kicker on a more certain foundation. We have had only one week's practice, and yet we can draw it and send two bullets ripping through a fellow being's carcass while an average school boy can get his mouth puckered to begin the first line of Henry Clay's great speech.

It is a little better than that—five seconds better. Meanwhile, any one hankering for our scalp can find us at the usual place, prepared to do the best we can under the circumstances.

It resulted.—We were born with a spirit of fair play in our composition which has never grown less. We want to see everybody and everything have a fair show. For this reason, when half a dozen of our prominent citizens came to us one day last week and suggested a meeting to remove "Cowboy Jack," as he calls himself, from his sphere on a note to one of our great dignitaries, we suggested that he first be given a show to inflict his presence on the people of Tombstone or Tucson.

He had been with us three weeks, terrorizing old men, women and boys by his wild shooting and being too ready with his pop when a dispute arose in a saloon. The assertion of our friends was that we should have done well enough had he been given time. He was taken from the O. K. saloon to Hangman's tree, given the usual time to undergo a change of heart, and then hauled up and left to his reflections.

We spoke to him personally just before he was lifted, referring to our former conversation, and it pleased us to hear him reply that we were dead right in our deductions, and that if he had his life to live over again he would subscribe for The Kicker and pay at least two years in advance.—Detroit Free Press.

Emotion Reasoned Down.

John—I'm sorry I shall be away so long, Miss Janet. You don't know how I hate to say "good-by" to you, but I suppose the best of friends must part, you know.

Janet—Oh, yes, and what's the use of people who are nothing to each other growing sad over separation. That's the way I look at it.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Mean Distinction.

Chicago Girl—The horrid thing! Boston Girl—What's the matter? Chicago Girl—Why, I just got a letter from my brother in India. He is an elephant the other day, and writes that if he can kill another he'll have a pair of slippers made out of their hides for me.—Munsey's Weekly.

He Knew.

Sunday School Teacher—Now tell me what the Epistles are! First Scholar—I dunno. Second Scholar—I do. Teacher—Well, Johnny, what are the Epistles? Second Scholar—The Epistles are the wives of the Apostles.—America.

Count Luigi Prino.

Count Luigi Prino, the son of Prince Bonaparte and a chief among the Italian Bonapartists, is acquiring celebrity as an amateur photographer. His most famous achievement was in securing a picture of the pope during a recent ceremony in the Vatican.

OLD MAN GILBERT.

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY, ("KAMBA THORPE.")

Author of "Four Oaks," "Little Joanna," Etc.

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"You got to carry me up to town to-morrow," said Missy authoritatively. "You got nothin' else to do."

Old Gilbert shook his head. "It might be a ketchin' complaint, chile."

"I hate hard hearted people!" Missy declared, bringing her little fist down on her knee with violence. "And everybody on this old hill has got hearts like mine stones—'ceptin' me. You mean old nigger! I sha'n't give you any Christmas gift."

"You must tak' patience, honey," counseled old Gilbert. "Hit ain't mo'n three days sence Mawse Nicholas lef us; things gwan mend—maybe."

"And it might be a thousand years!" sighed Missy. "Chillen mus' obey," Gilbert reminded her.

Missy was silent a long time; then she said, at last: "Daddy Gilbert, you've got religion, ain't you?"

"Bress de Lawd!" ejaculated the old man, piously.

"It," proceeded the child, with great seriousness, "if you was to make, right here, a solemn vow to the Lord, like the Bible says, you'd keep it, wouldn't you, if it killed you?"

"Tubbe sho!" the old man answered, a little dazed between the fatigue of his journey and the look of strange resolve on Missy's face.

At this assent she stood up, on the step above him, her hair tossing in the evening wind, her eyes burning, her slender hands clasped against her breast; she looked, in the dim twilight, like a spirit, and old Gilbert felt awed.

"Kneel down," she said imperiously. Old Gilbert obeyed as though the command had come from another world, as he had believed it did.

"Say after me," Missy dictated: "I promise and vow, in the help of the Lord, to keep track of Mawse Nicholas Thorne to the end of my days. Amen."

"These words Missy recited with fervid solemnity, the old negro repeating after her, in an awe-stricken voice; he thought the child must surely be inspired.

"Now," said she, in a matter of fact tone, when this ceremony was over, "I'm goin' back to the house and bring you some supper. I've got to take care of you, 'cause you've got to look after Brer Nicholas."

The old negro stood watching her as she went along the lane. "Dat chile ain't gwan live out half her days," he muttered, with a sorrowful shaking of his old head.

When Missy returned presently with the promised supper, he declared that he could not eat.

"Well, but you better," Missy insisted. "You got to go up to town to-morrow. I know Aunt Elvira is goin' to send you."

"Dat cawfee do smell pow'ful encouragin', tubbe sho," he admitted, with a slow smile, and soon found his appetite. He had just ended his meal, when Miss Elvira stood in the cabin door, and the old man rose stiffly to make his awkward obeisance.

"Sit down, Gilbert, you must be tired," said Miss Elvira, graciously. "Winifred, my dear, run on back to the house; it is too late for you to be out."

"What's the use?" said Missy, with an impatient shrug. "I know all about it. Daddy Gilbert had been to look for Brer Nicholas and Brer Nicholas ain't there."

"Nicholas is at Mrs. Herry's," said Miss Elvira, wearily.

"So Missy been tellin' me. Hukkom you know, Missie-virey?"

"Mrs. Herry was here today," she answered, flushing. "You must go up to town to-morrow, Gilbert. You need not start so very early, and I'll see you again in the morning."

But the next morning old Gilbert was ailing, and for several days thereafter he was unable to leave his bed. Tom Quash, who went "up to town" three times a week for the mail, reported to Glory-Ann that Mawse Nick was "mighty sick," then that he was a little better, and finally that he was pronounced out of danger. A fortnight later Miss Elvira added another hundred to the sum she had already given old Gilbert, and dispatched him on an embassy to her nephew.

"I's 'prised at Missie-virey," mused old Gilbert, as he jogged on his way, with Nicholas' trunk in the ox cart. "Hit ain't no 'use 'n' nothin' 't all ter sen' disher money. Mawse Nick ain't nuthin'; when Mawse Nick done refuse hit, I gwan put hit way; come 'o use bon-bye."

she would go herself to Tampa, and Daddy Gilbert, having nothing particular to do at Thorne Hill, should go with her.

Such was Missy's present program, and she had found starving impracticable, but she still maintained an unrelenting bitterness towards her father, never speaking to him except when impossible to avoid it.

This, however, made little or no impression on the colonel. Children had few attractions for him at any time, and he was too much a prey to his own bitterness of heart to be conscious as yet of his little daughter's estrangement.

Mrs. Leonard Thorne and her pretty daughter, finding such a state of affairs too irksome to be borne, made all haste to their own home, as soon as two or three rooms could be put in habitable condition.

The colonel did not oppose this plan. He did all that he could, in fact, to expedite the work on the house by way of making amends for Farnival's summary dismissal; but after Flora was gone his health seemed to fail suddenly, though he would not acknowledge that he was ill.

Miss Elvira in alarm contrived to have the doctor pay him a visit, as if by chance, and the doctor urged a change of scene.

The colonel for a long time resisted, but at last he allowed himself to be persuaded to visit an old aunt of his who for many years had resided in New York. He set off alone one September day, when the land lay awery in the sunshine, and the cicada kept up a din, and the cotton fields were white for the harvest.

CHAPTER XV. PROTEST OF THE FIDDLES.

He broke away from her abruptly and stood looking out of the window.

It was the end of October when Col. Thorne returned. Miss Elvira welcomed him with a gentle and dignified self-restraint, born partly of timidity and partly of her notion of perfect ladyhood, and the colonel expected nothing more from his underdomesticative sister; but there was a perfumery in Missy's greeting that made him at last aware of her estrangement, and struck a chill to his heart.

He had brought the child some extravagant pieces of jewelry, but she evinced no pleasure in his gifts, and her father noted, without comment, that she left them lying on the table.

The next morning he rode over to his sister-in-law's place. He hoped to receive from Flora a welcome that should make amends for what he missed in his own home, nor was he disappointed. His pretty niece met him with an affectionate effusiveness that almost did away with the effect of his little daughter's coldness; but it did not escape his observation later that Aleck Gage was in the background, deporting himself with a confident air.

Mrs. Leonard talked garrulously of various things; of the improvements she wished to make, of the sale of her cotton, the investment of her surplus funds, the purchase of mules, even of her poultry; but never a word of Aleck Gage.

The colonel deemed this reticence significant, and he rode home vexed. He had thought to order his small world according to his own will and pleasure, and now he found it fast slipping from his grasp—his son an alien, the niece whom he had hoped to make his daughter ready to marry one whom he had not chosen, and his own little daughter indifferent to him.

But when Flora came, two days later, to say that she had promised to marry Aleck Gage in December, the colonel, perplexed, resigned himself to her choice with dignified philosophy.

"I had allowed myself to expect a different marriage for you, Flora, as you know," he could not resist saying, nor could he say it without a sigh; but he did not say it harshly.

It was the first expression he had ever given to his disappointed hopes, and Flora, eager to console him, exclaimed, with the indiscreet enthusiasm of youth: "Aleck hasn't a fault in the world, Uncle Jasper; he will be the best of sons to you, if you will only let him!"

The colonel did not say that he had no desire to claim Aleck Gage for a son. He broke away from her abruptly and stood looking out of the window some little time, struggling for command of himself. He was still pale when he returned; but he spoke with a courtly dignity:

"I claim the privilege of giving the bride away."

"That is just what I wanted!" cried Flora, and with a sudden impulse of gratitude, affection and sympathy she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him and cried a little.

The news of Flora's engagement threw Miss Elvira into a great flutter. She declared that it was just what she had always expected, and that she was never more surprised in her life, and then she looked helplessly at her brother.

"Flora will be married in her mother's house, of course," said the colonel; "but Thorne Hill must honor the occasion with merry making, and all our friends must be invited."

"Yes, oh, yes!" Miss Elvira responded, with a sigh of relief. Her brother's disapproval of the match would have been a sore embarrassment; the entertainment the colonel wished to give was a trifle in comparison, though it meant three weeks of incessant work at seeding raisins, washing currants, blanching almonds and frosting cakes; but those burdens were to be borne by Glory-Ann and Chaney and Dicey, Tom Quash and Griffin Jim.

"And since Flora is such a favorite," said Mrs. Herry, when she heard of these great preparations, "why doesn't she put in a good word for Nicholas? The arrant little coward, she knows very well that it was to save her from embarrassment, while she was the colonel's guest, that the boy delayed his confession, and so made matters worse. The colonel is pining for a reconciliation with his son, though he won't own it, and Flora might do something to bring it about. As for me, I've only meddled to mar, so there's an end of my efforts."

Mrs. Thorne was very angry with Cousin Myrtilla for this speech. "I don't see how you can talk of a reconciliation with Nicholas!" said she. "I am surprised at you!" As if she Thorne ever could consent with a Farnival!

To which Mrs. Herry made the exasperating remark that Nick's wife was every bit as much a Thorne as Mrs. Leonard herself.

For all this, however, Mrs. Herry was not omitted in the list of invitations, either to the wedding or to the merry making at Thorne Hill; for the colonel had announced that every connection of the family, far and near, should be invited to the entertainment he meant to give in honor of his niece's marriage.

"And ain't Brer Nicholas and his wife kinfolks?" asked Missy, with bold significance. She did not fear her father, and yet her poor little heart fluttered wildly when she put this daring question.

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The colonel's only answer was a dark, forbidding frown, and Missy betook herself to a corner.

"Don't you fret 'bout dat, honey," whispered Mom Bee, "now don't you; fur de gwine be de fiddlers 'n' de dancin', 'n' plum cake a-plenty."

"Don't want none!" said Missy, who had given herself an indigestion by the surreptitious gormandizing of raisins and citron.

"En' besides all dat," proceeded Glory-Ann to her overwhelming climax, "you gwan be dressed so spruce 'n' gay; you cousins, Miss Lotty 'n' Miss Bess, in pink, 'n' you in a hebenly blue."

Poor little Missy, who was fond of dress, dried her tears and reconsidered her determination to abstain from the wedding festivities for her absent brother's sake.

But not even the companionship of Lottie and Bess, nor even the dress of "hebenly blue," nor the sound of the music, nor the sight of the many dances, could shut out the memory of Nicholas.

"Oh, Lottie, ain't them fiddles just dreadful!" she lamented. "They're always sayin', 'Nicholas, Nicholas, why's Brer Nicholas?' no matter what the chune they play."

"Why, Missy, what a funny child you are!" said Lottie, with a giggle; but presently Bess declared that the fiddles did say just what Missy thought; and if the truth were confessed, they said very nearly the same thing to the colonel and Miss Elvira; the name that no guest dared mention rang in their ears, no matter what tune the fiddles played.

CHAPTER XVI. ROXANNA BELLATRIX.

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A King Who Avoids the Truth.

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FIELD FOR FEMALE TALENT.

School of Industrial Art in Philadelphia. One Woman's Work.

About the time of the closing of the Centennial exposition in 1876, a committee was formed and provided with \$50,000 in cash, for the purpose of securing from foreign exhibitors specimens of their best handicraft in industrial art subjects, to be used as a nucleus for an educational museum in this city.

This meant of a school of industrial art, which was eventually comprised a department of the Centennial exposition of permanent benefit. It was successfully carried out through the efforts of one woman—Mrs. E. D. Gillette, who is a grand niece of Benjamin Franklin. She worked in season and out toward the accomplishment of her plans.

The result of her labors is the magnificent collection of art works that now fill the Memorial hall in Fairmount park, part of which were purchased and the balance donated by foreign and native exhibitors. These works are employed as models, from which are drawn art inspirations, that eventually find their way into the carpets, china, calico and the thousand and one other things of art, as well as domestic economy.

It is to the city of Philadelphia, and the state of Pennsylvania, supplemented by the generosity of a few public spirited citizens in the eastern states and in Philadelphia, that this important art movement has been made in this country. The best features of the South Kensington Art school have been localized, and the methods of the French, German and Belgian designers have been freely utilized. The progress made by the latter country is something wonderful, many of the best suggestions coming from there.

Among the subjects taught are designs for carpets, rug, wall papers, in which there have been a progress within the past five years that is simply marvelous; oilcloths, calicoes and all sorts of textile fabrics, two-thirds of all the "genuine Smyrnas," are made in Philadelphia. In clay modeling for the decorative art trade instruction is given.

A particularly important branch of the school is pottery manufacture. The advancement made in demand painters of all descriptions, as well as designers who can make the patterns that are printed upon our more common stone china by machinery. China decoration has kept pace with china manufacture, and now American goods successfully compete with those of both England and Holland.

The purpose of the school is to furnish such instruction in drawing, painting, modeling, carving and designing as is required by designers, superintendents and workmen in the various decorative arts, and to serve as a training school for teachers of these branches. In the pursuit of such instruction the pupil is taken through each successive branch of practical art to which he or she is adapted. No knowledge of drawing is required in beginning, and all studies are directly from objects and from nature.

As the pupils advance they are taught to make their own designs, the character of the designs being confined as closely as possible to work that could be applied to practical use. Even if the life classes, where copies are made from the miniature, the models are posed in attitudes that could be applied to architectural design. In fact, in no department is the industrial feature lost sight of, and from the first attempt in geometrical drawing to the highest perfection in copies from life this object is kept steadily in view.

An important feature of the instruction is that of compelling the pupil, after having made the designs, either in textile or in a purely art department, to work them out in real articles. Looms exactly like those used in New England and Pennsylvania manufactures are provided and the pupil makes a rug or a piece of carpet from his or her own pattern.

In an institution owing its existence almost wholly to one woman, there are naturally a large proportion of women students, but they are by no means the majority of those benefited. Ambitious artisans in the hundreds of industrial mills of the city find here immense advantages for self improvement. Women find the same, and they are availing themselves of the privilege, both here and in the older institution for industrial and art advancement—the School of Design for Women.

The latter was a pioneer in this country in the task of providing congenial and profitable employment for women.

Within a few months art schools in three large western cities have sent representatives to this city to ask after the feasibility of industrial plans. It is recognized that women must be provided with the means of earning a living, and the vast field of industrial art furnishes a broad and hitherto unexploited and unoccupied one. The number of women now filling remunerative positions in the mills as designers attest the claim of industrial art education to notice.—Eugene M. Camp in San Francisco Chronicle.

Better Than Hotbed Processes. "Better know one thing well than many indifferently," was the rule by which the children of the last generation were trained, while a good education was thought to be a growth of years and careful, patient study, and not to be forced by the hotbed process now too much in vogue. It was thought, too, that no education could be complete unless there was first a solid foundation on which to build, the bottom layer of said foundation being a thorough knowledge of reading, writing and spelling, geography, arithmetic, history and grammar. These are homely accomplishments, but far more necessary to one's success in life as a scholar than a mere smattering of the higher branches and an ambitious attempt at an essay, which may have in it fine figures of speech borrowed from some text book, and classical allusions taken from the encyclopaedia, but is still lamentably at fault so far as writing and spelling and grammar are concerned.—Mary J. Holmes.

When you have the ill luck to tear the last pair of gloves you have out of the case, just as the occasion is at hand, you can repair the damage by placing a bit of coat paper under the rent on the inside of the glove. A small snag or tear in coat or trousers can be mended in like manner, and it will show less than if repaired by the tailor.

Having saved about a teaspoonful of broken pieces of toilet soap, put them into a tin cup, with just enough hot water to cover place on the back of the range, and when thoroughly melted pour into a china cup or small mold; when cold turn out. Allow this to harden a few days before using. It is best to do castile soap separately.