

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. E. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY OREGON.

THE PLEASURES OF RANCHING.

Life in the cattle country—Glades of Mesquites—in a Rain.

For bedding, each man has two or three pairs of blankets, and a tarpaulin or small wagon sheet.

At sunset I have seen the mosquitoes rise up from the land like a dense cloud, to make the hot, stifling night one long torture.

But now and then we have a wind storm that might better be called a whirlwind, and has to be met very differently.

Burmese "Pickled Tea."

The Indian Forester publishes the diary of an expedition which recently ascended the Chinthein river in Upper Burma.

Indebtedness of European Nations.

The wonderful increase of the public debt of the European states within the last few years suggests the question, "Whether will this tendency lead them?"

The immense reduction of interest, however, does not seem to benefit the people, for the governments take advantage of it to increase their total indebtedness.

Queer Signs Posts for Streets.

Formerly all the streets in Merida were distinguished in a manner peculiar to Yucatan by images of birds or beasts set up at the corners.

Judge Allen H. Morrill of Alabama is mentioned as likely to fill the vacancy on the Interstate Commerce Commission.

OLD MAN GILBERT.

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

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

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"I'm bound for Col. Thorne," she announced. "I'm fair set to tackle the colonel 'bout his son Nick, what married out of hand my cousin Mandy's daughter."

"Tell you what, that ain't that son o' Adam stalkin' this yeth what I'm too peaked to look strot in the face an' speak my mind to."

"Well, he ain't never goin' to be extry for strong, I don't reckon," said Miss White composedly.

Young man who married your relative; and I bid you good evening."

The next thing Roxanna White knew the colonel had driven away, and she was left, defeated.

bitter to Roxanna White; it was an experience she had never heretofore known; her strength of purpose and her vehemence of tongue had invariably served to win her the victory of every encounter.

"Well, old man, what foolishness are you up to now?"

"You wouldn't miss what he'd eat, sub, nair nairy muel, eh?"

CHAPTER XVII. A CHRISTMAS FLIGHT.



Long did old Gilbert sit that evening in deep despondency over Miss White's report of Nicholas' condition; but remembering, at last, the money he had received for his mule and brooms, he drew from his pocket an old leather purse.

"Well, old man, what foolishness are you up to now?"

With the glimmer of the dawn next morning he rose, threw a blanket over his shoulders, took his staff in his hand and went out before any one else was stirring.

"I ain't minded to waste time multiplifyin' words, colonel. It's yo' son Nick Thorne 'at I come to talk about."

"Who sent me?" she cried, shrilly. "Why, the Lord Almighty, I reckon! Sent me to warn you 'bout judgment day."

This was too much for the colonel's scant patience; if he related towards his son, it certainly would not be at the dictation of this virago, whom he strongly suspected of being instigated to this demerit for property by Job Furnival and his daughter.

Col. Thorne was in the office, as the separate small building was called in which he transacted all matters of business; but apparently he was unoccupied when old Gilbert entered.

"Well, old man, what foolishness are you up to now?"

"You wouldn't miss what he'd eat, sub, nair nairy muel, eh?"

"I don't want your money," said the colonel, shortly.

"You can take the mule at any time you may need him," the colonel said at last, and he repeated, "I don't want your money."

"Thankee, mawster, thankee sub," old Gilbert responded, but there was disappointment in his tone.

On Christmas morning the Hill resounded with the popping of fire crackers, the shooting of guns and the repeated shout, in every variety of tone, of "Christmas gif, mawster!"

A large party dined at Thorne Hill that day, and there was feasting with decorative merriment, in which the colonel bore his part.

Missy disappeared after dinner, but at dark she rushed in, and calling her aunt Elvira aside, she demanded the necklace and bracelets her father had brought her from New York.

"I ain't minded to waste time multiplifyin' words, colonel. It's yo' son Nick Thorne 'at I come to talk about."

IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

SOME OF THE STRANGE SIGHTS SEEN IN ITS STREETS.

The Turk's Feet and Funny Trousers. Crooked Streets and the Dogs Thereof. Shops and Fiddlers of All Sorts—Driving a Bargain.

One of the first things you will notice is the feet, worn by all the Turks. It is a red felt cap with a flat top and black silk tassel.

"What you've saved up sixty dollars!" exclaimed the colonel.

"I don't want your money," said the colonel, shortly.

"You can take the mule at any time you may need him," the colonel said at last, and he repeated, "I don't want your money."

"Thankee, mawster, thankee sub," old Gilbert responded, but there was disappointment in his tone.

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A BUSY BOOK AGENT.

Time Was Valuable and Batters Couldn't Keep Him Awake.

We were visiting at a ranch about six miles out of Denison, Tex., and one day there were five or six people on the veranda.

"Durn my luck, but I'm allus running up agin snakes! How big is this feller?"

"How long will it take him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can I lock this door?"

"Rejected Suitor—For de lan's sake! Eberybody seems to know dere's been an unpleasantness between me and Dinah, an' it on'y happened twenty minutes ago."

More Comfortable.

How the Weasel Goes.

How the Trouble Begon.

Appropriate to the Occasion.

CEAR OF CIVILIZATION.

When King Paper Promises to be the Course of Human Events.

When we look back to the past we are marveled to recall the rapid progress of the arts and manufactures of the world.

The advantages of paper over wood and other substances are its durability.

It needs but a cursory glance at the existing so-called lifeboats to show they are merely shams.

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