

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

A. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A Bohemian Name.

This habit of naming boys after some friend and hanging two "last" names to a lad all of his life is about played out. At least, that is what Mr. Sawyer Cook of this city, thinks about it. His baby had the cramps the other night, and pargoric did not seem to have the slightest effect upon the little sufferer, so Mr. Cook flew for the doctor post haste. He pulled the bell with a rousing jerk. Up went the side window, and the physician's voice called excitedly "Who's there?"

"Sawyer Cook," hurriedly cried the anxious father.

"Saw my cook, did you? Well, what the deuce do I care if you saw the cook, the chambermaid, the butler and the stable boy? You let that bell alone, you loon, or I'll break your face! Get out of that!"

"But I tell you I'm no loon. I'm Sawyer Cook!"

"Confound it, what do I care if you did see my cook? That's her business if she wants to gallivant around at night. I mind my business, she minds hers, and you had better go about your ways if you want to keep out of trouble. Hear me?"

"I don't know anything about your servants, doctor, and I am not drunk; but my baby is sick, and if you don't hurry up she will die!"

"Your baby's sick? Who are you?"

"The doctor in astonishment once more.

"Why, I'm Mr. Sawyer Cook, of 843 Gripe street, as I told you before, and my baby's dying with the cramp!" cried the agonized father.

"Oh, beg pardon, sir—I thought you were some bum. I will be down directly!"

The baby is all right now, but Mr. Sawyer Cook wants his name changed.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Rob Roy Had the Best of It.

The far famed Rob Roy MacGregor was confessedly the best swordsman of his day. His celebrity for wielding the claymore excited MacNeil of Barra, to visit him for the express purpose of trying his prowess. Barra was a gentleman, possessing the qualities that endear a chief to his clan, with the accomplishments which confer acceptability in polished circles. On arriving at Rob Roy's house the MacNeil chieftain found he was at Buchanan attending the market, and thither he repaired. He met several gentlemen on horseback on their way home, and accosting the nearest, begged to know if Rob Roy was still at the fair.

"Who inquires for Rob Roy?" inquired a voice, more remote.

"MacNeil of Barra," said the chief.

Rob Roy approached, announcing himself, and after exchanging salutes Barra said:

"I have heard Rob Roy extolled as the best swordsman of our times, and have come a long journey to prove whether or I deserve that commendation."

"Chieftain of Barra," said Rob Roy, "I never sought a quarrel with any man; and if it pleases you to think yourself the better swordsman I have no objection to your opinion."

"This is the language of fear," said Barra.

"Who dares to speak of fear to Rob Roy MacGregor?" said MacGregor. "Dis-mont, sir, and try if I'm afraid."

The chivalrons encounter immediately commenced, and Rob Roy found Barra nearly his match; but after much dexterous play he wounded the chieftain in the sword arm, so that he was for several months confined at Buchanan.—Scottish American.

The Ring of Cheops.

Cheops was the builder of the pyramid which bears his name, and, as if to make the structure perpetuate his deeds for all time to come, the very stones and bricks of which it is composed are stamped with his name. Cheops lived nearly 3,500 years ago, his great pyramid being an antiquity in the days when the great nations of old were in their youth, and yet we of this Nineteenth century can have the satisfaction of looking upon the very ring he wore so proudly upon his royal finger! The hieroglyphics on the ring are minutely accurate and beautifully executed, the ring itself being of finest gold and weighing nearly an ounce. The oval signet bears the name of Cheops, which is in hieroglyphics in perfect accord with the stamp on the bricks of the great pyramid. This remarkable antiquity was found in a tomb at Ghizeh. It now resides in the museum of the New York Historical society.—St. Louis Republic.

Writing in Erect Characters.

As most adults write without much regard to the angle which the words take, it is to them a matter of supreme indifference whether upright or sloping calligraphy is best for their health. But with children it is different. Hence there may be something in the recommendation of Drs. Von Reuss and Lorenz to the supreme council of hygiene for Austria that in future children should be taught to write in erect characters. For in this form of penmanship the scholar faces his work, and is spared the twist of the body and neck which is always observable in those who write slantwise, and the tendency to spinal stricture induced thereby.—London Tit-Bits.

Value of Musk.

Besides flowers, several other articles are called into use by the perfumer. Musk is the most important. It comes out of the musk deer of the mountains of India, China and Tibet. It is extremely difficult to obtain unadulterated, and when obtained in that condition costs twice its weight in gold. So great is the tenacity of the odor, that in an area of five feet it gives out 57,830,000 particles without undergoing an appreciable diminution of weight.—New York Evening Sun.

Work for Missionaries.

The macadamizing of a piece of road in Ohio increased the value of the adjoining farms \$4.50 an acre, while the cost was less than \$1 an acre. Some one ought to go all through the country preaching the gospel of good roads.—New York Tribune.

Haggis & Carr, who own 400,000 acres of land and claim the majority of the water in Kern county, Cal., have consented to permit a branch to be constructed from the Kern Island canal, which will irrigate about 50,000 acres of land next to Bakersfield that have heretofore been held as a desert.

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

By HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," "A Family Affair," etc.

[TOLD BY PHILIP BRAND, M. D., LONDON.]

At Paddington he placed her in a ladies' carriage and left her. He was a smoker, he said. She wondered somewhat at this, as she had never seen a man with a pipe in his mouth. Then the train sped on, and she looked out at the landscape. The carriage seemed to have a large window, and she looked out at the landscape. The carriage seemed to have a large window, and she looked out at the landscape. The carriage seemed to have a large window, and she looked out at the landscape.

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well, but so unhappy. I saw her kneel down and pray. She stretched her beautiful arms out to me. And yet I know not where to look for her—my poor level my poor level!

I waited until I thought he had sufficiently recovered from his exhaustion to talk without injurious consequences. "Carriston," I said, "let me ask you one question: are these trifles or visions voluntary, or not?"

"I can't tell you," he said; "but, rather, I would put it in this way. I do not think I can exercise my power at will; but I can feel when the fit is coming on me, and, I believe, can, if I choose, stop myself from yielding to it."

"I can't promise that," said Carriston, quietly. "She has at times I must, or I shall die. But I promise to yield as seldom as may be. I know, as well as you do, that the very exhaustion I now feel must be injurious to you."

CHAPTER VIII.

Although Carriston stated that he came to me for aid, and that, in protection, he manifested the greatest reluctance in following any advice I offered him, the necessity of my relating to him the substance of the police placed me in a predicament. That Madeline Rowan had really disappeared I was, of course, compelled to believe. It might even be possible that she was kept against her will in some place of concealment. In such a case it behooved us to take proper steps to trace her. Her welfare should not depend upon the hallucinations and eccentric ideas of a man half out of his senses with love and grief. I all but resolved, even at the risk of forfeiting Carriston's friendship, to put the whole matter in the hands of the police, unless, in the course of a day or two, we heard from the girl herself or Carriston suggested some better plan.

Curiously enough, although refusing to be guided by me, he made no suggestion on his own account. He was racked by four and sundry, yet his only idea of solving his difficulties seemed to be that of waiting. He did nothing. He simply waited, as if he expected that chance would bring what he should have been searching for high and low.

Some days passed before I could get a fairly correct idea of what he was doing. Even then he would not go to the proper quarter; but he allowed me to summon to our council a man who advertised himself as being a private detective. This man, or one of his men, came at our call, and looked over the matter. Carriston reluctantly consented to let one of Madeline's photographs be taken, but only by watching and spying on Carriston's every action could he hope to obtain the clue. I did not much like the course adopted, nor did I like the look of the man to whom the inquiry was entrusted; but, at any rate, something was being done.

As I look back without news from our agent, Carriston, in truth, did not seem to expect any. I believe he only employed the man in deference to my wishes. He moved about the house in a disconsolate fashion. I had not told him of my interview with his cousin, but he had somehow got wind of the matter, and he had come out of doors to avoid speaking to strangers, and my servants had strict instructions to prevent any one coming in and taking my guest by surprise.

For I had, during those days, opened a confidential inquiry on my own account. I wanted to learn something about this Mr. Ralph Carriston. So I asked a man who knew everything to find out all about him. He reported that Ralph Carriston was a man well known about London. He was married, and had a house in Dorsetshire; but the greater part of his time was spent in town. Once he was supposed to be well off; but now it was the general opinion that every acre he owned was mortgaged, and he was in much need of money.

"But," my informant said, "there is but one life between him and the reversion to large estates, and that life is a poor one. I believe even now there is a talk about the man who stands in his way being mad. If so, Ralph Carriston will get the management of everything. In the present state of affairs, I think he will do very well. I have not heard of anything else since I last saw him. I have seen him only once since he was married, and that was some time ago. I have seen him only once since he was married, and that was some time ago. I have seen him only once since he was married, and that was some time ago."

"How do you see her?"

"She seems to stand in a blurred circle of light as cast by a magic lantern. That is the only way I can describe it. But her figure is plain and clear—she might be close to me. The carpet on which she stands I can see, the chair on which she sits, the table on which she leans her hand, anything she touches I can see; but no more. I have seen her only once since she was married, and that was some time ago. I have seen her only once since she was married, and that was some time ago. I have seen her only once since she was married, and that was some time ago."

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WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE THREE MAIDENS AT SARATOGA AND THEIR BODYGUARD.

Another New Profession—A Thorough Business Woman—A Business Woman at 100—Woman and Her Boots—A Successful Warbler.

We are certainly beginning to get very aristocratic and English here in America. The other evening in Saratoga three young women were noticed strolling slowly down North Broadway, one of the beautiful residence avenues of that famous spa. It was an early hour, and there would have been nothing remarkable in the fact that three tall, fine-looking women, well dressed and of dignified bearing, should stroll on a quiet thoroughfare in the first half of a lovely summer's evening; but for this circumstance. Eighteen feet, perhaps, behind the trio walked, with measured step exactly suited to keep his distance, a young lackey in full livery, presumably as a protector. A good many people turned and looked after them, and it doubtless occurred to the majority of such spectators that so far as protection went the fellow had considerable advantage over the followed.

All the young women were above the average height, were evidently up in athletics, and looked as if any one of them could pick up the little tiger, top boots, cockade and all and toss him aside without any inconvenience. Assuming, however, that the servant was acting in the capacity of protector, one wondered not from what he was guarding his charges. Not certainly from the various orderlies who passed from time to time, nor from the gay group of cottagers who on their piazzas more often saluted the sauntering maidens as friends than gazed calmly at them as strangers, nor could there be lurking dangers in deeply shadowed spots, for such did not exist, with lamps at every corner and electric lights at near distances.

It really seemed very absurd, but the young women sauntered slowly on, evidently with no goal in view, reached a point sufficiently near the hotel and near the business part of the thoroughfare, turned abruptly "Jeems" jumping aside with a salute to permit them to take the lead again, and in the fashion they had come down they strolled up again, entering finally with the air of reaching home the lawn of a handsome residence in the heart of the college colony. Jeems saw them safe to the palm ground piazza before he wheeled off, still discreetly distant, to the rear of the premises.—New York Times.

A Successful Warbler.

Miss Mabel Stephenson has London by the ears. She left New York last April with Dr. and Mrs. Emmet Denmore, at whose home in Elm Park Gardens she made her first appearance. Ever since she has been spoken of as "the latest drawing room craze."

In introducing her one evening a gentleman facetiously remarked, "Miss Stephenson is a New York girl, and she brings a whole forest of native American birds with her." Later someone referred to her in print as the New York maiden with a nest of birds in her throat, and the result was everybody wanted her for a drawing room. She appeared twice before the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The prince sent a message to the bird warbler asking for an introduction, and was full of interest and enthusiasm over what he called her remarkable powers of vocal imitation. During the season she was invited by a series of duchesses, ladies and honorables to warble for them, and her social opportunities have been as flattering as her professional career has been successful. From all accounts she is prettier than ever. The English air has put roses in her fair cheeks. She wears her yellow hair dressed in curls about her forehead, ears and throat, making a frame of gold for her pretty face, and her dresses are as gay and gaudy as the branches of flowers she carries into the drawing room and through which she whistles and carols and trills.—London Letter.

A Chicago Woman's Club.

Mrs. Reginald De Koven, daughter of Senator Farwell, is the president of the Friday club, a sort of ethical-aesthetic organization composed of about a hundred of the Chicago young women of the North Side. The Friday meets once a week in some senior's drawing room and spends an afternoon getting snarled in Browning, Dante, Ibsen, Tolstoy and kindred philosophy. The ladies dress severely, carry themselves rigidly, look at the question and questioner through longnettes, talk with the Ward McAllister drawl, and cheerfully pay big dues to keep the membership down and the canned-corn-beef-and-sausage girl out.

Every few months there is a tea, to which the young husbands and brothers are invited and at which Mrs. President is hostess. Having had several seasons in Washington and a summer or two on the continent, she is considered authority on reception formalities, and is the only woman in all Illinois who can greet a company and cross every hand on a level with her beautiful shoulder. Mrs. De Koven has dash, which counts more with a young matron than beauty. She affects the duchess of Devonshire style, with a modification of her own regarding her bodices, which are cut modestly high in front and remarkably low in the back, to show the Katisha dimple in her shoulder. Mrs. De Koven keeps up her studies, gives considerable attention to her music, and plays the accompaniments for her husband's original songs, for many of which she has written the words.—Chicago Letter.

A Women's Insurance Society.

A new organization of wage earning women has been founded to insure women against temporary illness and also arrange to pay their heirs, in consideration of a premium, a certain amount in case of death. The society is arranged and governed entirely by women and is self supporting, the management expenses being provided for by entrance fees, fines and donations of friends.

A Business Woman at One Hundred.

A Manchester Union man in the course of his travels picked up a reminiscence of y olden time in the form of a partial history of a lady born and bred upon the rugged hillsides of the old Granite state, who, although rounding out the last year of a century since she first saw the light, is noted in the section where she now resides as a person of rare business ability and sagacity.

Deborah Ball Powers first saw the light of day in that portion of the town of Hebron known as Tenny Hill, in the year 1790, in the month of August. She has therefore rounded out a lifetime of a full century. The neighborhood where she was born was a prosperous farming community in her early days, peopled mostly by families of the names of Crosby and Ball, and the late Dr. Ordway, one of the founders of the well known lumber firm of Brown Lumber Company, at Whitefield, was raised in that immediate vicinity. But the glory of Tenny Hill has long since departed, and not a single resident now claims it as a home, although in later years Mrs. Powers has purchased the old homestead and will retain it as long as she lives.

She was the founder of the Old Ladies' home in Lanesburg, where she maintains ten inmates at her own expense. While engaged in these works of charity in her adopted state she never forgets the home of her nativity, to which her last visit was made when she was 94 years old. At her own expense she built a fence around the Hebron cemetery and placed a fund of \$1,000, the income of which is to be used for the purpose of keeping the cemetery grounds in shape. She still retains her mental faculties to a remarkable degree.—Boston Globe.

Women Who Use Opium.

The Chinese have taught the women of Washington one thing that it were better they had not learned. That is the habit of using opium. A physician told me that society would be greatly shocked if every woman here who used it were to be branded upon the forehead. This habit, however, is not the fault of the Chinese. They are abused enough with-out making them responsible for the sins of others. The physician with whom I talked attributes this frightful condition of affairs to the life led by the women of the upper crust. He says the endless round of receptions and balls is so laborious to them that they are compelled to seek some sort of relief. At first they begin by taking soothing syrup. Then when this fails to act they use pargoric. But it is only a step from this to opium. There are some people here who buy the pure gum and chew it regularly every day.—Washington Co. Pittsburg Press.

Tints in Cosmetics.

Cosmetic manufacturers keep abreast of the times. They send to glovers and designers of fabrics for samples of the "coming colors," which are reproduced not only in perfumes and soaps, but skin lotions and face powders. Early in the year everything ran to lilac tints, of which there were seven different shades. Rumor has it that this is to be a season of silver and magenta, and the pearl powders, the currant, raspberry, garnet and crimson tints are as beautifully reproduced in magnesia, French chalk and pulverized rice as the amber tints of 1883, the violet shades of 1887 and the lilac of a year ago.—Exchange.

Mrs. Ingersoll's Gifts.

Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll is the recipient of countless tracts, church prints, leaflets and religious publications embracing every modern creed. They come from all quarters of the Union and some English organizations. Many have startling titles, and not a few call the lady's attention to a special article or page by a dog eared page or margined note. The letters written by fanatics of both sexes are almost as numerous and considerably more voluminous. Very often they are short of postage, which Mrs. Ingersoll cheerfully pays to save the postman the burden of carrying them back to the station.—Exchange.

In Search of a Husband.

Gertrude Batho, 60 years old, arrived in New York on the steamship Ems from Bremen recently, and told the clerk who registered her at the baggage office that she was searching for a husband. She is only three feet eight inches in height. She claims to be wealthy, and qualified \$500 to the registry clerk. The woman said she had traveled nearly around the world looking for a husband, but thus far had failed to find a suitable man.—Philadelphia Ledger.

One of the successful stock brokers in London is Miss Amy E. Bell, a pretty young woman with yellow curls, who has an attractive office near the Stock Exchange. Her clients are for the most part women, though she numbers some men among them.

Mrs. E. G. Shields, of Wichita, Kan., is at the head and front of the pottery craze out west. She not only paints china, but runs a kiln of her own, in which she burns the platters, cups and saucers for her pupils and patrons.

A Swampscott (Mass.) belle, Ella Chamberlain by name, has suddenly discovered that she has great whistling powers, and is about to visit Europe intent upon blowing Mrs. Shaw out of sight.

A Boy With Four Eyes.

Where would Mr. Barium be if all the world had the same opinions of monstrosities as the Chinese appear to have? A woman in Woo-fou village, Fukien province, recently gave birth to a boy with four eyes. The mother was very much frightened, and wished to have the child killed, but the husband would not allow it to be done. It was finally agreed to exhibit the child for a few days to prevent such an unfortunate affair ever occurring again in the family. The Chinese believe that such deformities are caused by evil spirits. After it had been on view for some time the mother put an end to the child's existence by drowning it in a tub of water.—London Figaro.

Scotch Dinners Costing a Cent.

They manage dinners for poor children a trifle more economically in Edinburgh than elsewhere. In Edinburgh it is found possible to supply for a half penny a wholesome meal of vegetable broth and bread. Scotch children thrive on the various savory thick soups of many ingredients for which the cuisine of the country is celebrated, and unfortunately soup of any kind, clear or thick, is rarely prepared in the home of the English poor. Solid meat, bread and potatoes form the staple diet. In Edinburgh it is found possible to supply for a half penny a wholesome meal of vegetable broth and bread. Scotch children thrive on the various savory thick soups of many ingredients for which the cuisine of the country is celebrated, and unfortunately soup of any kind, clear or thick, is rarely prepared in the home of the English poor. Solid meat, bread and potatoes form the staple diet. In Edinburgh it is found possible to supply for a half penny a wholesome meal of vegetable broth and bread. Scotch children thrive on the