EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A German Peasant's Idea of America.

Americans who leave the beaten track of travel in Germany are always objects of more or less interest to the people. There is the curiosity due to the great distance that the visitors have come from, and besides a German who has not a relative or at least a friend in this country is a rarity. The traveler is asked all kinds of questions about the United States, and often a most lamentable ignorance is displayed by the Germans about the distant country. A case in point is related by a New Yorker who spent some time one summer in a village in Hanover, at some distance from a railroad. He was visiting a physician whom he had met at Berlin in the university days of both of them.

One afternoon the physician, accompanied by his friend, drove to a farm house to visit a sick child. When he alighted the American remained in the vehicle. In the course of his call the physician happened to mention that his companion was from the United States. As they drove away an old lady rushed out of the house, gesticulating wildly and calling on them to stop. They did this, and she ran up, all out of breath, shouting:

"How is my son? He is in America."

She did not hear of the New Yorker's nationality until after the physician left the house, and ran to make inquiry about her son, who had been in America for fifteen years. The woman had received no word from or about him for several years. She thought, of course, that every one in America knew every one else there. The foreigner had much difficulty in explaining that he had never heard of her son, who was in Minnesota when he wrote his last letter. For some time the good woman believed that the New Yorker was an impostor who did not come from America at all.—New York Tribune.

Birds in Tug of War.

Two sparrows—one big, the other little—simultaneously swooped down upon a piece of cotton cord in front of the City Hall the other day. Both wanted it and each pulled, but without visible advantage to either bird. Then began a tug of war.

Of course the smaller sparrow was heavily handicapped in the matter of weight, but this was more than made up in skill and strength. For a few moments they stood firmly braced on the asphalt and pulled with their might. Finding their efforts against each other futile, they, by common impulse, flew up and [illegible] their hold upon the coveted object, and continued in mid air the struggle for the string.

On one of the ground floors of the adjacent City Hall a fellow-clerk happened to look conveniently for him, and seemed to fancy the sight of the little bird clutching the string. Then the big bird [illegible] with him, and when he tried upward he was [illegible] time. In fact he was [illegible] cut out all the [illegible] it was to the end of hope [illegible] strife the big bird [illegible] himself out. The proud victor [illegible] fidgeted the little one, [illegible] opportunity, [illegible] instantly followed by a [illegible] and the cord [illegible] of his rival. But in making the prize fell [illegible] for a single second it was the little victor quickly [illegible] a tiny scrap of triumph [illegible] by the breeze.

The little tug of war [illegible] but it [illegible]—New York Herald.

[illegible]

"Don B. Weller was an Ohio politician [illegible] days," said an old politician [illegible] Pendleton, the Democratic vice [illegible] Vice President of the United States [illegible] of his rivals. But in making [illegible] the prize fell [illegible] Bill. For a single second it looked [illegible] the little victor quickly [illegible] a tiny scrap of triumph [illegible] by the breeze.

"Do you remember the old legend [illegible] Pendleton, but it [illegible]—New York Herald.

[illegible]

"Gen. B. Weller was an Ohio politician [illegible] days," said an old politician [illegible] Pendleton, the Democratic vice [illegible]