

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A COOL YOUNG WOMAN.

A Burglar Tells How One of His Pals Was Caught.

A burglar has been talking recently to a reporter, and he declares that white-slugs, ladies and screaming women make safe his peculiar line of breaking-in. He also gives some advice and tells a story. Here is the combined information in his own words:

The best way for a woman to do if she wakes up and finds a man of work in her room would be to keep very still and pretend she was still sleeping; or, if he knew that she had seen him, to obey his orders and keep still. If he thought she had submitted, he wouldn't watch her so hard, and it would give her time to think what to do. There's one thing, though, that would be bad for a woman. If a burglar left his room by the door she ought to listen to his footsteps or watch the light of his lantern as she doesn't want to get out of bed or move until he is well out of hearing.

A man who goes out that way will always stop when he has gone a few feet from the door where a woman is, so if he hears her step out of bed at once, he was better off than to go, so much the less by the expense of a burglar. In fact, he would go back at once if he could find no one to whom he could sell his lantern.

The youth, pretty bold for a detected thief, aimed a blow at the auctioneer and savagely proclaimed his honesty and his intention to have revenge. The policeman calmed him, however, and straightforwardly the auctioneer sped a man walking with his coat. And he hurried and another indignation protest. A victim with the hat quickly followed, and the onlookers began to mutter.

"You've caught me, my fly rogue!" he yelled; "give me that coat and come along with my officer," and he made a grab for the policeman.

"I cannot nor I won't."

She has lived in the spirit of her childhood and is among the most cheerful of women. A recent visitor expressed great pride in her, saying, "She is a real girl."

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In 1844, 1849 and 1858 volumes of her poetry were published. She wrote a poem on the death of Henry Clay's son in Mexico which greatly touched that statesman, and when he visited the school for the blind where she was teacher he spoke of it with great feeling. She wrote her first definitely religious poetry at the request of William B. Burnham, the famous composer of "Angelus" and has since composed over 200 hymns. The one which brought her most fame, composed in 1858, is "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." "Rescue the Perishing" is another popular favorite. Mrs. Van Alstyne is in good health, and to all who know her is still the cheerful and warm-hearted Fannie Crosby.

Mother's Treasures.

Very daring was the performance of a certain young housekeeper in a little Ohio town. She had just come, a bride and a stranger, among these people. She was ambitious and quick witted, and her house and goods had only just been turned down upon her doors. There came a ring at her door. She thought it was the truck man, and she hastened to open it. Before her stood a woman, whose face she had not pointed out to her the day before as the society leader in the little town, a woman, also, of sharp wits and sharper tongue. She was elegantly dressed, and evidently came to make her first call at the time most auspicious for observations.

The young mistress had her head tied up in a big cloth, she was dressing herself and a "dusty dress" skirt, partly covered with a gingham apron. In her hand she held a white handkerchief.

"Is Mrs. Burnham here?" asked the maid.

"Yes, she is in the kitchen," said the maid.

"I bid on this coat and had it handed to me," shouted the other, "with a scribbling brush and a blouse."

"You knocked this coat down to me for two dollars, along with a broken cradle and a bundle of rags," said the third, "and I'll knock you down with a bundle of rags and make a dash for the quietest auctioneer."

Bystanders interfered, and the astonished salman was with some difficulty convinced that he had really put up and knocked down his own clothing in the excitement of the sale.—*New York Tribune*.

A Bright Boy.

The love affairs of the cowboys would make many interesting chapters. One that particularly goes well is told of a cowboy named Finn. While north he had not met a girl, but when with a party west he did, and he fell in love with her. He went to the ranch, bidding her a fond adieu and through the next ten months saved and dreamed, anxious for the meeting between himself and his sweetheart.

Two weeks later she sat in the perfectly appointed little parlor in the new house chattering with the señora, well poised young mistress. "What a pretty maid you had when I first called," she said, "she still is."

"Oh," answered the other, her eyes sparkling with joy, "that was my mother."

"She came down to help me out, but she didn't go far beyond the room where she just up in fainted away. That's how a woman can fool a burglar if she keeps her eyes closed."

Fading Memory.

Leech was at his best as an entertainer in his own home. Dean Hale asked him one day, after Leech had given him a delectable dinner at his lodgings in Scarborough, how he made such good champagne cups. "The ingredients," he replied, "of which this refreshing beverage is composed, and which is highly recommended by the faculty for officers going abroad and all other persons staying at home, are champagne, ice and aromatic water, but in consequence of advancing years, I always forget the secret."—*Examiner*.

A Bright Boy.

It takes a small boy to do a thing that only when he gets it at. The West side family found it out in this way. Mother, servant girl and two small children, the older child being the boy, were in an upper room engaged in some household work.

The boy at length felt that it needed more variety than he was getting out of the task he had been set.

He took his mother's needle and thread and to the amazement of all the family he sewed a small pocket book.

Then an attempt to raise the pocket book.

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