

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A PRISON AND PALACE.

Behind the tall and lamento spire
Irradiate with golden fire,
Those windows emit with twilight beams,
With evening's indigo gleams.
How they reflect the earth night!
Its mingling light and shade,
A lone tall mannequin towers
Against the night like granite flowers,
How grandly lifts his bared arms!
A sky of shape of fire and found—
"What are the buildings, friend?" said I,
"That loom against the eastern sky,
And dashed with many a sunset gleam?
Look like the palaces of a dream!"
"Them buildings, how," the man replied—
A sky in his features pale—
"You just look out you see outside;
Them buildings in the country jail."

Paled at this ending of my dream,
This anticlimax to my theme,
I found a poise for no pain
In this who moralizing stand:

We all live in a county jail—
Where towering walls we cannot scale,
Through them, all in vain, we press
Against its granite stonewall.

And shun our vision from the skies,
Not when hope's sunlight falls upon
Its thick and heavy walls of stone,
They seem against the coming night,
Transfigured in a mystic light,
And, bathed in gold, the myst—
The sun gives us as soft as mist—
Transformed becomes the culprit's jail,
And from its towers cloud hangs fling
Their gorgeous windings to the gale—
It is a palace of a king!"
—S. W. Foss in *Yankee Blade*.

Bride Hunting For Bridegroom.

A policeman at Portobello going his rounds very early one morning discovered a young man on the roof of a low building, and naturally believing him to be a burglar seized him. He was surprised on seeing that he was evidently in his best clothes, and still more so when on searching for burglar's tools he found only a piece of bridecake. The captive offering no explanation the officer was puzzled. Suddenly a party of young women—bride and bridesmaids—approached in an excited state. They were evidently searching for some valuable which had been lost. On catching sight of the culprit there was a shout of "Why, here he is!" The poor bride seemed greatly moved.

During the marriage festivities he had for some unexplained reason slipped away from the scene, and his friends had divided into parties, searching him and loss for the runaway. They were naturally greatly astonished that he had preferred a cold roof in winter time to the society of his charming bride. With out any more fuss they took possession of the fugitive from matrimony who looked somewhat depressed, and bore him away in triumph.—Scouts.

The Found Out.

Two pretty young ladies, evidently sisters, were walking up Broadway in the shopping district one afternoon recently. That thoroughfare was crowded as it generally is of a fine day. Immediately in front of the two young ladies walked a stately and fashionably dressed woman. Her clothes fitted her to perfection, to judge from the furtive glances of admiration which were paid by most of the females passing by.

"How beautiful that bell-shaped skirt hangs! I wonder what she's got it faced with?" said one of the two young ladies in an undertone. "I expect the dressmaker tomorrow, and I'll give anything to have my new Bedford cord dress made so it would hang that way."

"Dare me to find out for you?" said her companion, with a mischievous smile.

"How can you, Belle?"

"Lend me your umbrella, and watch."

The young ladies exchanged umbrellas, the mischievous girl receiving one with a creak.

"Here goes," she whispered, turned the umbrella and deftly lifted the bottom of the woman's skirt for a moment.

"Why, it's only a rubber facing," said the former, as she later dropped the skirt again.

They had accomplished their purpose, and, without having discovered that their little trick had been seen, merrily chattering, they disappeared in the crowd.—New York Advertiser.

A Hunting Costume.

Such pretty dresses now are made for hunting costumes that the woman who cares to go out shooting or hunting, or trapping or fishing, need not make a boy of herself by hiding her trim figure under the baggy outlines of a blouse waist, nor need she make a guy of herself with the full, round skirt, which makes the slenderest woman in the world look clumsy and large on the hips.

A vest of dark blue or brown cloth, hooked snugly at the sides over a vest of blue and white percale, with two rows of smart buttons, three or four breast pockets, and two smart hip pockets, make the waist as pretty a one as any woman could desire. The skirt may be fitted and should be made only to the top of the bust. A pair of short shorts, with velveteen leggings to match the blazer, and buttoned up high on the leg, make a comfortable finish to the pretty outdoor outfit.

The cap may be a small one if the young woman who wears it intends to scramble through bushes and scrubby, and bushes to hide effectively behind fences and tree stumps to lure her game. Leather leggings and leather gloves are better than cloth ones.—New York Advertiser.

A Glorious Six Days' Go-as-you-please.

Joseph Eowers, aged seventy-eight, and W. S. Reina, aged sixty-one, engaged in six days' go-as-you-please excursion on their farm near Correctionsville. Eowers had thirty acres of corn and Reina twenty-nine, and the old man was declared the champion. He challenges any man of his age in the state to bow against him.—Correctionsville Herald.

Professor Barrett, chief of the department of electricity of the World's fair, expects soon to pay a personal visit to the leading electrical manufacturers of the country, in the interest of the international exhibit. He has already received applications for space enough to fill a building twice the size of that set aside for this department.

A peddler in Lewiston, Me., has hit upon a new way of earning a living. He travels from house to house selling sausages, and is also provided with a portable oil stove with which he will cook the sausages when requested to do so. He has already built up a good business.

DEATH OF A KNOWING CAT.

A Connecticut Feline That Was Universally Liked and Petted.

Tommy Tucker is no more. Hartfords well known cat bid farewell to earth after an eventful life of 15 years. Few cats enjoy the honorable career that had been the lot of Tommy Tucker. When a little mite of a kitten, with no claim to pedigree and no home, he wandered into the paper warehouses of E. Tucker's Sons on Trumbull street. He made friends, and from that day until his death he found a comfortable home.

Only once in all his life did he leave his home for a brief interval. Two years ago he was locked out one night. Not appreciating what he considered an injustice, he started for the home of Mr. Tucker on Edwards street. He failed to reach the home of his master, and also lost his bearings as to the location of the store. For seven days he was not seen at the warehouses, when he was returned by a lady who found him and recognized him as Tommy Tucker. During the seven days he lost seven pounds of flesh. His joy at finding his home was manifested as only a cat can show joy.

Tommy was a handsome cat. He was of the tiger variety, with a good showing of long white fur. His nose, breast and front feet were white, which were kept scrupulously clean at all times, as well as the rest of the body. The light and dark marking was sharply defined and the features were strong. The eyes were big and bright as new Columbian half dollars and the whiskers long. Tommy when in his prime weighed 17 pounds. In his old age he weighed somewhat less.

Tommy could perform many tricks and seemed very fond of his accomplishments. He would shake the hands of visitors and sit up when asked to. He was especially fond of ladies and in suitable weather would sit in front of the stores to receive the attentions showered upon him by the admiring passersby. When young Tommy was fed with milk, and each morning a bowl was placed in front of the store with 5 cents to pay the milkman, it was the custom of the cat to look into the bowl to make sure that the money was not forgotten. At times when the dust was blowing a never would be placed over the bowl. Tommy was bound to find out if the nickel was in the bowl, and would push the cover off. If the coin was gone, he would rest content until the milkman arrived, but if the bowl was empty he would make the fact known by an unusual activity between the office and the store front.—Hartford Times.

How a Whale Fights.

Approaching a whale at all times is like going into battle, notwithstanding the absence of the fisherman. Have no fear that the right whale will swallow you. He could not do so even if he were so disposed, as his gullet is only large enough to admit a good sized herring. The sperm whale could swallow a man if he desired to do so, but he is more inclined to swallow a man—particularly with his clothes on—than you would be to swallow a small bird with its feathers. But he will crush you in his ponderous jaws if he is a fighting bull, and eject you in detail.

He will also chew up and spit out pieces of the demolished boat, break up the wooden utensils floating upon the water and fight every piece of wood until more than seven baskets of fragments may be taken up, and having tired himself out in this way he will lay off, angrily slapping the water with his fins, and challenge some other boats, or perhaps, in rare cases, attack the vessel.—J. T. Brown in *Century*.

Not Big Pay For City Men.

Two young fellows who were taking a pedestrian tour through the Berkshire hills recently lost their way after making the ascent of Mount Everett, and at nightfall were glad to seek quarters at a lonely farmhouse. The woman in charge got up an excellent supper, killing a chicken for them, gave them clean, comfortable beds and had a savory breakfast ready in the morning. When they asked how much they should pay her, she replied in a deprecating way that as times were a little hard she would have to charge them more than they might like to pay, but 12 cents apiece would be satisfactory. She was astonished when they gave her \$1, and probably thinks to this day that she entertained Vanderbilts unawares.—New York Sun.

The Love of Books.

A certain housekeeper, who takes a just and noble view of books, almost frightened her parlor maid into spasms by her stern reprimand which she gave her on this subject. The poor maid had just lost one of her mistress's favorite volumes. "Never" she uttered in a deep and trembling voice, "never drop a book in my house again. I would almost as lief have you drop the baby!"—New York Times.

Louisiana's Oyster Crop.

Statistics for the year 1880 show that 180,000 barrels of oysters were fished in the state of Louisiana at a gross cost of \$250,000. They were sold for \$410,000, leaving a profit of \$160,000.

In considering these figures it should be borne in mind that the industry is in its infancy.—Chicago Tribune.

Low Shoes & Garters for Summer.

For general walking in summer nothing so much comfort and freedom as a low shoe. To prove this the stocking and feet from a tight garter of cloth should be touched over it. English pedestrians wear these garters in stormy weather, made of waterproof material, and fastened high over the calf. The short skirts of their dress-gaiter tailors dresses clear the ground by several inches and are faced with waterproof, and in such a costume and a pair of light calzette since they are equipped to face all sorts of weather.

MOUNTAIN MISSIONS.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE "POOR WHITES" OF THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY.

A Southern Clergyman Refutes the Charge That Ignorance and Squander Are Prevalent to Any Remarkable Degree in the Mountain Districts.

Sectarianists who desire to create for themselves a field of operations and an income in a charming and healthy southern climate not infrequently write very touching articles for the northern press on the deplorable condition of the "mountain whites" of the south, and the need of "mission work" among them. Such persons, in descriptions of life among the mountaineers of western North Carolina and east Tennessee, "pile on the agony" in a marvelous manner. Sometimes they do it with an utter disregard for the truth. They represent the exception to be the rule, and picture scenes and conditions common enough in parts of the north and west perhaps, large cities as well as country places, but very rare among the people of the Appalachian region of the south. One would think from their accounts that the southern mountains were swarming with cave dwellers. The author seems to be to perpetuate the idea of that class of philanthropists who find a peculiar pleasure in contemplating poverty, ignorance and degradation in the south since the civil war.

Not long since The Sun noticed an appeal of this sort for aid to "mission work for mountain whites," showing that it was in effect a libel upon the people it professed to describe. Any person familiar with the Appalachian region of the south would see at a glance that it was not.

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Tommy was a knowing cat.

AN EXCITING BATTLE.

In Which a Young Bull Successively Vanquishes a Rhinoceros.

"Speaking of exciting contests," said Colonel Gregory of New York, to a group of his friends here, "I witnessed one about ten years ago that beat anything I ever saw. When a more schoolboy I was taught that the bucklers, as the Hottentots called their oxen, could be taught wonderful feats of skill and became valuable assets in war. That they would gore, kick and trample to death with incredible fury any enemy, but were perfectly friendly and a valuable protection to any member of their own kraal. Whether this is true or not I have never been able to definitely determine, but during a short sojourn in South Africa at the time I mentioned I saw what convinced me of their ferocity in fighting.

"I was in the edge of Zululand on a mission for an uncle, who was making a fortune in mercantile pursuits, and stopped for a day or two with a splendid specimen of the native, when his handsome wife and bright children made me almost forget their color. The children had a pet blackbully—a young bull—which they called Halo, and which they firmly believed could vanquish any beast on earth. The second night of my stay it was time of full moon, and was so warm that after my first nap I arose and found my host and his eldest son, a lad of sixteen, there already. Halo was very impatient, and young Omak let him out into the space in front of his father's hut. Here the graceful and sprightly animal stood sniffing the air, shaking his head till his long, beautiful horns glistened in the moonlight and his bright eyes sparkled in evident anxiety.

"It was just on the point of asking what it meant when a heavy running sound approached us, and out of the forest into the open space came a magnificently looking brute, which I saw at a glance was a rhinoceros. I at once sprang for my gun, and my host and his son did the same, all of which took but a second. The rhinoceros still stood there, gazing from the south.

"We could scarcely see his disgusting little eyes, and disliked to take chances on shooting in the moonlight, for our guns were loaded with leaden bullets, and so thick are the skins of these animals that iron or tin bullets are used for hunting them. We were saved any trouble, however, for Halo, with a bellow, gave challenge to combat.

"The rhinoceros was clumsy and dull, not nothing could withstand him as an adult, and it seemed as if he would never tire. He would make a rash at Halo, and as soon as Halo's horns would cut him in the sides and flanks he would turn and rush at him again. Finally the young bull showed signs of fatigue and changed his attack from the sides to the rear.

"Here he found vulnerable places on the flanks of his enemy, and sent forth a bellow which plainly indicated joy. No matter how often or which way the rhinoceros would turn, he could not get past the sides and flanks he would turn and rush at him again. Finally the young bull showed signs of fatigue and changed his attack from the sides to the rear.

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