EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL. - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

The gallant swains of long ago
Would greatly do and dare,
But now the brave can never show
That they deserve the fair;
I'd prove myself a doughty knight
If there were any one to fight.

I have no bolts and bars to burst,
To slay no jailer grim,
No hundred headed snake to worst,
No Hellespont to swim;
Tasks such as these, in this my grief,
Would be a positive relief.

Her sire, who should be fierce and rude,
Should clank his spurs and cry
Curses on all who dare intrude
And for his offspring sigh,
Is quite the mildest man between
The Marble Arch and Bethnal Green.

He has no spurs, he never swears,
Is neither dour nor strong,
But better versed in stocks and shares
Than in Arthurian song;
Refuses still himself to fling
Into the spirit of the thing.

He never asks of me to flaunt
Her sleeve upon my targe,
But calls my tastes extravagant
And assets far from large,
Forgetting that such things were not
Said to Geraint and Lancelot.

The sands of chivalry are run,
The times are out of joint,
No bride can gloriously be won
At an umbrella point.
We have a deadlier foe to face,
Who conquers all—the commonplace.
—St. James Budget.

An Irishman's Excuse.

During a season of exceedingly cold weather in a frontier army post the commanding officer issued an order to have limited rations of whisky issued to his men.

All went well until one day a soldier, an Irish-American, was arrested and placed in the guardhouse for intoxication. The quantity of whisky allotted to each man was insufficient to produce such a result, and a brief investigation which followed developed the fact that the soldier had stolen the rations of a comrade.

In course of time the matter was brought to the attention of the commanding officer, and the private was ordered before him for trial upon the heinous charge of stealing.

Pat was very much downcast when he appeared before the officer, but was still in possession of his faculties and native wit. He denied having stolen the whisky, but frankly admitted drinking the double allowance and his subsequent drunkenness.

"No, sur," he said, when asked to explain further, "shure I'm not afther stealin the drink. It was this way, sur. You see, he asked me to get his rations, and I had me own requisition an only wan bottle. Both rations were poured in the wan bottle.

"Now, sur, I lave it to yer honor, what was I to do? Me own whisky was in the bottom of the bottle, an I couldn't get at it but by dhrinking what was on the top, but shure I didn't steal it."

This original explanation secured an exceedingly light sentence for the culprit.—New York Herald.

Stealing a Redhot Stove.

"The incident often illustrated in plays of a man carrying off a redhot stove has no basic truth," said Haiman Carmody. "Still the idea seems so preposterous that people never fail to laugh at the incident when placed before them on the stage. The nearest theft that I ever knew to parallel it occurred not so many years ago when an habitual criminal in New York city was given six months in the penitentiary for stealing a tinner's stove. The evidence proved that the criminal had a record which included everything from the theft of a paper of pins and a wagon wheel down to a water gauge of a steam engine and the stove in question.

"The tinner's stove was shown in court. It was a very old fashioned, large and ungainly looking affair, which one might imagine would be the last thing that would attract the attention of even a chronic burglar. The top was cylindrical and perfectly open for the purpose of draft. To the top was attached the handle. Now, the stove had a good fire in it and had been set out on the pavement to obtain extra flame. The thief must have found it a very hot object to handle, and yet he ran with it a dozen blocks before he was caught and arrested."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

No Need to Wait Ten Years.

It is said that a public reader of some repute, making a tour through the west, happened to have an audience one night in a South Dakota town whose "hustling" spirit created a demand for anything from Sunday dog fights to lectures on aesthetics. The house was packed, and the reader's efforts were followed with marked attention. Several selections had been well received, when some of the shorter poems of Arnold were announced.

Probably few of the auditors knew who Matthew Arnold was or what to expect from the next number on the programme, but they had been hearing some good old soul stirring verses, and interest was keyed to a high pitch. It chanced that the reader started with "Youth's Agitations," beginning, "When I shall be divorced, some 10 years hence"—— He paused for breath, and in an instant a voice in the gallery shouted: "Ten years! Come out to Dakota, an yer can git one in two weeks."—New York Tribune.

Fame Within Reach.

"Going to be famous, that man? Well, I guess he will!"

"What has he done?"

"Invented a new literary gymnastic which takes even less brain to write than a 'pastel.'"—Truth.

"It will cost you 15 cents just the same," are the reported words of a New York druggist when he was told that the use of his telephone was desired in a case of life or death. Of course the 15 cents were paid.

In the Yosemite valley there is a fallen tree 300 feet long and several centuries old, that, it is said, has been hollowed out so that for a distance of 60 yards a person can walk upright inside it.

Senator Mills says that for 10 years the railroads of Texas have been operated at an actual loss of $1,000,000 a year to the railroads themselves.

The earliest library was that of Nebuchadnezzar. Every book was a brick, engraved with cuneiform characters.

A WHITE HOUSE GUIDE.

Entertaining Conversation of an Executive Employee of a Few Months Ago.

Not to be too personal, this account of White House visiting is taken from an experience in the past. It is on a day when the president is in the big east room, shaking hands with any Tom, Dick or Augustus who wishes to inflict himself on the head of the nation. There are numerous familiar polite men lounging in the vestibule of the mansion. Their dress consists of indifferent business suits, very ready made in appearance, black, brown, blue and gray, ill fitting and often shabby. These are the servants of the place, whose duties are to show the guests through the public rooms and at times through the private ones. Their appellation in this house of the people is "guide." They are particularly the persons from whom the visitor to Washington gets the tone of the White House. If any one claims that these are gentlemen in office and not serving men, let him try them with a fee. It is not exacted, is forbidden, but—try it!

Through with the president, a group of people are invited by a guide to go into the other rooms.

"These rooms has all been newly decorated," he says, "and after designs by Miss' Harrison, and 'tain't necessary for me to say that she's a artist." A sweep of his hand takes in floor, wall, ceiling and furniture.

"This," he goes on, "is the famous blue room, where the president receives with his lady beside him. You have all heard of going behind the line. Well, the president stands here with his lady on his right and the ladies of the cabinet. That makes the line. After they shake hands the elight go behind the line where all the dignataries is.

"That's right, ma'am. Sit right down." This to a woman who has rested against the arm of a chair. "All sit down and make yourself comfortable. People seem to think this house belongs to Miss' Harrison, but it don't. It belongs to all of you. Miss Harrison wants everybody to feel at home. Now, in this room Miss' Cleveland was married. She stood right there where that lady's feet is."

The modest appearing little woman on whose feet all eyes were centered looked inclined to put them in her pocket, but the guide went on remorselessly. "Where that lady's feet is placed."

"This clock," said the guide later, pausing before an elaborate mantel clock, "and them side ornaments was presented to George Washington, our first president, by Layfayette and presented by he to the White House. And it has ben going ever sence. Them lights are electric and just put in. You turn them on and off this way," illustrating. "Seeing as you look interested, sir, you can turn them on once if you like."

The man to whom this kind permission was granted bears a name synonymous with electricity, but the famous electrician, as courteous as the guide, gravely manipulated the button.

Leaving after a quarter of an hour more of this talk, and a visit to the conservatories, and a peep at the private dining room, Selina expressed herself in this fashion:

"All applicants for such work in the White House should pass a civil service examination before being accepted. Secondly, they should be obliged to wear a distinctive dress. Call it a uniform if the word livery is objectionable. But these men should look as neat and trig as postmen, motormen and car conductors. Thirdly, they must be as willing and obliging as they are at present. I would like to leave our president's house once without feeling half amused and half vexed and altogether ashamed, as I am today."—Newport News.

Making Love to His Own Wife.

"Did you ever hear of a man marrying his own wife?" asked Harvey Kuttner of a party of good listeners last night. "I don't mean a divorced couple getting remarried, but a couple really going through the marriage ceremony a second time, with one of the two entirely ignorant of the fact. I met a case of that kind last year and am thinking of selling the idea to some novelist to build a plot on. It was in a small Ohio town, and the bride had been deserted by her husband 20 years before. She had long ago come to the conclusion that he was dead and had been looked upon as an eligible widow, who was fair and 40, if not fat, when a stranger came to town, got himself introduced to her and finally persuaded her to try the matrimonial experiment a second time. They were married after a short courtship, and a few weeks after the honeymoon the husband gave away his story and told his wife that she had married him twice without knowing it.

"His explanation was that on leaving her 20 years before he had gone on a protracted spree and had finally got himself sent to the penitentiary in a distant state for a long term. After being liberated, he was ashamed to look up his old friends and took it for granted that his wife had forgotten all about him by that time. He accordingly went abroad, and it was only on his return after a long period that he heard accidentally that his wife was still living at the old home. Rather than run the risk of being spurned for his heartlessness and relying on an entire change in his personal appearance, he conceived the daring plot of winning and remarrying his own wife. I don't know what the lady said when she was undeceived, but that is one of the details the novelist I sell the story to can supply for himself."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Greek Stools and Chairs.

The stools or chairs seen on Greek vases are in great variety, and as regards time cover a period of many hundred years. On some of them are figures seated on blocks of stone or wood, but the general form is that of stools with or without the feet of animals, sometimes having arms, but rarely backs. Sometimes personages are seen on vases or on statuettes seated on chairs, with backs of moderate elevation, curved in the form of the ruff worn by women in the time of Queen Elizabeth, which were probably considered thrones. A form of chair in common use among the Romans was that with curved arms, familiar to all those who have seen upon the stage the Roman plays of Shakespeare.

Chairs or stools of other forms were also in use among the Romans, made often within a certain degree of art and elegance and of costly materials. Sitting at table the posture now considered the most elegant and the most cleanly was not practiced by them, the reclining attitude corresponding more nearly with their ideas of ease and luxury.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A COURT OF NATIONS.

A HIGH COURT OF LAST RESORT TO DETERMINE DISPUTES.

How International Differences Might Be Adjusted if the Rulers Did Not Prefer Grim and Destructive War to Peace. Arbitration In Big Affairs.

There is a great deal of carelessness in certain popular demands for referring questions between nations to arbitration. We all know what arbitration is in business. It is a very convenient way of adjusting certain questions which arise between two friends, each of whom wants to do what is right, but who take different points of view of the same subject. Each of them "chooses a man," as the old New England phrase has it. These two "men" choose a third man. All parties meet together and talk over the matter, and the court thus made decides.

But for practical purposes we do not compel every person who has a question arising with another person to create a court which is to try that question. If a policeman catches a pickpocket in the street, he does not appoint one person to try the pickpocket and ask the pickpocket to appoint another, while these two shall appoint a third. If Mr. Cheeryble in London is not satisfied with the account which Mr. Goodchild in Kansas City sends him, if Mr. Goodchild cannot make Mr. Cheeryble understand that account, they do not appoint a court which shall determine how much is due and how much is not due. There is a court existing to which that question can be referred and there are processes perfectly understood by which that court can decide it.

This is a fair enough illustration of the necessity which now exists that the great nations of the world shall have a permanent tribunal, before which shall be brought the important questions which must arise in the affairs of nations with each other. It is to be a permanent tribunal. There is not to be one tribunal about seals and another tribunal about boundaries and another about extradition. There is to be a tribunal which shall gradually gain the confidence of the whole world, and which shall decide these questions which have been left hitherto to a vague public opinion and to what is called the arbitration of war. Clearly we are approaching nearer and nearer the creation of such a tribunal.

The greatest success was achieved when in 1789 13 different nations, here on the coast of the Atlantic, united together and established the supreme court of the United States. The thing has worked so perfectly and simply ever since that we have many readers to whom it has never occurred that there were might have been wars between Massachusetts and New York, or war between Missouri and Iowa, as bitter and severe as half the wars of the middle ages in Europe were. There might have been such wars if it had not been that the supreme court of the United States has determined at least a hundred questions arising between different proud and independent states and has so determined them that each of the states has acquiesced in the decision. Nay, it has so determined them that half the citizens of those states did not know that any such questions existed. Between my own state of Massachusetts and the state of Rhode Island there was a question about boundaries some 40 or 50 years ago which was more important than many of the questions which have thrown European states into war with each other. The supreme court of the United States determined the question, and I do not believe that half the people now living in Massachusetts who were living then ever knew that there was any such question at issue.

The six great powers of the world are the powers who should agree on such a high court of judicature, to exist as a permanent tribunal. It would be easy to arrange some system by which its judges should be appointed. Perhaps a good system would be such as is indicated in the custom which has been spoken of above. Each of the six nations might name one of these judges, and the six judges might nominate six other judges, to be approved by a majority of the high powers forming the court.

At first the new court would have nothing to do. Everybody would be shy of it, but it would exist. It would consist of men of the very highest rank who had distinguished themselves before the world by their equity and wisdom.

At first the court would meet simply for its own organization and to await the reference to it of questions arising between great nations. In this period of leisure these jurists might well be engaged in digesting the international law of the world as it exists now and publishing from time to time their digest. They might determine certain principles on which they would rely in the judgments which should eventually be brought before them. Before long, however, some real question would be submitted to them. There would arise a question whether the San Carlos river was a dirty brook running from the northwest to the southeast, or another dirty brook running from the southwest to the northeast. As things stand now, two armies have to be called out to fight about the proper definition of some old treaty, and a thousand good fellows have to be killed before we can determine which of two dirty brooks is the San Carlos.—Edward Everett Hale in New York Recorder.

Different Schools of Music.

Each generation, tired of the outworn devices which furnishes its predecessor with excitement, demands newer and stronger effects to stimulate its emotions. As the devices of the classicist grow pale, the listening public demands a romantic school with new forms and strange progressions. The romantic school would, if some hearers had their way, be succeeded in turn by a chaotic school, and in the race for new sensation all vestige of artistic form would disappear.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Unique Holiday Gifts.

One good and well to do old lady in Harlem, being at her wits' ends for presents to meet all tastes procured from the bank a packet of new $10 bills and stacked them upon the parlor table, whence she dispensed them through the day to family and friends as they came in.—New York Sun.

Easily Accounted For.

Hardupp—Did you notice the stony glare Miss Coupon-Bond favored me with as she passed?

Rackette—Yes, but she can't help it, my boy. It's all owing to her rocks.—Life.

THEY MET ON FIFTH AVENUE.

A Glad Embrace Followed and Gave a Hint of Hidden Romance.

Pedestrians who were passing St. Patrick's cathedral on Fifth avenue the other day at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon were treated to a curious sight. Coming up the avenue was a handsome woman of about 35. She was elegantly dressed and bore herself with a manner and a carriage which were eminently aristocratic. She was walking slowly, as though out for an afternoon airing, looking carelessly at the carriages which were passing along the avenue.

Going down town on the same block and at the same time was a man of middle age. He, too, was dressed faultlessly. He wore a silk hat and overcoat of the latest cut. His trousers were properly creased, and in his buttonhole was a small boutonniere of lilies of the valley. In his hand he carried a neat cane, which he swung as he walked. He looked contented with the world and with himself and as though he had not a care but to enjoy the afternoon sunshine and the luxury of a leisurely stroll. As they approached each other, this lady and the gentleman, they arrived just opposite the main entrance to the cathedral.

Suddenly they caught sight of each other, and an instantaneous change came. The lady stopped short in her walk and exclaimed, "Theo!" She dropped the small silk umbrella she had been carrying, stretched forth her arms and sprang, rather than walked, straight into the arms of the man. He, while he did not exclaim, acted in a manner indicating more emotion than surprise. He dropped his cane and folded the woman to his breast with an ardor that showed more than gladness at the meeting. The pair stopped for a moment in view of the people, who were observing them. He picked up his cane and her umbrella, and together they both disappeared around the corner into Fiftieth street.

Who were they? Brother and sister united after years of separation? Their joy at meeting seemed too warm for that. Lovers separated in their youth and met again after many years? Who can tell? It might have been. But they disappeared around the corner, and they carried their secret with them. And the still lingering pedestrians felt somehow that they had come into contact with something holy and walked again on their way with a glad feeling it was as difficult to define as it was to tell whence and why it came.—New York Press.

Piano Organs From London.

Piano organs are the latest form of musical torture that has been devised. The piano seems to have fallen into disrepute in Europe. In London it is unfashionable to play one of these instruments, and in Berlin there is a law against playing one with the windows of the house in which it is located open. The piano makers of the old world have therefore been looking for a new field to exploit, and they hit upon the piano organ. London makes them and is sending hundreds of them all over the world. They are taking the places of hand organs. In New York and eastern cities you can now hear in the streets as many piano organs, as they are called, as you can hand organs. They are not organs at all, but loud toned upright pianos that are mounted on wheels and can be trundled about easily.

They may be heard several blocks away. The hand piano is fast displacing the hand organ in popular favor, but it hasn't the variety of music of the latter. Hand organs are made in this country, and when any new tune comes out it can soon be inserted in the organ's repertories, but the pianos have to be sent to London for any change or repairing that is necessary. In this respect, and in this only, the organs have the best of it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Pluck of the Greyhound.

The sire of Fullerton, when running at Haydock park, struck a hurdle, underneath which the hare had escaped, with such force as to fall back apparently dead, yet he afterward won the final course. Princess Dagmar, another Waterloo cup winner, in running her first course, saw the dog against which she was contending drop dead at her side. The hare also died just inside a covert into which it had escaped, yet the greyhound managed to win two more courses—a feat which speaks more for the courage of the animal than for the humanity of her owner.

The lightning speed at which the courses are run and the quick turns of the hare on rough ground make severe falls, and even broken limbs, not uncommon. Yet a dog so injured will often try to renew the chase, falling again, yet making vain and painful efforts to avoid defeat. The type of courage so exhibited, "individual" as distinguished from "corporate" courage, is perhaps shown in its most highly specialized form in the greyhound among dogs. The impulse receives no aid from the association of other animals of the same kind. The dog which is slipped with the winner is a rival, not a comrade.—London Spectator.

The Iron Industry of Maryland.

The bog iron industry has lived and languished in the flat, sandy, far southern counties of the eastern shore of Maryland for perhaps a century, though there never was a time when it was especially profitable. Now and again, however, some native with money to spare is tempted by the tradition of iron in the swampy lowlands, and he undertakes the task of extracting it. Where you find the name of "Furnace" on the map of the region you may expect to discover traces of this abortive industry.—New York Sun.

Poor Prince.

Vantardet, a native of Marseilles, has started practice as a dentist in Paris. Some friends of his one day happened to mention the name of the Prince of X——.

"Ah, the dear prince," said Vantardet, "how is he getting on?"

"Do you know him?" inquired one of the party.

"I should think I did! I have already drawn more than 10 teeth for him."—Charivari.

Substantial Studies Better Than Fads.

An honest education in the primary branches is all the public schools should be expected to give. As it is, there is a disposition to divert the pupils from substantial studies to fads that tend to defeat the main object of the public school system. By giving them a smattering of a dozen things they are deprived of useful knowledge that can be easily imparted in the schools and sent out into the world imperfectly equipped, when they might have been supplied with knowledge that would have been useful to them in every item.—Pittsburg Press.

AT A CABLE STATION.

ISOLATED OPERATORS LIVE IN A WORLD ALL THEIR OWN.

Picturesque Scenes at the American Terminus of the Great Transatlantic Cable. Thirty Men Live a Peculiar Kind of Existence by Themselves.

To an outsider the words "life at a cable station" convey a vague sort of meaning, such as the term "life on board ship" would imply to one who had never been to sea. The very peculiarity of cable life attaches to it something of a special interest. It will be my endeavor here to portray as far as possible what life is at one of the lonliest and most important cable stations in the world, landing two ocean cables from Waterville, Ireland, two from New York city, one of which is operated direct from Wall street; also a cable to St. Pierre, Miquelon, and working a direct land system in connection with and over the Canadian Pacific railway.

It is a well known fact that cable stations, as a rule, are placed upon the most outlandish spots imaginable, in thus wise throwing the operators out of touch with society and the world at large.

Just picture to yourself a moment a small cape running out into the Atlantic on the most northeasterly point of the American continent. A little to the south and situated somewhat on a hill you will see what appears to be a small village circling into the shape of a horseshoe. The background is thickly clothed with small fir trees, and immediately at the foot of the hill is a large lake with miniature islands clothed in rich green foliage.

Beyond the lake and as far as the eye can reach is one vast expanse of water dividing the eastern and western continents of Europe and America. At once you are brought to the "Canso station" of the Commercial Cable company.

To the southeast of the lake the broad Atlantic rolls along in heavy monotone, while far away on the horizon a dark line of smoke floats leisurely in the wake of a passing steamer. The station itself has a picturesque appearance in the glistening sunlight, the handsome office with its bold frontage standing like a sentinel at the western gateway. There are the finely laid out tennis courts, the broad crescent of substantial villas, with their small patches of greensward and flower beds in front, and the neat little clubhouse with its small piazza, where the men enjoy their pipes of an evening and watch the fleet of fishing boats or ocean travelers passing round the cape.

At the eastern entrance are the bachelors' quarters—a large 2-story building, accommodating nearly 30 men. Two and a half miles away is the fishing town of Canso, with its 2,000 inhabitants.

There is nothing outside to portray the amount of activity going on within the office. The commercial world is in full swing, the cables are being worked at top speed, and messages are pouring in to be transmitted to all parts of the habitable globe. Business is being transacted between the London and New York Stock Exchanges almost as speedily as in the exchanges themselves. Here one gets a general idea of the importance of submarine telegraphy to the world at large and the value of time. No stopping, no pausing, nothing but rush, rush, rush, the clicking of sounders, the working of automatic senders, the tapping of keys, and the steady buzzing of recording instruments.

The operators have the money market under their control; are edifying the political world with the latest conundrums or flashing forth the tidings of some dreadful calamity across the submerged chains which link the old world with the new.

Life at a cable station is not all sunshine, neither is it all shadow. We have our periods of dullness as well as our seasons of pleasure, advantages as well as disadvantages. We live in an unconventional manner, but there are times when we experience a thirst for town life with all its rush and rattle, merely for a change. On the whole, however, we are very contented and happy; there is such a sense of freedom so far removed from the congested atmosphere of city life. Roam where one will, there is no one to say, "Whither goest thou?" One can shoot all over "no man's land" or cast the deceptive fly on lake or stream and wile the silvery trout from their various haunts. There are no preserves, therefore no gamekeepers or watchers.

In season we have boating, tennis, cricket, riding and other sports to brace us up for the mental strain of the operating room; also our concerts, dances and picnics to mark the superficial side of life. Naturally we have to rely on our own resources for amusement and entertainment, and at a large station there is generally a fair supply of talent in various directions.

When winter is upon us with its icy grasp, when the trees and everything around are clad in a beautiful garb of white and glistening snow, we don our furs, and away we go across country to the merry tinkle of sleighbells. Snowshoeing and skating also form important features of our winter's pastime.

When the shades of evening cast their dark mantles around us, we gather in the cheery clubhouse and over our pipes discuss the latest news from the outside world, sum up reminiscences of other days, talk of episodes in our lives and experiences at other stations in other lands, with no foreign element to break our bond of fraternity.

There is a strange Bohemianism in the life of a cable operator. The constant moving about he is subject to, the living in foreign countries and mixing with different races give him a cosmopolitan education, with a broad and generous view of humanity, to the downfall of many narrow and popular prejudices. I do not know of any other profession where exists the same fraternal feeling or spirit of clannishness as is met with in the cable service. Let a man travel the globe, and the mere fact of his being a "Son of Mercury" will insure him a warm welcome at any cable station he may visit.—Cor. New York Herald.

The Great Feat.

First Reporter—We got the scoop on you in that robbery in the street car. We were the only paper that published the name of the pickpocket, his arrest and the recovery of the money.

Second Ditto—Yes, but we were the only paper that gave the number of the car.—Boston Transcript.

Tobacco Benefited Him.

"I feel that I owe a great deal to tobacco."

"Nervous temperament perhaps?"

"No, I run a cigar store."

GOVERNOR PENNOYER.

He Has Achieved Notoriety as an Exponent of Gubernatorial Dignity.

Governor Sylvester Pennoyer of Oregon, whose curt reply to a message from the state department at Washington recently excited general attention and caused considerable criticism, has long been noted for his brusqueness and disregard of conventionalities. When Mr. Pennoyer edited the Oregon Herald, 25 years ago, he wielded a very vigorous pen and sustained the editorial dignity by verbal as well as physical valor. The governor is a man of powerful physique and is better fitted for business than professional pursuits. At least he so concluded in 1862, when he abandoned the practice of law and pedagogy and embarked in the lumber business. His subsequent ventures have been very successful, and he is now the proprietor of one of the largest and most profitable sawmills in the state.

GOVERNOR PENNOYER.

In politics, too, Governor Pennoyer has been fortunate. He was a Democrat when he went to Portland in 1855, but not till 30 years later did he attain political prominence. He took a conspicuous part in the anti-Chinese agitation of 1885-6 and was nominated for mayor, but was defeated. In 1886 he was elected governor by a large plurality and was re-elected on the Democratic ticket in 1890. Immediately after the Omaha convention of July 4, 1892, Governor Pennoyer came out for Weaver and Fields and has since been recognized as one of the leading spirits of the People's Party.

Governor Pennoyer first achieved national notoriety by asserting his gubernatorial dignity in 1891, when President Harrison made his memorable tour of the country. During the trip the president was frequently escorted through a state by the governor, who met him at the border and left him as he entered another state, where another governor was ready to extend the hospitality of the commonwealth of which he was the chief officer. When asked if he would do likewise, Governor Pennoyer replied that he would do nothing of the sort and said:

"President Harrison represents in his official capacity the official power and dignity of the federal government. I as governor of Oregon represent the state of Oregon in the same way. We are equal. I have no business to go to pay homage to him. On the contrary, when he visits Oregon, he should rather pay his respects to me as its official executive."

President Harrison received no gubernatorial welcome when he crossed the Oregon boundary line, but when he reached Salem the president called on the governor at the capitol.

Governor Pennoyer is a native of Grafton, Tompkins county, N. Y., and is now in his sixty-second year. He attended the Homer academy and was graduated from Harvard law school in 1854. In 1856 he was married to Mary A. Allen, by whom he has had five children, two of whom are now living.

TO AID THE INDIANS.

Emma C. Sickels Heads the National Indian Land Adjustment League.

There was organized in New York city recently a society which proposes to take a radical departure in the field of Indian philanthropy. Its chief promoters have had considerable experience on the plains of the west and have not only a practical knowledge of the situation, but definite plans for the solution of the difficulties which environ the red man. One of the dangers that threaten the existence of poor Lo is the rapid appropriation by white settlers of the broad prairies which have for generations furnished refuge and sustenance for the Indian. The new organization proposes to confront this dilemma and has been named the National Indian Land Adjustment league.

EMMA C. SICKELS.

The league proposes to fight the encroachments on the Indians' domain and will take immediate steps to contest the opening of the Cherokee strip. It will also interest itself with the commission appointed by the president to negotiate with all the tribes in the southwest for the extinguishment of the tribal relations. The league believes that once the land question is settled the Indian problem will solve itself.

Miss Emma C. Sickels, the president of the league, has lived for years among the Indians and has the confidence and veneration of all the tribes. She established the boarding school for Indian youth at Pine Ridge under the auspices of the government eight years ago. During her life on the frontier Miss Sickels witnessed many Indian outbreaks and frequently acted as a peacemaker. The Indians call her "The White Queen Who Leads All Her People to Peace." She has perfect faith in the efficacy of education for the civilization of the Indians, but believes that an immediate adjustment of the land difficulty is an urgent necessity.

Concerning one effect of placing Indian children for a temporary term in eastern schools Miss Sickels says: "The eastern schools are valuable for showing white people the capability of Indian youth, but the contrast is very painful when students return to their homes after an absence of three years. The look of desperation which came over the faces of some girls who amid the joy of home coming had forgotten that they must go back to their life in the tepee, with all that meant for them, accounted to a large degree for the fact that those who do go back to barbarism sink to lower depths. They are driven by a desperation born of a knowledge of better things."

Miss Sickels is tall and willowy, with dark complexion and dark hair streaked with gray. She was one of the best horsewomen in the west.

Women and Men.

Except in what is called the social world men and women meet very infrequently. The plaint of a bright and brainy woman that she didn't know how to talk to a man, didn't know what would interest him, is too well founded. "Why," said another woman, "I was counting up the other day, and out of 40 married women whom I know well and see often I have met just 18 of the husbands, and except in one or two cases met them but once and most inconsequently." What with woman's clubs and luncheons and teas, her charitable and church committees, she may be busy week in and week out and not have a half hour's talk with any man outside of her own family.—New York Times.

IDEAL NEWSPAPERS.

THEY EXIST FOR ALL CLASSES OF SOCIETY AND NOT FOR ONE.

Wherein Lies the Fault of Most Intelligent Criticism of the Modern Newspapers and Their Methods of Gathering and Presenting the News.

The Massachusetts Society For the Promotion of Good Citizenship has lately been addressed by several distinguished gentlemen in a series of lectures upon the subject of journalism, and the result should be a clear understanding of what is necessary to constitute the ideal newspaper. Unfortunately, however, these philosophers are at hopeless contraries. No two of them agree upon any essential point. They have conflicting views not only as to the essential features of the case, but also as to the fundamental facts. What one considers a drawback another declares to be an advantage. Their methods of analysis and judgment differ as widely as if they were designed simply to bewilder the average mind. They are in harmony only upon the proposition that there is great room for improvement in the daily press.

When it comes to telling how the improvement should be made, they have their individual notions and are unable to make the same recommendation in a single respect. They would each have a newspaper suited to his special preferences and prejudices without regard to the tastes and wants of the rest of the world. It does not seem to occur to them that journalism appeals to a miscellaneous audience, and that it must adapt itself to the demands of the many instead of the wishes of the few, or it will lose its occupation. They would have it cater to a select constituency, forgetting that if it had to depend upon a select constituency for support it would soon cease to exist.

It is true of most criticism of newspapers that it is thus narrow and unreasonable. Any intelligent man can easily map out a model journal from his point of view, but his point of view does not include the whole field. At the most it only relates to the opinions and tendencies of a class, whereas a community is composed of many classes, all having different desires and interests. The editor who knows his business seeks to please the majority and not the minority. He knows that his paper must have more patrons than any one class can furnish if it is to thrive and keep pace with the progress of the age.

It is not to be supposed that he regards his position as that of a man with a solemn mission for the dispensation of wisdom and virtue, whatever the pecuniary results may be. He cannot afford to take himself so seriously. His functions, as he understands them, are of a more practical nature, and experience teaches him that success lies in the direction of recognizing and gratifying a variety of tastes.

In that way only can he secure the number of readers necessary to pay the large and constantly increasing expense of gathering the news from all parts of the globe and presenting all current information about the affairs of mankind. It is quite likely that he often prints matter of a superficial and transient order, but it has its value to those who want it, and that is its justification so long as reasonable discrimination is used in selecting and apportioning it. Those who do not care for it are at liberty to skip it and read only what they like, which may be equally distasteful to others.

There would be a great deal less of this talk about the ideal newspaper if the critics would stop to think that we are not yet living in an ideal world. The press, like every other public institution, is subject to existing conditions and influences and cannot dictate the terms of its own service and prosperity. It has come to its present state of usefulness and importance through a process of gradual evolution. There has been a systematic improvement in its character and its proceedings. It grows more profitable every year as its opportunities extend and its popularity increases.

To say that it is not perfect is only to say that it shares the prevailing shortcomings of human nature and is governed by the law of environment. It began by being a luxury, and it has become a necessity. This could not have happened if it had not vindicated its right to such consideration. Things do not become indispensable unless they have definite and practical value. It is not possible to conceive how we could get along without newspapers. They occupy a larger place in the system of modern civilization than any other one agency of general convenience and advantage.

The people appreciate them, notwithstanding the efforts of certain carpers to disparage and discredit them. It is not true that their faults exceed their virtues. They perform their appointed work with diligence, discretion and a due sense of responsibility. The worst that can be said of them is that they are not better than the world in which they are published. But they are unquestionably twice as good as the world which makes them what they are, and when it reaches the ideal standard they will get there also.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Borax In the Arts.

In the arts the use of borax is constant. It produces the glaze on china, earthenware and tiles and is used in the enamel for granite ware, as a mordant in calico printing and dyeing and a flux for all metals, as it enables them to melt at a lower temperature. Used with pure, fine white sand in the proportion of four to one, it produces a glass so hard as to cut common glass like a diamond, while it is added to slaked lime where it is desired to render plaster fireproof.—Epicure.

The Interior of the Mormon Temple.

The interior of the Mormon temple has an air of mystery about it. Up to date none but the faithful have been admitted to its sacred precincts, and none of the inquisitive Gentile reporters are allowed to enter. As a matter of fact, there are portions of the interior which are as sacred as was "The Holy of Holies" in the days of the temple constructed by the wise son of David.—C. M. Jackson in Harper's Weekly.

Wedding Invitations.

Wedding invitations are always engraved on note paper. All figures, including dates, are written out in full, except the number of the house. There are no abbreviations. An invitation should never give the effect of being in a hurry. A matter of social function to be done elegantly must be done leisurely.