

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL.

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The little band that takes your life to me.

Sounds of war and strife; do you think?

And heard the clangor of the coming time.

When life is dark and all is bleak and cold,

And do you think that purified by pain,

We can take up our lives and love again?

Or when, like the instant of sunrise,

Our lives are clouded as sun's air,

And we know pain that overcomes us all,

Will you not find it all too hard to bear?

And with these storms and weary hours have tried us,

Can we live on and let no power divide us?

Then if this little chain, so frail and weak,

It trembles when our lives are fair and bright,

Could find a voice and each small link could snap.

Would it not say "twas frightened of the night?

If it must break, and we must humbly bow,

In pity for my weakness, break it now;

But if you think that it can bear the weight

Of fiery trials as they come along,

We can take up our lives and meet the fate,

With voices imparts of joy and woe;

And be it summer fair or winter weather,

We can be brave and meet all, love, together.

—Eva McLaughlin, Baltimore News.

TALENT MISDIRECTED.

A pretty Canadian girl's skillful work in making illegal money.

For nearly nine months the public has been systematically defrauded by the skillful connivance of an adept at altering bank notes. The man or woman who conceived the idea and operated the system must have had confederates as the work was carried on somewhat extensively.

The complaint first came from the Dominion bank officials. One of their experts found among the bills one day a two dollar note which was about three-eighths of an inch shorter than the usual length. He examined the bill more minutely, and discovered that a small piece was missing from a place almost in the center of the note. Thinking that this might have been torn out accidentally, nothing was thought of the occurrence until a few days later another bill of the same denomination turned up, short in length to the same extent as the first.

The piece missing from this bill, however, it was noticed, was from another portion of the note. Suspicion was aroused and a careful scrutiny of the bill made, whereupon it was discovered that the missing piece had been cut out. But the work had been done so cleverly and accurately that no person but an expert banker would notice the deficiency.

The detective department was communicated with, and the short bills which continued to come in were handed over to them. It was several months before they were able to understand how the perpetrators of the fraud could be benefited. At last they had nine of these short bills, and an analysis of the different places where the cutting operation had been performed solved for them the problem.

There had been enough paper taken from these nine bills to make, if properly put together, a tenth note almost as long as the others, which would pass anywhere undetected. The detectives knew that the work was going on, and an officer was put on the case especially some months ago. Several weeks ago he suspected that the operator was a woman, and close watch was kept over her.

Yesterday a warrant was sworn out accusing a pretty young woman named Catharine Rhodes with altering and uttering Dominion bank bills. She is only eighteen years of age and lives with her father, Robert Rhodes, a laborer, at 45 Wardell street. It is understood that the operators, whoever they are, have been making five dollar notes in the same manner out of bills belonging to other Canadian banks. The cutting out work was evidently done with a razor and by a cutting hand.—Toronto Globe.

The Courtesy of Love.

There is a false idea afloat in the stream of life, which is that when people love us we can be rude to them, that because they know we love them they will forgive every lack of courtesy. Now, this is absolutely untrue; the closer two people are united by the bond of love the more necessary is it for them to observe every law of politeness. Love isn't so difficult to gain, but it is very difficult to keep. You can afford better to be rude to everybody else in the world than to the people who love you. Being a good girl, you think that you are not rude to anybody, but just remember how you treat Tom. You take his love as a matter of course, you think he doesn't want you to consider him first and best.

Love, my dear girl, is a flower that needs constant attention, and the very minute it is neglected, left too long in the glaring sun of indifference, or in the cold wind of selfishness, it dies. And love is never resurrected. I don't want you to give Tom too much. Save something for the husband—the kisses it will be his right to claim, the encircling arms that will be his pleasure to have. But give Tom your words of affection, the looks that tell him so much, and the unselfishness that goes to make love, and without which there is no love, but only a miserable imitation.—Ruth Ashmore in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

A Warm Waist.

Here is a prescription for keeping warm without a jacket. Buy four large chamois skins and a paper pattern for a high-necked undershirt. Cut the waist according to the pattern with this exception: the chamois should not quite come down to the waist line. Punch a few holes in the leather for ventilation, trimming them neatly with a pair of sharp scissors. Line this with silk and you will have a delightfully comfortable little garment that will have all the warmth of a jacket, and that will not take up any room to speak of when worn under the waist of the dress.

Clothes skirts which are tightly fitted over the hips may also be lined in this way from the waist to a distance of a foot; this will prove also to be of great protection from the treacherous spring winds, and will not detract from the slender look of the gown.—New York Tribune.

A Rapid Swimming Fish.

The dolphin is said to be the fastest swimmer in the seas. It has been observed to dart through the water at a rate computed to be much greater than two miles an hour, and is often seen swimming around and around a vessel which is sailing at highest speed.—St. Louis Republic.

A BATTLE STRANGELY WON.

An Army Put to Flight by One Man and With the Loss of Only One.

It was probably one of the most remarkable battles that was ever fought. The advance had been well planned by the commanding force, the idea being to surround the enemy at the dead of night. Every detail had been carefully considered. The advance would be hidden by smoke, and the first the enemy would see of it would be when the troops swept out of the wood and carried the camp by storm. There were apparently no pickets in the wood, and there seemed to be no possibility of a failure.

The colonel in command was gloating over his expected victory, when one of his officers called his attention to a bright light some distance to the left of the advancing column.

"What is it?" asked the colonel anxiously.

"I don't know," replied the officer. "It flashed up there only a minute ago."

"Well, if any one suspected we were here he wouldn't go along swinging a lantern to make a target of himself," said Quixarvyn.

The column had barely begun to move again when a light appeared on the right and a little to the rear of the one that had just disappeared. Another halt was made, and the colonel was tempted to order a volley in the direction of the light, but of course that would betray the exact whereabouts of the column and would be almost suicidal.

The scene inside the church was awful in its weird impressiveness. It might have been a gorge of the lost souls in the Inferno. The lurid glare of a few torches which were stuck at intervals against the pillars revealed the forms of men sitting and lying on the seats and floor in every attitude of dejection and despair. Up and down the aisles the iron shod heels of the sentries rang upon the open floor.

The greater part of the prisoners were silent or moaning with the pain of recent wounds; some were praying; one was raving mad with terror. And, in truth, he and his companions had good cause for fear, for their conqueror was Feversham, the general of the Royalists, whose only mode of dealing with a rebel was to hang or shoot him without more ado, and who was only waiting for the daybreak to begin the work of slaughter. A few men were drawn up before him.

He lay down on the ground at the edge of the pit, reached his hand down to some keys on a sort of switchboard, and in an instant cannon boomed out. Then he raised himself to a sitting posture, and as he fell he instinctively made a reach for the light. He was the only man killed, but his death completed the panic. Ranks were broken, and the retreat became a wild race to get out of the wood.

And the lights seemed to dance here and there, appearing at the most unexpected points and adding to the confusion.

When the excitement was at its height, a man climbed out of a pit some distance in the rear of the retreating force. He stretched himself and peered after the fleeing soldiers.

"Hanged if I wasn't cramped in that hole," he said. "I suppose I might as well turn a cannon or two loose just to wake the boys up and scare those foot racers a little more."

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