

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A DEFENSE OF THE LIAR.

The Position in Society, Politics and Commerce of the Frequentator.

For many years the wise men have insisted upon the importance and beauty of truth. We read that all the glorious and lovely productions of the arts depend upon the truth as upon a solid and enduring foundation. We read that poetry and beauty rest upon the congenial substance of truth as a statue upon its pedestal. But the man has not as yet arisen who has given the other side of the question justice or yielded due praise to the efforts and worth of liars. We respect and revere the truth. We adhere to it in theory and in practice—a thing rare in the adherents of mere opinions—but we believe in justice through the heavens fall, and in all the good, old-fashioned axioms. In all truth, however, to speak paradoxically, the liar, as an element of practical advancement, has been too long ignored. It is time that the pen and the brush should do him homage.

Who sets the great enterprises afloat? Who is the originator of vast investments and the inaugurator of magnificent projects?

The liar. Who is it that floats the bonds, discounts corporations and consolidations? Who is it that has settled the wild lands of the west and made Uncle Sam no longer a freeholder?

The liar. Who is it that originates "booms" and distributes capital from the unwary to the wise?

Who is it that makes widows mines successful and sets a prize upon human ingenuity?

Who is it that gives the impulse to politics and the trend to political economy?

The liar. Who is it that has many guises as Porteus. Anon he wishes to make your fortune, and anon he wishes to borrow a dollar.

But he is always pleasant, affable, agreeable, whether engaged in the soliciting of millions in world stirring plans or in attempting to secure a free lunch. The truthful man will affront you with rude candor and hold up your faults brutally to your notice. But the liar—he will do nothing of the sort. He will make you comfortable and happy. He will put you at ease with the world and with destiny.

Whether he is in commerce, in politics or in the show business, whether he is offering you a position or asking a favor, let his merit be recognized.—Minneapolis Commercial.

The Hardworking Sultan.

This ruler is currently imagined to allow his ministers to do all his work, while he himself lives a life of luxurious indolence. The very reverse is the rule. The man in all the Turkish dominions who works morning, noon and night, whose mind never rests from effort to carry his people through the difficulties which beset his system and lack of means, is the monarch. The ministers work little, the sultan incessantly. Not only is this well known, but an estimate of mine is an old-camp-in daily attendance upon his majesty, and my ideas gleaned from him have given me a hearty respect for the personality of the present bearer of the crescent.

Since his accession he has scarcely left his palace. Here he labors with honest fidelity to effect the impossible, for the had Turkish customs are like the laws of the Medes and Persians. The system is as rotten as the people are hard to teach. Moreover, the sultan is the simplest and most plainly dressed man in his dominions. The unpretentious courtesy of his personal bearing, his apparent lack of egoism, his rather pale, nervous, fatigued looking face, are dignity itself. I have never seen a more patriarchal ceremony or one of higher tone than the quiet procession of Selahmet—Harpur's Magazine.

Thirty-three Years Without Food.

A queer story, and one which readers would do well to thoroughly savor (give it more than the proverbial grain) before swallowing, comes with first class recommendation all the way from England. Thirty-three years ago, in 1859, a member of the Chaplin family died at Blandford, Dorsetshire, and was laid in the family tomb. This particular Chaplin was a naturalist, and among his other pets had a large gray bat. That bat was permitted to enter the tomb and was sealed up alive along with the corpse of his dead master. In 1896 the vault was opened, and to the surprise of all the bat was alive and fat. On four different occasions since the Chaplins have looked after the welfare of their dead relative's pet, and each time it has been reported that the bat was still in the land of the living, although occupying quarters with the dead. He was last seen in 1892.—St. Louis Republic.

Feather Trimming.

The great controversy over the wearing of feathers is developing considerable heat. There is no appreciable effect yet of the pleas on behalf of the brightly plumaged birds. The hat boxes of the Princess of Wales have just been peeped into, and what was seen there may have an important influence on a large number. On the hats recently made for the princess and her daughters there are many feathers, but we are told there are none except from birds which are used for human food. Most of the hats are of the half Alpine shape, now coming into fashion. One of the neatest contained black cock's tail feathers. A little color has been introduced, showing that the princess is bringing her mourning to a close.—London Correspondent.

A New Steel Process.

A new method of producing steel has been suggested by M. Jules Garnier by M. Moissan's diamond making experiments. He claims that it is successful. The steel is instantaneously made by placing a bar of iron and a stick of charcoal together in a parallel direction in an electrical furnace of a temperature of 1,000 degrees and subjecting them to a strong current. M. Jules Garnier expects that his discovery will revolutionize the steel industry.—Exchange.

An Urgent Call.

She—One of the legs of our sofa is broken. Will you come around right away and fix it? Carpenter—I'm very busy just now, miss. Won't tomorrow do? She—Oh, dear, no! It must be ready by 7:30 this evening.—Life.

CURACAO, A QUEER ISLAND.

Dependent Upon Rain For the Water Supply—Some Odd Customs.

Curacao is one of the queerest little islands of the Caribbean sea. It lies 60 miles north of Venezuela, is about 60 miles long and 12 or 15 wide, and it has a population of more than 50,000. There is no means of procuring fresh water on the island except by saving rainwater in reservoirs. A number of wells have been bored under the supervision of the Dutch government, to which it belongs, but each ended in failure.

A curious statement regarding these borings is made by the inhabitants of the island. They say that in each and every case after a certain depth was reached the tools dropped out of sight, indicating that there is no solid foundation to the island. The borings were made in low places and through hills, and in about 30 different places, each with the same ultimate result. A few wells have been dug to a lesser depth and brackish, unpleasant tasting water is obtained from them, fit only for manufacturing purposes.

The approach of the rainy season is always an interesting time there. The water in the reservoir is low at this time, and the natives eagerly await the opportunity to gather a fresh supply. Clothing is never washed there in fresh water, but at all hours of the day the beach is alive with women beating the clothes with clubs on the rocks.

The houses are all built in the Dutch style, and are mostly of stone, with tile roofs. The streets are very narrow, in some places so narrow that it is possible to shake hands with the occupant of a room across the street simply by leaning out of the window.

There is a scarcity of young women in the island, but an overplenty of old and wrinkled dames. It is said the young women leave home as soon as they are of marriageable age and seek husbands in Caracas, Venezuela, or some other South American city. Yet there are some of the prettiest girls there a traveler ever sets eyes upon. They are the daughters of Dutch fathers and Spanish mothers, and the mingling of the two bloods has produced a beautiful race, which is growing quite numerous there.

Three-quarters of the population is of African descent, or mixed African, Spanish, Dutch and Indian. A few Indians, said to be descendants of the Caribs, are still to be found on the island living in huts of straw.

Their sole business in these days seems to be the peddling of lottery tickets. Everybody invests in the lottery there, and as there are drawings each day the peddling of tickets forms quite a paying business.

Some of the Africans there are magnificently formed, especially those employed along the lagoons in loading and unloading steamers and ships. They are at home in the water and will dive under a steamer for a "trial" or 10 cent piece.

Of late years they are forced to wear suits while sporting in the lagoons near the settlements, but as the lagoons extend in the center of the island several miles each way they may be seen every evening making their way in punts to a point beyond observation where they can enjoy themselves untrammelled by clothing.

The Macra fruit, or monkey plum, is the favorite fruit, and the parrot is the favorite bird. For \$1 a young parrot that can talk in Spanish may be purchased, and a mocking bird can be had for 50 cents.

None of the liquor which obtains its name from the island is made there now. The Dutch have taken hold of the manufacture of the liquor and have transferred the business to Holland.—New York Herald.

Death as Billposter.

One story of Booth's trip to the Sandwich Islands remains with us. He had gone there in 1854 in company with his comrade, Mr. David C. Anderson, en route to Australia, and they were to play in the Royal Hawaiian theater. They had hired a native to paste up the bills announcing the performance. This had to be done with a preparation named "top-tara," which is a favorite food in Honolulu, but the poor man was so hungry that yielding to temptation he incautiously ate up the paste, and to their surprise no bills appeared. When the reason was ascertained, they feared to trust another native, and it was therefore agreed that as both were the young, he should act as billposter, and it came to pass that every night after the performance Edwin went about the city with his play bills and bucket of paste and got up on his own hands the posters announcing what the company would play on the following night. And he assured me that he did this honestly and did not eat any of the paste!—William Bingham in Century.

Chewing Gum.

I asked a very famous physician the other day if it was injurious to chew gum—not that I do it—and he answered: "Yes and no." "And how?" I inquired. "To chew gum for five or ten minutes after a meal is absolutely beneficial," said he, "especially for busy eaters, who do not fully masticate their food, because the action of the jaws causes the gastric juices to flow, and that is good. But so few people can use and not abuse it. They get the gum in their mouths and keep at it till they fairly dry up the saliva supply, bring on a headache and get generally nervous. This will cause indigestion."—New York Recorder.

Never in Time.

The late H. J. Byron had a horror of funerals, but was once prevailed upon to attend that of a fellow Bohemian. After waiting long at the cemetery entrance, he and his companions followed a funeral into the chapel, and when the service was half over, discovered that it was that of a stranger. Their friend's funeral had not come yet.

Never in Time.

"Ah," said Byron, "just like poor Bill—never in time!"—London Million.

A light supper, a good night's sleep and a fine morning have often made a hero of the same man who by indigestion, a restless night and a rainy morning would have proved a coward.—Chatterbox.

Sir Boyle Roche said, "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well and doing well whatever you do without thought of fame.

INSURANCE MYSTERIES.

Many Remarkable Cases of Swindling Brought to Light.

DEATH SUCCESSFULLY SIMULATED

The Remarkable Performances of an English Woman—How a Frenchman Took Charge of His Own Funeral—The Monsoon, Meyer and Austin Cases.

NE of the most fearful fields of wickedness is the field of life insurance companies, either by simulated death or outright murder. The records of the insurance companies for the past 50 years furnish many instances of frauds, and three notable cases of recent date have attracted widespread interest.

In the case of Lieutenant Hambrook, who was mysteriously shot in Scotland, Manson, who was charged with murdering him, has been acquitted by a Scotch verdict of "not proven" and is likely to collect the \$100,000 insurance on the young lieutenant's life. The fate of Dr. Meyer, who is accused of making a business of poisoning men and women and collecting insurance on their lives, has not yet been decided.

A more recent case is that of John C. Austin, whose heirs were awarded \$16,732.50 in New York the other day in a suit brought against the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Insurance association. In the summer of 1901 Austin insured his life for \$15,000 and three days later was reported drowned at Coney Island. His clothes were found in a bathhouse, but the body was never found, and there was some unusual—not to say suspicious—circumstances connected with the alleged drowning. The insurance company was not satisfied with the proofs of death, and the heirs brought suit. At the trial the defendants produced a witness who claimed to have seen Austin in the Adirondacks a year after his disappearance and introduced a photograph of Austin in hunting costume alleged to have been taken in 1902. But the jury decided that Austin was dead.

Up to date the attempted frauds on life insurance companies are, first, the very rare one of pretended death, which may be artificially induced by certain drugs; second, false certifications through bribery or forgery; third, false personation of the applicant; and fourth, the most common, the obtaining and substitution of a dead body. The only case of successfully simulated death on record occurred in England many years ago, and, strangely, the same woman went through the simulated death performance on three distinct occasions between intervals of many years, and her "husband" or "father" or "brother," who was partner in the schemes, was the same man on each occasion. The pair were successful in each instance.

In the first attempt the man was a poverty-stricken gentleman of the suburbs of London, and when shortly after the death of Queen Victoria and finally a Liverpool merchant. Life insurance men in speaking of the case say that so successful a series of frauds by the same person appears wonderful at the present day, and that the woman after she possessed that power of simulating death, which there have been a few remarkable instances in history or that the physician was bribed.

One Franz Tomatschek in Berlin some time back was heavily insured. The funeral took place. But when a disinterment was had the contents of the coffin were found to consist of sticks of straw, and he was ascertained that Tomatschek, impelled by irresistible curiosity and disguised beyond recognition, had attended his own funeral.

Here is another and a most remarkable case of the same kind. In 1865 a wine merchant in Bordeaux, France, named Vital Donat, insured his life for 100,000 francs in the Paris office. Then he went to London. His widow a little later presented herself at the insurance office with the legal documentary proof of her husband's death. The company somehow "smelt a rat" and investigated. It seems that when Donat went to London he put up at Ford's hotel under the name of Robert. While there he got a French waiter to write him out a certificate in English, purporting to be signed by Dr. Critti, to the effect that Vital Donat had died on the 29th of November, 1865, of aneurism of the heart.

John C. Austin in Hunting Costume.

[From the photograph shown in court.]

ing stated that the body was then lying at 22 Ann street, Pliastow. On that very day Donat procured a certificate from the register of deaths, and thereupon the sexton of St. Patrick's cemetery at Low Layton ordered a grave to be dug. Donat under the name of Bernardo then paid the burial fee and designated the following Sunday for the funeral. He then under the name of Rubini cooly went on an undertaker and purchased a full size coffin, in which he placed a thick lining of lead. Donat had the coffin conveyed to the cemetery by a certain horse, he himself being the driver and only mourner. In the chapel of the cemetery, Rev. Father McQuaid officiating, the remains of Donat were consigned to the earth.

It was Sergeant Druscovitch of the London police who found all this out. But when the sergeant made his discovery Donat had come to this country beyond his reach. Donat was doomed, however. In 1868 he went to Antwerp, where he attempted to obtain from insurance companies a big sum of money on goods shipped on a vessel. He produced invoices representing that the cases and barrels contained \$20,000 worth of cloaks and laces. The cases got latched on the dock, and lo and behold! they developed into two barrels of tar, and the cases were found to contain resin, chips, alcohol, powder and charcoal. He was sentenced to death, but the French government claimed him under the name of the assassin, and he was hanged on the gallows.

Her Deduction.

Mrs. Biss—Mrs. Naxdoor told me you once wanted to marry that Miss Upton. Mr. Biss—Did Mrs. Naxdoor say Miss Upton refused me? Mrs. Biss—No, she merely remarked that Miss Upton had always been a very sensible girl.—New York Weekly.

Two Cakes in a Short Time.

Two cakes in a short time ago had a fishing match for half a sovereign and lost. Suddenly one of the juries fished he had a bite, and being overcautious had the misfortune to fall into the river. On his regaining the shore his rival shouted out: "A hot one, isn't it, Jim. None o' yer divins is after 'em."—London Tip-Sheet.

Great Britain got Two of her Possessions from Pirates.

The two islands of the Looe and Sark in the north-west of Borneo.

WILY BARNSTORMERS.

TRICKS WHICH ARE PLAYED BY IMPECUNIOUS THESPIANS.

Some of the Methods They Use to Take the Gallible Landlord into Camp—Timely Arrival of the Comedian's Friend—The Trunk Trick.

Any one who knows the look of the "barnstormer" can tell him at a glance. It is the fine days that bring him out. Little is seen of him on wet and rainy days, but give Old Sol just half an acre and you wonder at the array of immoderate lines, cigarettes and Prince Alberts exhibited by these fly by night stars, whose ways of securing an existence are as ingenious as they are manifold. The men, with but few exceptions, are barbers or waiters who do not work at their trade, as they are either too light for heavy work or too heavy for light work. The ladies are as a rule the possessors of good homes, which they desert to follow their cherished calling.

A company of Keystone talent leaves Philadelphia to play the state of New Jersey. Their stock in trade consists of a \$25 trunk and several bundles—no trunks—of wardrobe. Of course they are in possession of their ability, which is not appreciated by New Jersey natives, and after making several stands, pursued by angry hotel keepers, they go ashore on the rocks, and with one accord all noses point toward the Quaker City. The ladies have little trouble in securing transportation, as they are experienced in the art of telling the conductors a story calculated to soften a heart of steel. They ride, and before reaching the Delaware river have "nubbed" the accommodating ticket puncher for 2 cents each with which to pay their ferry fare.

Not so with the men, as they care not for varnish covered cars, but prefer riding in what is known to the professionals as a side door sleeper, but which the railroad calls a box car. The comedian has secured possession of his valise, which he has expressed to his destination. On reaching home he redeems it from the express company and lies himself to some theatrical hotel, where he secures room and board for a week, at the end of which time he is unable to pay and informs the hotel man that he is expecting to sign with Manager So-and-so and will settle in a day or two. After hearing this song for four weeks the landlord takes charge of his grip and advises him to find other quarters.

Happy thought! His friend, Tom Bopper, has arrived in the city, and Tom is dressed—in their language—out of sight, our comedian hunts him up, and after a short confab with him, Tom can be seen walking in the direction of the hotel lately occupied by Comedy.

Reaching there, he calls at the desk for our comedian and is informed by the proprietor that he is not in, whereupon Tom becomes agitated, and in a confidential tone tells the hotel man that he desires to engage Comedy to work the rest of that week, as his comedian has been taken ill. "Why," he exclaims, "I must get him at any price, as he is the only man in the city acquainted with the lines and the finest comedy exponent in the country." Comedny now strolls in, and Tom falls upon his chest with joy and engages him, in tones to be overheard by the landlord, to complete the week with him at a salary of \$50. The landlord is happy and already hears the jingle of the simonoes due him.

Tom here informs our friend that he must report for dress rehearsal at once, whereupon the landlord is told that his wardrobe is in the grip, which is handed him instantly. He and his friend Tom depart in arms in arm. But they never come back.

Several years ago a company stranded near Philadelphia, and all but the leading man returned to New York, the remaining with headquarters at the hotel in which he was stopping, expecting, as he told the country landlord, a money order from his wife. At the end of three weeks no money order had made its appearance, and the Thespian's trunk was taken into the storeroom as security by the hotel man. The day following this move a young lady alighted from the train and registered at the hotel, and in a very short time became acquainted with the leading man. She wanted to buy a trunk. He would sell her one and stated to the innkeeper that he had a chance to sell his trunk and gave him the impression that the proceeds of the sale should apply on his board bill.

The trunk was removed to the actor's room, where the contents were taken out of it and wrapped in a paper, after which the lady was called in to examine the "keister." She was in love with the style and make of it and paid the actor \$10 in cash for the same. The bundles were lowered out of the window by the actor and expressed to Philadelphia. The lady paid her bill at the hotel, amounting to \$1, and that afternoon left for this city in company with the leading man, who was none other than her husband, and in whose pocket quietly reposed the baggage check for his trunk, which the day before had been the property of the confiding hotel keeper, and who, to this day, had never received a cent from the proceeds of that sale.

A common practice followed by these catch-as-catch-can managers is to give the country hotel keeper an order for the amount of his bill, payable at the box office in the town to be next played, to which place they agree to pay his railroad fare. They reach the town in the early hours of the morning, and the traveling hotel man is put to bed with the company's manager, who lies awake until he is assured that his companion and creditor is sound asleep, when he arises and in a few moments is in possession of the order he has given on the box office, having extracted it from the clothes of the unsuspecting sleeper, who, when he discovers his loss, has nothing left to do but to return home a much wiser man.—Philadelphia Times.

No one can be called educated who has not self knowledge. It underlies all true wisdom and saves one from calling that virtue in himself which he calls vice in another.

The first newspaper published in Holland appeared on the morning of Jan. 8, 1638. It was called De Weekelycke Courante Van Europa. It is now the Haarlem Courant.

Great Britain got two of her possessions from pirates—the Looe and Sark in the north-west of Borneo.

TWO SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

Mr. Upton's Flute Graphically Describes Them as He Finds Them.

"Talk about your different schools of music," said Mr. Upton's Flute the other day, "I'll tell you what's a fact, we have two representatives in our most remote from schools which are the most remote from each other all right. In the apartment under ours there is one of those democratic go-as-you-please un-dah players, and overhead there is a young woman who is the representative of the highest kind of a classical school."

"What kind of a musician did you say you had underneath?" asked the reporter. "An un-dah player."

"A what?" asked the man again, more mystified than ever. "Why, an un-dah player, of course. Didn't you ever hear one of those fellows who sits down at the piano and plays 'Um-dah, un-dah, un-dah-dah-dah, un-dah-dah, un-dah-dah-dah' from morning until night and then from night until morning again?"

The reporter sadly acknowledged that he had had an experience of that sort. "But I'll tell you what's a fact," Mr. Flute rattled on, "the playing of the young woman up stairs would make an un-dah player's ears ring."

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DOGS FOR USE IN WAR.

HOW THEY ARE TRAINED IN A LITTLE TOWN IN AUSTRIA.

The Intelligence They Display is Simply Marvellous—How They Hunt Out and Secure the Wounded and Lost—Seeking an Enemy When Five Miles Away.

Some 80 miles west of Vienna, in the foothills of the Austrian Alps, which here rise in bold cliffs from the banks of the Danube.

The forests of the neighborhood are too open to harbor much game, but a stranger stopping at the summer hotel of the little town might easily be led to believe that the citizens must be the most indefatigable hunters of the Austro-Hungarian empire. From morning till night, and sometimes till long after dark, he may hear the echo of shots and the barking and howling of dogs approaching the town or dying away in the distant hills, and occasionally answered from far and near, as if all the sportsmen of the northern Alps had met in convention.

For this is one of the stations where Kriegshunde—war dogs—are trained. The plan of training dogs for military purposes was first adopted by the French garrisons in Algeria, but has since been tried with great success in Prussia, Italy and especially in Austria, where few footed messengers have for many years been taught to carry letters to the snow bound villages of the Alpine highlands. The shaggy collies used for that purpose make the best war dogs and can be trained to race in a bee line to the military post and announce their arrival by a peculiar bark that is at once recognized and answered by the shout of a sentry.

They will also range a long chain of hills in quest of wounded soldiers, and either dash back to report their discoveries or stand guard at the side of the cripple till an ambulance party comes near enough to be signaled by a long drawn howl.

Trainers send out three or four of their shaggy pupils at once and ascertain their proficiency by all sorts of ingenious tests. Soldiers instructed to act the part of helpless cripples will hide in thickets or caverns and keep still till the dog bays at their sleeves, when they will sit up and reward his sagacity with a piece of sausage.

They then try to rise, but pretend to be too weak to walk or even to shoot, and ask the dog to call for assistance. If they are near, Collie will call a loud howl, repeated at shorter and shorter intervals till the signal is answered from the valley below. If his pupils should remain unheeded, he will mount the next day and look about as if to impress the lay of the land on his mind, and then dash off to summon help from headquarters.