

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

E. A. CAMPBELL, Proprietor. EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Consideration for the Help. The thoughtful housekeeper will not forget the consideration due to her servant during such extreme weather as has been undergone lately.

The meals should be planned to demand as little heat as possible, and an arrangement ought to be made to give the cook an hour or two out of the kitchen in some cool spot during the day.

That the girl over the ironing table needed the circulation of air possible only by the opening of the door in question and the lower area door did not occur to the mistress.

Some grown persons would seem to think that there is no true place for chastisement in a system of education. Such at all events is my impression of those, and there are many parents among them, who regard an ordinary beating given in school as almost an indictable form of assault.

The truth about physical punishment, we may take it, is that it is indispensable—an evil perhaps, but a necessary one. It must be borne, but in order to attain success with the least possible amount of injurious friction it must also be regulated.

As for Miss Bourgeois, she was kinder to herself but a jovial, indulgent, sensible, smiling kindness. Her mother and daughter were a charming pair.

That is what our young man had ascertained at once, to his small satisfaction. He found an attraction he had never before experienced in meeting these ladies. Were they late in coming? Time seemed heavy to him.

"I am deeply interested in the extermination of rabbits in Australia and New Zealand," said Charles W. Kent, of London.

"You would like some statistics? To commence with, on careful calculation it is now settled that two rabbits in ten years will multiply to 70,000,000. That is a moderate figure.

"Now, there is another side to this question of extermination, and that is the rabbit killer's and the rabbit dealer's interests. A killer gets two cents a head royalty from the government for destroying the animal's life.

One morning, after breakfast, Frederick was smoking a cigar in the garden, by his sister's side.

"What a pity she is so rich!" "Why?" asked Julia, looking steadily at her brother with eyes full of anxiety.

Why? Forsooth, that was easily understood. Because without that the young man would have felt no scruples in avowing his love for Antoinette, and would have asked for her hand.

"What does it matter?" said his sister, with an inexpressible emotion. Frederick replied: "I beg your pardon! To woo a young girl you know to be a millionaire, when besides your salary you scarcely have three thousand a year, would not be acting like a gentleman."

To her brother's surprise, Julia did not answer. She had turned her head aside. He put his hand on her shoulder, with a heavy heart, exclaiming: "You are crying! What is the matter? What ails you?"

"Nothing," she replied, with a smile drowned in tears. The young man knelt before her and put his arms around her, exclaiming: "Julia! Julia! I have but you in the world. You have some sorrow—oh! I beg of you, do not hide it from me! I beg of you, dear little sister! You have no right to conceal it from me."

The Red Ribbon



Copyright, 1903, by the Author. N. C. L. P. R. D. was simply a very nice fellow whose name was Frederick Barrois.

He was a good fellow, and he would read on his youthful face. Such a youthful face, that in seeing the narrow red ribbon on his buttonhole, people sometimes asked him for his story.

And he, to avoid the embarrassment felt in speaking of himself, answered somewhat unkindly: "I was born twenty-six years ago, and since then—nothing ever happened to me."

But it was not so! It happened to him that he had bravely worn that red ribbon, which showed so advantageously upon his breast. Having been sent to Tompkins as a cavalry officer he had fought a battery of artillery, which the enemies already believed in their possession.

Unfortunately it also happened to him during the fight that he had received a bullet in the side. As he had been too recently appointed lieutenant to be promoted to the rank of captain he received instead the cross of the Legion of Honor, and this greatly helped to heal his wound.

Frederick was happy there, for he loved his sister and his sister-in-law. There was but one drawback to his happiness; his brother-in-law, Jacques Duchemin, had been obliged to leave on the day following the young officer's arrival.

As a compensation, there was between the brother and the sister the latter's daughter, a girl just over five years of age, who appeared delighted with Uncle Fred and with the gold star of his uniform, and for whose benefit Frederick became a boy again.

All the acquaintances there had—but with whom they sustained almost constant intercourse—were Mme. Bourgeois, a widow, and her daughter Antoinette, a young girl of eighteen.

How pretty she was—not so much in regularity of feature, but in her simplicity, her natural grace, her personal charm.

As for Mme. Bourgeois, she was kinder to herself but a jovial, indulgent, sensible, smiling kindness. Her mother and daughter were a charming pair.

That is what our young man had ascertained at once, to his small satisfaction. He found an attraction he had never before experienced in meeting these ladies. Were they late in coming? Time seemed heavy to him.

It was not far, it is true. Three hundred yards from the glass works. They lived in a large villa surrounded by a fine park, which with the farms, the woods, and the ponds belonged to the young girl in her own right, without counting other property which it was rumored amounted to over a million.

One morning, after breakfast, Frederick was smoking a cigar in the garden, by his sister's side, in whose skirts the little Martha was diligently curling her doll's wig.

At the table they had spoken of Antoinette, and now—now they still spoke of her. Then, after a moment of silence, Frederick said, with a sigh: "What a pity she is so rich!"

"Why?" asked Julia, looking steadily at her brother with eyes full of anxiety. Why? Forsooth, that was easily understood. Because without that the young man would have felt no scruples in avowing his love for Antoinette, and would have asked for her hand.

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BOLD OLD RANGER.

THIS VETERAN BEAR HAD NO FEAR OF MAN OR GUN. He was the Terror of One Community and Was Famed and Dreaded for His Brazen Depredations—Known All Over the State—Farmer Sawyer's Son.

The boldest, most impudent bears to be found anywhere are the bears of Maine. He was a sportsman who has hunted all kinds of bears but polar bears.

"The Maine bear doesn't care a snap for a man, and that is rather queer for the bears just know that there is a big bounty upon their scalps. Bears know everything. When I say that the Maine bear don't care a snap for a man I don't mean that he is any more apt to tackle a man than any other bear is, but that he will go into a man's barnyard after a calf, or a sheep or a pig, into his orchard after apples.

He still called her "mademoiselle," while she called him plain "Frederick." She consulted him about the details of their future home. What shade did he prefer for the curtains? And when they were passing the glass works, stooping to kiss Martha, she prompted: "Say, 'Good morning, Aunt Fred.'"

"Yes, all right. As you please." So much so, that at last Julia took him aside, and said to him: "Take care, Fred, take care lest you grieve this child."

"Drive her!" he repeated, startled. "What would cause me the most bitter remorse?" "Yet one would think you do not love her."

"Not love her?" exclaimed the young man. "I would be the most ungrateful fellow. Oh! on the contrary, I love her with all the power of my soul, of my conscience, and of my probity. Devoted as I am to my profession, my heart is all her own. I adore and I adore her! Ah! why is she not poor? You would see you would see then, Julia!" he added, relapsing into his darker mood.

"What is the matter?" "The eventful day was fixed. The bans were to be published. After dinner, the lieutenant accompanied the ladies home, walking by their side along the road. At the door, they had one another good-bye. After that word had been spoken, Antoinette remained at Frederick's side, very close to him. She appeared to await something. It seemed as if her forehead was bending toward her betrothed's lips.

He understood. And, once more lowering his eyes, he saw the red ribbon lit by the last rays of the setting sun. And, as in a hazy twilight, he thought, he heard again: "It would not be acting like a gentleman."

"What? Everything!" He stated everything, indeed, the situation, his scruples, his gross sorrow. Antoinette and her mother sought to interrupt him, repeating: "But—but—!" He did not listen, he went on to the end. And then only were they able to finish their sentence: "But—we know it!"

"What! You know that my sister and her husband threatened with—?" "Certainly, we know it," said the widow. "And this is why we hurried the conclusion which will, at last, give us the right to ward off the misfortune they do not desire."

"And you, Antoinette?" "Somewhat, confessed, she replied: "Oh! I had but one fear—not to please you!"

Small Singing Birds. Why do not farmers raise more small fruit? No one who owns land can offer a reasonable excuse why he should not raise small fruit. No one family out of 100 on an average raises enough small fruit to hardly have a taste, while a good many do not raise any at all. A few rods of ground should be set off for a small fruit garden and planted to strawberries, gooseberries, blueberries, blackberries, currants, etc.

The Sinking of Mr. Vanderbit's Yacht. The sinking of the steam yacht Alva by the steamer H. F. Dimock on Nantucket shoals was one of those disasters which are bound to occur occasionally where vessels lie at anchor in a fairway as narrow and thickly navigated as the one in which the Alva lay.

Small Fruits on the Farm. Why do not farmers raise more small fruit? No one who owns land can offer a reasonable excuse why he should not raise small fruit. No one family out of 100 on an average raises enough small fruit to hardly have a taste, while a good many do not raise any at all. A few rods of ground should be set off for a small fruit garden and planted to strawberries, gooseberries, blueberries, blackberries, currants, etc.

The Largest Snake in the World. Naturalists say that the largest serpent which accurate measurements have been taken in modern times was an anaconda which Dr. Gardner found and suspended in the fur of a tree in Mexico. It was dragged out into open ground by two horses, and a careful measurement with a tape-line proved that it was 37 feet in length.

Electricity Doubtful? Can it be bottled in France it was a moot point until a short time ago whether an electricity supply company was a society civil or a society commerciale, a matter of no little importance to investors, who in the latter case would only be liable for the amount of their shares.

INTERESTING TO METHODISTS.

And to Others Who Attend the Ocean Grove Camp Meetings. The Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association has begun the erection of a huge new auditorium at that popular Methodist camp resort on the Jersey coast, and it is expected to be ready for use in time for the meetings of the coming summer.

The cost of the structure will be somewhat in excess of the \$50,000 subscribed for it last summer, but the building committee are confident the deficiency will be made up by the friends of Ocean Grove. Any surplus that may be collected will be devoted to building an organ.

Five New Words. The following new words with their meanings have been coined by "the New York Herald": Type—a typewriting machine. Type—a male operator on the typewriter. Typist—a female operator on the typewriter.

Typist—To write on the typewriter. Typewriter—A typewriter, or typewriter, or typewriter. It may aid the memory to state that the first word, "type," is formed by taking the first and last syllables of the expression, "typewriting machine," and that it means the same as the complete expression. Also that the last one, "typewriter," is formed by taking the first one and the last two syllables of the expression, "typewriter, manuscript," and changing, for the sake of euphony, the "n" of the second syllable into an "o."

There is a vacancy in the English vocabulary which should be filled. The typewriting industry has sprung up within a comparatively short time, but no words have come into general use to meet the requirements of the new situation. A general movement would quickly establish them.

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The Edison Company, of St. Etienne, summoned before the tribunal of commerce of that town by one of its customers, declined to submit to the jurisdiction of the court on the ground that the supply of electricity from a central station did not constitute a commercial act; the company only sold a product which it gathered from nature and which it resold.

A method of fog signaling has been introduced on several branches of the North London system of the Great Northern railway of England which obviates much of the unreliability and complexity of the systems hitherto used. A wire is laid in a pipe from the signal box to the various signals, at which brushes of copper project some four or five inches above the side of the rail nearest the signal. A similar brush, which comes with an indicator and bell on the engine, is fixed to the engine foot plate. When the signal points so danger, the two brushes come in contact and the ringing of the bell and the warning of the driver by a miniature signal on the engine that the line is not clear are the result.

This electric device seems to be the most simple as well as the most efficient means yet resorted to for fog signaling, and the Great Northern railway intends to adopt it over the whole of its lines.—Chicago Record.

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ACCIDENT AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES EVER WATCHFUL. How a Brooklyn Man Drew Damages Through an Injured Double-Yanked of the Time Dater—It Took Three Years to Catch the Slick Stockman.

A Brooklyn man who was hard up ran up against his double, whose financial situation was equally depressing. Each was surrounded at the residence, whose he came to the other, and by common consent they joined fortunes and rooms together. A day or two after one of the two Dromicos was knocked down by a wagon and sustained a fracture of the leg. He was carried home, and the brilliant idea of once occurred to his roommate to take advantage of the resemblance between the two and draw \$25 from an insurance company for as long a period as possible.

But the sick man came to the conclusion that he was not getting a square deal. Unable to leave his bed, he could not take part in the jollifications in which his comrade delighted, and it appeared to him that he was not getting more than about 20 cents on the dollar of the weekly allowance. He demanded an equal division on the ground that, although his friend had done all the thinking, he had really played the leading role in getting himself knocked down and run over. It was the usual case of rogues falling out and honest men deriving the benefit. The disputes were overheard by an adjoining roomer, who promptly gave away the story, with the result that the weekly payments ceased to a sudden and distressing end.

A case demonstrating the value of a time dater occurred in Ohio. A man carrying a large amount of accident insurance had fallen a few days behind in his premium, but one afternoon a relative brought in the small amount and obtained a receipt for it. That day the insured was crippled in a street car accident in Columbus, and it was of course claimed that the premium was paid before the accident took place. The facts were distinctly favorable to the injured man, for investigation proved that there were two street car accidents at about the same place the same day, two or three people being injured in each accident. The police records threw no light on the subject, and the man appeared to have been taken away by his friends. There was little doubt that the premium was paid between the two accidents, though there was much difficulty in fixing the exact time.

It was finally ascertained that a telegram had been sent from Columbus an hour after the first accident asking to have the premium paid, and this circumstance was in itself so suspicious that payment of the benefit was refused. A compromise was finally agreed to, but considerably later two witnesses were found to prove that the man was hurt in the first accident, so that if the premium was paid in consequence of the telegram fraud was evidently contemplated. But for the difficulty in proving the exact hour of payment the claim would not have been seriously considered. As it was, however, the applicant's case was on the face of it quite a strong one.

Every one has heard of the man who had been reported as dead, and whose friends had collected the insurance, including two really in whisky and making a complaint to the insurance company that the money had not been fairly divided. Instances in which money has been claimed on account of the death of people still living are much more numerous than is generally believed. In one case an Ohio stockman carrying an accident policy for \$10,000 took some stock to New York. On the return trip he disappeared from the train while it was crossing a bridge, and his hat being subsequently recovered it was contended that he had fallen off and had been drowned in the river. The company took advantage of the 90 day rule and then offered to pay the money if a bond were put up to cover the amount. The neighbors of the widowed wife were called in to vouch for the fact that the man was dead, and the money was paid.

The company was by no means convinced that the man was dead, and arrangements were made to have the widow watched. Three years elapsed, and the instance was well nigh forgotten, when a dispatch was received to the effect that the lady was disposing of her furniture and evidently about to move. A detective was employed to keep track. The family went to Chicago, and the detective followed. After a day's delay they took a train for the northwest, the detective also on the train. Away out in the wilds of Montana the family alighted at a small station where it was warmly welcomed by the long lost stockman, who was promptly put under arrest. The bondsman were good for the money, and on this occasion the expense incurred in the watching.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

I heard a good story the other day about a matrimonial agency. An elderly man had three daughters, who ruled him with a rod of iron. Weary of their tyranny, he advertised in a paper for a wife. Next day he received three replies—one from each of the daughters!—Exchange.

It is a custom of the Carpenters' union of San Francisco to build houses for one another without charging anything for their labor. The owner supplies the land and materials and the carpenter does the rest.

A workman is not allowed to work on the streets at New Bedford, Mass., unless he has been naturalized.

TRICKS THAT FAILED.

How a Little Man Avoided a Fight With a Blustering Big One. The big man was just drunk enough to be sporting for a fight. That was apparent to every one in the cafe. He hadn't been there ten minutes before he picked a quarrel with a man three times smaller, who had been quietly minding his own business in a corner of the room.

"Sir, you've insulted me!" exclaimed the big man. "You are mistaken," quietly responded the other. "You're a liar!" thundered the big man, "and if you know what that means you'll fight."

"Certainly," was the rejoinder, without a tremor of perturbation, "but it must be after I've finished eating. I never allow trifles to interfere with my dinner. Waiter, hurry up that port-bisque steak! Never mind if it is a bit rare."

The big man, nonplussed for the time being by such a display of coolness, sat down at a table near by and glared at his prospective victim. We all felt sorry for him, but the big man looked dangerous, even if he was "three sheets in the wind," and we decided not to interfere.

When the little man's steak came in, he said something to the waiter. Two minutes later the waiter said something to the big man. It was noticed that he didn't look quite so fierce after that, and soon afterward, remarking with assumed carelessness that he would be back in a minute, he left the room.

Then some of us ventured to suggest to the little man that it was a good opportunity for him to "ship," which, considering the discrepancy in size between him and the man who had forced a quarrel upon him, would involve to disagree.

"Much obliged for your good advice," said he as coolly as ever, "but there is no necessity for that. The other fellow has run away already."

When 15 minutes had slipped by and "the other fellow" hadn't shown up, we concluded that the little fellow was right and wanted to know, of course, what had caused the mistake. "Oh, just a little bluff," he replied. "I was a tiny more anxious to fight with that brute than the rest of you were, though. I knew he was a coward, or he wouldn't have picked out a man so much smaller than himself to fasten a quarrel on. I just told the waiter that I was Tim McCool, alias the 'Kilkenny Cat,' lightweight champion of Ireland, just landed and anxious to get on a match with somebody. I knew that would work. I never get into a scrape when I can bluff my way out of it, and as I keep a cool head on my shoulders I generally succeed."

"Thanks, but if you'll excuse me I'll content myself with a cigar."—New York Herald.

Kissing. In the old time men and women who were mere acquaintances exchanged kisses in public, and with a certain amount of ceremony, and a visitor to whom it was desired to show special civility was always received with a kiss.

The mode of salutation has changed greatly with the times. Haste and high pressure have contributed to render the form of greeting as brief as possible. Not only have we given up the quaint, familiar ways of our ancestors, but we have also parted with much of that elaborate etiquette which in the last century played so large a part in social life.

The changed habits of society, the greater mingling of its various grades, have brought a simplicity into the form of intercourse which strikes oddly upon the senses of people accustomed to old-fashioned ceremony, and always has the hostess after a party, said a German lady, a descendant of one of the oldest families in what used to be called Prussia. She was commenting rather severely on the habits and customs of her adopted country.

The oft-quoted manner of girls toward their mothers and of all young people generally toward all older people drew forth her reproval. Kissing is now confined to state ceremonies and to a few old world lovers and gallants who have retained the ways of their great-grandfathers.—Notes and Queries.

Something for Old Maids. Undoubtedly marriage is the natural and appropriate condition of woman. She wants and needs a husband to love, and children to love, and a home to be attached to, as a female bird requires a nest full of eggs or young, and a proud and faithful mate on a contiguous branch of a tree to render her completely happy.

Nor can it be denied that many old maids are sour—sour is their disposition, as pickles fresh from the strongest vinegar.

Probably it is because they have so little to do—rather, we should say, owing to the want of sufficient duties on which to expend all their vigor and force. They do seem, and it may as well be admitted, to take so scandalous somewhat as ducks lakes to water, yet we look upon that as a minor point in considering their character as a utility. We do doubt very much whether in the world would be as well off if there were not old maids in it. In their bosoms dwell some of the most benevolent hearts in the world.

Was not Florence Nightingale an old maid? What married woman ever did as much, not only for the good of the soldiers of England, but for the improvement of the world, as she! And yet, if she had had a stalwart husband, a luxurious home and a house full of babies, who would ever have heard of her outside of the walls of her own home, or, at best, the limits of her own visiting circle?—New York Ledger.

Water an Aid to Hard Woods. "I notice one thing," says an observant manufacturer, "and that is that hard wood logs, especially oak, that have been placed in the water immediately after cutting and allowed to thoroughly soak, make brighter lumber, with less tendency to sap stain, than that from logs that are left on the ground for several months. I find, also, that in green logs, if sawed immediately after cutting, the lumber is thoroughly seasoned preparatory to planing it in the dry kiln, the same results will be obtained, greatly enhancing the value of the lumber for the finishing purposes.—New Orleans Picayune."

A "BLUFF" THAT WORKED.

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