

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## OCULAR JINGLES.

Between the Lines.  
I have gathered from my letters  
That she strikes a favored chord,  
And my light and loving letters  
Yes for little as this time.

And I know—I've partly guessed it—  
She's a raging, tearing belle—  
For she has not quite confessed it—  
And the life of that hotel

And I feel safe in asserting  
She is having royal sport,  
Dancing, riding, sailing, fishing,  
Plying on the tennis court.

And she's not a new admirer,  
With more wealth than I can boast,  
His attentions do not bore her,  
For she's not a "cold on toast"

But, as I forgive my delirium,  
I forgive her—I'm so dumb  
This I've gathered from her letters,  
For she hasn't written dumb!

—Harry Hume to Pink.

The Old Brussels Carpet.  
Oh, dear to our hearts are the sad days  
Of springtime,  
When the annual housecleaning recurs  
To our view,  
When we sleep on the sofa and eat off the mantle,  
In an atmosphere strongly suggestive of gin,  
We think of the stowpiles, the soot that came  
With it.

Likewise the profanity, dust and dirt,  
That soiled our floors, and the resolutions  
In the dusty old carpet that hung on the line  
That day.

Oh, that dusty old carpet,  
That rusty old carpet,  
That musty old carpet,  
That hung on the line!

We remember how, armed with a lithe flagel-  
lator,  
In the morning we blithely advanced to the  
fray,  
In the muscular pride of our heart little dream-  
ing  
That cleaning that carpet would take the  
whole day.

We sweat, and we swore, and our hands badly  
hissed,  
While the sun beat his countenance warmly  
on us,  
But the harder we pounded the more it was  
needed.

By that dusty old carpet that hung on the  
line!

Oh, that dusty old carpet,  
That musty old carpet,  
That rusty old carpet,  
That hung on the line!

—St. Louis Republic.

The Fun That Adam Missed.  
That Adam was a lonely man  
I'm ready to believe,  
Although his many days were bleak  
With nature's fiercest Eve.

By maiden aunts and cousins fair  
The man was never kissed,  
And thus I often think about  
The fun that Adam missed.

It seems to me his life was like  
An oft repeated dream,  
He never tried, and he never paid  
Three dollars for ice cream.

He never, when a little boy,  
By growing girls was kissed,  
And when he died he never knew  
The fun that he had missed.

He never went to school,  
And had the note to pass,  
He never saw his bank's cashier  
Steal gracefully away.

In all his life he never by  
A mother-in-law was kissed,  
But why go on and "generate  
The fun that Adam missed!"

Perhaps if he was living now—  
But, then, why speculate?  
He'd be too old and not inclined  
To play with little girls.

For centuries the wanton winds  
His unknown grave have kissed,  
Perhaps he sleeps the better for  
The fun that he has missed.

—New Moon.

Ad Infinitum.  
One day an ardent youth whose whole heart  
burned  
With feverish love that had not been returned  
Thought an alchemist for the thing he yearned.

"There is a maiden's heart that I desire,"  
Said he, "I'd give a portion I require  
To kindle in her breast love's fiercest fire.

"I'd have my soft approach breed in her cheek  
The blithe blush, I'd have her gentle meek,  
Can you inform me what's the thing I seek?"

"No other maid has any charm for me,  
Who's not her love's admirer, I'm sure he,  
"Come, help me out of my extremity."

"Take this," replied the ancient paragon,  
Producing a bill filled with gold,  
"Twice kindle in her breast the proper spark."

The lover thanked him kindly and withdrew,  
And swiftly to the maid he loved he flew,  
"I find, my dear, that this is not enough,"  
"What's more, for this, I'm not enough,"  
"I'd like to see the old alchemist in a huff."

"Does she not love you—long to be your bride?  
What more do you desire?" The lover sighed,  
"You little know the ways of men," he cried.

"The girl you mention was a winsome prude,  
She loved me, but what matter if you chide,  
I want this little for another girl."

# SHE HAD THE MARRYING HABIT.

A Woman Who Married Thirteen Men to Her After.

Mrs. Marie Lemon, who died in Alameda, Cal., the other day, had perhaps the most remarkable series of marriages in the history of the world. She was once very beautiful and had a charm of manner that has been particularly attractive to men.

She was fond of men, bold and sworn to love, honor and obey at least 13 different men. Mrs. Lemon's sister, Mrs. Richard Neal, confesses that she "could not begin to tell her sister's husbands." She remembers 13, however, and gives to the San Francisco Examiner the following account of them:

"Her first marriage was when she was a little over 14 years of age. She ran away from her home in Cincinnati with a new-boy named David Black. They were both young and soon got tired of each other, and Marie came home.

"The next one who fell a victim to her wild will was Henry Snyder of St. Louis. Snyder was a stone merchant and was struck with Marie's beauty when he first met her. She was still a young girl, and Snyder determined to make her an accomplished woman and develop her into the kind of wife he wanted. He knew nothing of her first marriage. She was given an elaborate education at his expense. She was taught music, all of the fine arts and the little accomplishments that go to make up the brilliant society woman. Snyder wanted a wife that would shine in society, and he got what he wanted, but in trying to get the kind of wife he wanted he laid the foundation for his own undoing. It did not take her long to learn the power that he had given her, and then they separated, and my sister's remarkable life really began at that point.

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# A NEW MAINE SAILER.

THE FOUR MASTER ROANOKE IS THE LAST OF HER TYPE.

A Sailing Vessel in New York Harbor That Will Try Conclusions with Recent Steel Made English Bows—How She is Rigged, Her Crew and Route.

Any one strolling along the bulkhead of Erie basin, which is a vast hospital and haven for craft of all sorts, may notice a great ship with spinnaker poles, seemingly fragile as toothpicks, towering above the loftiest spars of the biggest vessels moored around her. She is a four-master, and her aerial intricacies of rigging and balliards and ropes are a Chinese puzzle to the landman, but a vision of delight to the shellback. She is the Roanoke, gigantea of wooden sailing vessels, and the last of her type that will ever be constructed in America.

For that reason she is worth more than passing notice. She represents the vanishing era of wooden bottom, discriminated against by the marine underwriters since the advent of steel ships.

Long ago the wooden sailing craft ceased to be a carrier of any significance in the British trade. All of the big British clippers are of steel, and nearly all those of recent construction are four-masted. The British skipper calls his four-master a bark because she is schooner rigged on the fourth, which is known both as the spanker and jigger mast. The Yankee skipper thinks that any sailing vessel with three masts square rigged is a ship.

The four-masted British ships may be numbered by the score. The four-masted American ships may be counted on the fingers of one hand. But the nautical optimists say this is to be changed, and that the change is at hand. The keel of the first American steel ship soon will be laid, and after she is launched others will follow her down the ways in rapid succession. The builders hope to do with the steel clippers—which will be constructed on approved American racing models—what our builders did with wooden clippers before her way. They held the record then from every port, near or remote, and they made modest fortunes for their builders and owners.

The best of the steel British ships cannot approach the wonderful performance of the great fleet of Yankee lighters of forty years ago. The Northern Lighter is credited with making the voyage from San Francisco to this port in seventy-two days. The Flying Dutchman, built by William H. Webb, of this city, in 1852, covered 4,920 knots in sixteen consecutive days, an average of nearly twelve knots an hour. The Dreamlight made the 2,800 knot run between New York and Queenstown in less than ten days.

The Sovereign of the Seas made the passage from the Sandwich Islands to New York in eighty-two days, covering on one day 375 knots, which is better than the best day's run of an eight day steamer from Queenstown. The Mary Whiteledge ran from Baltimore to Liverpool in thirteen days and seven hours. The Red Jacket made over 32 statute miles a day for one week. These are some of the records the Roanoke will try to equal. Veteran skippers do not believe she can do it, but her commander is hopeful.

The Roanoke is not the biggest American ship ever built. That distinction belonged to the Great Republic, which was even larger than the colossal steel five-master France, the largest sailing vessel in the world. The Great Republic was built in East Boston by Donald McKay in 1853. Her master, Captain Joseph P. Hamilton, is the same Hamilton who now commands and partly owns the Roanoke. The Great Republic was not so heavily sparred as the Roanoke. She carried 15,500 square yards of canvas, while the Roanoke spreads nearly 20,000.

From boom end to boom end—that is, from the tip of her bowsprit to the tip of her spanker boom—the Roanoke measures 370 feet. Her length on the keel is 311 feet, and her length over all is 331 feet. Her extreme beam is 49.3 feet, her depth 29.10 feet and her draft 27 feet. The golden ball on the top of her main spinnaker pole is nearly 200 feet from the deck. Her main and mizzen lower masts are 92 feet high, and her fore lower mast is 91 feet high. Her lower spinnaker mast is 98 feet high. Her fore, main and mizzen topmasts are 56 feet high and her spinnaker topmast is 82 feet high. Each of her three topgallant masts is 28 feet high, her three royal masts 19 feet, her spinnaker masts 15 feet and her spinnaker poles 6 feet. Each of her three lower yards is 93 feet long, her lower topgallant yards 88 feet long, her topgallant yards 96 feet long, her royal yards 53 feet long and her spinnaker yards 44 feet long. These are gigantic spars, and their size can be appreciated only by the sailmaker who furls sail on them.

On her maiden voyage from Bath to this port, with 1,400 tons of ice in her hold as ballast, the Roanoke had only light winds and could not test her sailing qualities. She will go into service on the triangular track from New York to San Francisco, to Liverpool (or Havre), and back to New York. She will carry a crew of about forty men of mixed nationalities. She will also have ambitious American apprentices, mostly from the schooled ship, who are American navigators of much experience, are First Mate Frank E. Fox, of Lynn, and Second Mate Ingalls, of Portland.—New York Sun.

Practical Improvement.  
The practice of improving one's self in some useful art without an intention to become a professional, so to speak, is much more widely followed than is realized. The technical schools that are springing up everywhere are patronized by many amateurs who care for only enough skill to do for themselves. Many women are thus learning millinery and dressmaking, wood carving, and the like. In London it is possible to take a short course in floral decorations as a means to satisfactorily indulge one's gardening propensities.—New York Times.

Getting Even with Lay Men.  
The audacious young man seems to be quite up to date in the matter of insolence at dancing affairs, but the young Australian girls are just now triumphing in the possession of an ally in no less a personage than Lady Hopeston, who invites to the social functions of courtesy to those who are in great demand, and able to enjoy the feminine privilege of discrimination to their hearts' content. It is also quietly understood that the eyes of the distinguished hostess are upon the dancers, and that the young men who are in the dust will be very apt to be missed at the next gathering.—New York Sun.

Superb Marksmanship.  
Captain Fremont and Lieutenant Orley, to 200, at Haver, while shooting the English in the Haver challenge shield competition, each scored fifteen consecutive bullseyes. Mr. Love, firing for Scotland in the same shooting competition, also scored fifteen consecutive bullseyes, while Captains Foulkes and Gibbs each scored fourteen. A remarkable shooting feat was that of Private R. McVittie, of the 4th Buffs, who, in August, 1885, shot with a Martini rifle. He scored six bullseyes out of seven shots at 300 yards, seven bullseyes at 300 yards, and six bullseyes out of seven shots at 600 yards, his score being 34, 30 and 23, or in all 100 out of a possible 105.—London Tit-Bits.

# A BRAVE GIRL.

She Lashes a Bear, and Then When He Shows Fight Shoots Him.

Ellis L. Tice, of Goldenrod mountain, and his twenty-year-old daughter Kate started for the little hamlet of Skinner's Creek on Saturday morning in a one horse buckboard wagon. On Friday Mr. Tice had set a bear trap in the edge of Tamarack swamp, a mile and a half from his place, and on his way to the village he thought he would run over to the swamp and see if the bear had been caught. He put a loaded rifle under his arm to shoot the bear with in case he found that it had dragged the trap away, and in the hind end of the buckboard he laid a smoked ham that he was going to trade for goods at the village store.

When Mr. Tice had driven to a point in the Hitchcock woods nearest to the spot where he had the trap he reined the horse to the side of the road and told his daughter that he guessed he wouldn't bother to take the rifle along. It wasn't at all likely, he said, that the bear had got caught in the trap so soon, but it wouldn't take him more than fifteen minutes to run over and see, and if he found that the bear had inggred the trap away he would come back and get the gun.

Miss Tice began to read a newspaper as soon as her father had started for the swamp. She became absorbed in a story right away, but she heard some thing moving behind the wagon. She paid no attention to it at first, so deeply interested was she in the tale. But presently something pushed against the back end of the buckboard, and looking around she saw a bear clawing the smoked ham toward it. Miss Tice jumped up and shouted, and the bear seized the tow string in its teeth, yanked around and waddled away toward the swamp with the ham swinging from its jaws.

Seeing that her shouts had no effect on the thieving brute, Miss Tice grabbed the whip, sprang from the wagon, ran after the bear and with all her might began lashing it over the head. The cuts of the lash made the bear wince, but it clung to the ham as though it was bound to lug it to the swamp. The bear snarled and snorted whenever the whip struck its head and nose, and Miss Tice put on the blows all the harder the more noise it made. She said later that she was determined to compel the bear to drop the ham, and that she didn't intend to punish it afterward.

Between fifteen and twenty rods from the wagon the bear flung the ham into the bushes and with a savage growl turned on the young woman. Miss Tice gave it a cut over the nose as she backed away from it, but the bear was now full of rage over the pain it was suffering, and it plunged at the pinky girl and almost struck her down. The bear's claw tore Miss Tice's skirt loose, and she turned and ran toward the wagon and shouted as loud as she could. The bear chased her to the buckboard, where Miss Tice wheeled and cut it over the head with the whip till it turned tail and started for the swamp again.

Miss Tice happened to think of the rifle then, and she pulled it from under the seat, cocked it, aimed it at the bear and pulled the trigger. The gun cracked, and the bear dropped on its knees with a bellow, and began to plow through the bushes. It didn't go far, for the bullet had lodged in the base of its brain, and it was stretched out dead when Mr. Tice ran from the swamp to see why his daughter had shouted and the rifle had gone off. He hadn't found the bear in the trap, and he was satisfied that Miss Tice had killed the identical bear that he had set the trap for. Mr. Tice soon hunted up the stolen ham, and then he and his daughter loaded the dead bear on the buckboard and took it to the village.—Pensylvania Cor. New York Sun.

At Five o'Clock Tea.  
"That's an uncommonly pretty girl over there pouring tea."  
"Yes, she is one of the reigning belles this season."  
"All these belles never reign but they pour!"—Life.

Surprising.  
Yankee exaggeration is a trick that works both ways. It is most amusing perhaps when it takes the form of understatement. An old lady was alone in a very old house when the walls suddenly collapsed, and the house came tumbling down around her. Her escape was little short of a miracle, but she was taken from the ruins entirely unharmed. When asked what her sensations were when the house fell, she said: "Well, to tell the truth, I was considerably shocked—I really was."—Youth's Companion.

Her Explanation.  
Maggie had had the toothache for some time, and the lady which had been present proving ineffectual, her mistress procured another remedy at the drug store. Thinking to impress her with the necessity of being careful in the use of it, she said: "Now, Maggie, do you see the skull and crossbones on the label, just as they were on the bottle of salome? Do you know what they mean?" "Yes, ma'am," replied Maggie. "They mean that it's for the teeth."—Arkansas Traveler.

An Escape.  
"You say, Mr. Clerkers," said his employer, "that you will be compelled to leave town for a time. Have you any idea how long you will be absent?" "Well, not exactly," said Mr. Clerkers. "But I'll be sure to be back about the time Harve's got the mowing all done."—Chicago Herald.

Not Always an Outsider.  
Mother—Nellie, I understand that that young man who takes you to church never kisses you?  
Daughter—That is true, sister, ma. He always goes in when it rains.—Good News.

Making It All Right.  
Editor—Oh, come now, this won't do. That joke is as old as the hills.  
Paragon—So? Well, head it "Bouquet by Bonmark" or some headman, and it'll gild right.—Tit-Bits.

# NIGHT IN THE PARK.

WHEN NEW YORK'S FAMOUS BEAUTY SPOT IS DESERTED.

The Great Recreation Ground as It Is When the Big City Sleeps—Strict Regulations Enforced by the Gray Suffed Park Policemen.

Central park is now so thoroughly policed that only the cleverest dodger can get into the park after the closing hour of midnight and nothing in the way of an alarm can happen after that hour without calling from one to ten policemen. Sergeant and patrolmen visit each important inspection to all the posts during the night and patrolmen guard the gates and walk the devious ways of the pleasure ground. Within two years a patrolman has been placed in each of the three transverse roads. Vehicles may drive across the park after that hour, but they may not later by the way, and a few persons whose business requires them to be out at all hours of the night hold special permits to enter and cross the park at any time. Other persons found entering the park after midnight are liable to give a satisfactory reason for their nocturnal rambling, or they are liable to be arrested and fined.

Probably no other park in any great city of the world has fewer crimes or scandals than Central park, and this is true of the night as well as the day, though the park is open to visitors for nineteen hours out of the twenty-four. Crowds remain in the park after nightfall in all but the coldest weather, and some of the most interesting life is officially passed from bench to bench that the closing hour has arrived, and at once a stream of people begins moving along each path toward the exits. By half past 12 the park is almost empty of visitors. It is easy enough for a man to come in at night, but it is not so easy to get out, and it is difficult for him to move about or get into any mischief without attracting attention. Big as the park is, and intricate