

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

How an Indian Brave Completely Non-pleased a Yale Professor.

Professor Marsh's investigations of extinct animals were conducted year after year in sections of the far west which had not been explored by white men. He had many adventures while he was discovering his 200 species of fossil vertebrates, but perhaps the most interesting was an encounter with an Indian warrior in the Bad Lands.

The professor, while searching one day for his gigantic six horned mammoth, crocodones and prehistoric other animals, was separated from the other members of the expedition. He was so much intent upon his scientific occupation that he did not hear the stealthy approach of a solitary horseman. It was an Indian brave on the warpath in full paint and feather.

The professor is a man of high courage, but he involuntarily found himself yearning for the quiet and security of his college classroom at Yale when he was suddenly confronted by this startling apparition. His companions were not within call. He was completely at the mercy of the savage.

The Indian coolly dismounted from his pony, and stood motionless before him, resplendent in paint and with plumes waving. Erect, sinewy and dignified, he was a splendid specimen of a fighting buck. It was the most uncomfortable moment which the professor had ever known.

"How?" said the professor timorously when the silence had become intolerable.

"Is this Professor Marsh?" asked the Indian in clear cut English.

"Yes," answered the professor, completely taken aback by the unexpected identification.

"Of Yale college?" continued the Indian briskly.

"The same," confessed the professor.

"How is Professor Hadley?" asked the Indian without a moment's delay.

The naturalist was almost speechless. To be suddenly interrupted in his scientific labors by a buck in warpaint and feathers was sufficiently startling.

To have the warrior, in place of scalping him, call him by name and then ask sympathetically for a college associate seemed nothing less than a miracle. The professor was fairly petrified with astonishment.

But it was a miracle that was easily explained. The Indian had been sent east during boyhood to be educated and had been befriended and instructed by Professor Hadley's father. When his education was completed, he had parted pleasantly from the Hadley household and had returned to his tribe in the reservation.

Instead of profiting by his lessons and experiences of civilization, he had gradually been overpowered by tribal pride, aboriginal instincts and the irresistible fascinations of wild life and warpaint. He had disappointed the expectations of the missionaries by reverting to savage conditions.

Nevertheless he paid civilization the compliment of respecting academic associations. He did not scalp Professor Marsh, but sat down on the rocks and had a pleasant chat with him. He even made an attempt to interest himself in some of the bones which the naturalist had exhumed. And when he remounted his pony he sent "his kindest regards to the Hadleys."—Youth's Companion.

## How You Die In Paris.

Appetizer—Vermouth, with a big dose of sulphuric acid in it.

Soup—Tapioca, made of potato starch, highly peppered.

Hors d'oeuvres—Butter compounded with veal fat and colored with lead.

Rice—The most precious vegetable, with truffles molded out of earth.

Vegetables—A salad acidulated with oil of vitriol and green peas verlaned with copper.

Dessert—Chocolate cream, sweetened with glucose and colored with the oxide of mercury and osber.

Coffee—Roasted horse liver, with mahogany sawdust and caramel.

Liquor—Kirsch, flavored with prussic acid.

Perhaps you fancy that this bill of fare is exaggerated. All you have to do is to look at Chevalier and Beaudrimont's volume entitled "Falsification of Alimentary Substances," and you will find the actual facts.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## The Ice Water Habit.

The ice water drinker is just as much of a "fiend" as the morphine eater. In many cases the habit of the former is just as strong as that of the latter and just as hard to break. It has been frequently demonstrated that the drinking of ice water is an acquired habit and not one that comes naturally. Give an infant ice water and you will notice by his action that the drink is very distasteful. It usually has the same effect upon an Indian or upon any person not accustomed to it. Besides it is very unhealthy, and any person who can avoid drinking ice water should do so.—Chicago Herald.

## Must Share the Same Grave.

"A young lady wishes to marry. She is very beautiful, has a rosy countenance framed in dark hair, eyebrows in the form of the crescent moon and a small but gracious mouth. She is also very rich—rich enough to spend the day by the side of her beloved admiring flowers and to pass the night in singing to the stars of heaven. The man on whom her choice shall fall must be young, handsome and educated. He must also be willing to share the same grave." Thus advertises a girl in a Japanese newspaper.

## A Possible Condition.

Maud—Frank Pintos has proposed to Carrie, but she says he has more money than brains.

Edith—Carrie doesn't seem to consider that if he has more brains than money it is not likely he will propose to her.—Boston Transcript.

## Edi Was the Original Kicker.

In the first book of Samuel, second chapter and twenty-ninth verse, "a man of God" says to Eli, "Wherefore kick ye at my sacrifice and at mine offering?"

## A Philadelphia Proverb.

Many a man who is too honest to steal will borrow and forget all about it. Thus monitions Canadian Singery in his Philadelphia Record.

## HIS AWFUL THREAT.

That Hint About Another Story Brought the Welcome Quarter.

"Gentlemen," said a smooth looking man to the crowd in the cigar store, "I saw a funny thing today."

"What was it?" asked three of the crowd at the same time.

The smooth looking man leaned against a showcase and began: "I was going down the street this afternoon, and as I was passing the postoffice I heard quite a racket inside. I went in. There was one of the big Irish women who scrub out dancing around to the middle of the lobby with a pair of boxing gloves on her hands. She was hitting out in all directions and had already floored a couple of men. An alarm was sent in, and pretty soon a policeman came running down and arrested her. Just as he was about to haul her out to the patrol box that stands on the corner near by a dignified looking man stepped out of the crowd and said, 'Let that woman go.' 'Why should I let her go?' asked the policeman. 'Because the United States government says that she can do what she has been doing.' 'I don't catch on,' replied the policeman. 'Then read that!' shouted the dignified looking man, pointing to the sign on the wall. The policeman turned and read a sign, 'Letter Box.'"

The smooth looking man stopped here and looked around expectantly. No one laughed.

After a depressing silence for a couple of minutes one of the party said, "Well, what's the joke?"

"Why," said the smooth looking man, "letter box—let her box, see? Let—box—box, meaning the woman who had on the boxing gloves."

There was a succession of dismal groans, and every one save the clerk walked out into the night. After all had gone the smooth looking man turned to the clerk and said hurriedly: "Say, boss, I didn't mean nothing by that. I only wanted to get a chance to talk with you in private."

"What do you want?" asked the clerk.

The smooth looking man approached him and said hoarsely, "I only want a quarter."

"Well, you don't get it."

The smooth looking man's face took on a hard expression. "Then I will tell you another story," he said firmly.

"Not on your life, you won't!" shouted the clerk, producing the desired coin.

And that is the way one man got his drinks.—Buffalo Express.

## "Sacred" Water Analyzed.

A scientific analysis has lately been made in England of the Zem-Zem water from the sacred well at Mecca, which, according to the Arabs, is the well that the angel showed to Hagar, and whose water saved the life of Ishmael. After reading the results of this analysis one cannot wonder that pilgrims who drink the water are frequently attacked by cholera.

The specimen examined, which was hermetically sealed in tin bottles 40 years ago by Sir Richard Burton during his visit to Mecca in the disguise of a dervish, contained 69 grains of chlorine to the gallon. Water which contains so little as 9 grains of chlorine to the gallon is ordinarily regarded as scarcely fit for human consumption.

Moreover, in the case of the Zem-Zem well, it is believed that the chlorine originates from the custom of pouring the water over the pilgrims and allowing it to run back into the well. The sacred water was found to possess an extraordinary degree of "hardness," three times as great as that of average water. It also held 20 times as much ammonia compounds as drinking water should contain.

No bacteria were discovered, but this is accounted for by the fact that the water had remained for so long a time sealed up in entire darkness. Forty years of such confinement had completely sterilized it, but the chemical impurities remained.—Youth's Companion.

## Blood as a Medicine.

"Let me have three ounces of that bottled blood quick!" bids fair yet to become a not uncommon order in the corner drug store. According to a well known Philadelphia physician, startling progress has been made in blood-letting, or leeching.

"Blood is not only life," he declares, "but lives itself independently. It is a highly organized living tissue simply in the transition state. It can be made to live apart from the body indefinitely in perfect condition and can then be returned into any tissue by any opening at its full creative activity. It can even be swallowed when the patient, suffering from draining of blood or hemorrhages, can take no other drink. Death from blood starvation will one day be exceedingly rare indeed, and these corked up vital corpuscles will be used not only for imminently dangerous but for intractable lingerings."—Philadelphia Record.

## A Woman's Patent.

Letters patent have been taken out by a woman in Madison, N. J., for an improvement in envelopes. The invention consists in printing a small device of any shape on the under side of the flap of the gummed envelope in a sensitive fluid, stable when dry, but which will run or spread on the application of steam or moisture, thereby showing at once that the letter has been tampered with. The government has recently invited inventors to submit their ideas for some means of detecting the unlawful opening of sealed letters.—Washington Star.

## Echoes of an Altercation.

"But Antonio cannot possibly have said any such thing!"

"I assure you he expressed himself precisely in those terms."

"And I repeat that it is out of the question (getting excited). Were you present when he said it?"

"No, but—"

"Very well, then; I was present when he didn't."—Motto da Riders.

## Return of an Esteemed Botanist.

Professor C. S. Sargent, the eminent botanist and promoter of arboriculture, has returned from a trip to Japan. It is pleasant to know that he regards his exploration as a remarkably successful one. He traveled nearly all over the empire, made a very large herbarium and brought home a number of species of trees and shrubs, of which a considerable portion has never yet been brought into cultivation. Every lover of trees plants and general gardening will extend a cordial welcome to the professor on his safe return.—Moshan's Monthly.

# THE MONK CALLED BACK.

Cheiro the Palmist Tells How He Went Ghost Hunting.

MYSTERY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Thoroughly Frightened the Psychical Researchers—Unusually Manifestations by Day and Night.

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THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, 1 BUCKINGHAM STREET, LONDON, W. C.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Meet me tonight, Black-bear station, 11 o'clock sharp. Bring your notes—may want it. Don't disappoint. In haste, MAX MARKHAM.

This strange epistle arrived by special messenger one evening just as I was preparing to join some friends at a theater party at the Garrick. In one way it was disappointing, in another pleasant. Markham was always on the trail of the interesting, and as the drama of life is more fascinating than the stage of art the promise of an exciting evening were fairly good.

The few words in his letter meant to me another of the many ghost hunts that he had been so often engaged in together. The command, "Bring your notes," was not in the least startling or surprising. It was in keeping with the man's character. That was all. He always hunted ghosts with a revolver. It was as necessary to him as holy water would be to a priest. However, obeying instructions, I slipped my British bulldog and some cartridges into my pocket and started for the train.

My friend Markham was one of the most active members of the Society for Psychical Research. He devoted his entire time to examining the tricks of pretended mediums, ghosts or noises of any kind in any part of the country, and yet at heart he was a spiritualist. He firmly believed in the communion between the living and the spirits of the dead. He was a self-elected censor, and in his censorship, although he excused the enemy of the spiritualists, he was in reality their friend by his exposure of fraud and the relentless way in which he pulled up weeds of imposture by the roots.

"There is no subject that says itself so open to deception," he used to say. "Because we have proved fraud in many cases, that does not prove it in all. It is my duty to destroy the weeds, lest they get too strong, destroy the flowers of truth."

Max considered me a sensitive—a clairvoyant—although only once did I show him any evidence in that direction, and that was when he went without me to

Manchester to examine into the case of a girl three months in a trance. Without knowing he was returning I telegraphed: "Don't take express tonight. Wait." And as it happened the express that night was wrecked and nearly all its passengers injured. At the events, there seemed some bond of sympathy between us, and thus it came to pass that two very opposite natures became fast friends.

As the train rushed into the station I saw my friend, with a small black bag in his hand, pacing the platform from end to end. Ah, in good time, he had arrived, but I jumped on. "We have a good two mile tramp before us, so don't ask any questions now. I'll explain on the way. We must reach our point of survey before 12 strikes."

"This sounds quite ghostly, Max," I said.

"Well," he answered, "it's the funniest thing I've met lately. What it will turn out is another thing, but up to now the evidence lies in favor of the good old-fashioned ghost that walks at 12. The story is to the effect that the house we are about to visit has as fine a record of blood as any ancient place in the world. It was built in 1847 by the grandfather of its present owner. It occupies a lonely site within a stone's throw of the ruins of an old abbey, and it is from this very abbey that all the trouble comes. It is reported to be haunted by the ghost of an old monk, and his name is Max."

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