

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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

WOMEN CAN'T TALK.

That is, Mr. Depew says, they are not good after dinner speakers.

Notwithstanding the many diagnoses in which the feminine after dinner speaker appears, Channey Depew says she is a "fallure," and she sank into the favorite lounging chair in his den.

"And your advice to her is?"

"Quit the business."

Of course the new woman, who thinks she is a great success as a companion to after dinner coffee, will rise to object to such wholesome condemnation, but who has a clearer title to criticism than the king of after dinner talkers?

Club life produces after dinner talkers by the dozen. But none, as yet, become the queen of after dinner speakers. A majority are too conscious of their own efforts to reach that distinction.

When asked if his judgment was the result of experience, Mr. Depew said: "Yes, I have heard women talk at Sores, at dinners political, charitable, reform dinners, dramatic dinners, and reform dinners of every conceivable kind, and after them all my advice still is, 'Don't do it.'"

"They are not in touch with their audience nor in accord with the spirit of the occasion. After dinner speaking belongs to the hour of good fellowship. A woman doesn't fit into the surroundings when seen through clouds of smoke. She doesn't catch the mood of her listeners. She is apt to be a wet blanket, and to induce sad and solemn formality in the room of light quips and jollity."

---Where Women Are Failures, Boston Herald.

ONE-TWELFTH OF A DOZEN. The Way Ingenious Tradesmen Make Retail Purchases at Wholesale Rates. It is not every one who knows how to take advantage of the difference between wholesale and retail prices.

A SURE CURE.

Would you know a cure for "the blues," dear friend? Just let to my rhyme a minute. Then copy with care the recipe penned, And in study or chamber pin it.

Look up somebody whose daily life is sore fraught with want or sadness. Betwixt him with blessings pour let to life, What reasons you have for gladness.

"A wonderful friend, how many we'll find Worse off than ourselves around us, Whose greater griefs are brought to us, With shame at our plights confound us.

But stay not yet, scarce a half is done To work the cure intended, Strive to lighten the load of some burdened one, See one heart at least befriended.

Ah, here lies the secret of sure delight, When we seek the sorrows to banish Of a suffering brother, in sudden flight, Behold, all our own do vanish.

More than likely," returned the manager. "The breaking up of the show there was a general handshaking and saying of 'Goodby' all around."

I had engaged to go out with a tent show and was sent for by the manager just after the holidays to do some writing up for the next season. He had been building some very costly tableaux cars for the street parades, and he took me over to the winter quarters that I might see them and expend some adjectives descriptive of their massive grandeur.

At the quarters I met several attaches with whom I had traveled in previous years, and one, Sailor Dan, was overjoyed to meet me, as we had not seen each other for years. The old canvasman's greeting was as honest as it was hearty. He explained: "I am making a set of cage covers for the old man."

FOR THE CIRCUS CAGES

How Savage Beasts Are Captured in Their Native Wilds. TRAPPING TIGERS IN SINGAPORE. Great Caution and Skill Required in Corraling Elephants—How the Rhinoceros Is Beguiled—Python Eaten Caught. Red Pepper For the Orang Outang.

J. B. Gaylord and George Arnting, well known animal trainers, recently started for Singapore with a commission from an American circus to secure specimens of the wild animals with which that island abounds. Their list includes lions, tigers, snakes, hyenas, leopards, Sumatran and Malayan rhinoceroses, orang outangs, Indian gaur, water buffalo, bala, buffalo, crocodiles, monkeys, chimpanzees, gorillas, dromedaries, sap-utan (wild ox),

snakes, civets, pheasants, hippopotami, zebras, giraffes, tigers, langurs, kangaroos and, in fact, everything that creeps, crawls or walks.

On a Chicago Inter Ocean reporter, Mr. Gaylord said of his trip: "The island of Singapore, where I am going first, is only 14 miles in extent. But there are, I don't doubt, at least 500 tigers roaming there. Indeed it is not safe for any one to venture beyond the city limits of the principal town after nightfall. Passengers on vessels lying in the harbor of Singapore or a little way removed can plainly hear their roaring through the night. The tiger is a night prowler. He sleeps by day and roams at night in search of food. His capture is very ingeniously effected."

After watching for several nights the hunters ascertain that a particular tiger has a well defined limit in which he travels. Having located the animal, the hunters, perhaps 200 in number, dig a pit in his direct path 12 by 15 feet and from 16 to 20 feet deep, with a sloping inward. Great care is necessary to remove every bit of earth taken from the pit to some considerable distance. And it is highly important that not a bit of it shall be left on the ground near the trap, for anything unusual in the appearance of the ground awakens the tiger's suspicion, and he sneers off.

The tiger comes prowling out into the night. He sees the gap from some distance, and when he arrives at a point about 20 feet away he crouches and fans the air gently with his tail in fond anticipation. He moves forward with velvet feet, and with one awful bound he has the trembling goat in his ponderous paws, and goes to the rope breaks, and tiger and goat go down through the bamboo into the pit together. For a minute the tiger is dazed. Then he tumbles to the fact that he has been trapped, and he isn't hungry for goat meat a little bit!

He springs vainly upon to escape. But it's a little too far. He strikes his nose against the side of the pit. He becomes more and more enraged and ends up in the course of a few minutes upside on the bottom. He has given up the light.

The first faint streaks of morning light find a score of natives peering over the edge of the pit. They have a large basket made of bamboo. It has no cover and is about 15 or 20 feet long and 10 feet deep. This basket or crate is lowered down into the pit and over the tiger. Then a number of natives jump on top of it and hold it fast. The tiger has become exhausted with his efforts to get out and doesn't fight much after the basket is over him. After the basket has been placed over the captive a lot of rattan wicks are forced under him through the sand and around the cage many times, until finally, everything being secure, the wick is hoisted out of the pit, and the tiger is carried by ropes to the nearest seaport or market town for sale or shipment. Not one bit of food or water is given the tiger from the time of his capture until he is landed at the seaport.

AMERICAN JOAN OF ARC

Leads a Band of Fanatics in a Border War. PERFORMS MIRACULOUS CURES. Claims to Be Inspired From Heaven and Heals Afloat a Wooden Image of the Virgin—Successfully Defies the Mexican and American Authorities.

Down on the shores of the Rio Grande, in the midst of a rough and thinly settled country, an American Joan of Arc has arisen, with a mission that is as inspiring as any of the legends of the fifteenth century, says the New York World.

Like the maid of Orleans, this modern maid of northern Mexico, the state of Chihuahua, has a mission that is as inspiring as any of the legends of the fifteenth century, says the New York World.

It is a border war in which this new Joan of Arc figures as general, backed up by a mob of uncivilized Indians and low class Mexicans, religious enthusiasts of the most despicable type, who one day hide themselves on the American side of the river in the ravines and amid the sand hills with which that region is dotted, and the next steadily ride into the rich mining country of Chihuahua, and sweeping like a whirlwind headed by this mountain woman, bearing the image high above her head, stampede and sack the little Mexican towns.

The law and order authorities of northern Mexico are at their wits' ends. Their troops avail little, and even the United States army of the region, clever scouts and used to Indian warfare, seem powerless to handle the elusive mob. Several three lancers have been fought, and blood has been spilled, but immediately after each conflict the "saint" has disappeared across the river, and her followers have melted away for the time being.

The historic parallel, to Teresa, is not quite accurate, for "Saint" Teresa has no government behind her and not a sign of regular troops. At best it is but a sporadic revolt, led by the woman in showing a manish grandeur and is possessed of so much magnetism that despite the handful of fanatics that she is behind her she is today stronger than ever.

Her full name is Nina Garcia, Dona Maria Robeca, and though no trustworthy eyewitness has had the chance to examine her closely as yet she is believed to be the famous Teresa of Covarra, who a little over a year ago ignited a bloody riot among the Tomelike Indians of the Sierra Madre. The Mexican authorities caught her in the act then and forced her to leave the country. From Mexico she crossed over to Nogales, A. T., in which little settlement she performed miraculous cures. Her reputation spread among the low caste Indians and "greenhorns" of the territory and extended over the Mexican boundary.

Regarding her early days there is little for the biographer to touch upon. Born of a Mexican father and a half breed Indian mother of an Arizona tribe, she has in her blood all the Mexican gallantry, dash, daring and intrepidity and an adequate amount of Indian cunning and craftiness as well. Physically the Mexican traits are mainly dominant. The "Saint" Teresa of the image is tall, graceful and dark.

The place selected for the corral is always in the heart of the forest. Large posts about 1 foot in diameter and 16 feet long are sunk in the ground four feet apart, leaving spaces far enough apart to allow a leaving space for the animal to turn around, but they are roped and led away in custody by tame oxen trained for that purpose.

The animal is then gradually forced to the right and left, long wings of the rope construction are continued concealed by trees and brushwood.

At this end an American circus to secure specimens of the wild animals with which that island abounds. Their list includes lions, tigers, snakes, hyenas, leopards, Sumatran and Malayan rhinoceroses, orang outangs, Indian gaur, water buffalo, bala, buffalo, crocodiles, monkeys, chimpanzees, gorillas, dromedaries, sap-utan (wild ox),

Turbulence gives way to amazement and fear, and they form groups in the center of which they place their king. The trained elephants are more quietly admitted, each being ridden by a keeper and one attendant called a nooser. Two of these trained elephants move slowly along in the direction of the captives. Singling out one of the largest males, they pull boldly in, one on either side of him, till they stand abreast. The nooser, watching his chance, when

the elephant lifts his hind foot, instantly passes the noose over his leg. This is made fast to a collar worn by one of the trained elephants, and the elephants fall back and while the one drags out the captive his companion places himself between the herd and the captive, and they draw him to a tree, to which he is fastened, below with terror. By degrees the whole herd is thus secured.

As to snakes, we get the largest in the world on the Philippine islands. The trained snakes are 20 to 32 feet long. They are easily captured after feeding. Having swallowed two or three sheep or goats, they go to sleep and are, in fact, blind. They are then bound and transported to the towns.

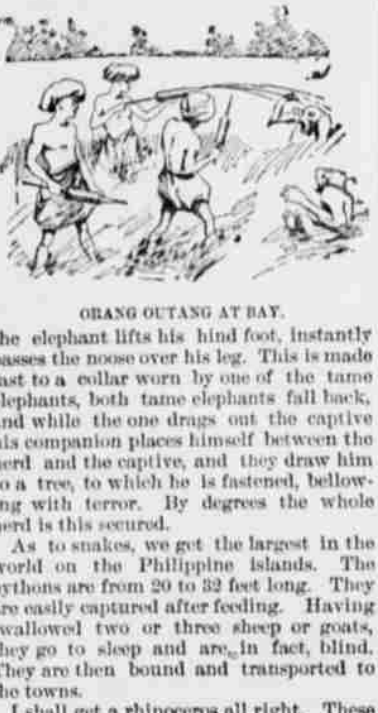
I shall get a rhinoceros all right. These beasts are captured by firing a slip noose across a path in the jungle. The rhinoceros comes along with his head down. He sees nothing suspicious and runs his head in the noose and tries to go ahead. The more he tugs the tighter he is held, and you may be sure we will bring back a monster.

Another way is to make a big wheel with spokes but no hub. A rope is tied to the axle and stretched out and made fast to a log. When the rhinoceros gets his foot caught in the spoke, he tries to walk off with the wheel, but he catches and holds him solid until the hunters come up and secure him with ropes.



LIVE GOAT BAIT FOR TIGER TRAPS.

ORANG OUTANG AT BAY.



"SAINT" TERESA.

has been spilled, but immediately after each conflict the "saint" has disappeared across the river, and her followers have melted away for the time being.

The historic parallel, to Teresa, is not quite accurate, for "Saint" Teresa has no government behind her and not a sign of regular troops. At best it is but a sporadic revolt, led by the woman in showing a manish grandeur and is possessed of so much magnetism that despite the handful of fanatics that she is behind her she is today stronger than ever.

Her full name is Nina Garcia, Dona Maria Robeca, and though no trustworthy eyewitness has had the chance to examine her closely as yet she is believed to be the famous Teresa of Covarra, who a little over a year ago ignited a bloody riot among the Tomelike Indians of the Sierra Madre.

Regarding her early days there is little for the biographer to touch upon. Born of a Mexican father and a half breed Indian mother of an Arizona tribe, she has in her blood all the Mexican gallantry, dash, daring and intrepidity and an adequate amount of Indian cunning and craftiness as well.

AMERICAN JOAN OF ARC

Leads a Band of Fanatics in a Border War. PERFORMS MIRACULOUS CURES. Claims to Be Inspired From Heaven and Heals Afloat a Wooden Image of the Virgin—Successfully Defies the Mexican and American Authorities.

Down on the shores of the Rio Grande, in the midst of a rough and thinly settled country, an American Joan of Arc has arisen, with a mission that is as inspiring as any of the legends of the fifteenth century, says the New York World.

Like the maid of Orleans, this modern maid of northern Mexico, the state of Chihuahua, has a mission that is as inspiring as any of the legends of the fifteenth century, says the New York World.

It is a border war in which this new Joan of Arc figures as general, backed up by a mob of uncivilized Indians and low class Mexicans, religious enthusiasts of the most despicable type, who one day hide themselves on the American side of the river in the ravines and amid the sand hills with which that region is dotted, and the next steadily ride into the rich mining country of Chihuahua, and sweeping like a whirlwind headed by this mountain woman, bearing the image high above her head, stampede and sack the little Mexican towns.

The law and order authorities of northern Mexico are at their wits' ends. Their troops avail little, and even the United States army of the region, clever scouts and used to Indian warfare, seem powerless to handle the elusive mob. Several three lancers have been fought, and blood has been spilled, but immediately after each conflict the "saint" has disappeared across the river, and her followers have melted away for the time being.

The historic parallel, to Teresa, is not quite accurate, for "Saint" Teresa has no government behind her and not a sign of regular troops. At best it is but a sporadic revolt, led by the woman in showing a manish grandeur and is possessed of so much magnetism that despite the handful of fanatics that she is behind her she is today stronger than ever.

Her full name is Nina Garcia, Dona Maria Robeca, and though no trustworthy eyewitness has had the chance to examine her closely as yet she is believed to be the famous Teresa of Covarra, who a little over a year ago ignited a bloody riot among the Tomelike Indians of the Sierra Madre.

Regarding her early days there is little for the biographer to touch upon. Born of a Mexican father and a half breed Indian mother of an Arizona tribe, she has in her blood all the Mexican gallantry, dash, daring and intrepidity and an adequate amount of Indian cunning and craftiness as well.

WHERE PARIS IS AHEAD.

In Paris the pneumatic tubes used in the dispatch of card telegrams and letter telegrams from one portion of the city to the other are placed in the sewers. The excellent sewer system has helped the development of this handy means of communication in a way which would not have been possible otherwise. It is quicker than the telegraph for messages within the city and would be perfect if the slow Parisian factor were replaced by the smart London boy messenger. As we stand below the tube we can hear the whizz of the "chaux" distinctly. There it goes at lightning speed, bearing, most probably, some tender message from loveless Joan to her lover at the bourse to pretty Jeanette, who is toiling somewhere near the Bon Marche, and fixing a rendezvous for the evening after the day's labors are over. Wonderful convenient these telegrams for correspondence—making no awkward mistakes in times and places—and, best of all, preserving the calligraphy of the sender.

More serious things are done below the ground across the coils which cover the remainder of the roof of the tunnel. There are thousands of miles of them, connecting the 210 postoffices and placing hundreds of subscribers in the city within reach. Overhead wires are prohibited in Paris, so air sky signs, and how many the city gains in beauty, those who know have seen London, with its unsightly web strings across the heavens, spoiling whatever of the picturesque there may be about the streets and constituting a serious danger to persons and property.

There is no comparison either in the efficiency of the telephone in the two cities. A whisper may be heard in Paris, while in London telephoning is an orally a most exasperating operation. A striking piece of evidence on this point is afforded by the fact that it is very high impossible to telephone from Paris to any given subscriber in London, and that before the instrument could be of any practical use for long messages the two great foreign news agencies—Havard's and Reuters—were obliged to have special wires laid underground in their offices from St. Martin's Island. On the other hand, any subscriber in any part of the French capital may be heard with ease from the general post office in London. In this and one or two other matters already mentioned Joan Bull has a great deal to learn from Jacques Bonhomme.—Good Words.

CORSICA AS A REPUBLIC.

During the tenth century Corsica was the prey of centuries of barons, who in their struggles for territory ravaged the island and despoiled the people.

Saunabucco and the island assembly founded in 1007 what is known as "La Terra di Comunque" and gave it a popular constitution, which has ever since been held sacred. Under this constitution the various hamlets of a valley were formed into a pieve, or parish, presided over by a podesta, or mayor, and two or more "communal fathers," who nominated a caporale, a sort of tribune of the people.

The various podestas or mayors of different parishes assembled and elected a supreme council consisting of 12 members.—Scottish Geographical Magazine.

The best driving and carriage horse come, I think, from Maine and Vermont, being tougher, as a rule, than the Kentucky horses and no less intelligent. High spencers for the most part are natives of Maine or of Canada. Western horses, especially those from Indiana, Iowa and Ohio, are corn fed and soft, and they often lack that "quality" which the Kentucky horses derive from the thoroughbred strain in their blood. The best hunters, perhaps the best combination saddle and harness horses, come from the Genesee valley, where there is a great deal of good blood, and where real fox hunting is pursued.—Century.

There's no use talking, M'ri, we've got to economize. Times are so hard you'll have to do without a girl.—"All right, hubby, and you'll take a lunch from home to your office, and so!"—"Er—on second thought, I guess we'll rub along as we are for awhile, M'ri."—New York Recorder.

Dipped candles—that is, candles whose wicks were dipped rather than greased time after time until they became enough to form a cylinder of respectable size—were made in Germany in D. 1200.

Cambria was first introduced into England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The first piece imported was presented to the Virgin Queen to make a ruff for her neck.

Near Modena, in Italy, the petroleum gatherers dig a hole in the ground, and it is speedily filled with the oil.