

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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WORE A SUIT OF MAIL.

The Peculiar Personality of a California Woman of Property.

The story of the achievements of Maria Bensley has become familiar through the recent attempts at settlement of the Bensley estate. The story of the woman's personality is more remarkable. As one evidence of her peculiarities it may be cited that she wore a coat of mail.

The woman was the wife of John Bensley, once a financial power in San Francisco. When he failed and fled, after hiding his property to escape his creditors, she remained to fight them and proved herself a diplomat. After several transfers she got hold of the Bensley property, in turn disposing of it to a fictitious woman, from whom she had no trouble in securing a power of attorney. "Mrs. de Tarento" she called this fictitious woman, and needless to say, when Mrs. Bensley desired to dispose of any property, Mrs. de Tarento never dissented.

While Bensley was away his wife found herself in many trying situations, and when she became a widow her peace of mind was still disturbed by the importunities of creditors and their recourse to the law. Mrs. Bensley traced her pedigree back to noble families that never existed, and her pride was based on titles that were never bestowed. She had few confidants, and the enemies her husband had acquired readily transferred their attention to her. She was worried and looked it. She grew thin and feeble, but lost no whit of her pluck.

One day Mrs. Bensley was dining at the Pleasanton when a message was brought to her. She read it, gasped and fainted. As she fell from her chair she struck the floor with a clang. People who raised the attenuated form wondered at its weight. When medical attention was called, the mystery was explained. Including the woman's body was a coat of mail, steel linked and bullet proof. In her contentions and her scheming to keep creditors from getting their dues she had learned to fear violence. It is believed that until death Mrs. Bensley wore her armor. When stricken with heart disease, she was still in the midst of a legal fight, still maintaining her friends and had as much reason as ever to believe herself in danger of violence.—San Francisco Letter.

SECRETARY'S PORTRAITS.

The United Art Gallery in the Department of State at Washington.

The department of state at Washington has now an art gallery, limited to a certain class of paintings, of which there is no superior collection in the world. This collection has been recently hung with much good taste in one of the rooms devoted to the reception of the diplomatic corps when any of its members call to see the secretary.

The collection embraces the oil portraits of every secretary of state, beginning with Thomas Jefferson, down to and including Thomas F. Bayard. Some of the likenesses are said to be most excellent, and a few are thought by experts to be wretchedly poor. Mr. Bayard's is one of the latter, although the government paid a handsome sum to the artist for her work. All these portraits were on exhibition at the World's fair at Chicago and have recently been received at the state department. Where they are now hung visitors can readily see them without the formality of red tape or the granting of authority by any of the functionaries of the department. The collection is a most valuable one and will soon be increased by portraits of Mr. Blaine, Secretary Foster and later of Secretary Gresham. A striking fact in the collection was the number of secretaries who preferred to wear no hirsute adornments. John C. Calhoun was the only one prior to Secretary Blaine who wore whiskers.—Baltimore Sun.

Europe's Suffering Poor.

The suffering among the London poor this winter is not so great as was expected, says a correspondent. It has been about an average winter for the unemployed. There has been only about a week of severe weather, which fact has greatly mitigated suffering. London is now rejoicing in pleasant skies and springlike air, influences under which the grass has been always green, and shrubs are now putting out their leaves, and trees are beginning to bud.

A very different story comes from eastern Europe. In districts in Russia the winter is so severe that wolves are annually fierce. The other day at Saratoff a peasant woman walking near the village was surrounded and devoured by a pack of nine wolves. Another peasant going to market was torn by a pack of wolves and set to shreds. Nothing was left of man and horse but a few bones and tufts of hair.

His Name.

The mania for giving a large number of Christian names to one and the same person is particularly prevalent in Italy. An Italian gentleman named Campagna, who has just been naturalized a Frenchman, has given some little trouble to the French foreign office clerks in registering his full designation. Here it is: Vincendo Salvatore Maria Genaro Francesco-Sales Rocco-Aldasi Francesco de Paolo Rocca Michele Crocifisso Eudissimo Pasquale Giovan Giuseppe Geltrude Carlo Guatana Alfonso Ciro Andrea Luigi Giovan Alberto Antonio-di-Para Antonio-Gerardo Campagna.—London News.

Annexation at Boston.

The Massachusetts legislature is moving in the direction of a "greater Boston." It is proposed to annex to the Hub all towns and cities within 10 miles of Boston and all the seashore from Marblehead to Hull. The consolidation will give Boston a large area and greater population and will benefit the other places by giving them improvements which they could not otherwise afford.—Detroit Free Press.

John Herschel could remember every figure of the long and abstruse mathematical calculations made in his astronomical work. He often made a long calculation, then called his amanuensis and dictated the whole from memory.

A HARDWORKED DIPLOMAT.

Minister Guzman of Nicaragua, His Career and His American Wife.

One of the hardest worked diplomats in Washington is Dr. Horatio Guzman, Nicaragua's minister to the United States, who was so conspicuous in the recent vexatious controversy between Great Britain and his country. He comes of one of the foremost families of Nicaragua, and his father has been president of the republic twice, once minister to England and several times a member of the Nicaraguan senate and house. Dr. Guzman seems to have inherited his father's ability and is one of Nicaragua's most conspicuous men at the present time. When a young man, he studied medicine in Paris and Philadelphia, and while a resident of the Quaker City met Miss May Ewing, a charming American girl. They were married 13 years ago and went to Nicaragua to live.

After four years of life in the little republic Dr. Guzman's talents and influence led to his securing the appointment of minister to the United States, and for nine years he has ably represented his country at Washington. When the revolution of 1893 occurred in Nicaragua, Dr. Guzman resigned and returned home, but so highly was he esteemed by Nicaraguans, regardless of party, that he had hardly been in the country 24 hours before the new government commissioned him to return to his post in Washington.

Dr. Guzman holds high place among the learned men of his country and is a hard student as well as a brainy diplomatist. One of the great ambitions of his life is to secure the inauguration of unobstructed effort toward the completion of the great canal across the isthmus through Nicaraguan territory while he is minister to the United States. He believes the canal will be of incalculable benefit to Nicaragua and the United States, and he has been unremitting in his labors to further the project.

Mrs. Guzman is devoted to Nicaragua as she is to her native country and declares that as a native of one American republic and the adopted daughter of another she may truly call herself a "double American." She is a large, fine looking woman with blond hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion, the exact opposite of her dark, strikingly handsome husband, who is an excellent example of the Spanish type of manly comeliness. Philadelphia's daughters seem to be particularly fascinating to the diplomats of our sister republics, for Mrs. Romero, wife of the Mexican minister, is also a Quaker City lady.

HE SAVED ANDY JOHNSON.

Ross Left the Printer's Case For the Senate and Then Resumed Typetting.

A great many men have gone from the printer's case to the United States senate, but very few leave the United States senate and go back to the case. Major Edmund G. Ross is one of the few. He is an



EDMUND G. ROSS.

odd political character and has seen more ups and downs in life than most men. He has repeatedly sunk into obscurity and as often flashed into prominence again, but the most notable incident of his checkered career occurred in 1858, when he cast the "not guilty" vote that saved President Andrew Johnson from impeachment by congress.

Ross was born in Ohio 69 years ago and learned the printer's trade. He was of a loving disposition and at the age of 30 joined the Free Soil movement in Kansas. The proslavery men had destroyed several papers which espoused abolitionist doctrines, but not at all daunted, Ross and his brother William started the Kansas Tribune and later founded the first paper published in Topeka. In 1859 he was a member of the convention that framed the Kansas constitution, and when the war began he enlisted as a private in the Federal army. He was mustered out a major at the close of the strife and again took up the printer's "stick." In 1866 Senator Lane of Kansas committed suicide, and Governor Crawford promptly appointed Ross his successor in the United States senate. When Lane's term expired a year later, Ross was elected senator by the legislature.

During the impeachment proceedings that followed President Johnson's dismissal from office of Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war, Ross was the cynosure of all eyes for the reason that he was the only senator who voted in doubt. Ross hated Senator Ben Wade and feared that the impeachment of Johnson would place Wade in the presidential chair. Kansas clamored for the conviction of Johnson, but Ross voted for acquittal.

Kansas went wild with rage. Ross' odd notions burst him in office, the newspapers called him everything that is dared in print, and one constituent telegraphed, "Probably the rope with which Judas Iscariot hanged himself is lost, but the pistol with which Jim Lane committed suicide is at your service."

Ross remained in the senate until his term expired and then started "Ross' Paper at Coffeyville, Kan. He has since edited various papers and worked at the case in Kansas and New Mexico. When Mr. Cleveland was first inaugurated, Ross was earning \$10 a week sticking type on an Albuquerque paper. He at once left for Washington and was appointed governor of New Mexico. He is now writing a book on the impeachment of President Johnson.

Chicago Wine Comes Cheap.

Customer—A table d'hote dinner, including a bottle of good wine, for 75 cents? Yes, that's cheap enough, but I don't care for any wine, and I can't afford it. How much will it be without the wine?

Waiter—I'll do what's right with you, boss. You can have the dinner without the wine for 70 cents, sah.—Chicago Tribune.

A Close Resemblance.

"There are some points about your writings that much resemble Shakespeare," said the editor.

"Do you think so?" cried the delighted author, who had brought his contribution in with his own hand.

"Yes," the editor continued, "you employ almost the same punctuation marks."—Rockland Tribune.

STORY OF A WILL.

"I do wish the postman would come."

Said Marion Cross Harfield, namesake of a maid ago, worth about \$100,000, and who her will had given directions that a certain sum of this money was to be used by Mr. Harfield for the benefit of his family until her death. Marion was 18 years of age.

On the anniversary of that eighteenth birthday Marion was to receive a letter from her own lawyer, which would state how the money was to be disposed of after that time.

The morning had arrived, and Marion's excitement about the letter was intense. The postman came at last, and Mr. Harfield handed to his daughter the longed for missive.

"Oh, dear, it's the queerest letter," said Marion, handing it to her father. "Please read it, papa. I can't understand it yet."

Mr. Harfield commenced: "Years ago I was to have been married to a man whom I thought all truth and honor. I need not tell you the whole story. It is sufficient to tell you that he did not marry me. He would not marry me, and that was the reason I die unmarried. I would save you, my child, from a fate like mine. Therefore I bequeath to you the interest of my money so long as you remain unmarried."

"If at the age of 40 you are resigned to spinsterhood, the whole principle and interest is at your disposal."

"Why would you get married at 40? And what's the use of all that money at that age?" exclaimed Marion.

"Should you, however, meet one for whom you can give up this money, on the wedding day read the other letter which my lawyer will forward you, which will tell you how I wish my money disposed of."

"But, papa, and all you, no outsiders be told about the conditions on which I receive my money. We are going to enjoy life with it."

And "enjoy life" she did, and pretty Marion Harfield was one of the most sought after young ladies in the place.

It soon began to be noticed that wherever Marion Harfield was there, or very good son, was Cecil Lynes, the son of a neighboring baronet, to be found.

The day came when Cecil could no longer refrain from telling his love. And Marion? Well, who could blame her?

"Oh, Cecil, I said I'd live and die an old maid; but, my dear, I love you—and can't."

"And how soon can I have my wife?" questioned Cecil some half hour afterward.

"Oh, Cecil, I forgot. Perhaps you won't marry when I tell you about my money."

"My darling! What do I care for your money? But what will your father say?"

"Oh, papa will sanction anything that is for my happiness," shyly answered Marion.

And so the engagement was agreed to. The wedding was arranged to take place early in January, and Mr. Bliss, the lawyer, was written to. He graciously accepted the invitation sent him to be present at the ceremony and promised to bring the faithful letter with him.

The wedding and breakfast were over. The last guest had departed.

"Goodby, my dear," cried excited Marion as the family gathered in the drawing room. "Now, Mr. Bliss, for the letter?"

Mr. Bliss calmly and deliberately adjusted his glasses, untied a package and finally passed a sealed envelope to Marion.

She tore it open, tried to read it and ended by passing it over to her husband with a request to read it aloud. These were the words he read:

"And so, my child, if you are reading these lines you are married. Some one in the world has made you care enough for him to give up your fortune, and he, knowing that you will have to do so, has proved that it was for yourself alone that he would you."

"You are thinking, I suppose, that Aunt Marion was not wise after all, and you have told yourself that life with even a little will be better than a solitary rich life. Well, dear, perhaps you are right. Nevertheless, my plan has succeeded. I have saved you, my child, from the misery which I had to endure."

"It was for my money, not myself, that I was woeed, and I was determined that you, my darling, should be spared this trial. The wedding, as you read, these words in the hand that pens the letter will be cold in death, yet I say God bless you both! Keep the money. If you are reading this it has served its purpose, and may be to whom you have intrusted yourself prove worthy of the trust. My plot will have succeeded!"

"The helping me, I will," answered Cecil fervently, and then, after a moment's pause, he exclaimed in quite a disappointed tone, "You are not poor, then, after all, my darling?"

"I could never be that," answered Marion, "with your love."—Forget Me Not.

THREE KINDS OF COURTSHIP.

A Long Branch Chaperon on the Antique, Ephemeral and Progressive.

"You see," said the chaperon of a quartet of lively girls at Long Branch, "there are now three kinds of courting—the antique, the progressive and the ephemeral. Odd, isn't it, where the heart is concerned? Both the antique and the ephemeral kind are found among the old girls and boys and the debutantes, while the progressive sort is confined mostly to those who have been in society a half dozen seasons or less. The antique is the kind which has for its password one life, one love. The ephemeral lends itself to the fancy of the hour without further reflection. The progressive is one with which we have to deal in answering the query, 'Where are the old favorites, and why are the younger set so popular?'"

"It is most natural that the matured bachelor and the rosebud should enjoy each other's society. This is ephemeral, no responsibility, no care, but the rosebud has a decided advantage over her courtly gallant, for, while she is becoming skillful in the use of Cupid's weapons, he is losing time and ground, and some day will awaken to the truth that he is growing old, bald and ridiculous. What does the young girl see in her old escort? Mostly attention, which is very flattering to her in her first season. She is lonely. The women of his set have disappeared somewhere, and he is willing to buy candy, kiss lap dogs, do anything to be entertained and entertained. In this capacity the bachelor is a most useful member of society. He has even been known to walk about with grandmothers and to carry the married sister's baby and luggage to the train."

"Progressive courtships curiously. When a young woman begins to entertain serious thoughts of her future, whether in choosing a profession, a business or a husband, she rises above driftwood and marks a tree that will shelter her. Her time, also, is a consideration. She cannot waste years dallying with an old leech, a perennial."

"These perennials are, many of them, good souls, nice escorts, but not up to date enough for ideal husbands. So the marriageable women, those who can preside with dignity over neat homes—the belles, in short, of past seasons—leave the ranks and form a new class."

"When a young lady becomes indifferent to parties, like distant friends, protracted visits, and can't be located, keep a sharp lookout among the marriage notes. The out of town men secure most of the home prizes. The only chance for home bachelors is to go out of town, too, where they are not known as overlanders."

"Suppose, however, that they cannot give up the old favorites; suppose that there is a great tug-of-war at the heart when they think of losing them. In such cases, if the men value their happiness and wish to wager on their chances, they must become specialists in love and ply their skill increasingly as the summer season approaches."

"Goodby, sweet heart, said idly will be detected by no one more quickly than the young lady herself, and the chance will be greatly in favor of that London, Philadelphia or Baltimore man."—Philadelphia Times.

The First Parish Priest.

It is to be remembered that, as in the apostolic age the work of converting the world started from the great towns, so was this emphatically the case in Gaul. How early or how late the practice became general of calling the country cure the parish and the episcopal see the diocese I have never been able to discover. As early as the fourth century we find mentions of country churches with lands belonging to them, and in the next century the numbers of these foundations so much increased that Sidonius (A. D. 430-488) mentions a visitation he made of the rural churches in his diocese (Auvergne), and we notice that by this time such settlements are sometimes called parishes and sometimes dioceses.

Later on Gregory of Tours (A. D. 530-590) more often calls the country cures dioceses and the episcopal see the parochia. But, call them what you will, we are fairly well instructed as to the manner in which the country parishes (as we call them now) rose up in Gaul, and I have a suspicion that what we call parishes in this country are but the same thing as the parochia of the fourth century, and that we are fairly well instructed as to the manner in which the country parishes (as we call them now) rose up in Gaul, and I have a suspicion that what we call parishes in this country are but the same thing as the parochia of the fourth century, and that we are fairly well instructed as to the manner in which the country parishes (as we call them now) rose up in Gaul, and I have a suspicion that what we call parishes in this country are but the same thing as the parochia of the fourth century, and that we are fairly well instructed as to the manner in which the country parishes (as we call them now) rose up in Gaul, and I have a suspicion that what we call parishes in this country are but the same thing as the 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