

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

HE TOOK THE HINT.

He staid and staid and staid and staid. He thought he'd never go. He was a "traveller" that was all. And not her proper "beau." He staid and staid, she played and played. From morning till night, she played and played. While waiting in her inmost heart That he would go along. At last he said: "Play Home, Sweet Home. I'm very fond of it." While she rejoiced, in tones of glee, "You really do not seem to be!" And then he took his hat. —July 17 in New York Recorder.

Age of the World.

Over 2,000 years ago the Greek schools treated the world as of indefinite antiquity, and they speak of traditions 10,000 or 14,000 years before their time as facts not questionable from their antiquity. Buckland, from geological conclusions, says it is millions of years since the world was created, and the only question is, How many millions years? Different views have been entertained as to the earth's formation, one being that it has cooled down from a fluid to a solid mass. Sir William Thomson investigated the question of the cooling of the earth and regards the increase of temperature from the surface downward as proof of the constant loss of heat from the globe, the heat radiating into space without sensibly elevating the temperature of the upper crust through which it passes. The continuance of such a loss of heat involves belief in the occurrence of a period at which the earth was a fluid mass, and the same scientist has fixed that period at not less than 200,000,000 nor more than 400,000,000 years ago, the probability being that 100,000,000 of years is the limit of geological history, and that prior to that time the earth's surface was unfit for the maintenance of animal or vegetable life. Our knowledge is not sufficient to fix the period when the earth became habitable or when it shall cease to be so. The organic world does not furnish any guide to the solution of the problem, and therefore it is only a speculative question so far. Hugh Miller says: "As certainly as the sun is the center of our system, and our earth has revolved around it for millions of years. The earth is of an antiquity incalculably vast. The 6,000 years of human history form but a portion of the geological day which is passing over us. They do not extend into the yesterday of our globe, far less touch the myriads of ages spread out beyond." —Brooklyn Eagle.

A Fete Day in Spain.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript thus describes a fete day of the Virgin in the Spanish city of Oriuela:

"Towers and castles, bombs and rockets of well combined colors fill the big square with a golden rain. The pyrotechnist hangs over the roof of a three story house and cries to the crowd below, 'Well, how does she go?' And everybody yells back, 'Bully!'"

"Then, 'Hurrah for the Virgin of Montserrat—e-e-e!'"

"'Viva-a-a-a!' (Whish, fizz, fizz, boom!)"

"'Viva-a-a-a!' (Boom, fizz, whis-at!)"

"'Hurrah for the inhabitants of Oriuela-a-a-a!'"

"'Viva-a-a-a!' (Whish, whish, whish, boom!)"

"'Hurrah for the strangers within our gates!'"

"'Viva-a-a!' (Boom, boom, boom, boom, bang!)"

"'Hurrah for the strangers within our gates! Can we let that pass? Never! Off with your hats, Americans!'"

"Here's to Oriuela! Here's to the Spaniard! A better nation never walked the earth! In matter of wealth and boasted civilization behindhand in the race perhaps, but in the sterling qualities of chivalry, generosity and hospitality leaving the rest of Europe hull down at the horizon. Viva Espana!"

The Ingoldshy Legends.

Barham is not much less good in prose than in verse, and he manages to give variations of grave and gay in verse itself with a skill almost equal to though less delicate than that of Fraed, who probably gave him some lessons. His beautiful last lines "As I Lay A Thinking" do not require the not very authentic antiquity of their spelling to give them charm.

He had scholarship, which, when it does not prevent a man from writing, is seldom without effect on the quality of what he writes. He had the wide, vague reading which scholarship nowadays too often excludes. He had good humor, good feeling, good breeding, an immense amount of fun and an ironical sense of humor, and a rhythm just suited for his purpose. —Macmillan's Magazine.

Amusement Scarce, But—

First Small Boy—Mamma has gone out and looked us in the room. We shall we do to 'muse ourselves'?"

Second Small Boy—Where's the match, est?"

"We don't have matches any more. This flat has 'lectric lights, you know.'"

"I forgot. There's no stove or fireplace, either."

"No. Nothing but steam heat."

"I'll tell you we'll do. Let's play 'emaw with the folding bed.'" —Good News.

Mrs. P. Huntington's Baths.

Mrs. C. P. Huntington recently got a new maid. She instructed her about the arrangement of her bath. "You will prepare my bath every morning and every night," she began. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the new maid, "two baths a day! Why, my last lady took one in a week, and the little children only took one a week too." "Poor little wretches!" exclaimed the new mistress. And she tells the story in the same spirit, but she does not tell when her maid lived with before she got her. Her two baths a day are supposed to have an effect in keeping down her flesh. —Philadelphia

None Dared Touch the Sacred Bread.

In Venice a number of thieves, who managed to get themselves locked in the church of the Barefooted Friars, during the night broke open the doors and stole the golden capsule with the communion wafers, 200 of which were strewn in the neighboring streets. No one dared to touch them, and the priests went out in procession to pick them up. The patriarch offered penitence services in all the churches in Venice, and a telegram was sent to Rome to communicate what had been done to the pope.

Two Lovers and a Snake.

The skeleton of a snake 4 feet long was found in a partition in the Diamond block, Youngstown, O., the other day. It recalls a tragedy which is said to have occurred in the block many years ago, when a man and a young woman were bitten by one of her serpents and died in a few minutes. Her lover died of a broken heart a few minutes later. In the meantime the reptile escaped into the building, and it is supposed it found a death.

A Youthful Father.

A French conscript has broken the record by claiming exemption on the ground that he is, at the age of 30, the father of four living children.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

E. V. Smalley Describes the Sensations of a Bullet Wound in Battle.

"I don't suppose that many of you have seen a field of wheat cut down by bullets. It's bad form to cut wheat that way, but on the day that I left the service the enemy was doing just that for the farmer whose field my regiment was occupying," said E. V. Smalley at a social gathering in St. Paul, as reported by The Pioneer Press.

"It was in the valley of Virginia," continued Mr. Smalley. "The din of battle—and how low know that that really is—was terrific. There were above all the tremendous roar of the cannon and the shrill detonation of the rifles, but these things were perhaps forgotten in the incidental happenings of the battle. The shriek of the shells, the sharp whistle of the minie balls and ping of the bullets as they found their billets, the screaming of the horses and the groans of the wounded men—these mingled with the sights that accompanied them, the plunging of the horses and dropping of men, the sudden accumulation of pools of blood in the wheat and the throw of the wounded and dying—these were the things we saw, and as we noticed them we forgot them, for there was in it all the exhilaration of battle and the sense that everything was beyond one's control.

"There was no appreciation of personal merit—just a series of mad rushes and equally mad repulses, and the scent of battle was in the air, and we knew and cared little for the details. It was in the heat of a fray that had banished all thought of personal harm that I came to a standstill, caused by a bullet.

"A detachment of the enemy was sent in force to turn our left flank, and we were sent to repel the assault. I remember distinctly that I was in the act of climbing a fence when I was put out of the fight. I was full of the enthusiasm that had come with the heat of battle, and I believe that I was on top of the fence shouting, as were the rest of our fellows, when I suddenly felt that it was due to my feelings to shut up."

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LO'S FANCY DRINKS.

When Denied Whisky, He Gets Drunk on Cologne, Lemon Extract and Red Ink.

At best the Indian is a poor Judge of whisky. Anything that produces an intoxicating effect satisfies him. If he cannot get whisky, he will accept any substitute, and the result is that a large number of intoxicated have been discovered which are popularly supposed to be innocent of that which produced redness of the eyes and contentions without cause. The favorite stimulant in the territory, says the St. Louis Republic, is a beverage called Choctaw beer. It was introduced by the Welsh coal miners working at the Lehigh mines, and in its pure condition is a nonintoxicating.

THEORIES AS TO THE ACTION OF THE MIND DURING SLEEP.

Scientific Men Who Believe That They Afford Proof of the Soul's Independent Activity—Calquhoun's Claim That Dreams Always Accompany Sleep.

"Dreams," says Homer, "descend from Jove." There are thousands of intelligent people who still entertain that belief. The opinion commonly held by physicists is that, if the whole brain is locked up in sleep, there is no dream. If a portion of it is emancipated, thoughts peculiar to that portion arise, and those thoughts are dreams. According to Dr. David Hartley, they are nothing but the imaginations, fancies or reveries of a sleeping person, and are due to some peculiar state of the stomach or brain, to impressions received while awake, or to the effect of association.

The same vein Andrew Baxter declares that most of the representations offered to the soul in sleep are not only not produced by it, but there is no consciousness of any action of the will to introduce them. They are involuntarily introduced upon it. He cannot conceive of anything more absurd than a supposition that the soul, in the act of sleeping, has a plot to frighten itself. In reply to the argument of those who contend that dreams indicate the activity of the soul separate from and independent of the body, Dr. Priestley asked: Why does not this independent entity contemplate the state of the body and brain during sleep, which might well afford it matter enough for reason and reflection?

So, too, Dr. Cromwell, in his work on "The Soul and the Future Life," asserts that dreams take place only when the sleep is unsound and arises from partial returns of activity of the brain itself. These views fairly reflect the contentions of the scientific men who regard the origin and character of the phenomenon.

On the other hand, there is authority as eminent for the belief that all dreams cannot be satisfactorily explained on the grounds above stated—that there is a something left out which it is of the highest consequence to understand before a positive judgment can be pronounced. The student of Xenophon will recall the remarkable passage which the historian puts into the mouth of the dying Cyrus the Elder: "Nor do I feel convinced that the soul will be devoid of sense when it is separated from the senseless body, but it is possible that it may be understood before death, as the union of the soul and body is then, in a great measure, interrupted, and the soul ceases not from activity, being employed in the production of dreams. These are usually disturbed by the remaining influence which the senses exercise, and we know by experience that the more this influence is suspended, which in the case of profound sleep, the more regular and connected are our dreams."

Blakely affirms that to be able to see without the eye, to hear with the ear and to feel without touching objects, as we do in dreams, are facts which afford direct proof that the perceptive principle is independent of the organs of sense, which lead to the inference that the material organization of the brain, by which the impressions of external objects are originally conveyed to the mind, must be distinct from the power that receives and retains these impressions; otherwise it would be possible to receive the activity of the perceptive power during the time when the brain ceases to hold any direct communication with the material world. Lord Brougham cites the inconceivable rapidity of the mind's operations as a proof of its independence of matter and capacity to exist without it, and after adducing a multitude of facts which are connected with the phenomena of dreams says that "nothing can be conceived better calculated than these facts to demonstrate the extreme agility of the mental powers, their total diversity from any material substance or action. Nothing better adapted to satisfy us that the nature of the mind is consistent with its existence apart from the body."

There is no denial by the advocates of the latter view that dreams can ordinarily be accounted for on the hypothesis generally accepted by medical men. Impaired digestion, a feverish condition of the body, intense nervous strain, and other physical causes, it is held, may be satisfactorily explained by the phenomena of the mind's operations as a proof of its independence of matter and capacity to exist without it, and after adducing a multitude of facts which are connected with the phenomena of dreams says that "nothing can be conceived better calculated than these facts to demonstrate the extreme agility of the mental powers, their total diversity from any material substance or action. Nothing better adapted to satisfy us that the nature of the mind is consistent with its existence apart from the body."

Coleridge tells us that "Kubla Khan" was composed entirely while he slept, "the images rising up before him as things with a parallel production of the corresponding expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort." For a man of his peculiar temperament that does not seem a strange experience, but that the famous mathematician and philosopher, Condorcet, saw in his dreams the final stage of a difficult calculation which had puzzled him during the day is a most extraordinary fact and one that is scarcely to be explained by a reference to any abnormal bodily conditions. But if we admit the soundness of Colquhoun's doctrine, we shall have an adequate means of explanation. He maintained that dreaming is the exercise of an original spiritual energy; that it is an effort of the soul to manifest itself free from material trammels; that all sleep is accompanied with dreaming, and that, in the case of the soundest sleep, dreams are not remembered because the soul has not notified the senserium of them. Therefore we only catch glimpses of the soul's activity in sleep when the senserium, or the corporeal organs is not altogether insensible to any glimpses are called dreams.—New York Times.

A Ulan Deserter's Adventures.

At the time of the Franco-German war a ulan belonging to the Fourth Ulan regiment deserted. He was apprehended recently in Alsace and taken to his regiment. The ulan has just been tried by court martial and sentenced to five years' incarceration in a fortress. He has been sent to Spandau to undergo the sentence. This ulan deserter made off at the time of the siege of Paris, fled to China and entered the Chinese army, in which he served for 14 years. Ten years after that he returned to Germany and obtained a situation as overseer in a manufactory in Alsace, which he retained up to the time he was arrested as a deserter.

Lost Chords Recovered.

Several Egyptian harps have been recovered from tombs. In some the strings are intact and give forth distinct sounds after a silence of 3,000 years.

THE DUTCHON SKATES.

THE CHIEF ENJOYMENT AMONG THE PEOPLE OF HOLLAND.

Canals Run Everywhere, Which Makes Visiting Easy—Skating in Slippers—The Famous Dutch Roll—A Dozen in Line With a Swift Leader.

If you have lived in Holland, in a village, you will say, you know how the first frost seems to quicken everybody. You have been asleep all through November; thick fog and cold the water cracks in the jug as you pour it out.

Down stairs everything is warm; the maids are singing and attentive. "It froze last night, Mevrouw," they say. "You know now the frenzy is beginning. The man comes in from the stable. The postman comes in from the post office. The pot is full, now we will have the cover."

All of which means that the canals are full, the holders are covered with water, and now a good, hard frost will make life worth living.

If you miss the maids, you may know they are trying the ice on the moor with pebbles. Out on the one village street the boys are whistling around the blacksmith's shop, where the big boys are having their skates sharpened or bargaining for new ones. By the canal—and what Dutch village is without its canal?—there is a crowd. If it were not Holland, you might think something dreadful was happening, and indeed there is, for the skippers, teakchint every day is being bargained and scolded because he had some thought of spoiling the ice by pulling his boat through. "It is closed. Let it stay closed," they cry, and he gives in, whether to public opinion or his own desire who shall say?

And so, skimming along in a week, the one and only enemy to skating in Holland. Several boys, in the meantime, too venturesome, have been lugged out of the canal and kicked and cuffed for spoiling the ice. And then one morning it is frozen solid, and all the Hollanders are happy.

In the summer, for the present, it has been nothing but grind, with the exception of a few days' kindness, which leaves an aching head and empty pocket. Now there is pleasure without paying. You may go to the uttermost parts of the earth or Holland, which is the same to them, for nothing, and so there are happy junkies on the ice, distant friends and relatives to be visited—also never seen—and engagements to be kept which were made