

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

From a French Point of View.  
The Marquis de Castellane's article, "Fifteen Days in the United States," occupies 24 pages of the Revue de Paris. Here is an extract:

"This concentration of the American brain on two ideas—the wish to be free and the seeking of a fortune by work—has not failed to impress upon the race certain physical characteristics. Without being of exceptional beauty, the race is vigorous. One feels that it is young."

"The women are neither painted nor covered with rice powder, nor are they anemic. All, or almost all, of them have superb complexions. They are tall, and very few appear in ill health. But in vain one seeks upon their faces the expression of their sensations or sentiments. Certainly, and perhaps happily for them, they have not been initiated into the refinement of sensibility, into artistic enthusiasms. Their souls, too, have only gravitated since their childhood around the two ideas that have animated their fathers and which will animate their husbands—the passion of independence and the passion of work. The characteristics of American beauty are pride and curiosity, as those of the French beauty are grace and submission."

### Their Trilby Club.

They were a party of gushing young girls.  
"Oh, say," began the one in blue ribbons, "I've a splendid idea. Let's organize a Trilby club."  
"Oh, yes," chimed in the others, "that would be delightful. How shall we manage?"

"Why," said the first speaker, "we'll all wear Trilby hats, and Trilby shoes, and Trilby gowns, and we'll sing Trilby songs and jabber French phrases along with our English, the way Trilby did, and—"

"The prim girl at the edge of the group listened eagerly at first, but as the plan unfolded an expression of disgust and horror crept over her face. She could now contain herself no longer and interrupted with:

"Dress just like Trilby! Indeed I won't, and I'm astonished that any of you should propose such a thing. Is it possible that you are all ambitious to become living pictures?"—Buffalo Express.

### Mrs. E. J. Nicholson.

The women of the south are becoming most active in literary work. Mrs. E. J. Nicholson, the owner of the New Orleans Picayune and its editorial chief, combines in a remarkable way the qualities of a genuine poet and of a successful business woman. She was Miss Eliza Pottevert, the daughter of an old Huguenot family, and her childhood was spent on the Pearl river, from which she has taken the rather romantic pseudonym of "Pearl Rivers." While still a young girl, she joined the staff of the Picayune as literary editor, shortly afterward marrying the owner, Colonel Holbrook. Finding herself at his death in possession of a political paper heavily burdened with debt, she has succeeded in bringing it to a firm place among the newspapers of the country. Her marriage to Mr. Nicholson, who is the business manager of the Picayune, has given her leisure for literary work and for brilliant social life.—Munsey's Magazine.

### Resourceful.

There is really nothing the American girl can't do when she tries. For instance, a couple of clever Washington girls have actually made themselves a piano lamp. They have wit, they have the best of breeding, but they haven't money. A ready-made piano lamp was beyond them, so they set to work to manufacture one. First they took three broomsticks and tied them together tripod fashion. They then wrapped lightly with coarse cord and fastened a flowerpot at the top. The whole was covered with innumerable coats of black enamel paint, and when an old brass lamp was fitted into the pot, with an overgrown shade to top off with, you'd have said the lamp was the latest thing in wrought iron. It sounds like a story out of a woman's magazine, but it isn't. It's true.—Washington Post.

### A Typical English Inn.

The inn was set close to the river, and although the highroad ran a mile farther inland the Angel Inn had the air of having seen more stirring times. The little inn sitting room was parlor and taproom in one; its chairs opened friendly arms, bits of old silver gleamed on the mantelpiece, and low settles, cupboards and tables of antique make were suggestive of the dead and gone figures that had peopled the cozy room. In the smile of the genial host there was the welcome which imagination lends to mine host of the coaching period.—"A Cruise on the Norfolk Broads" in Century.

### Where Women Earn More Than Men.

Half a dozen Welshwomen began work lately in the rolling mill of the Monongahela Tin Plate works on the south side. They receive the plates as they come from the rolls and separate the black sheets. This work heretofore has been done wholly by men. It is hard and rough. The women wear great leather shields on their hands, leather aprons and hobnailed shoes to protect them from the heat and metal. The women are paid \$1.50 a day. Men received for the same work \$1.35. The forewoman gets \$1.75. This is the first time women have been employed at such work in this country.—Pittsburg Dispatch in Chicago Tribune.

### Weariest and Hungry.

Never out when very tired. It is better to refrain to get hungry, in fact, than to gulp down a lot of food when your stomach is too tired to assimilate what you eat. Another equally good precaution is to rest for 10 or 15 minutes anyhow, or longer if possible, after eating. Instruct teachers animals to do this, and good sense ought to teach people to do the same, but it doesn't.—New York Telegram.

### She Knew Him.

"He will turn the tables on you if you are not careful," said one woman to another, who was beating her husband.  
"Turn nothing!" she exclaimed.  
"He's so lazy he wouldn't turn a table if it was on rollers."—Detroit Free Press.

### HELPING HIM ALONG.

One time a husband said:  
"He's the man of my choice if I should—just here he's come. And quavers trembled in his voice. Still once again he went to work. To indicate his feelings vainly. And said, 'I fear I'm like a cork That holds some brilliant champagne.' 'Ah,' laughed the maid with rosy hue, 'As passion brought him to a stop, 'I understand you fully. You Must be drawn out before you'll pop.'—Lippincott's."

### ZETTE.

Upon the posters which hung on the outside of the carriage she was styled "Mlle. Antonia, Sonnambule Extraludic."

Her mother called her Zette—her real name was Suzanne.

She was a pretty girl, not very large, with fair complexion and long black hair that she let float about her during her consultations, though ordinarily she wore it in a loose coil upon the nape of a neck that was perfect.

Never having done much work, her hands were delicate and well shaped. She was enough of a coquette to wish to keep them so. She had a finely modeled form, and to have seen her simply dressed in some quiet color, with the gait of a wise little workwoman, one would never have suspected her strange calling.

Her mother, Mme. Florry was as little like others of her class as her daughter. About her there was nothing in common with the shrews who frequent fairs in red dresses and soiled skirts. She had the air of a little merchant who was good and proper, with a winning, honest smile, and people stopped before her carriage and even entered there (without thinking of the charlatanism on the posters) in order to see the interior of this small dwelling that smelled so sweet.

The vehicle was painted brown, with a thread of gold running the length of the plinths. There was a tiny balcony in front of it, and on this balcony convolvulus and nasturtium vines, planted in boxes, twined about wires up to the roof, where they clustered in bright hued bunches.

Along the route persons stared in amazement at this queer coach all covered with garlands of flowers.

The two women were always together, but associated very little with their neighbors. They were not proud, and having the best of hearts were the first to offer to care for a sick child or to give to others in distress. Indeed the foreigners who knew them well loved them sincerely, even though they did feel somewhat oppressed by what they termed "their grand manners."

There was, however, some one who was all devotion to Zette and her mother. It was a young gymnast of two and twenty in a large traveling circus that had very nearly the same itinerary as Mme. Florry. His name was Jacques, but on playbills they spelled it Jack. He was exceedingly handsome and of no common type. There was fire in his eyes and much intelligence in his smile. There was, too, much tenderness in this same smile, especially when he spoke to Zette. His love for this pretty brunette—so unlike any other woman he had seen about him in his wandering life—was very sincere.

Near her he felt himself quite another man to what he was in the circus. There was such an atmosphere of romance surrounding Zette that his own manners, when with her, were altogether different from what they had been, and he was astonished at how well they became him.

Then, too, he had dreamed of being loved by this sweet girl and of never being separated from her. His salary was good, and some day perhaps he might enter one of the great circuses of Lyons or Paris. It would be charming to find so sweet a little wife awaiting his coming after his work was done.

He had often spoken to Zette of these plans. He loved her so dearly that it could not be possible she did not love him at least a little.

Zette always listened silently, visibly touched by what she heard, and he thought each time she would say "Yes," but when he had finished by asking, with such pleading in his eyes, "Will you be my wife, Zette?" she replied very gravely, "No."

Then Jacques would be astonished. Why not? Could it be that she did not believe him when he said he loved her; that she had no confidence in him; that she did not love him?

"Yes, I love you," Zette answered sweetly, "but I do not wish to marry you."

And she would never say why.

One day, however, Mme. Florry blamed her for refusing the hand of this brave lad.

"Listen, mother," she said. "I adore Jacques, and I believe I shall always remain single because I do not wish to marry him. Do you remember the day when we went together to the circus? I saw as we entered how all the women who were there turned their long eyes toward him, and afterward they smiled and talked about him and tried to attract his attention by applauding him. I ought perhaps to have been proud to think that this man whom all they wanted loved me, and that I had only to say the word to be his wife. Ah, well, in my heart there was nothing but jealousy. I wanted to tear the longnettes away from those women. From what I suffered that evening I understood how much more I might suffer if I were married. No, that cannot be. He is too handsome. See? Suppose some day, when he had grown tired of me, one of those women should take him from me. I would die surely. You know now, mother, why I cannot say yes."

But notwithstanding this obstinate refusal, which he could not explain, Jacques came every day. He no longer mentioned the subject to Zette, understanding that he was contending against a fixed resolve, except once when he said to her: "You will not have me, Zette, and I do not wish any other woman. Some day, though, you may change your mind, and then you may only hold out your hand and say to me, 'Let us be married, and it will make me happy.'"

So after thus simply settling the affair Jacques was like a brother in the house. It was he who in the springtime planted the seeds in the boxes upon the little balcony. It was he who twined the tendrils about the wires, and it was he who at all seasons furnished the gilded porcelain vases that held the flowers.

These flowers were a great luxury to Zette.

This state of things did not long continue, however. The young girl was

### PUTTING UP A TENT.

SYSTEM WITH WHICH EACH PART MOVES TO ITS PLACE.

The Canvas Circus House Goes Up With a Celerity Only Possible With Trained Men. Every One Knows His Business, and All Goes Like Clockwork.

So skilled is the chief canvasman of a big circus that when he arrives on the ground where the tents are to be pitched he can tell at a glance just how to dispose of them. It is the usual practice to put up the menagerie and horse tents first. This is generally done before breakfast whenever possible, and then after a short rest all hands turn in, and with a rush up goes the main tent. The chief canvasman of the biggest circus in this country is William Kelley. When he determines upon the location of the tent, he sends for a lot of men with iron pins, some of which are attached pieces of blue bannel and to others pieces of red flannel. Kelley takes a long tape line out of his pocket and fixes the position of his first pole and a red pin. Then he measures off the required distance for the second pole, and then for the others, until the places for all five poles of the main tent are fixed.

Next Kelley goes to the end poles, and with the tape line he marks out the position of his first pole and a red pin. Then he measures off the required distance for the second pole, and then for the others, until the places for all five poles of the main tent are fixed.

Then comes probably the most interesting part of putting up the tent. Stalwart men have been unloading stout hickory mules from the train stacks, and these are distributed in wheelbarrows over the grounds. The sledge gangs then seize their tools. There are eight men in a gang and nine gangs to do the work. One man in each gang plunges a crowbar into the ground and makes a preparatory hole for the stake. Then each stake is driven into the ground with one or two smart blows, and the other six gather about in a circle. Then all lift their sledges, and each in turn gives the stake a slight tap, and thus they catch the swing. The next turn around the blow falls harder, and by the time the third blow is struck the willing sledges are down as fast as one can count. One sledge no sooner strikes a stake and slips away than another takes its place. As they go whirling in the air the effect is like the arms of a windmill in a brisk breeze, and the sound of the blows is like the rattle of muskets. When the stakes are all in place, the sledge is confining, and other workers that men don't knock each other's heads off.

The stake itself goes plunging down into the turf in a series of quick jumps. One can see it jump, but it never has a rest. The driver takes about 30 seconds to drive each stake, and in a few minutes the whole 250 stakes required for the main tent are in the ground. Opposite each main pole extra stakes are driven, and then the ground is cleared. The workmen carry in on their shoulders their five 50-foot poles and place them near their respective sections. When the 25 quarter poles, each 31 feet long, are carried in and arranged in line, with their upper ends fronting outward. Then 24 shorter quarter poles are brought in and arranged in the same way, but farther away from the main poles. It requires a lot of unloading, but the wagons have been driven to places within easy reach, and every economy in space and time is studied.

Two short stakes are then driven at the foot of each main pole for bearers, against which the tent ropes are lashed. Each pole is pulled to a perpendicular and made fast. A wood or iron ring has been slipped over the foot of the pole before it is drawn to the upright position.

The ground now seems a confused mass of poles and stakes. Kelley goes the round, and then a raid is made on the three canvas wagons. Six or eight men carry on their shoulders a big roll, and by its appearance Kelley or one of his assistants knows exactly where it belongs. The men stagger along until they hear the words, "Drop it," and then it falls to the ground. A dozen or 15 men seize it, unfold it and shake it out. The two curving end poles are straightened out, and then the four pieces that cross from one side to the other are brought out and placed on the ground. The poles always protrude through the tent where two sections join. The tent being laid out on the ground, the pieces are joined together by the standing poles, and then the sections are laced together by a series of short loops that link one into the other. Half a dozen men gather under the canvas at each pole to do the pulling, and the rest of the men run to the edge of the tent. 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