

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON

It will take pretty strong yeast to raise that "busted" flour trust.

Veterans who attend next year's encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be "let off at Buffalo."

With Chile so depopulated that one man's relatives can elect him president it is surprising that Great Britain has not discovered another opportunity to extend civilization.

Twenty thousand more soldiers are to be sent to Cuba. To discover the result of this process of pouring troops into Cuba one has only to empty water into a sieve and note what happens.

Some Chicago men were discussing the currency question on the street the other day when a giant firecracker was exploded among them. The strange part is that the men noticed an unusual noise.

When an esteemed contemporary speaks of "a lady newspaper correspondent" it means, in this campaign of hard knocks there are several newspapers that are trying to be "perfect ladies."

There is a wave of feminine horror overreaching the land at the announcement by Jeannette L. Glider that she has never in her life worn evening dress and never intends to. Still this revolt against fashion is forgivable, for it is balanced by the added fact that she has likewise never worn bloomers.

One of the concerns allied with the National Harrow Company or trust has been violating its trust contract in regard to selling harrows at a fixed price. Appealing to the courts a United States circuit judge at Philadelphia declines to uphold the validity of the contract on the ground that the combination is illegal. The country needs more of such judgments. The farmers are entitled to buy harrows as they must sell wheat—at competitive prices.

Silesian glassmakers are making possible the realization of an architectural dream. They are producing substantial glass bricks for building purposes. Since glass can easily be made translucent without being transparent light may be evenly diffused through a building of glass, while its occupants and contents remain invisible from the outside. It does not require a very lively imagination to perceive that many pleasing effects may be produced when glass is used as the material of dwellings and other structures. Besides, people who live in glass houses will not be struck by lightning.

A Minneapolis man fell in love with a Chicago woman after reading in a newspaper syndicate her ideas of what a husband should be. The editors of the city are already expecting to put in an extra department for the receipt of mail to accommodate the other Chicago ladies who have a few ideas of their own about prospective husbands. It is even feared that some poor, discouraged little maiden on the unmentionable side of 30 may even be driven to the extreme of saying that her ideal man may smoke in the parlor and come to the breakfast table in his shirt sleeves if only he will hurry up to provide the parlor and the breakfast table before the winter sets in.

The statistician has been getting in his work again. This time it is on the expenditure of force in piano playing. A pianissimo pressure on a key equals a weight of three ounces. On this basis it is calculated that to render the last Etude by Chopin in C minor requires an aggregate pressure of 6,780 pounds. Without stopping to moralize or statisticate on what this force would accomplish if directed into some lucrative channel, it may be suggested that now that the piano bangers who disturb the peace nightly and render night hideous understand that they are really doing hard if useless labor, they may voluntarily desist. In this happy event the statistician, who is usually a bore, may be said to have struck the proper keynote.

THE CURFEW LAW.

Benefits Conceded by Every Community in Which One is in Effect.

Edward W. Bok, in the Ladies Home Journal, reviews the provisions and operations of the curfew ordinance, which, in variously modified forms, has been adopted by municipal legislative bodies in the West. He gives hearty indorsement to the law, and asserts that, although it met with general opposition at first, there is not a city or town in which it has been enforced, that would have it abolished. "Wherever the curfew ordinance has gone into effect," Mr. Bok contends, "its advantages have been conceded. This is true now of over three hundred towns and cities, some as large in population as Omaha and Topeka. In each case the excellence of the law has become apparent, opposing parents have conceded its wisdom, and even children are said to be pleased with it. It has placed in the hands of the police a most effective weapon for clearing the streets of hoodlums at night, and in many cases where disorder reigned at street corners quietness, law and order now prevail. So well has the ordinance worked that reports, gathered from not less than forty of the towns where it is a law, show that the fine or imprisonment penalty has not been inflicted in a single case. The first caution has served the purpose. These reports show, too, that the ordinance is not enforced in any oppressive manner. In the case of evening winter or summer entertainments, which would keep the children out later than the curfew hour, authority is easily obtained and readily granted by the Mayor or town official for an extension of time. Its rigid enforcement is applied most strictly to the hoodlum element, and with this class the police claim they have never been able to deal so successfully. It will be at once obvious to all right-minded parents, I think, that they should give the weight of their influence to the curfew ordinance wherever it may be presented. * * * Taken from any and every standpoint, it is an excellent thing, and it may wisely be encouraged by parents all over our land."

Malachite.

Artificial malachite which is susceptible of a fine polish is made by precipitating a solution of sulphate of copper in the cold by carbonate of soda or of potash. The precipitate, which is voluminous, should be washed and dried and made into a paste with plaster of Paris and water. Allow the composition to harden.

THE ANGEL OF EVENTIDE.

Thou who dost cover all the land
In silence with thy soul of rest;
Hushing with soft and tender hand
Dark swaying pine and twittering nest;
From thy fair, placid, saffron skirts
Come gently down with healing light
And seal with sleep wool's weary eyes
Throughout the watches of the night!

Thou upon whom the pinions fair
Doth bear the sounds of vesper bells
Upon the holy twilight air,
O'er breezy downs and flowery dells;
Amidst the loud-tongued, brazen psalm
And silvery songs that sweetly roll
Bring thou heaven's healing, perfect calm
To every stricken, weary soul!

Thou who upon the quiet graves
Dost calmly spread thy mantle gray;
Beside the grass which o'er them waves
When kith and kin are far away.
Kiss those who, in the gloom of death,
Through all night's dreary watches weep;
And whisper with thy healing breath,
"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

Thou who in far-back Hebrew days
Didst smile on Bethlehem's harvest gold
When fair Ruth stood, with wistful gaze
Languish in "The Mystery of the Passion"
Deep yearning for the nobler part
Beneath the holy, sapphire skies;
Smile chastely on each maiden's heart,
And fix on Truth her eager eyes!

Thou who on star-crowned Olivet
Didst leave him in the waning light
Reluctant, soft, his fair locks wet
With the cold dew of falling night;
Who of didst light with kindly sky
His way to sacred Bethany;
Have pity on the weary's sigh,
And lift each lone one's misery!

Thou who, with mystic, tender charm,
Didst bring all weary ones to rest—
The folded lambs safe home from harm,
The babe close to its mother's breast,
The swallows to the sheltering eaves,
The lark down to his grassy sod;
Make sweet our dreams which Fancy
Weaves us in the love of God!
—Sunday Magazine.

A FUNNY WORLD.

Vernon and I were sitting in the club. It was late. The last bus had rolled home and peacefully was almost deserted save for an occasional cab that drove by with a flash of lamps and tinkling of bells.

Vernon lit another cigar and puffed away in silence.

"What you were saying just now about a short life and a jolly one," he said at last, "set me thinking about poor old Jim Barham. He was awful like you in many ways. You remember him, don't you?"

I shook my head.

"Ah, he was before your time," said Vernon, settling himself more comfortably in his chair. "He was one of the best chaps that ever lived. I only wish to heaven he were here now. I tell you what, old boy, we'll have another drink and I'll tell you his story; it's a queer one. Waiter!"

When the waiter had put down the drinks and left the room Vernon began:

"Well, to begin with," he said, "I must tell you that Jim Barham, when I first met him (which, by the way, was up at Oxford), was looked upon as the luckiest young fellow going. He was good looking, strong as a horse, and his father was one of the richest men in England. The old man had made a devil of a lot of money in trade—I forget what sort—and Jim was his only son. He and I were great pals at the varsity, though, of course, I being on a comparatively small allowance—couldn't keep quite up with his way of living. Well, to cut part of a long story short, one day the old man went broke. God knows what broke him—speculation of some sort, I suppose; anyhow, he failed for all he was worth and Jim was left an absolute beggar. As soon as I heard the news Jim left Oxford, and I only saw him for a few minutes at the station, when he cried like a child. My time at the varsity was over at the end of the term, and Jim promised to come and stop with me at my people's in Norfolk. I never saw him again in two years."

Vernon stopped to knock the ash off his cigar.

"Go on," I said impatiently, for I was getting interested.

"I tried all I could to find out his whereabouts," Vernon went on, "but all to no purpose. No one knew where he was or where he had gone to. At last, after two years, I met him again. It was at a little Bohemian restaurant in Soho, one of those places where they feed you for practically nothing. I had gone there out of pure curiosity, and the first person I saw in the place was Jim. He didn't seem anything like as pleased to see me as I was to see him, and it was some time before I could get him to tell me what he was doing. When he did, his story was sad one. His poor old father had died soon after the failure and left Jim absolutely penniless and alone in the world. No one would stir a finger to help him, and he, who had never done a stroke of real work in his life, had to look out for some way of earning a living. He came to London, starved for nearly a year, and at last managed to get a job as 'super' in some theater or other. That was, he told me, what he was doing then. His clothes were old and dirty, he hadn't shaved for a week, and they were dark dark lines under his eyes that told a thousand tales. I begged him to let me help him, but he refused all offers, swore that he would get rid of himself if something better didn't turn up, and then left me without even shaking hands."

"After that I never saw him about, but he would often let me get near, and would wink away directly he saw me. Every time I met him he seemed to look more wretched, shabbier and dirtier, and one day I knew how low he had sunk, poor devil! for I saw him parading strapped across his back and a general look about him that told of drink and nothing else. After this I lost sight of him again, and I must confess that, in the bustle of business and the excitement of political affairs, I almost forgot his existence."

"One morning, however, about two years later, when I was sitting over a late breakfast, my servant came in and told me a rough, dirty-looking man wanted to see me."

"What name did he give?" I asked, wondering who on earth my visitor could be.

"Barham, I think he said, sir," my servant replied.

"I jumped up and ran into the hall, and there I found Jim sitting."

"Come in, old man," I said, and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Jim followed me into the dining room, and when I shut the door sat down at the table and cut off a great chunk of bread."

"I'll speak when I've eaten a bit," he said, and broke into a laugh. "Funny thing, a man with £100,000 being nearly starved!"

"I looked at the poor chap anxiously, thinking his head had been turned with the trouble he had gone through, but though he was in an even dirtier and more ragged condition than when I last saw him, he had no look of the madman."

"When he had crammed the last piece of bread into his mouth he jumped up and seized me by the shoulders."

"I am not mad, old chap, or dreaming, though you know you think I am. Look at this letter, and then tell me if you don't think this is a devilish funny world."

"I read the letter quickly."

"Good heavens, it's true!" was all I could say.

"Yes," said Jim, "I'm the proud possessor of £100,000, left me by an old uncle who refused to give me a cent six months ago. By—, it's a devilish funny world."

"He fell into a chair and burst into a roar of laughter, and I couldn't help joining him."

"But look here, old boy," Jim said, suddenly growing serious again, "this is not all I came for. I came to tell you that you've got to share this with me. We'll have a real good time with this money. It's no use shaking your head, you must join me. And I'll tell you what I'm going to do with it. I'm not going to invest it or speculate with it or do any of that nonsense. I'm going to spend it. I've had a ghastly, awful time of it for the last six years; I've lived among people you'd scarcely care to touch; I've been an outcast, a scum of the earth, a sewer rat. And it's all because of the lack of this confounded money. Now I've got it I'm going to make it pay me back for some of the ills its want has caused me. I'm going to live for five years. I shall have £20,000 a year and you'll share it with me; and on this day five years hence, when the money's all gone—as it will be—I'm going to blow my brains out!"

"He stopped for a moment and began to pace up and down the room."

"Don't talk like that," I said; "you know you don't mean it." He came up to me, put his hands on my shoulders and looked me straight in the face.

"Old chap," he said solemnly, "I do mean it. I am going to live for five years, and I swear before God that on this day five years hence I shall put a bullet into my brain. I swear it!"

Vernon broke off and looked at the clock.

"I say, it's getting very late," he said; "I'll finish this yarn another day."

"No, no; go on," I said.

"Well, Jim got his money all right, banked it and started to live. He went in for every kind of luxury, yachting, racing, shot—did everything a man with £200,000 a year can do. I was with him a great deal, and tried to put a check on some of his excesses, but all to no purpose. He lived a very devil of a life, was never in bed before 7 in the morning, smoked like a chimney, drank like a fish and played old Harry with his constitution generally. It was no good trying to argue with him; if one did his answer always was, 'I'm only going to live for five years, old boy, and I mean to enjoy those years, I can tell you.'"

"For four years this life went on, and he then woke up one morning to find he had only got £10,000 and one year of life left, and—he was madly in love with a woman. She was a widow, absolutely penniless, but as handsome as paint, and as attractive into the bargain. Poor old Jim became her abject slave. He was always about with her, loaded her with presents, and I gradually saw less and less of him. One day, however, he wrote to me and asked me to come around to his rooms, as he had something special he wanted to say to me. I went and found him in a very excited state, pacing up and down his room like a madman."

"I've been a fool," he said almost as soon as I had closed the door, "a confounded idiot. I have been living like a beast for four years and a half, and thought I was enjoying myself. I made an idiotic vow, and my money's all gone, barring £10,000. Curse it, what a fool I've been!"

"You know the proverb about split milk, Jim," I said.

"He sunk into a chair with a kind of groan."

"Yes, I know," he said, "but hang it, I can't help crying over it. For I'm in love with the best and loveliest woman in the world, and she's married me to-morrow—only I have wasted most of my money. Ah, old boy, as I told you four years ago, it's a funny world. I have made a confounded mess of my life and I suppose I deserve what I've got, but it's hard, devilish hard!"

"Poor old boy!" was all I could say. Jim squeezed my hand hard and sat silent, staring into the glowing fire as if there he might find some way out of his perplexity. I shall never in my life forget that hour in his rooms. I can see the whole scene quite plainly at this moment. The cozy, well-furnished room, the pictures on the walls and Jim's sad face showing up distinctly with the red glow of the firelight on it—I tell you that scene's photographed on my memory."

"I should think we sat like that for close on half an hour and then Jim suddenly sprang up."

"I have it," he shouted, "I know what I'll do. Look here. I've got £10,000 left. Well, I'm going to try my luck on the Stock Exchange. If things turn up trumps I'll marry and try and live a decent life. If they don't, well, hang it, I'll keep my vow and have done with it. They tell me a revolver bullet doesn't hurt much. It's so soon over."

"By the time I left him Jim and I had agreed to go and see a very clever stock broker—a friend of mine—the next day, and ask him to do his best."

"It's such a funny world," Jim said as he shook my hand. "Perhaps I may be lucky, and then my vow can go to the devil and my revolver into the gutter."

USING A BABY FOR CROCODILE BAIT.

over a few times the child takes the shooting as a matter of course and pays little attention to it. So expert are many of the hunters that they do not shoot the alligator until it has approached to within a few feet of the baby. Then, with but a few inches of space between the muzzle of the rifle and the eye of the alligator, the fatal shot is fired.

LADY TENNYSON.

She Loved Her Husband and Home and Was an Ideal Poet's Wife.

Emily Selwood Tennyson, widow of the late poet laureate of England, died recently at the beautiful residence of the Tennyson family on the Isle of Wight. She had lived a secluded life, and like her husband, was unknown in English society. She might have been distinguished and even brilliant in the best of English drawing rooms, as in her own, had she so desired. Her opportunities, not only by reason of the laureate's fame as the greatest of living poets, but through

The Crook.

In some parts of Scotland it was customary to carry a newly born child three times round the fire, and then to hang in the middle of an old-fashioned chimney, and serve to support cooking-pots, the ceremony supposed to insure the infant's prosperity. To double up the child in the "crook" at night prevents wetness coming down the chimney.

The New Watch.

The new watch is to have a plain graph cylinder hidden away, and at each hour and at each quarter of an hour, the watch will give you the exact time. You will simply turn the spring, hold the watch to your ear, and the little fairy on the handle will whisper per hour.

"I have a poem on the new watch," the lover said. "I think I'll take the poem to the maiden. He has a watch there."—Atlanta Constitution.

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WITH BABIES FOR BAIT.

Hunters in Ceylon Lure Crocodiles to Their Death.

The fondness of crocodiles for babies is used by hunters in Ceylon to lure the reptiles to death. A nice, fat baby is tied by the leg to a stake near some pond or lagoon where crocodiles abound. Soon the child begins crying and the sound attracts the crocodiles within hearing distance. They start out immediately for the wailing infant.

The hunter in the meantime conceals himself in the bushes or swamp grass near the baby, with a rifle in his hand projecting out and almost over the child. He remains perfectly quiet and the reptile, intent on its prey, notices nothing but the screaming and kicking child. As the monster approaches to within a few feet of the bait the hunter sends a bullet directly into the alligator's eye, causing instant death. A miss would mean death for the baby, but the hunters are expert shots and at the short distance at which they fire a miss is next to impossible. As a rule the sound of the firearm scares the baby worse than the presence of the crocodile's jaws and the rows of sharp and glistening teeth, but after being shot

Obedience Instructions.

Much is said in these days about the want of obedience to parental authority displayed by the rising generation, but an incident in which the contrary spirit was manifested is narrated by a prominent Western lawyer.

His 12-year-old son, a boy of great spirit, but with no overabundance of strength, went to pass a vacation with a cousin who lived on the banks of a broad river. His father, in his parting instructions, placed one restriction upon the boy's amusement during his visit.

"I don't want you to go in your cousin's canoe," he said, firmly. "They are used to the water, but you are not, and you haven't learned to sit still anywhere as yet. You'll be there only a week, and with all the other amusements the boys have and the horses and dogs, you can afford to let the canoe alone for this time and keep your mother from worrying all the while you're away."

The boy readily gave the desired promise. On his return he was enthusiastic over the pleasures he had enjoyed.

"And I didn't mind canoeing a bit, pa," he said, addressing his careful parent with a beaming smile. "The boys taught me how to swim, and the only time they used the canoe was the last day, to go over to the other shore. But I remembered my promise, and I wasn't going to break it the last day. So I swam across."—Chicago News.

The Cathedral of Seville.

We knew already how impressive the cathedral could be at ordinary times. Without, in rose-color beauty, the Giraldos soars above it; wide steps give to the Moorish wall of its court the height and dignity which we had missed in Cordova's mosque; and the court itself, the Court of Oranges, has all the picturesqueness that little tumbled-down houses actually built into the cathedral, and chance balconies, where women lounge among the flowers, and chance windows behind grilles, and a central fountain, and a few low, fruit-bearing trees, and posing beggars in admirably composed rags, can produce. Within, scaffolding and workmen in the completely blocked up nave, which will take years in the repairing, could not altogether destroy, in our eyes, the grandeur and solemnity of the vast proportions, great golden grilles looming up before us unexpectedly in what Delacroix calls the cathedral's "magnificent obscurity," chapels opening on every side, but only the glitter of a jewel in a Virgin's crown, or the glow of the gold in a Christ's drapery, to show where the altar stood in the comforting gloom. One is apt to credit the Moor with everything that is good in southern Spain. But if it was he who planned the court without, and raised its high wall, it was the Christian Spaniard who built this most solemn and beautiful of all earthly temples.—Century.

Beaching.

French manufacturers who have been seeking the best method of bleaching leather are reported to have obtained the most satisfactory results from sodium peroxide—already used for bleaching wool and silk—as the oxidizing agent. Heavy leather is brushed with a solution of two pounds of magnesium sulphate and three-quarters of a pound of sodium peroxide in four gallons of water, and subsequently immersed in weak vinegar or acidulated water. For light leather the same solution can be used without the acid treatment.

LADY TENNYSON.

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The poet and his wife were lovers even in their own old age. Lord Tennyson was 41 when they were married, and he had known her when she was a mere child. The marriage took place on June 13, 1850. Lady Tennyson was a fine musician and spent

EMPEROR WILLIAM AND HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.

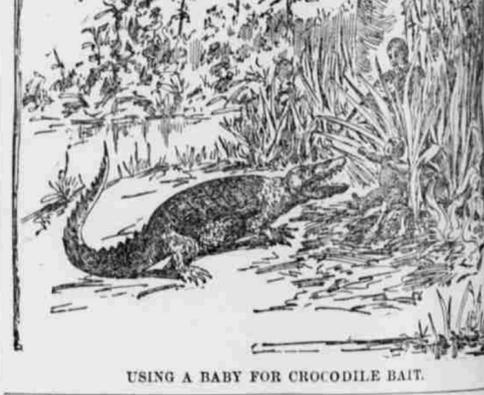


much of her time in arranging or composing pretty bits of melody, sometimes setting the line of her sentimental sonnets to the strains of a waltz or her thought.

School Theatricals a Century Ago.

Miss Agnes Repplier writes a little sketch entitled "At School a Hundred Years Ago" for St. Nicholas. Of the form of diversion allowed the pupils, Miss Repplier writes:

Few things more amusing than the Witford's "Early Recollections" have ever been told in print. We know everybody in that school as intimately as Mary Witford knew them in the year 1790. The English teacher was so wedded to grammar and arithmetic—Mary hated to study, the French teacher whom she both loved and feared, who had a passion for meadows and used to hang around the children's necks all their possessions found a place, from dictionaries and abacuses to skipping ropes and alphabet dolls; the school girls who came from every part of England and France; above all, the school play—"The Search After Happiness" was they were permitted to act as a great treat, because Miss Hannah had written it. If you know nothing about



Her Own Fine Mind and Innate Gentility.

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