

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY.....OREGON

Kentucky's popular uprising was crushed. Probably they ran out of lynching material.

A dangerous counterfeit \$20 silver certificate has been discovered, but the average citizen doesn't know how it was done.

Sam Jones says there are 200,000 sinners in Boston. If that statement is correct Boston doesn't deserve to rank as a city of the first grade.

In St. Louis, Mo., a solid silver pitcher is to be voted to "the best husband" by popular ballot. We cannot guess who will get it, of course, but it is very certain that the gentleman is dead.

An Ohio woman is in St. Louis looking for a man who described himself to her in a letter as ten feet tall. He probably is some fellow who thinks he has a claim on a federal appointment.

A hot-headed Virginian who sent a challenge to an adversary to meet him in mortal combat was dragged before a justice of the peace and fined \$2.50. There isn't enough of the code left to frighten anyone.

Probably the St. Louis Star was entirely justified in denouncing the recent drowning of four school children while skating as "sad." Even at this distance there appears to be nothing hilariously jolly in it.

When a Ness County, Kan., farmer runs out of meat, the Kansas City Star says, he steps to his door just before he goes to bed and lets go both barrels of his shotgun. The next morning he picks up enough jackrabbits to keep the pot boiling for a week.

Mr. W. S. Witham, of Atlanta, Ga., enjoys the plutocratic distinction of being president of more banks than any other man in the world, probably. He is at the head of no less than twenty-seven banks, all in the State of Georgia, and he says every one of them is making money.

Chicle, an exudation of the sapota tree of Mexico, is the basis of all the chewing gum manufactured in the United States. Over 4,000,000 pounds of this gum is imported into this country annually, the product being valued at \$1,500,000. One factory made over 100,000,000 pieces of gum last year.

Queen Victoria has begun to prepare the program of the ceremonies which will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne, and although these will not occur until next year, reports in London are said to have risen already in anticipation of the great number of strangers who will visit the city.

Americans are fond of guessing, but that often they are wild guesses has been shown again in Portland, Ore. A grocer put a demolition of cranberries in his window and promised a big fat goose to the person who guessed nearest to the number of them. Nearly 2,000 persons guessed, some saying as high as 100,000. Careful count showed there were 18,885.

Considerable interest is being taken in the reported discovery of a vein of good domestic bituminous coal between Cheyenne, Wyo., and Grover, Colo. The coal is being mined at a depth of 125 feet, and is said to be of good quality. If found in quantities to justify extensive mining the product will supply a large area in Eastern Colorado and Western Nebraska with cheap fuel.

Mr. Marion Crawford can look upon his efforts as a novelist with a vast deal of complacency. More than half a million copies of them have been sold in the United States, and the demand for them shows no sign of cessation, while they have an enormous circulation in England and the colonies, besides being translated into French, German, Italian, and a number of other languages.

Delaware is threatened with the loss of one of its picturesque features, the whipping post. For more than a century this inspiring instrument of torture has been in use for the punishment of petty criminals. Now the constitutional convention proposes to abolish it forever. Delaware will be a sad little nonentity without its distinguishing whipping post. For years the State has been kept before the public chiefly because of this relic of barbarism.

The law proposed by a Kansas woman, making it an offense to wear corsets in that State may be made to work so far as women resident in Kansas are concerned, but how about those who pass through it on trains? Now when trains approach Kansas and Iowa waiters from the dining-cars go among the passengers taking orders for figures which may be served but not ordered in those States. Will they, under the new law, come down the aisles with the request to women, "Remove your corsets, please?"

The Queen of Rumania has given her royal approval of cremation as a method of disposing of the dead which she thinks is not only hygienic but reasonable, but she is pained to declare that the method is very unpoetic and somewhat conflicts with the sentiment conveyed in certain verses written by her Majesty upon one of the numerous occasions when she courts the muse. In these verses she expressed the belief of the future life of the body as well as of the soul, and she can see no cheer in ashes which she declares are dead in truth and in deed.

An average man who should undertake to live on straw-berrings alone would have to consume eight-eight pounds of them in a day in order to obtain a sufficient quantity of one of the most important elements of food, protein. But while he was getting the proper amount of protein from the strawberries, they would give him seven times too much of another necessary

compound, **fat.** **Badly over-eat.** Forty-four ounces of **corn-meal** a day would supply the right quantity and proportion of protein, carbohydrates, and fat, the three most essential constituents of food. The chief value of fruit consists in its acids, which are important to health.

It seems to be the general opinion that Bismarck's secret understanding with Russia was known to the Emperor of Austria and Count Kalinsky before 1860, and that the information in the first place came from Russia. It is pointed out that when Prince Bismarck was dismissed, no secret was made in Vienna of the general relief, and even the acknowledged organs of the foreign office openly said that with Count Caprivi an era of frankness, sincerity, and plain dealing had begun in the relations of the two allied powers. Less than a year ago, according to the New York Evening Post, the Austrian Emperor is said to have declined to receive a member of the Bismarck family in the following words: "I am not only an Emperor, but a man of honor, and I associate only with men of honor."

Wyoming's game warden is credited with the statement that the number of elk wintering in the Jackson's Hole country is greater than for many previous years. A conservative estimate fixes the number at 30,000. They are on every hill and in every valley, and the night's sounds are most pitiful from the crying of the calves lost from their mothers. Every morning thousands are seen traveling from the great swamps along the Snake River to the Gros Ventre hills. The game warden says: "I recently gazed upon a slight which far surpassed anything that I had ever seen, and it utterly astonished and amazed me. For a distance of six miles a herd of elk was stretched out. The animals had made a trail through the snow which was packed as hard as flinted ice. I know there were 15,000 head of elk in that band."

In telling of the children of China, the Rev. S. G. Miner, a missionary in Foochow, speaks first of the boys. One-fourth of the children of the world are born to Chinese parents, and the goddess Mother is the most diligently worshiped, so that they all may be boys. But this is a hard thing for even so great a goddess to control, and many girls are born. When the news of a birth is announced everybody asks, "Is it a boy or a girl?" If it is a boy all the friends of the parents call at once to offer congratulations and send him a gift. If the child is a girl they extend sympathy. The kindest remark that the disappointed mother ever hears under such circumstances is, "Well, a girl is worth something." Every city has a baby tower built on its outskirts, which is the burying place of infants. Not infrequently a newly-born girl is drowned, left on a missionary's door-step, thrown into the street, or before she stops breathing, is tossed into this death-house.

The usefulness of the Senate of Colorado as a legislative body has been seriously menaced. It appears, by the pressure of young and beautiful women, and the Senators have been forced to take drastic measures of self-protection. This action has been precipitated by the hopeless imbecility of some of the more susceptible members and has taken the form of absolute banishment of all women from the Senate chamber. When the inexorable purpose of the goddess became apparent an effort was made to effect a compromise on a promise by the women that they would never enter the Senate unless heavily veiled. But the Senators who were banded together to defend their impressionable associates would not yield to these tempting blandishments. The decree was made to include even the women stenographers who have been wont to preserve for posterity and others the oratorical graces of the Senators. It looks as if there were some sinister purpose back of all this that is not yet revealed. What is the Senate going to do of which it is ashamed?

Matthew Spillig, the aged chief of the Wyandotte Indians, who recently died at Washington, was a noted man in his day, a man of enterprise and liberality, with shrewd business qualifications, and died the wealthiest Indian in the United States. He belonged to a Canada tribe, but came to Ohio early, married a Wyandotte, and was adopted into the tribe. Spillig was a great stickler for promptness in his business transactions, and never failed to meet an appointment at the exact minute. Some years ago he sold a valuable tract of land in Kansas City, Kan., to a syndicate for \$150,000 and arranged to meet the purchasers at a certain bank at 10 o'clock the next morning to close the deal. The Indian was on time to the second, but for some reason two or three of the syndicate were a few minutes late. Owing to this lack of punctuality Spillig refused to make the sale at the price agreed upon, but demanded several thousand dollars more and got it. He declined to accept a check for the purchase money and insisted that every dollar should be paid in gold, which was done.

Improving.
A celebrated German physician was once called upon to treat an aristocratic lady the sole cause of whose complaint was high living and lack of exercise. But it would have never done to tell her so; so his medical advice ran thus: "Arise at 5 o'clock, take a walk in the park for one hour, then drink a cup of tea, then walk another hour, and take a cup of chocolate. Take breakfast at 8 o'clock."

Her condition improved visibly, until one fine morning the carriage of the Baroness was seen to approach the physician's residence at lightning speed. The patient dashed up to the Doctor's house, and, on his appearing on the scene, she gasped out: "Oh, Doctor, I took the chocolate first."
"Then drive home as fast as you can," directed the astute disciple of Aesculapius, rapidly writing a prescription, "and take this emetic. The tea must be unobtainable."
The grateful patient complied. She is still improving.
The rare visitor is a jolly companion.

BERTHOLDE, THE DWARF.

He shrewd answers at the Court of Alboin, King of the Lombards.

Mary Shears Roberts, in her series of "Historic Dwarfs," contributes an article on Bertholde to St. Nicholas. Bertholde was an Italian, and one day he made his way to the palace of Alboin, King of the Lombards, at Verona, and boldly seated himself in an empty chair next the throne.

The courtiers were as much surprised at his audacity as they were amazed at his grotesque appearance; but the Lombard chieftain smiled grimly upon the intruder and inquired of him "what he was, when he was born, and in what country?"

"I am a man," replied the dwarf, whereupon the attendants went off into fits of laughter. "I was born when I came into the world, and the world itself is my country."

King and courtiers now began to realize that they had a shrewd little imp before them, and they commenced to ply him with questions of all kinds. The asking of conundrums was a sort of trial of wit to which sovereigns were much given at this period of history.

"What thing is that which flies the swiftest?" asked one.

"Thought," replied Bertholde, promptly.

"What is the gulf that is never filled?"

"The avarice of the miser," was the ready answer of the quick-witted dwarf.

"What trait is the most hateful in young people?"

"Self-conceit, because it makes them unteachable."

"How will you catch a hare running?"

"I'll stay till I find her on the spit,"

"How would you bring water in a sieve?"

"I'd wait till it was frozen," answered the dwarf, readily.

The king was delighted. "For so clever a reprobate," he said, "you shall have from me anything you may desire."

"Oh, no," cried Bertholde, with a mocking laugh. "I shall have nothing of the sort. You cannot give me what you do not possess. I am in search of happiness, of which you have not a particle. So how can you give me any?"

"How," exclaimed the King. "Am I not happy on so elevated a throne?"

"Yes, you are, if the happiness of a man consists in the height of his seat."

Then Alboin referred to his kingly power and dignity, and the dwarf retorted with another mocking laugh; and when the King called attention to the nobles and courtiers about him, Bertholde, with a sneer, remarked: "Oh, yes, they cluster round your throne; so do hungry ants round a crab-apple, and with the same purpose—to devour it."

"Well said," spoke the King, keeping his temper; "but all this does not prevent me from shining among them, as the sun among the stars."

"True, but tell me, shining Sun, how many eclipses you are obliged to suffer in a year? For the continual flustering of these men must now and then darken your understanding."

"For this reason you would not be a courtier?" inquired his Majesty, whose fingers began to play upon his sword in a threatening manner.

"Miserable as I am, I should be sorry to be placed in the rank of slaves," replied the dwarf. "Besides, I have not the necessary qualities to succeed in this line of employment."

"What, then, do you seek at my court?" asked the King in an angry tone.

"Something I have not been able to find there," answered Bertholde. "I was told that a king was as much above common men as a tower is above common houses; I find, as I suspected, that sovereigns are honored more than they deserve."

"This was a little too much," the King lost his patience, and commanded the dwarf to leave the palace immediately, or he would have him whipped out of court.

How an Emperor Bode to the Chase.

The Emperor himself is carried upon four elephants in a fine chamber made of timber, lined inside with plates of beaten gold, and outside with lion's skins, for he always travels in this way on his fowling expeditions, because he is troubled with gout. He always keeps beside him a dozen of his choicest gervans, and is attended by several of his Barons, who ride on horseback alongside. And sometimes, as they may be going along, and the Emperor from his chamber is holding discourse with the Barons, one of the latter shall exclaim: "Sire! Look out for the Cranes!" Then the Emperor instantly has the top of his chamber thrown open, and having marked the cranes, he ties one of his gervans, whichever he pleases; and often the quarry is struck within his view, so that he has the most exquisite sport and diversion there, as he sits in his chamber or lies on his bed, and all the Barons with him get the enjoyment of it likewise. So it is not without reason I tell you that I do not believe there ever existed in the world, or ever will exist, a man with such such rare opportunities.—St. Nicholas.

Will Save Many Lives.

A contrivance for quickly stopping machinery—as in the case of some person being drawn between cogs or rollers—has been recently devised. On touching one of a series of push buttons placed at convenient points the power is shut off and a powerful brake applied to the fly-wheels. A 20-horse power engine, working at ninety revolutions, was stopped in two-thirds of a second.

Man's Economy.

Jack—Come and have a drink.

Tom—I thought you were going to economize.

Jack—I am doing so, but I don't want to overdo the matter. Four beggars asked me for dimes and I refused them all, so that is 40 cents saved. On the strength of that I can afford to set up the drinks.—Truth.

Moral: Always Look Ahead.

The changes are that if you look behind you in life you will generally find somebody trying to make it unpleasant for you.—Milwaukee Journal.

The first known European library originated in the present to the family of Regulus by the Roman Senate of all the books seized at the capture of Carthage.

TROPIC LIGHT AND HEAT.

They were the first things that impressed a visitor to Jamaica.

The light and the heat are the two things that most impress one on first coming to this land. The light is the more impressive of the two; from sunrise to sunset it is omnipresent and constant; the very shadows are luminous, dark though they appear by contrast. I should say that latitude seven hundred was about forty-five million miles nearer the sun than latitude forty. Yet it is a tender, soft, suffused light, not a fierce and hard one. The atmosphere is not so rarefied as that of our own West; one can read here by moonlight, but one cannot read fine print easily. The remote distances of the landscape are melted in an aerial haze instead of being defined with the relentless clearness of a steel-engraving. Nevertheless, the light of the tropics is superlative; it seems to belong to a planet more recently evolved from the parental luminary than ours. So intense and pervasive is it, one would almost say it irradiates the mind as well as the body; it appears to possess a spiritual quality. I had read of blazing tropic heats, of scorching, blistering tropic suns, but I find nothing of the sort. However great the ultimate effect may be, the sunner is always gentle, sweet, subtle, soothing. Harbour street in Kingston never shows so savage a temperature as Broad-way in New York. But for all that, it will not do to take undue liberties with this soft-spoken climate.

After walking a few miles along the white, undulating roads, or pausing on a steep hillside, nothing could be more delicious than the touch of the northern breeze fanning you as you sit under the shadow of a broad-spreading silk-cotton, nor could anything be more dangerous. You are being fanned by the wings of death. Evaporation is wonderfully rapid; you come in from exercise drenched with perspiration, and before you can make ready for a "rub down" your skin is already dry. In the North a slight chill may be followed by a slight cold, and that be the end of everything for you. Moreover, the soil when drenched by rains probably exudes a miasma productive of what we call malarial fever; in Jamaica it occasionally develops into an appalling and brief disease known as black vomit.

On the other hand, if you are rationally cautious, and let liquor of every kind alone, you may walk or climb, or play tennis, or ride horseback all through the hottest parts of the cloudless day, and feel only the better for it at night; in fact, you must take plenty of outdoor exercise in order to be at your best. The way to get ill is to avoid exertion and perspiration, and sit at ease in the shade absorbing cooling drinks. Such people sometimes last two years. Those who pursue the alternative regimen are not surprised to find themselves alive and alert at 30 and upward. Of course it is more difficult to get ill on the higher levels than on the lower ones; but taking the island by long and large, it is one of the healthiest places on the globe.—"Summer at Christmas-Tide," by Julian Hawthorne, in the Century.

Style in Literature.

"Not only is their thought so much better than your average thought, but their language is so much better than your average language," says "Drooch" with reference to standard fiction, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "I do not mean," he adds, "slipshod correctness of speech—but something finer that is called style." Style has been written about very learnedly by learned men. In its highest development it is a very complicated thing. It is the very essence of culture, knowledge and artistic temperament that gives a flavor of its own to every sentence that an author writes. But without entering into the subtleties of style, it is surely evident to every reader of average intelligence and sensibility that there is a great difference in the manner of telling a story, for instance. It does not require a subtle mind to feel the difference in the telling of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" and Hugh Conway's "Called Back."

By common consent Hawthorne is acknowledged the best master of style that America has produced. When you have read one of his stories—no matter how dark the crime that he has studied in it—you never feel that he has dragged down your thoughts. It is not only because he is a great moralist in his stories, but because he is a great master of style also. His language is elevated, poetic, fascinating. It makes the appeal to what is fine in your nature rather than to what is gross.

Canals Easily Wrecked.

The ease with which ship canals may be rendered useless in time of war has always been brought forward as an argument against dependence being placed on these water ways for strategic purposes. An illustration to the point has just happened in connection with the North sea Baltic canal, the German fleet, which is to take part in the coming naval maneuvers being unable to pass through it, as ordered, on account of a Danish vessel which was sunk at the south end of the canal some time ago, blocking up the entrance to the water way. Traffic on the Suez canal has been often stopped for several days at a time from an even slight cause.

Found in a Drug Store.

A drug store of the present day to supply ordinary demands must keep about 15,000 articles on hand. Every root and seed that has medicinal value, as well as the leaf, flower and bulb of the plant, has to be kept in stock. So also must be kept the hundreds of preparations made from them, tinctures, extracts, fluid and solid, syrups and decoctions almost without number. Then come the thousands of chemicals, acids, salts, active principles, the various preparations, all the proprietary medicines and hundreds of articles known as sanatives, perfumes and fancy articles.

So many forgeries of ancient books have been perpetrated that some critics have been led to suppose that all the ancient writings we possess are but impostures.

In 1842 a Scotch farmer sued the customs authorities for a penny and won his case. The costs amounted to \$700.

THREE AMERICAN-BORN BEAUTIES.



LADY SAYLOR-LEVLAND, nee Chamberlain.



THE HON. MRS. CURZON, nee Lettice.



LADY ARTHUR BUTLER, nee Stager.

The Ancient City of Santa Fe.

The city of Santa Fe, N. M., was founded by the Spaniards in 1598 under the name of Santa Fe, on the site of Tiguex or Tigua, one of the celebrated "Seven Cities" at the founding of the Aztec Confederacy, in 1429. Its streets, museums, and private collections of curios absolutely teem with relics and records of a stirring history, and include famous pictures of saint or shrine, painted on elk and puma skins, sabre thrusts where they had been used as banners during the march of Coronado in 1541, others with arrow holes from attacks by Indians on the line of march up the valley of the Rio Grande. There are quaint maps in Latin and French, showing three cities of note on the continent, and giving California as an island of the Pacific.

The palace has become the home of the choicest collection of Mexican and Spanish pictures in the Southwest, and in its historical rooms are priceless treasures of record or relic. Around it, too, lingers much of the romance of the city. For 300 years it has been the home of its rulers, seventy-six Mexican and Spanish and seventeen American governors having held sway within its walls. In its early days it lay under the shadow of the dread impuditor, and within its walls, in later times, "Ben Hur" first saw the light under the pen of General Lew Wallace.

From its windows could be heard the ring of steel and the din of warriors in the plaza when Onate set up his camp in 1598, and when the Pueblo Indians conquered the city in 1680, burning the arches and sacred vessels, while twelve years later, in 1692, the same plaza witnessed the triumphal entry of Diego de Vargas, after his vow and the victory which followed it, which again placed the city under Spanish rule. Here General Kearney elevated the Stars and Stripes in 1846, and here, also, surrounded by living memories and fond regrets, amid beautiful foliage, is a monument to the soldiers who fell at Santa Fe.

In Santa Fe are the military headquarters for New Mexico, it being also the oldest military establishment in America, created by the Spaniards in 1592, and in almost continuous occupation ever since. Here, too, is the oldest house in the United States, in which Coronado is said to have lodged in 1540, and, perhaps, even more interesting, built about 1543, partially destroyed in 1680, wholly restored in 1719, the restorers leaving intact all that was possible of the old roof, hewn by Indians under the guidance of the fathers.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES.



solid, cast in 1350, and having an inscription in Spanish round it as a band, the letters and figures being still well raised in the solid casting. This bell was brought over from Spain and hung in the tower, but finally, being thought too heavy for the tower, it was removed to a substantial fluted support in the entrance to the church. In the cathedral and other churches are remarkable retables, paintings and vestments, many of them of considerable antiquity, all inviting the visitor to linger in this home of the past.

But the city is also a city of the present, and a very pleasant present it is. An equable climate and delightful sunshine hover over streets in which the houses have enough of the antiquity of age to infuse a restful spirit in the air. Fruitful orchards and fertile lands lie round about the city, which is at once a monument to the spirit of the past and the activity, beauty and progress of the present day.—New York Herald.

Marvels of the Ocean.

The makers of ancient maps were accustomed to introduce pictures freely. In deserts there would be drawings of lions, and along rivers they made "river-horses," which is the meaning of the Greek words that were put together to make up "hippopotamus." As for the oceans, they were filled up with any queer monsters that came to hand. Of course, these pictures helped to hide great spaces that would otherwise have been staring blanks.

BUILT CHICAGO'S FIRST HOUSE.

It was a Hot 1 and the Builder Now Lives in Texas.



N. E. PHILLIPS.

Phillips went to the present site of Chicago in 1822. It was a dismal place then, with nothing but the old structure known as Fort Dearborn and a few wretched log hovels where the Indians did some trading. There was a habitation for a white man except in the fort. Phillips almost immediately set to work building a house for Mrs. Beutheben, which when completed was opened as a hotel. It had only four living rooms, but was regarded as a model. Long John Wentworth was the first guest. Phillips fought in the Black Hawk war, but went to Texas about 60 years ago and has since lived there.

He Made a Sale.

Druggist (to new clerk)—I am going out now, James, and I hope you will be careful while I am gone. You may throw off forty per cent. from the regular prices if a customer stands out and won't buy without. But don't drop a cent below that. The business won't stand it.

New Clerk (gleefully, upon return of his employer half an hour later)—I had only one customer while you were out. Mr. Squills, but I stuck him nicely. He was after postage stamps and he wanted to know if we allowed any discount in selling quantity, and—

Druggist (breaking in exuberantly)—Great Moses! You didn't throw off 40 per cent. on postage stamps, did you?

New Clerk (calmly)—Oh! no. I saved you 15 per cent. on them. I told him he could have them for 75 cents on the dollar, and the great gump that he was, he never tried to beat me down another cent—just yanked out his pocket book and took all we had—yes, sir, every stamp in the place, a clean \$40 worth, at that figure. And—er—what's the matter, Mr. Squills? Hain't having a fit, are you?

And during the next fifteen minutes people passing the establishment got the idea that a cure of wild animals of a ward primary had broken loose inside of the place. But this was a mistake. It was only the proprietor explaining the sliding scale of prices more fully to the new clerk.—New York Herald.

Plagiarism.

That was a neat defense which Marion Crawford interposed when he was accused of plagiarizing the elegant scene in "Casa Braccio" from an old magazine story. He simply admitted the fact and stated that the story in question was written by his wife's aunt, Mrs. Holston, who herself told him the story, which was founded on an actual occurrence, so that there was no plagiarism involved. Charles Bradburn, alleged that he had purchased the right to use the material from its author; but the plea was not allowed, because the story was not true, but the invention of the other man, which an author had no right to pass off as his own.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Paustas, of Sicily, was the inventor of caustic painting, a method of burning colorfast wood or ivory.