

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor. EUGENE CITY, OREGON

A Minneapolis man was shot by a footpad the other night, but the bullet struck a well-filled pocket-book, which saved his life. The moral is obvious.

An enterprising Canadian with a firm belief in the value of advertising informs the public in a Dominion paper of her willingness to cater to the needs of the public as follows: "Washing and ironing and going out to day's work done here."

An international exhibition of gastronomy and of culinary art is to take place at Vienna in 1898 in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of the Emperor of Austria-Hungary, who, as every one knows, is the most abstemious monarch in Christendom in all matters relating to food and drink.

It is said to come from Cuba themselves that General Maximo Gomez agreed to fight with the insurgents through the Cuban war for the sum of \$100,000, to be paid him in installments of \$20,000 every three months. The first three installments were paid as agreed, but the balance has not been.

Kansas epicures who are fond of Jack rabbit stew should exercise a degree of caution when they visit the Paris Exposition and order here at a French restaurant, for they are liable to get cut instead. The thrifty restaurateurs of that city are also in the habit of serving up pussy as spring lamb. The accidental appearance of a claw in a dish revealed this dreadful fact to a hungry American not long since.

"There is too much of blood-letting in this section of the country," says the Savannah News, "too much of pistol and knife toting, and too great promptness in using deadly weapons upon slight provocation, or no provocation at all. There is a law against carrying concealed and deadly weapons, and law to punish the perpetrators of crimes of violence. The law should be rigorously enforced."

During the past few years it has been asserted that the horse is passing because of the change to electricity by street railways, the introduction of the bicycle and other innovations. And now comes the census man of Massachusetts showing that there were 3,085 more horses in that State last year than in 1890. It looks as though the noble animal might hold his own, even against the predicted horseless carriage.

Railroad extension in India is progressing at a rapid rate. On March 21, 1896, there were 19,677 miles, an increase of over 800 miles during the year, and in addition there were nearly 7,000 miles the construction of which was authorized, but which were not yet in operation. The proportion of passengers killed was only one in 10,000,000, and the total number either killed or injured from railway accidents of all kinds was one in 518,051.

The story is told in Maryland that ex-Tax Collector George W. Smith, of the First District of Howard County, has a petted human body of great size, which was uncovered by the plow on his farm on the banks of the Patuxent. It is so large that it is declared to be the body of some member of a prehistoric giant race. It is said to be perfect, except that the head and forearms are missing, even the ribs being clearly defined. It is at Mr. Smith's home, near Hechester.

Hangchow, one of the two ports of China to be opened to commerce under the treaty with Japan, is commercially the most important city in that country. The city contains nearly 1,000,000 inhabitants, and is said to be the richest and finest in the empire. It is the capital of Chekiang, the most extensive and tea district in the world. The Province of Chekiang contains no less than 35,000,000 people, and produces two-thirds of all the silk exported from China, and is also the largest cotton growing province.

Mr. Hanbury, Secretary of the British Treasury, is one of the most remarkable men in the country in that he prefers hard work and the drudgery connected with his office to anything else. He has a fine estate in Derbyshire with the best fishing in England, and yet he never angles and knows nothing about the joys experienced by every disciple of old Isaac Walton. In fact, the most exalted idea of recreation entertained by Mr. Hanbury is to take a few hours' rest on the front Ministerial bench during the sessions of Parliament.

Notwithstanding the efforts of missionaries and other workers in savage lands to put a stop to cannibalism, the practice still continues. But the menu of these anthropophagous peoples is not entirely confined to roast missionary and cold boiled curate, notwithstanding popular opinion. A diet of laymen is not despised, as witness the recent killing of eleven miners in the Solomon Islands for gustatory purposes. These unfortunate individuals were peened up like shot and carefully fattened until killing time and then eaten at a great feast, to which all the neighbors were invited.

The New York World says that at a recent dinner an English publisher, who is perhaps at the head of the trade, said that out of 315 manuscripts submitted during the year for publication his firm accepted only twenty-two. Another publisher stated his ratio of acceptances as about four in every hundred manuscripts received. These publishers represent the class which deal fairly, publish at their own risk and do not make a business of prying on the vanity of young authors. So it seems that even under the most favorable conditions the aspiring author has only about eight chances in the hundred of getting into print at some one's else expense.

Abul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, secluded as he is in his palace at Yildiz, is not a lonely man by any means. The officials and retainers of the sultan's household number 12,000 people, including 3,000 ladies of the harem. Of the latter, however, the Sultan can only show marriage licenses for seven, as he is not permitted to espouse more than that number of wives by the Mohammedan law. There is a family tradition among the heirs of Osman that it is necessary for them to speak in a loud voice, originating probably from the habit of terrifying their subjects and inspiring a feeling of awe for the commanders of the faithful, and it is said that the present Sultan's voice is strident and imperious.

household number 12,000 people, including 3,000 ladies of the harem. Of the latter, however, the Sultan can only show marriage licenses for seven, as he is not permitted to espouse more than that number of wives by the Mohammedan law. There is a family tradition among the heirs of Osman that it is necessary for them to speak in a loud voice, originating probably from the habit of terrifying their subjects and inspiring a feeling of awe for the commanders of the faithful, and it is said that the present Sultan's voice is strident and imperious.

Medical science is kept busy by the inventions for taking human life. In recent years the latter have produced some terrible explosives, bullets which rend and tear when they strike the human frame, making what heretofore was a curable wound certain death. The latest war gun is the product of a French engineer and is a rifle which contains a steel cartridge the size of a man's thumb. This contains 200 bullets which can be shot as rapidly or slowly as is desired, the whole contents costing only 2 1/2 cents. There is no smoke or flash and only a low report. The gun itself is much lighter than the ordinary rifle and the projectile force is furnished by liquefied air at a pressure hundreds of degrees below zero, no powder being required. Medical science will be one of the most important features of future wars, but it now seems as though the invention of arms was going to make war impossible, paradoxical as this sounds.

Dr. John H. Girdner, an eminent physician of New York, is starting a movement for the abatement of the unnecessary noises with which city people are afflicted by night as well as by day. The doctor suggests a society for the prevention of noises, with powers similar in scope to the powers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "It should," he says, "make a study of the noises of the city, and through its own powers, and by advice and co-operation of various city departments, suppress such noises as are unnecessary and reduce to the minimum of disturbance those that are necessary. Such a work could not fail to be of immense benefit to the public, both in the matter of comfort and health. And the last word on the advantage of a city of comparative peace and quiet cannot be said until account is taken of the assistance such a state of things would render the individual in securing that inward peace which passeth understanding."

Although the year which has just passed away was leap year, reports show that in many large cities throughout the country there were fewer marriage licenses issued than there were in the previous year. This leads the Philadelphia Inquirer to say: "There must be something wrong about this. Here was the new woman given an opportunity to exercise a prerogative which tradition has long accorded to her, and yet she does not seem to have availed herself of it. Hundreds of men were living in alternate hope and fear that the great question would be propounded to them, and it was never asked. It cannot be that she was afraid the answer would be 'No,' for none of her sex was ever known to make that reply when the right man came around, and surely there are thousands of good men in the world who would have made excellent helpmates. It may be that the ransomed and disenchanted young woman deemed it beneath her dignity to assume the old-time privilege, and if this be so she will have ample time to repent before another leap year rolls around. Eight years is a long time to wait."

It seems incredible that two men who have been officers any considerable time in a city like Louisville could have been so ignorant of the very elements of the law governing the making of arrests as to cross over to Indiana and undertake to arrest even a fugitive from justice. Yet there is an impression that there is no limit to the jurisdiction of an officer if he calls himself a detective. When stimulated by the offer of a reward, State lines disappear and the official mandate of a court is of no consequence. They seem to assume that a detective, in order to detect, must have autocratic power. It does not yet appear why the Louisville officers shot Rippey, but it is possible that they mistook him for the escaped prisoner whom they were looking after, and, having a gun in his hands, he was shot. Whatever the cause, there was no excuse for it. The Louisville officers had no right to be seeking any sort of a criminal in Indiana, unless they were accompanied by a duly qualified Indiana officer holding a warrant. It seems that officers of every grade should be made to understand this fact when they are first appointed.

Pins, previous to 1824, were all made by hand, and were, consequently, very costly. Pin-making machines have been brought to a state of perfection. They now receive the wire from the spoils cut into proper lengths, make the head and point, polish the pins, and, by a most singular piece of machinery, gather up, at one motion, a proper number to compose the row, fold the strips of paper and pass the pins through a slight movement of the roller bearing the paper pushes it forward a little further, it is again caught up by the clamps and another row of pins pressed into position. It is claimed, for some of these pin-making machines, that they can manufacture 600 pins a minute.

What Manhattan Island Was. Never say Manhattan Island when you mean the Island of Manhattan. The proper term was properly applied in such a way that now it cannot be applied at all. The place that is now known as Manhattan Island, and was a knob about an acre in extent which lay near Cortlandt Hook, surrounded by marshes and partly submerged by high tides. Later on it became the center of a place which did us noble service, but again has been liberated, save for the lingering nickname of "Dry-dock Village." Here were built most of our ships. In the days when no one could build them quite as well as we—Cortlandt.

Most young married couples begin housekeeping with hope, and amidst wedding presents.

TO A SKELETON.

The following verses were published anonymously in the London Morning Chronicle in 1827. Notwithstanding the offer of a reward of fifty guineas, the author's name has remained a secret until nearly sixty years had passed, when it was learned that the lines were written by Robert Philip, of Gormyre Cottage, Scotland. Toward the end of the year 1826 he wrote the verses while watching for body snatchers in the parish churchyard of Torphichen, where, during the repelling of the church, the unearthing of a skeleton suggested the subject. The verses were shown to Dr. John Alford, who procured a copy, and either by accident or intention dropped a copy in the Royal College of Surgeons, where they were found.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull Once of ethereal spirit full; This narrow cell was life's retreat, This space was thought's mysterious seat. What beautiful visions filled this spot! What dreams of pleasure long forgot! No love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear! Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy Once shone the bright and busy eye. But start not at the dismal sight! If social love that eye employed, If with no lawless fire it gleamed, But, through the dew of kindness beamed, That eye shall be forever bright, When stars and suns are sunk in night. Within this hollow cavern hung The ready, swift, and useful tongue. If falsehood's honey it dislaid, And where it could not praise was chained. If held in virtue's cause it spoke, Yet gentle concord never broke, That silent tongue shall plead for thee When time unveils eternity.

THE MAHOGANY SETTLE.

Mrs. Oakley—bless her kind heart!—was not of a jealous nature. It does not behoove a minister's wife to be jealous; but the dinner was already on the table—a well-browned roast chicken, with bread sauce, and a baked Indian pudding to follow—and it was undoubtedly a relief when her husband came out of the study and seated himself.

"Was that Miss Penrith?" said she. "Yes," Mr. Oakley answered, "it was Miss Penrith. She wants to sell her old mahogany settle."

"What?" cried Mrs. Oakley, "that delightful old settle, with the griffin's bumpy heads at the top and the claw feet at the bottom? I didn't know that anything would induce her to part with that."

"I wish I could afford to buy it!" added Mrs. Oakley, tucking a bill under the youngest Oakley's plump chin. "What did you tell her, Simon?" "Why, I told her, I'd write to the big antique-buying firm in New York," said Oakley. "They're the only people who can deal with her to any advantage. A big hall-settle like that is only appropriate for big houses, with wide entrances, such as, according to all reports, that poor, desolate old maid once lived in. And big houses are mostly found in big cities."

Yes, he was a very nice young man—blue-eyed, and frank-faced, with yellow hair curling away from his temples, and white teeth which showed every time he smiled. He had only been in Rodendale a few weeks. Miss Penrith had seen him now and then, but she hardly remembered him.

"How do you do, Miss Penrith?" said he, with stupendous self-possession. "Mr. Barton, aunt," said Dolly, in a hurried sort of way. "This is my aunt, Miss Penrith, Johnny."

"I don't know what has procured me the honor of this call," said Miss Penrith, straightening herself up. "For the never could forget, this poor, faded, elderly woman, that her father, Squire Percival Penrith, had once been the richest man in the county."

"Very well," said Mr. Barton, "it's a bargain. Is there a man about the place who could help me lift it into the wagon?" "There's old Silas Wiggins, beyond the big rock," suggested Dolly.

"Dear me!" said Miss Penrith, in a sort of bewildered way. "You don't mean to say—"

"And she slipped back into the shadows as Johnny Barton and old Silas Wiggins came to lift out the mahogany settle."

Mrs. Penrith watched them through a mist of tears. Here was the blossoming out of truth and love, and all that blossomed disregard of ways and means that drove comes in the dawn of life. She had, of course, it all, but it was a story that repeated itself with each new generation.

"It's Henry!" said she, with a start. Dolly looked half frightened, but at the same moment the door opened and John Barton came in with another gentleman, gray and partly.

"The next day all Rodendale was convulsed with the news that there was to be a double wedding in the place."

A Great Hunting Outfit. The Emperor hath two Barons who are own brothers, one called Baian, and the other Mingan; and these two are styled Chinnchi or Chinnchi, which is as much as to say, "The Keepers of the Mastiff Dogs."

"Gigantic Antarctic Icebergs." The snowfall of each year adds a new stratum to this ice-cap, which is as distinguishable to the eye as is the annual accretion of a forest tree; writes Gen. A. W. Greely, U. S. A., describing in the Ladies' Home Journal.

A Paris Wedding. A very funny wedding was recently celebrated in a village near Paris. The bride was 46 years of age, and the bridegroom only 22. The bridal procession was formed at 8 o'clock in the evening and was led by a man riding a camel, a fiddler followed him seated on a donkey, the rest of the guests riding similar animals.

A Student of Solomon. Robert Ferguson, the baby's brother, was so greatly admired by Barnum, who was a delicate child, and, perhaps for that reason, very fond of books. He chief delight was to read the Bible, and especially the Proverbs of Solomon.

The first private library mentioned by historians was that of Aristotle, B.C. 334. Strabo says it was large, but does not mention the number of books. The tin plate was manufactured in England and on the continent as early as 1507.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Reserved Praise. Fuddy—Have you always had a contempt for that stoutheaded servant who wrapped up his talent in a napkin? Duddy—On the contrary, I have often thought him deserving of praise. Just as like as not, you know, his talent was one for music.—Boston Transcript.

One Request. Judge (to a couple sentenced for fighting)—Have you anything to say? Miss Defendant—I would like to have my wife commence her term in prison after I am released.—German Exchange.

Very Smooth. Fly Flannigan—Will you help a renowned gentleman that's out at de knees, lady? Lady—How came you to be out at the knees? F. E.—Pray for work, lady.—London Figaro.

Wise Man. She—Would you love me just the same, dearest, if I were poor instead of worth a million? He—I have registered a vow never to discuss the financial question again.—Detroit Free Press.

Thought Transference. Hostess—Good-night, general. So kind of me to have asked you! Guest—Not at all. So kind of me to have come.—Punch.

Hard Lines. Dusty Way—Well, Waggles, have you crossed the pond this season? Waggles—Don't you see I can't even cross my legs nowadays?—New York Herald.

Leading Him On. He—would you mother let you go to the theater without a chaperon? She—Not unless I was engaged.—Brooklyn Life.

Not Even That. "Ducky?" "Whinty?" "Do you think I am making any progress in courting you?" "No; you are not even holding your own." Tableau.—Texas Sifter.

Wanted to Work Him. First Tramp—Couldn't you work the old dame for a meal? Second Tramp—No; she wanted me to saw wood for it. "I see she wanted you to work for it."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Trouble. Mrs.—Am I still the "star of your life," as I was when you used to write love letters to me? Mr.—Of course, dear. "I don't seem to be drawing a star salary, though."—Indianapolis Journal.

Cause for Activity. "What is Bostox bustling around so in the interest of a curfew ordinance for?" "His boy saw him coming out of a variety theater the other night and went home and told about it."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Great Desire. "What do you think of my daughter's execution, professor?" asked the fond mamma, as her fair daughter pounded on the piano keys. "Think, madam!" was the reply; "why, that I should like to be present at it."—New York Tribune.

Novel Features. "His family has no new features as far as I can discover." "No?" "No; nothing but low, broad foreheads, mobile mouths and finely chiselled noses."—Detroit Journal.

A Feignful Age. The old miser—Yes, I love little girls.

Is He Gay? "Is he gay at home?" asked the other. "Yes, sir," replied the educated butler. "He is at home—his at his club."—Hager's Bazar.

Very Unhappy. "Did you complete the story you were at work on?" "Yes," replied the litterateur. "You were in doubt as to its concluding ending. Did it have a happy or an unhappy end?" "Unhappy. The editor refused to print it."—Washington Star.

Her Problem. "You being a man," she said, "there fully, 'I suppose you are in a position to judge somewhat of the motives that lead men to do certain things.'"

He didn't think he was, but he thought it was just as well to find out what trouble was all about, so he simply asked her inquiringly, thus drawing out without committing himself— "Of course, I know," she went on, "that women are more courteous than men by nature, but there are some details of street-car etiquette which have puzzled me."

"Possibly," he said, speaking with that confident air with which he has discussed national finance and other things of a similar nature, "possibly I can explain it." But it was evident from his manner that he didn't think he could.

"What I want to know," she said, "why it is that when a woman enters a crowded street car that the man who is sitting right over the ear stove always the one who gets up and offers her a seat?"

While he felt he could have answered that question, he deemed it wiser to let it go by default.—Chicago Post.

Good Explanation. "Papa, why do they call the 'mother tongue'?" "Because the father so seldom chance to use it."—Fun.

Perhaps. Brown—I wonder who originated the idea that it is unlucky to begin on Friday? Robinson—Perhaps it was the lazy individual who preferred to be until Saturday.—Puck.

Bohemian Penitence. "Does your poetry pay?" "Well, it just keeps the wolf from the door."

"I suppose you read it to him?" "Just Annual."

Sorting Hristmas. Shade (in his time recognizing her friend)—Hello! What are you in here? Resident shade—Sorting hristmas. Did you think I was here for my last—Buffalo Times.

Exactly. "And has he authority to condemn to death?" "He is clothed with despotic power." "Dressed to kill!" shrieked the tin.—Detroit Tribune.

He Was Anxious. "Your wife just met with an accident, Williams," said a man who was into the grocery. "She ran over a while riding her bicycle, and she carried her to the hospital."

The man sitting on the cracker rose to his feet excitedly and his turned pale. "Did you notice?" he asked in a bling voice, "whether it was a colored dog with two white spots on fore shoulder or not?"—Detroit Press.

The Caddy's Christening. Parson—What shall we call the Caddy (absent-mindedly)—Oh, I call that entirely to you, sir.—London Herald.

Just as Fresh. "Homitus," said the professor's "I don't believe you've had a bath that I've said, and here I've been waiting for half an hour!"

"Well," said the pondering professor, "who would believe it? You were just as fresh as when you started.—Cleveland Leader.

Self-Denial. Girl—Please, sir, will you give something for the Salvation Army. This is Self-Denial week.

Old Gentleman—Self-Denial. An excellent thing. I am very glad you applied to me. I shall much pleasure in giving you an opportunity for—er—exercising that self-denial by—er—withholding a small contribution which—er—under other circumstances I should have been only too happy to have given you. Good afternoon.—The Spectator.

A Great Bargain Was Lost. Deacon Brown—I dislike to see you, Mrs. Black, but I think I ought to prepare you. Your poor husband's doctor tells me, cannot possibly live a day out.

Mrs. Black—Oh, my! but that's bad. Pity he couldn't live long enough to use those other two bottles of Dr. K. I bought six bottles, you know, and can't use them that way.—Boston Transcript.

Her Problem. "You being a man," she said, "there fully, 'I suppose you are in a position to judge somewhat of the motives that lead men to do certain things.'"

He didn't think he was, but he thought it was just as well to find out what trouble was all about, so he simply asked her inquiringly, thus drawing out without committing himself— "Of course, I know," she went on, "that women are more courteous than men by nature, but there are some details of street-car etiquette which have puzzled me."

"Possibly," he said, speaking with that confident air with which he has discussed national finance and other things of a similar nature, "possibly I can explain it." But it was evident from his manner that he didn't think he could.

"What I want to know," she said, "why it is that when a woman enters a crowded street car that the man who is sitting right over the ear stove always the one who gets up and offers her a seat?"

While he felt he could have answered that question, he deemed it wiser to let it go by default.—Chicago Post.

Did you complete the story you were at work on? Yes, replied the litterateur. You were in doubt as to its concluding ending. Did it have a happy or an unhappy end? Unhappy. The editor refused to print it.—Washington Star.

The tin plate was manufactured in England and on the continent as early as 1507.

