

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Lunatics in an asylum in St. John, N. B., have decided to publish a paper. No better proof of their lunacy could be shown.

Testa says that a person who sleeps nine hours a day ought to live a hundred years. It is a mystery how the Philadelphians manage to die at all.

The newspaper of 1897 may contain a social hint to the effect that "the happy couple then entered, to the entrancing strains of the divorce march from 'Smile and Grin.'"

The United States Senate is to test a new ventilating system during the present session. The Senate never will be satisfactorily ventilated, however, until the work is done at the polls.

It does not require much courage to burn a Spanish flag away out here in the interior of America—nor as much as it required in the days of boyhood to burn pepper on the schoolroom stove.

The Denver Times says that "Miss Frances Willard is to be presented on a bust to her alma mater." It would be a waste of time to try to untangle this; but it may not be amiss to say that Miss Willard is not to be given away, to anybody or to anything, and also that she never is "on a bust," anyway.

Neither mendicants nor millionaires are the happiest of mankind. The man who has a good business, and who can make a reasonable living and lay aside something for the future, who can educate his children and can leave enough to keep the wolf of want from the door of those he loves, ought to be the happiest of men.

Joseph Bailey, Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, declined to attend a White House dinner because he never has worn and never will wear a dress suit. Texas will no doubt be pained to learn that the Juvenile Congressman has permitted dress suits to scare him away from a good dinner. He should have stuck his pants in his boots and waded in.

The New York Tribune advises Chicago to "negotiate for a cession of the Canadian half of Lake Michigan, and take a census of the fishes to keep somewhere in sight of the procession." This would be inexcusable in any other than a New York paper, but of course a journal which believes Hoboken is the western boundary of the United States is not supposed to know that there is no such thing as the "Canadian half of Lake Michigan."

The Chicago police department reports that Dennis Lynch, who graduated from the civil service commission's list of eligibles and became a full-fledged policeman, attempted to rob a citizen on the streets late at night, and the wayfarer arrested the officer and escorted him to headquarters, where he lost his star within twenty-four hours after his appointment. Dennis seems to possess the true police instinct, but in his enthusiasm he tackled the wrong man at the start, and of course his name is what it is.

There is one institution in France which has hitherto contrived to withstand all the numerous and revolutionary changes of government, namely: the Bank of France, which owes its origin to the first Napoleon. The question as to the renewal of its charter has just come up for discussion in the Legislature, which has voted its prolongation. Since the foundation of the bank it has had but ten governors, while France has during the same period of time had no less than nine different regimes and considerably over a hundred Cabinets.

Voting by machinery has not yet been perfected so far as practical demonstration shows. The apparatus which was used at Troy, N. Y., broke down after it had worked a while and caused the electors and judges no end of trouble. Forty-two men had voted up to the time of the accident, and when the recording dials were examined to discover the cause of the accident, it was found that by some error of the mechanism all these votes were recorded for one set of candidates. It may be that these contraptions can be made absolutely flawless, but until that time the old way of voting would better be adhered to. There is such a thing as carrying labor-saving devices too far.

A Berlin dispatch says that hereafter it will be the settled policy of the German Government to direct the stream of German emigration elsewhere than to the United States. South and Central American countries are mentioned as the places to which an attempt will be made to turn the tide, the reason assigned being that in those countries "the autonomous and uniform make-up of German colonies will not be politically interfered with." This is very vague, but probably it means that German emigrants to South America can still continue to be German citizens and subject to military duty. The German immigration is as good as we get from Europe, and yet the United States is not suffering even for that. If German emigrants prefer South or Central America let them go there, but it is doubtful if the efforts of the Government to control the matter will amount to much.

Can we ever truly benefit ourselves without benefiting our neighbors? We each have a certain amount of capacity and power in various directions, which we are continually giving out to the world, either in the form of work, or assistance, or affection, or influence, or in some other way. This power may be wasted and diminished, or developed and increased. One of the chief causes of the former is an unregulated organization and impaired vitality, and a large factor in the latter is a healthy and vigorous condition of the physical system. It is true that these are not wholly under our own control, but science is daily revealing to us how

much of them we may secure by sanitary surroundings and hygienic habits. In cultivating these we are adding to all our powers, and, as these powers directly result in benefiting the world, self-care becomes not merely a prudent but a moral and social duty.

The multiplex printing telegraph, invented by Prof. Henry A. Rowland, of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, will soon be put upon the market. By the instrument an operator can transmit a telegram written upon a typewriter and have it reproduced in typewritten form at the receiving end. In addition to the typewriting part of the invention, Dr. Rowland, with his new machine, can send over the same wire five or six different messages at the same time in one direction, which, in duplex, makes ten or twelve messages that can be transmitted on the same wire at the same time. Thus, with five operators at each end of a line, sending each an average of thirty words a minute, 300 words can be transmitted each minute. Dr. Rowland inquired at the Patent Office in Washington, and was informed that no such invention has ever been recorded there, typewriting telegraphy having been attempted before, but upon entirely different principles. He has used a synchronous device in his invention, and in the mechanical arrangement of the typewriter has used but eight combinations. The current of electricity transmitting the message can be relayed, and in this manner the invention can be operated for great distances. When completed, Dr. Rowland says, the new instrument will be as convenient and as easily operated as the ordinary telegraphic dispatching and receiving apparatus.

Astronomers believe that they have discovered that the two smallest planets, Mercury and Venus, which are both nearer the sun than the earth, have practically stopped revolving around their respective axes. Each of these planets, it is claimed, revolves on its axis in the same time it takes to journey completely round the sun. This results in only one side of each planet receiving the sunlight. Hence there is everlasting night on one-half of each planet and everlasting day on the other half. This is the same condition as prevails on our moon. So that, if astronomers are correct, the solar system has three worlds that to all appearances are dead. Three dead worlds! Can this be possible in a universe we have been accustomed to look upon as full of life? Suppose the astronomers are right in stating that Venus and Mercury have no revolution that can produce the changes of night and day, so that perpetual night reigns on one-half of each planet. It does not follow that life cannot exist in these worlds. Before deciding that these orbs are destitute of life, the factor of human activity or the activity of beings akin to human beings must be considered. If these worlds have ceased to revolve except extremely slowly, does this not mean that they are much older than the other planets? And if older, whatever life existed on them must have attained a wisdom we know nothing of. What is there against the idea that the dark sides of these worlds are brilliantly lit up with electricity and warmed by the same agency? They may be thickly peopled by beings who work and play on the bright side for a period and then retire to the dark regions for rest. This is a more attractive view than the one that dead worlds cumber the universe.

COL. ALFRED E. BUCK.

Career of the New United States Minister to the Mikado's Land.

Alfred E. Buck, nominated as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Japan, owes his success to the fact of the warm personal and political friendship existing between President McKinley and himself. Col. Buck was born at Foxcroft, Me., Feb. 7, 1832. His thirst for knowledge was so great that by his own exertions he paid his way through college and was graduated with high honors, having been the Latin salutatorian of his class. With the pertinacity that has always characterized his actions he taught school at Hallowell, Me., afterward becoming principal of the Lewiston high school. At the close of the war, credit, he was appointed clerk of the United States Circuit and District Courts of Georgia, resigning this position in 1857 to become United States Marshal. The next year was



signaled by his bringing Maj. McKinley to Georgia for the purpose of addressing the Chautauque. Col. Buck has been fortunate in his various business enterprises through his perspicacity and many pleasant personal qualities. He is married and has one of the most attractive homes in Atlanta.

The Fortune Teller's Tip.

She—I went to a fortune teller to-day, just for a lark, and she told me a lot of things.
He—Yes, some of them hit it pretty closely, but I hope you don't think there is anything supernatural about their powers. They use just shrewd judgment, that is all.
That may be true, dear. She told me I was married to a man who fell far short of what I deserved.—Indianaapolis Journal.
Not a Servant or Offense.
He (prettily)—They ought to send you to State's prison. You've stolen my heart.
She—Oh, they don't send people to State's prison for petty larceny.—Hay City Chat.
Presently he hastened his step a little

HELP THAT COMES TOO LATE.

'Tis a wearisome world, this world of ours,
With its tangles of small and great,
Its weeds that smother the spring flowers,
And its hapless strifes with fate;
And the darkest day of its desolate days
Sees the help that comes too late,
Ah! woe for the word that is never said
Till the ear too deaf to hear,
And woe for the lack to the fainting head
Of the ringing shout of cheer;
Ah! woe for the laggard feet that tread
In the mournful wake of the hier.
What booteeth help when the heart is numb?
What booteeth a broken spar
Of love thrown out when the lips are dumb
And life's bark drifteth far,
Ah! far and fast from the alien past,
Over the moaning bar?
A pitiful thing the gift to-day
That is dress and nothing worth,
Though if it had come but yesterday,
It had brimmed with sweet the earth—
A falling rose in a death-cold hand,
That perishes in want and dearth,
Who fain would help in this world of ours,
Where sorrowful steps must fall,
Bring help in time to the waning powers,
Ere the hier is spread with the pall,
Nor send reserves when the flags are furled,
And the dead beyond your call,
For baffling most in this weary world,
With its tangles small and great,
Its losses one night and its weary days,
And its struggles forlorn with fate,
Is that bitter grief, too deep for tears,
Of the help that comes too late.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

A CLEVER PLAY.

"There! I have the satisfaction of knowing what it is all about, and of appearing dignified and firm at the same time."

Mr. Stanton chuckled to himself as he held a sealed envelope up to the light critically.
"I told him I should return his letters unopened, and there this one goes for all the world as if I hadn't an idea of what it contains."

And, with another pleased little gurgle at his own sharpness, Mr. Stanton placed the letter addressed to "Luko Stanton, Esq., Grand Hotel, Great Startmouth," into another envelope and addressed it to "Adrian Stanton, Esq., Turner Studios, Rusklin road, Kensington." Then he rang the bell and delivered it to the waiter to be put into the London postbag, after which he walked to the bay window and stood looking out upon the calm sea and the long expanse of yellow sand.

Great Startmouth is not a fashionable seaside resort; indeed, it is chiefly frequented by convalescent dyspeptics, Anglo-Indians with sallow complexions and short tempers, and other invalids. Luko Stanton had come there partly on account of his health, partly because he held shares in the new hotel and other schemes for making Great Startmouth a little less funeral and a little more profitable. But, greatly as the financier was occupied with his companies and his schemes at the present moment he was thinking of nothing as he stood gazing blankly out on the beach, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, jingling the loose coins and keys therein.

Mr. Stanton was busy repeating to himself the contents of a letter he had just sent back. Adrian Stanton was his only son, who, by all the laws of heredity and advisability, should have been his right hand. Alas, for the crookedness of this world! Young Stanton had lately declared to his father some three or four years previously that he hated the city, that he could not calculate the commonest sum of simple interest, and that he would never understand the intricacies of the Stock Exchange—that, in short, he detested "business" and meant to devote himself to art! Luko snarled and raved, but had ended in indifference and contempt, had been not a little pleased when, last year, the hanging committee of Burlington house had accepted a small canvas signed "Adrian Stanton." True, it had been so hung that it was impossible to see it without risking a dislocated neck, but that detail the old man conscientiously ignored. So far, so good. Luko Stanton was almost reconciled to art, and was rather given to talking about "my son's studies" when all at once the whole fabric toppled about his ears in the most ghastly fashion. Adrian came to him one day with the news that he was engaged to be married. It was unexpected, but not necessarily disastrous until the fatal truth was disclosed—his wife, Luko Stanton, the great city man, heavy alike of purse and moral reputation, was expected to welcome as his daughter-in-law a model! There was a scene—all the steps of paternal indignation and filial ingratitude were pulled out to their fullest, and it ended in Adrian walking out of the house.

He made several further attempts to see his father and bring him to a more amicable frame of mind, but ineffectually, and at last, in spite of threats to stop his allowance, to cut him out of his will, Adrian Stanton took to himself the girl of his choice and duly informed his father of the fact.

It was then that the family solicitor, at Luko's dictation, invited the young man to a letter informing him that his father desired to hold no further communication with him, and that any letter addressed to his father from Adrian would be returned unopened. This had happened six months ago, and Mr. Stanton invariably aches as he had done now—opened the letters over a steaming bowl of water, read them, reread them and sent them back. He was just now ruminating on the last episode. It was in the same strain as usual. Adrian asked for no money, was able to support his wife by his brush, modestly enough, still sufficiently to be wanted his father to recognize her, to know her—he wanted reconciliation.

"And don't be wish he may get it! I recognize the lousy? Never! Oh! he can support her, can he? So much the better, for he won't get any help from me, now or at any other time. I know what his—his—his—I'll marry again!"
And then Luko Stanton fell into a reverie. After all, why not? Many men did marry after 60, and—and—He looked at his watch hurriedly—a quarter to 4, then his eyes eagerly scanned the stretch of beach.

"She'll be getting back directly," he murmured, and catching up his hat went to deposit himself along the parade.

When a man of 60 screws himself up to a pitch of taking into himself a wife the presence of the dear one elect is necessary to prevent his reflecting too deeply on all that the step may mean, and the evening seemed very long to Mr. Stanton.

No Miss Alban was visible at the usual hour in the breakfast-room, and an anxious inquiry, less carefully worded than the last, elicited the same reply. Really uneasy now, Mr. Stanton penned hasty note of condolence. It began: "My dear Miss Alban," and ended: "Yours always sincerely," The poor man wavered about feebly until lunch time, when the same thing was repeated. A leaf hastily torn from his notebook, on which he hoped that "Dearest Kittle" would not forget her promise and would come down presently, and end the suspense of "Hers always, L. S.," was this time pushed under the door with his own hand, and a few minutes later a small three-cornered note was brought him with the laconic communication inside of "4:30 on the parade."

It was an hour and a half to that time, and it had to be got through somehow. Luko Stanton was distinctly impatient. His mind was made up; he would be able to spite Adrian and his wretched little wife, and at the same time secure a delightful companion for himself. But he wanted it settled, surely no girl in her senses could refuse—and the great charm about Kittle Alban was her extreme sensibility. He knew the exact spot on which he would be sure to meet Kittle, and be

as a slight figure in a muslin gown fluttered into view at the far end of the parade.

"Oh, Mr. Stanton! You quite startled me! How delightful to meet you!"
She was a dainty little person, with a genuine complexion, big blue eyes and the most puzzling and bewitching hair, which seemed to run the whole gamut of tints from brown to gold as the sunbeams played on it. She looked up into the old gentleman's face with the most condescending expression.
"Isn't it provoking? There is absolutely no news."
"Really, I'm delighted—I mean," he corrected himself hurriedly, "it's most extraordinary."
"Isn't it? I came down here a week ago to meet my aunt and uncle, as we had arranged before they went abroad, and, to my amazement, found no one here."
"Yes, yes," he put in soothingly. "It was very trying. Poor little girl. Poor child!"
"I should have gone straight back to London if it hadn't been for you, Mr. Stanton. You have been more than kind to me."
"Not at all, my dear young lady. I was touched at the loneliness of your position, anxious to be of service to—to so charming a wife."
She shot him a grateful glance.
"But I think I really must go home now. I went to Carlford, as you suggested, thinking that some letter might be awaiting me at the postoffice, but, as I tell you, there was nothing. I cannot think what has happened to my friends. I feel I must go back to London to-morrow."
"To-morrow?" Mr. Stanton stopped against and looked down at her. "You mean to leave Startmouth—?"
"Yes."
"—at least you will allow me to see you safe to London—to your friends. Oh! I forgot, my poor child—you are an orphan. But at any rate you will let me take you back to the people with whom you were staying?"
"Oh, no," she said, hurriedly. "I could not think of giving you so much trouble."
"Trouble! If it were not that it means losing you to London—to your friends. Oh! I forgot, my poor child—you are an orphan. But at any rate you will let me take you back to the people with whom you were staying?"
"Oh, no," she said, hurriedly. "I could not think of giving you so much trouble."
"Well, I have to shove close. I don't want to bother with shaving every day, so I get a shave every other day, and then get a good, close one."
"There's no need of that," replied the barber. "There isn't so much difference between a single-gone-over and a very close shave. After the razor has been over your face once you can still feel a fine stubble. By a second or third scraping you can get the face feeling perfectly smooth, but in three hours' time the beard has grown out to where it was after the first going-over. What I mean is that you save only about three hours by getting what we call a 'close shave,' and for a man who shaves every other day that isn't much of an advantage. Besides, it irritates the face and is liable to make the skin hard and scaly. A man who shaves himself simply goes over his face once, but in a barber shop the customer thinks he is not getting the worth of his money unless the barber scrapes for about ten minutes to get that extra three or four hours of beard."—Chicago Tribune.

was hurrying toward it when he came against somebody coming in the opposite direction.
"I beg— Why, what the deuce—"
"Father!"
Adrian Stanton held out his hand personally.
"Come, father, you're going to shake hands? I felt I must come down."
"Did you? Well, that's unfortunate, because I'm going back to town."
"But, dad, do listen to me. I—"
"Oh, won't listen, I tell you. Besides, I have an appointment. I can't stay."
The pink muslin frock was distinctly visible. Luko felt that the situation was intolerable.
"One moment. You must stay. My wife is here—you'll see her—you'll—"
"I'll see her—"
"Directly, won't you, Mr. Stanton?" a soft voice broke in before the unpardonable word was uttered.
"Miss Alban," stammered Luko, "this is my son. I—"
"I know—and to the old man's horror and amazement Kittle slipped her arm within Adrian's—"and my husband."

Luko Stanton's face became purple; he opened his mouth to speak, and then all of a sudden stood silent. "My dearest Kittle, always your own, L. S." The muslin, and was urged to remain there, but he declined. His reason was that he had to be in London on a certain day because he had made an engagement with his model. A friend was anxious to learn whether Lord Leighton had actually kept this engagement, and he found that when the artist was ascending the staircase straight from Damascus, the model was knocking at the door of the studio.
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was hurrying toward it when he came against somebody coming in the opposite direction.

"I beg— Why, what the deuce—"
"Father!"
Adrian Stanton held out his hand personally.
"Come, father, you're going to shake hands? I felt I must come down."
"Did you? Well, that's unfortunate, because I'm going back to town."
"But, dad, do listen to me. I—"
"Oh, won't listen, I tell you. Besides, I have an appointment. I can't stay."
The pink muslin frock was distinctly visible. Luko felt that the situation was intolerable.
"One moment. You must stay. My wife is here—you'll see her—you'll—"
"I'll see her—"
"Directly, won't you, Mr. Stanton?" a soft voice broke in before the unpardonable word was uttered.
"Miss Alban," stammered Luko, "this is my son. I—"
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