

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON

Edison declares that "horseless carriages at \$100 already are in sight." Yes; but how about the \$100?

We don't know whether Edwin C. Brice can make gold or not; but Calvin S. Brice has done it for many years.

They say now that poor Mr. Havemeyer left only \$4,000,000; but there is some satisfaction in the thought that he left all he had.

And now a California astronomer declares that at least one-half of Venus is covered with ice. Perhaps that old girl originally came from Boston.

The Cincinnati Times-Star complains because Lillian Russell refuses to disclose the name of her next husband. Probably she doesn't know yet.

Reading of that Chicago whisky duel one cannot help feeling that there are times when the angel of death must be ashamed of the job he has to tackle.

It is hardly fair to say that Prince Constantine's military campaign has been a complete failure. He has turned out some first-class newspaper bulletins.

The shortage of Banker Johnson at Logansport is only \$500,000, but it must be remembered that it was amassed entirely without the aid of a typewriter.

It has taken the country three years to learn that Mr. Havemeyer knew what he was talking about when he said he didn't have to talk about anything whatever.

A dispatch from Oklahoma says that the Indians on the Pima reservation are building an air ship. Those fellows always have been noted for their hair-raising enterprises.

Senor Canovas is quite correct in saying that Spain is not a nation of merchants. Almost any merchant has sense enough to know when he is up against a losing bargain.

The man who "saws wood" gets there after all. It is stated that the yearly product of the woods of this country is \$1,000,000,000, more than twice the value of the output of the mines.

The Davenport (Dakota) News says: "The Fargo boys would better do their kissing at home." Good! We advise the Davenport boys to take a firm stand for full protection to home industries.

The Montana man who sent his wife six sticks of dynamite has been given the alternative of paying a fine of \$1,000 or going to the penitentiary for 500 days. Everybody hopes he will have a lovely time.

With Gen. Miles going to war in a \$500 stateroom and Prince Nicholas retreating from battle in an upholstered carriage, it may well be said that military science is progressing with the progressive age.

"What can be more ridiculous," asks the Denver Post, "than a pair of checked bloomers on a pair of bean-pole legs?" Give it up. Denver seems to have certain sources of humor which this town does not.

One of the yellow journals of Gotham having scooped the other by securing an interview with the Sultan, we shall expect to see the other blossom at almost any day with an interview with several hundred of Mrs. Hamid.

A Paris scientist claims that he is able to "demonstrate scientifically that love is a disease." That may be true; but a casual study of divorce court records will demonstrate that in many cases matrimony is an antitoxin for that disease.

One of the latest feats of enterprise on the part of the yellow journalists of New York is the printing of a very good portrait of Dan Stuart, the Carson fight man, and calling it a picture of Sir Philip Currie, the British ambassador at Constantinople.

Chicago Record: One of the revelations of modern politics lies in the fact that the man who knows the most about the requirements of a large city is some rural legislator who, when he visits Chicago, believes that passenger elevators are raised and lowered by the invisible but potent will of God.

The New York millionaires threaten to move out of the State rather than to pay their share of the taxes. The States should have tax laws so uniform as to prevent such a method of dodging. If these very rich men were to leave the United States they would find many places in which they would be required to share the public burdens.

You cannot go through life, no matter how humble your sphere, without being called upon many times to decide whether you will be true or false to honor and duty. Duty and honor must go hand in hand—there can be no divorce between these words. You can make your lives useful, beautiful and noble. You can make them worthless and contemptible.

If an army officer in Ohio in attempting suicide has shot himself without fatal injury, he is on a par with the old, shrewd, experienced lawyer, who makes a will that is easily broken when assailed in court. If a surgeon does not know his own vital parts and a lawyer cannot draw up for himself a legal will, how are the rest of us to know ourselves or our business?

There is in Chicago a scheme to provide work-rooms for men out of employment. No money will be given them, but they will be paid in clothing or whatever else they may need of the articles made in the work-rooms. Old clothes will be mended and old shoes made more serviceable by cobbling.

As soon as the workmen can get places where they will be paid they will go to them. The idea is European and, properly carried out, is likely to result in much good.

## Anecdote AND Incident

Huxley and Matthew Arnold were once walking in Arnold's garden with Deane Farrar, and fell to talking of social duties. Arnold admitted to being fond of dining out. "I rather like it," he said; "it is rather nice to meet people." "Oh, yes," replied Huxley, laughing, "but we are not all such everlasting Cupids as you."

An ambitious youth once sent his first manuscript to Dumas, asking the distinguished novelist to become his collaborator. The latter, angrily seizing his pen, wrote: "How dare you, sir, yoke together a horse and an ass?" He received the following reply: "How dare you, sir, call me a horse?" His anger vanished, and he laughingly penned the following: "Send on your manuscript, my friend, I gladly accept your proposition."

A characteristic story is told of a New England man and his wife, who live very methodically. One evening, at exactly 9 o'clock, they went to the kitchen to make the final preparations for the night. "Marthy," said the husband, after a few moments, "hey, you wiped the sink dry yet?" "Yes, Josiah," she replied; "why do you ask?" "Well," he answered, "I did want a drink, but I guess I'll get along till the morning."

The other day a man was witness to a collision between a man and a woman, both cyclists, ahead of him. The latter got the worst of it, and, indeed, was knocked over, while the other wheeled away as though nothing had happened. The witness came up and assisted the lady to rise and remount. "Now I am off after that fellow," he said, "to get his name and address." "It's not a bit of good," she quietly replied, "he's my husband!"

Herbert Spencer plays billiards. Once, at the Athenaeum Club, he played fifty up with an antagonist, who ran out without giving the author of "The Synthetic System" a chance of handling his cue. It was very provoking, and Mr. Spencer felt constrained to speak. "Sir," he said, "a certain ability at games of skill is an indication of a well-balanced mind; but adroitness such as you have just displayed is, I must inform you, strong presumptive evidence of a misspent youth."

James Payn tells of seeing an old gentleman in the lavatory at a club putting soap into his mouth, after which he murmured, "Thank heaven, it's all right!" Mr. Payn inquired very delicately why on earth he did it. "Well," he said, "I've had such an infernal cold for the last week that it has taken a way my taste; every day I've cried whether I can taste the soap. To-day I can, so I shall not go home, but dine at the club." And after that he did so, expensively and with great gusto.

Jones, a professed religionist, had for years taunted Brown with his unorthodox doubts. At a certain dinner, given by Jones, the host became obstreperously tipsy. Ladies were present, and after they had withdrawn, Jones flung himself, with a lighted cigar, into a chair beside his friend. "Be fore I die, old chap," he announced, rather thick of tongue, "I'm determined to convert you." "As to the truth of one dogma," said Brown, "you've certainly done so." "Which is that?" mumbled Jones, with an almost bacchanal flourish of his cigar. "The elevation of the host."

A Southern bishop arranged to spend three days during his annual visitation at the home of one of the faithful, whose wife was a famous housekeeper. A negro boy was brought over to the plantation to be the bishop's body-servant during his stay. The morning after his arrival the bishop having failed to make his appearance, Jake was sent to summon him to breakfast, and found him shaving. In a few moments Jake returned, looking much alarmed. "Where is the bishop?" "He says he'll be here directly." "What was he doing?" "A-sharpenin' ob his teef."

The late Catholic bishop of New-foundland had a piano of which he desired to dispose, and which a friend, a Protestant doctor, desired to purchase. Considerable chaff ensued before the bargain was struck at a price which the bishop declared ruinously low. The only vehicle in the town which would accommodate the piano was the hearse, and in this it was driven to the doctor's door, who came to the bishop in high dudgeon. "Why on earth," he asked, "did you send my piano home in a hearse?" The bishop's eyes twinkled as he answered: "Why, Oh, because it was such a dead bargain."

A few years ago the celebrated Potter family, of which Bishop Potter is a member, held a reunion. During the banquet that followed, the various heads of the different families arose and gave a short account of the pedigrees and deeds of their ancestors. After all the speakers had finished, Hon. William M. Evaris, who was present as the legal adviser of the New York branch, was called upon for a speech and responded by saying that he felt there was little left for him to say, but after listening to the ancestry and history of the family, he felt he could cast his eyes toward heaven and cry, "Oh, Lord, thou art the clay; and we are the Potters."

President McCosh, of Princeton, was accustomed to lead the morning exercises in the chapel every day, and during the exercises he gave out the notices to the students. One morning, after he had read the notices, a student came up with a notice that Professor Karge's French class would be at 9 o'clock that day instead of half-past 9 as usual. Dr. McCosh said it was too late, but the student insisted that Professor Karge would be much disappointed if the notice was not read. The exercises went on and the doctor forgot all about the notice. He started to make the final prayer. He started for the President of the United States, the members of the Cabinet, the Senators and Representatives, the Governor of New Jersey, the mayor, and other city officials of Princeton, and then came to the professors and instructors in the college. Then Professor Karge's notice came into his mind, and the assembled students were astonished to hear the venerable president say: "And, Lord, bless Professor Karge, whose French

class will be held this morning at 9 o'clock instead of at half-past 9 as usual!"

Lost for 1,000 Years.  
The quarries from which the ancients obtained their highly prized Thessalian or verd marble have been discovered, and are again being worked by an English company. The quarries, which have been lost for more than 1,000 years, are in the neighborhood of Larissa, in Thessaly, Greece. The ancient workings are very extensive, there being no fewer than ten quarries, each producing a somewhat different description of marble, proving without a doubt that every variety of this marble found in the ruined palaces and churches of Rome and Constantinople, and likewise in all the mosques and museums of the world, came originally from these quarries. In fact, the very quarry from which the famous mosaics of St. Sophia, Constantinople, were obtained can be identified with absolute certainty by the matrices from which they were extracted.

In modern times verd andio marble has only been obtainable by the destruction of some ancient work, and it has, naturally, commanded extraordinarily high prices. As a consequence, a number of ordinary modern greens of Greek, French, Italian and American origin have been described and sold as verd antique marble. No one, however, who is really acquainted with the distinctive character of the genuine material could be deceived by these inferior marbles. Thessalian green is easily distinguished from any other green marble by the following characteristics: It is "breccia" of angular fragments of light and dark green, with pure statuary white, the whole being cemented together with a brighter green, while the snow white patches usually have their edges tinted off with a delicate fibrous green, radiating to the center of the white. The cementing material is also of the same fibrous structure.—Philadelphia Record.

Left to Chance.  
The Count de M— lived in a state of single and independent blessedness. He was yet young, very rich, and was surrounded by everything which could give enjoyment to life—except a wife. He had often thought of marrying, but had always declared off before the knot was tied.

Once, however, he found himself nearly caught. A young lady, the daughter of one of his friends, pleased him—her fortune pleased him, not less, perhaps, than her person and accomplishments, and there were very many reasons to justify the union.

The Count, who had so frequently made the first step toward matrimony, but as frequently drew back, had not yet decided on the course he should adopt in this case; he had promised the friends of the lady signs of performance. His future mother-in-law, knowing his weakness, demanded whether he would or would not marry her daughter, and requested an immediate reply.

At this moment his fears and hesitation returned with more force than ever—he trembled at the consequences. To give up his cherished habits of bachelorhood was almost impossible. He resolved to appeal to chance, and wrote two letters—in one he accepted the hand of the lady, in the other, refused it. He then put them into his hat, and called the servant.

"Take one of these letters," he said, "and carry it to the chateau of—"  
"Which letter, sir?"  
"Which you please."  
The servant selected a letter, and the Count turned the other without opening it.

A Century seemed to elapse between the moment of the man's departure and that of his return. The Count was almost beside himself with nervous excitement, not knowing what was to be his fate. Finally, however, the domestics returned. He had carried the letter of acceptance, and Count de M— is now the happiest benedict in France.

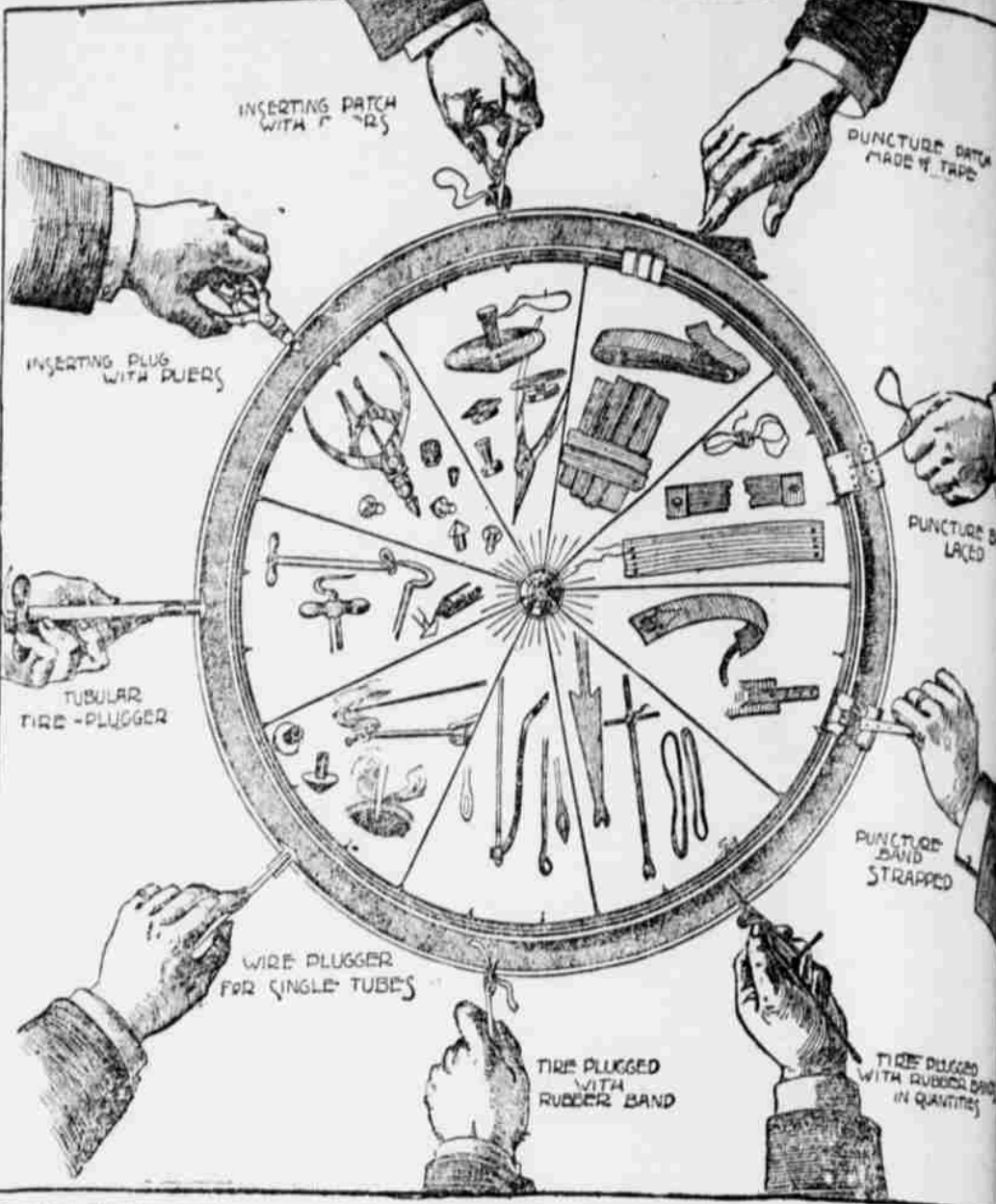
A Color Test on a Large Scale.  
A color test on a large scale occurred recently near Gosche, Germany. The Volmède, the Wald, and the Heder are three brooks which have their source near Gosche, and according to tradition their waters had subterraneous connections with the Alme, a mountain stream whose bed is some five miles distant. Millers located on the lower Alme dumped refuse in certain eddies of the upper stream, and the millers on the Volmède, the Wald, and the Heder claimed that by doing this the water supply of the latter streams was materially diminished. To determine this connection, about four pounds of potassium fluoresceinate was dumped into one of the eddies five miles from the source of the Heder. This substance is marvellously powerful, and a solution containing one part in ten million shows a distinct fluorescence in transmitted light. Twenty-five hours later the Heder took on a beautiful dark green color, showing conclusively the connection between the two streams. An experiment at another point showed with equal clearness that there was a subterraneous connection between the Alme and the Wald and the Volmède, though in this case forty-four hours had elapsed between the depositing of the dye-stuff in the Alme and the appearance of the coloration in the other streams.

New Hair and Teeth at 80.  
Mrs. Jacob Clifty, of Becker, Minn., is 80 years old. For many years she was an invalid, confined to her bed and almost helpless. Years ago she lost all her teeth, and, of course, her hair was white and scanty. The last few months have seen a wonderful change in her, however. She has five new teeth and the indications are that nature intends supplying her with an entire new set. Her hair is coming in luxuriously and is jet black. Her general health is good, so perfect, in fact, that the other day she took a five-mile walk.

Concealed.  
Mr. Crismenbank—I don't believe a man ever stole anything but he lived to regret it.  
Mrs. Crismenbank—You stole my heart once, John.

Correct.  
Rural Teacher—What current event of great interest can you give me this morning?  
Small Girl (eagerly)—My ma has just made twenty tumbler of jell.—Judge.

### TIRE PUNCTURES AND THE BEST WAY TO REPAIR THEM.



—New York World.

### MONUMENT TO CABOT.

People of Bristol, England, to Honor the Navigator's Memory.  
John Cabot, the discoverer, is to have a monument erected to his honor and memory by the people of the city of Bristol in England. This year is the 400th anniversary of the discovery



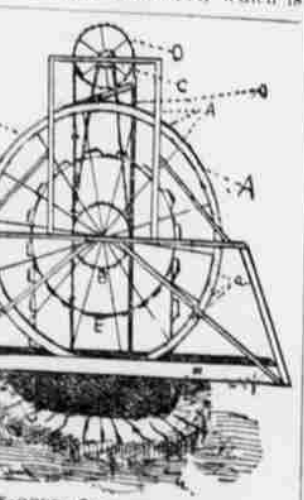
MONUMENT TO JOHN CABOT.

of the North American continent, and Bristol considers herself especially concerned, because it was from that famous port that Cabot and his colleagues sailed in the Matthew on her most successful voyage, on which she sighted the North American continent. The site for the monument is the summit of Brandon in the heart of the city. The hill is twenty-five acres in extent and has been donated by the town council to the purpose. The monument will take the form of an ornate tower, which has been designed by W. V. Gough, the eminent English architect. The movement is under the guidance and patronage of the Marquis of Dufferin. The Cabot monument committee, before appealing for funds, was already in possession of \$10,000, which is one-fifth of the amount necessary for the building of the memorial tower.

### SELF-OPERATING PUMP.

Young Indiana Farmer Has One on Exhibition.

Oscar Jones, a young farmer, living one mile northeast of Hagerstown, Ind., has now on exhibition a pump with which he expects to save people who get water by pumping, many a weary hour. It is in fact a self-operating pump. The accompanying draft presents it as it may now be seen at the smithy of the carriage works in Hagerstown, where, for some time, it has been building and now stands.



The pump (A) is just an ordinary two-inch tube, which reaches to the bottom of the drive wheel, and empties the water into its bucketed rim. The weight of the water in the rim turns

### "THE TOMBS."

For Over Half a Century Connected with the Crimes of New York.  
The most famous prison in the United States is the Tombs, of New York, which is now being demolished to make room for a more commodious structure. The building, which was constructed of gray granite, was erected between 1828 and 1829, being completed in the year. It has housed during its long life more than three score years of existence a million prisoners; some famous and infamous in the history of crime, and some who were glad to be confined there during the winter months, regaining their freedom in the spring. Before the passage of the law ending the practice of the hanging, there were many executions at the Tombs. All told, there were hangings. Among the inmates of the Tombs who suffered the extremity of the law within its walls were Capt. Nathaniel Gordon, the trader, Gordon sailed from New York in the summer of 1869 in the ship bound for the west coast of Africa, was captured on his return with nearly 900 negroes packed in hold, by the United States steamer Monongahela, in which he and many others were brought prisoners to New York, and after a short detention at the Eldridge street jail, were sent for safekeeping until trial to the Tombs.

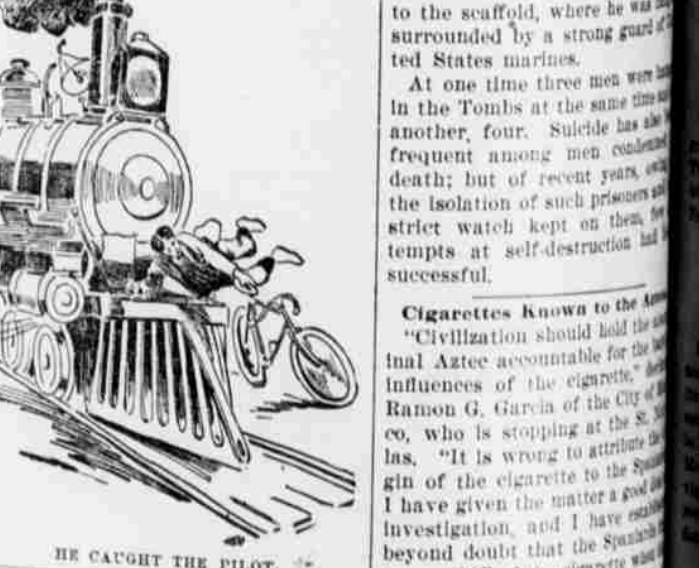
### CAUGHT ON THE PILOT.

Thrilling and Remarkable Experience of a Denver Wheelman.  
Louis Riethmann, a Denver bicyclist, is daily receiving letters asking him what make wheel he rides. The present unwonted accession to his daily mail comes as the result of a thrilling experience he had while out riding with his friend Louis Philbeck, a visitor from Indianapolis. The two took a spin along beyond Sand Creek in the afternoon, and about 5 o'clock started on the return journey. On nearing the Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf tracks they heard the rumble of an approaching train. Philbeck, who was in the lead, saw that there was not time to



THE TOMBS, NEW YORK'S FAMOUS PRISON.

safely cross the railroad and stepped off at the same time giving a warning to his friend. The latter did not fully understand, and throwing all his leg power into action made a dash. The train was coming thirty miles an hour



HE CAUGHT THE PILOT.

and caught Riethmann just as he was on the center of the track. The engineer saw the inevitable smash coming, but was unable to slow up until he had passed the spot several hundred feet. Then he, the train crew, the passengers and Philbeck began looking under the cars for the mangled remains of Riethmann. None thought to look on the cowcatcher until a wailing cry from that point attracted their attention. There they found the supposed victim, one hand firmly clasping the flagstaff of the engine and the other hanging on to the bicycle. He was in a half-lazed condition from the shock, but close examination showed that neither he nor his wheel was in the least damaged.

The majority of people display their individuality most in the kind of fool they become.

The Use of Matches.  
An average of eight matches are used by an man, woman and child in the United States daily.