

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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

Japan comes to the front with a declaration of \$750,000. And yet they say that country isn't fully civilized!

The Memphis Scimitar says: "Miss Itte O. Hayme left this morning for California." Poor girl! Even marriage cannot help that name.

While Queen Victoria's reign has been notable in many respects, it has experienced many things which Englishmen would like to forget.

The Houston Post undoubtedly is right in saying that "this is a time for sober second thought." But why not have such thought first occasionally?

A woman in Buffalo wanted to buy the entire police force of that city and have the men shot and cremated. And they actually locked her up as a crazy woman.

A New York inventor claims to have discovered a way to prevent eggs from spoiling and says he can keep them fresh forever. This will be glad tidings to the one-night-stand actors.

A New Jersey wife has applied for a divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty because her husband put a live turtle in her bed. That woman doesn't seem to have found matrimony a soft snip.

When you have fixed upon a plan, even in trivial matters, do not reverse it, except for good reason. Decision of character will thus in time become habitual—and habit has well been described as second nature.

If we struggle to overcome a fault or to resist a temptation, and succeed, the time comes when we lose all desire to commit the wrong; the self-restraint is over, and we enter into the true freedom, where desire and duty are one.

Miss Claire Ferguson, of Salt Lake City, has been commissioned a deputy sheriff. Unless Miss Ferguson's newspaper pictures flatter her, we are ready to wager that if she ever issues an attachment for an unmarried man she will land him.

Rockefeller one day gives a million dollars to endow a church or college. The next day with a stroke of the pen he raises the price of some product of oil for a week and gets it back. This is "business" in partnership with religion.

The Waller (Texas) Free Press says: "Who wouldn't be an editor? When he goes to his office he finds that some friend has been there and left melons, fruits and vegetables. And the best part of it is, there being no graveyard here, we have prospects of living always."

The Phillipsburg (Pa.) Record says: "Our handsome young friend, Jack Barnes, is spending a few days in town. Jack is all right and a nice boy; but those rattle-snake pants are corkers." Well, they might be worse; suppose they were trousers.

An insurance publication in the East has issued "Fire Tables for 1897." From this series of figures it is seen that in 1896 the losses were \$118,000,000, a decrease of \$24,000,000 from the losses of 1895, \$222,000,000 under those of 1894, \$50,000,000 less than 1893, and \$34,000,000 lower than 1892. Unfortunately there is no text with the figures showing the cause of the encouraging decrease.

The editor of the Merkel (Texas) Mail rises to remark that "the editor of the Guide has merely assumed greatness, with no provocation whatever to do such an unbecoming disguise. His perflous attempts at witticisms are irreducible and proportionately irrelevant. He is about as much of an editor—and gentleman—as a sheep is a billy goat." This ought to help to boom the undertaker's business a little.

Sir Ashmead Bartlett's information from a "source usually reliable" that Queen Victoria will soon abdicate may be correct. Stories of Victoria's approaching abdication have been set afloat at least once a year ever since the prince consort's death in 1861, and the world is at last getting skeptical on this point. There has been no voluntary abdication in the annals of British royalty. Few English sovereigns die and none resign.

A genius in Rochester, N. Y., was discovered, or thinks he has, the cause of the hard times. He says it is bicycles. There are 30,000 bicycles in that city of 180,000 inhabitants. This wisecracker estimates their cost at \$2,100,000, and that the owners do not earn any more wages because they possess the wheels, and therefore concludes that the bulk of the owners economize in the matter of food, boots and shoes, clothing, shaves, drinks, street car rides, liveries, and so on. That genius thinks that the wheel, which has afforded so much pleasure and brought rosy cheeks to heretofore pale faces in such large numbers, is destined to keep on maintaining hard times. That genius will bring up in a madhouse if he does not throw over that peculiar phase of the bicycle question. His friends should present him with a bicycle and set him to riding it. That will be the surest way to divert him from suicide or an insane asylum. What the world wants on the bicycle question is information that will lead to the extinction of the scorcher.

Chicago Times-Herald: For many years James Aram resided and prospered in the pretty village of Delavan, Wis. He was not what might be termed a rich man, but he was in most respects an enterprising and successful man. He was interested in the interests of his town. It is thought that he wanted to live in the thoughts of the people after he had crossed the river, for he generously remembered several of the churches and the cemetery association and then directed that \$20,000 be used in building a home for superannuated Methodist ministers and their families, to be located at Delavan. That was in the memory of his father and mother. He did not stop there, but left another \$20,000 to be used in establishing a public library and reading-room. These are monuments that are monuments. They are none the less valuable, none the less prized, because the man whose memory will be preserved by them built them himself. Fortunately, indeed, is the village or city that has a James Aram, living or dead.

One of the boasts made upon the accession of the present czar was that there would be greater religious freedom for the subjects of Russia. According to information lately received, however, it would appear that, on the contrary, the established church is going to greater lengths than ever in its prosecution of dissenters. With the aid of the government extreme measures are being resorted to to punish those who refuse to conform to the regulations of the State church. These are being carried on by the chief procurator of the holy synod, who has already made himself notorious by his work against the dissenters. The latter are said to number from ten to twelve million, embracing many sects and varieties of belief. The curious thing about the prosecutions is that they are being carried out against some persons who, owing to the absence of a formulated creed, try to strengthen the basis on which their faith is built by conforming themselves to the moral and practical demands of Christianity. That is certainly strange ground for prosecution, but the procurator finds it sufficient for the harassing of these people. It will only sow deeper the seeds of the whirlwind which Russia is to reap.

The expected has happened and Kaiser William has written a play. The German Emperor was long overdue for something eccentric, and a survey of the field showed that when he finally broke out it would be in the histrionic line. There was nothing left. He had performed in music, made faces and other unpleasant pictures, gone to catch whales (and caught Tartars), and done about everything else from falling to go in when it rained to bluffing the other powers of Europe. Now it was time for him to rise up and shine again, and naturally he wrote a play. A description of the piece has been published, but it is not material to the episode beyond establishing the fact that the dramatic attack is acute. The play will be praised by the critics and possibly acted, and that will end the matter as far as the public is concerned. But William ought to sustain this latest freak longer than has been his custom with the others. He ought to inject a part for himself and go into the acting line for a season. He needs the training in detail. He has been appearing in various star parts in the European theaters of peace and war, but has failed to make a good impression chiefly because the audience has mistaken his heroics for farce-comedy. The play's the thing, but William must be in it.

A movement is on foot to secure pardons for the notorious Younger brothers, who have been in prison for the last twenty-one years for complicity in the robbery of the Northfield, Minn., bank and the murder of two men at that time. The Younger and James boys were the leaders of a desperate gang of bank robbers and murderers of that day at whose door many crimes have been laid, but to whom are attributed by admirers many of those qualities which distinguish better men. Jesse James went to his bloody account many years ago. His brother Frank is living a life of comparative decency among a community where the James boys were regarded as detestables. The Youngers were captured and have since been in prison. The warden, who is said to favor their release, speaks of their having given twenty-one years of "honest, manly and faithful service to the State," and a St. Paul newspaper professes to discover that there is "something fundamentally good and noble in men who preferred capture and probable death to deserting a wounded brother." It is asserted that during their incarceration they have been thoroughly reformed, and that no good can be had by their further imprisonment. If this is really the case they might be liberated, but there is no use in becoming mawkish about the matter.

**Would Larrup the Kids.**  
A Chicago Record correspondent writes: Has the world so progressed in refinement that young people acquire self-control by intuition? It would seem that that is the belief of the school board of this city. A stranger visiting the lower-grade room in our public schools sees a refined, well-educated young woman placed in charge of fifty or more young children—half of them young "toughs," gathered off the streets, many of them coming from homes where "rushing the can" and family fights are common occurrences. These children have no respect for anybody or anything outside of the cuffs and kicks they receive at home and in their daily struggles for supremacy on the streets and in alleys. Now, how can these children, coming under the influence of moral suasion for five hours a day five days out of seven, having no fear of consequences, learn that most essential element of manhood or womanhood—self-control? Moral suasion is a very good thing, but first we must have something to work upon. We never can expect to have good, law-abiding citizens under the present system of training the young. There ought to be a special room, with a special teacher, who has the power to punish. How can a teacher do her best for the good children when all her force is used up in trying to coax the unruly ones to behave well when they know she can't enforce obedience? ONLOOKER.  
Milwaukee, Wis., June 11.

**Making Him Miserable.**  
She—It was just three years ago to night that you proposed.  
He—Now, what did you want to be that up for, on the only night of the week that I have away from business?—Indianapolis Journal.

**The American Father.**  
"Pa, Mr. Withers will ask you for my hand pretty soon."  
"Who is Mr. Withers?"  
"He is the gentleman who has been spending his evenings here for the past three years."—Life.

## MOTHERS FEEDS THE CHICKENS

A while before the sun has rose,  
'N' father builds the kitchen fire,  
Our big black rooster crows 'n' crows,  
'Z' if his neck would never tire;  
'N' we get up 'n' feed the stock  
'N' water Fannie 'n' milk the cows,  
'N' fix a gate or broken lock;  
'N' en after breakfast father pions  
'N' mother feeds the chickens.

The pans-kes Walle wouldn't eat  
'N' cornbread left on Marjorie's plate,  
A scrap of toast, a bit of meat,  
'N' all the stuff what no one ate,  
She puts it in that worn-out tin,  
Thro's out some grain, 'n' pretty quick  
She holds nearly 's loud 's she kin,  
'Come chick! chick! chick! chick! chick!  
chick! chick!"  
So—when she feeds the chickens.

You'd ought to see old Top-Knot run,  
'N' busy top—he's hurt one leg—  
'N' Plymouth Rock (the biggest) one—  
She lays a 'normous monstus egg!—  
'N' en Speckle, with her new-hatched brood,  
A-chickin' to 'em 's hard 's she kin,  
'N' showin' 'em the nice's food—  
She gets it 'fer 'em out the tin,  
'N' pecks the other chickens.

Old Gray, our cat, comes snoopin' round  
'N' slyly peeks from hind the stoop;  
'F any meat's there he is bound  
'T shant go to the chicken coop.  
Now filled with all an owner's pride,  
Wee Willie comes with wondering eyes,  
That look so brown 'n' bright 'n' wide;  
He loves to watch 'em, 'n' he cries—  
'Des see my baby tickens?"

I love to ride the colt a lot  
'N' so fer berries to the patch;  
I love to see our dog 'n' Spot  
Get in a tangle scarpin' match,  
'N' the 's kind of quiet fun,  
I like it nearly best of all;  
That 's why I allus cut 'n' run  
To see 'em 'f I hear the call—  
'Come chick! chick! chick! chick! chick!  
chick! chick!"  
When mother feeds the chickens.  
—Will L. Davis, in Chicago Record.

## A JEALOUS WIFE.

"Out every night until 2, and you believe him when he says it is business?" said Mrs. Merkle, pursing up her lips. "Ah, well, you are an innocent lamb, Doris Moore."

"But, Aunt Sarah, why shouldn't I believe what my husband says when he always tells the truth?" said young Mrs. Moore, indignantly.

"Because he is a man," said Mrs. Merkle, nodding her head. "I've had three husbands—Thompson was the first. He was a good provider, but he provided for two, and I got a divorce and alimony. Then I married Maxwell. I caught him kissing the hired girl and began my investigation. The same old story. However, he died, and that ended it. As for Merkle, I have my thumb on him, but I got it by searching his pockets. Men are such idiots they leave their love letters and where. When I'd collected a pack I read them out to him one evening. He stays at home now after office hours, unless he goes out with me, and he don't write anything but business letters. He is old, you know, and a deacon wants to keep up a reputation for respectability. But your young husband—what should he care if you peeped on him? Oh, there if a woman at the bottom of this 2 o'clock business, I'll warrant you."

"Why, Aunt Sarah, how dare you?" cried Doris, stamping her foot.

"Rummage your husband's coat pockets and you'll find 'em right," said Mrs. Merkle. "And unless you want a divorce, which I don't advise when a man is only on a salary, show him what you find, make a scene and end it early."

"Why, you talk as if you knew something about Owen, Aunt Sarah," said Doris.

"I know he is a man," said Mrs. Merkle.

"Hullo!" cried a voice at the door, which opened at this moment. "Here is Aunt Sarah talking against men as usual—what has poor Merkle done now? I thought he had sowed his wild oats."

"Look out for your own crop, Owen Moore," replied Mrs. Merkle.

"I don't set up for a saint and never did," cried Owen. "Give me a kiss, Doris. I'm as hungry as a hunter, and I must eat and run. It's all night again, Doris. Well, so much more in the savings bank, and indeed, we're no reason to be sorry."

"I miss you very much, Owen," said Doris, as she brought a hot dish from the oven and set the chairs at the table. "I'm as lonesome without you as a kitten without its mother."

"I keep thinking of you, too," said Owen. "Oh, indeed, I don't like it a bit, but I say a dollar put up for a rainy day may keep us from the heartache."

He ate his supper in a hurry, laughing and talking the while, then kissed his wife, shook hands with her aunt and took up his hat again. Out on the stairs he paused a moment. Aunt Sarah's shrill voice was lifted once more.

"Don't I see how honest he is?" she was repeating. "All very well, Doris, but look in his coat pockets all the same—look in his coat pockets."

"Old cat! She's at it again," said Owen, who heard, but like the good-natured man that he was, he only laughed as he ran downstairs. "The devil will fly away with old Aunt Sarah one of these days, but she can't make my Doris believe any ill of me, that's one comfort."

Meanwhile Mrs. Merkle had gone home to tell her unfortunate spouse, and Doris sat herself down with her feet on the hearth, and thought over all she had heard.

Aunt Sarah was a very unpleasant person, who always made trouble wherever she went, but she had the reputation of being very sensible, which such people are more apt to gain than cheerful, amiable folk, and what said she really believed, for she had no good thoughts of a man or woman, but Doris was very much in love with Owen, and jealousy is always close at hand where love is strong.

In vain Doris tried to convince herself that Owen was too much in love with her to think of anyone else. The little seed of suspicion had been planted, and it grew like Jack's beanstalk.

It was lonely there in the little upper flat at night, and Doris had been used to a large family circle before she left her country home to share Owen's fortunes in the city.

After a while she found herself crying

—she hardly knew why—feeling not only lonely, but neglected and injured. "Owen ought not to have left me even for business," she said. "He used to come every night when he was courting, though it was an hour's journey by rail each way."

And from this she went on asking herself if it were possible that Aunt Sarah could be right. New York was such a wicked place; there were such bold, audacious women to be met with; Owen was so handsome. Oh, could Aunt Sarah have grounds for her suspicions!

Owen, waking early one morning, caught his wife turning his pockets out, reading the bits of paper she found there. A note from cousin John, who had desired to borrow \$5; a type-written circular, recommending Stump's restaurant; a letter from his mother telling him of the doings at home.

Nothing but what she had seen before. And Owen, whose conscience was as clear as man's could be, was not in the least alarmed.

Doris might read all the letters he ever received, all he ever had received, for the matter of that; but he did not like to think that she would watch and spy upon him, that an old woman's prattle could make her suspicious of him.

He had heard the advice that Mrs. Merkle gave his wife as she stood outside the door of his little dining room, and he was very sorry that Doris should take it and search his pockets.

He had a good mind to speak out frankly, to tell his wife what he had heard and what he had seen, and to assure her that his story of night work was true; to take her with him to the great piano factory where he was employed, and convince her by the hours were spent. That would be a serious way of making all right. But suddenly an idea popped into his jolly head.

"I'll turn it all into a joke," he said to himself. "I'll make Doris well ashamed of herself, the darling! I'll write a love letter or two and put them in my pocket and let her find them. Then there'll be a row, and when it's gone far enough I'll put with the truth. A bit of a joke settles things the best way."

It seemed such a comical idea that he burst out laughing over his breakfast, and nearly choked himself twice in trying to swallow his joke with his coffee.

However, he had not time to carry out his plan until Sunday came.

Then, while his wife was busy over the dinner, he took from his hiding place a little parcel of pink-tinted paper, with a rose at the top of the sheet, and concealed three idiotic and extravagant love letters, signed them, "Your best beloved and ever loving Fanny Ann," and put them into envelopes addressed to himself.

He was rather clever with his pen, and imitated a woman's hand very well.

Having first sealed these up, and then cut them open again, he hid them in the pockets of the clothes he wore on holidays, and which he did not wear on Monday when he went to work, left them hanging in the wardrobe.

There they might have remained, for Doris had grown ashamed of her suspicions of Owen and determined never to ransack his pockets, but that Aunt Sarah dropped in again after Owen had left the house.

"Out again?" she said, with a nod.

"Yes, and hard at work, poor boy," replied Doris. "Aunt Sarah, I'm sure that he is as true to me as an angel could be to another."

"I should like to look through his pockets, though," giggled Aunt Sarah.

"Look, then," said Doris, throwing open the wardrobe door. "There are his things."

Aunt Sarah took her at her word, and a moment more her shrill, vixenish voice cried out:

"Three pink notes, my dear; and all signed 'Fanny Ann.'"

An hour afterward, Doris sat at the center table in her little parlor sobbing violently.

The light from the shaded lamp fell upon the three pink notes, all wet with tears, Owen's compositions, as we know, and so absurdly rapturous and idiotic that they would have betrayed the fact that they were jokes to any but a jealous woman. But Doris, in her woe and wrath, had very little common sense left.

Aunt Sarah, frightened by the storm her own deed had raised, had taken her departure, and Doris had resolved to wait for Owen's return, show him the letters, and at once go home to her mother.

For a while it had seemed to her that she would find at home a refuge and consolation for all her woes. Then she began to wince with mortification. To tell her mother that Owen was false to her would not be so bad, but that her sisters should know it, her friends, Jack's wife, the whole connection.

"Oh! Life would not be worth living under such circumstances!" Doris cried out, and then an awful thought crept into her mind and gained strength there. A jealous man or woman is a maniac. Let that be an excuse for Doris when she cried out at last:

"Death is the only cure! Death! Death! And if God will not kill me I must kill myself!"

At 2 o'clock Owen opened the door of his flat and went in. Things did not look as usual. The kitchen fire had gone out, and no little snaf had been kept warm for him. The bed in the little bedroom was still neatly made up, and no one had slept in it that night. In the parlor the lamp was yet burning, but Doris was not there.

As he looked about him he saw doors and drawers open, things scattered about, and a nameless terror began to possess him.

"Doris!" he called aloud, but there was no answer. He walked to the table. There lay three sheets of pink paper with a weight upon them to keep them from blowing away, and beside them another letter addressed to himself. Poor Owen could hardly command himself sufficiently to tear this open and read the contents.

"I have read Fanny Ann's letters, Aunt Sarah found them in your pocket, Oh, Owen! I thought you loved me, but your heart has been stolen by that wicked woman. I was not pretty enough or good enough to keep you, but now that you are false I do not care to live any longer. I am go-

## IT IS THE SAME OLD STORY.

ing to drown myself and leave you free. Your broken-hearted  
"DORIS."  
And this, then, was how his job had ended. This was what he had brought about. Doris had killed herself. Then, he would follow her example. But first he must find her body, and pay it the last honors. He caught up his hat and left his desolate home, the tears gushing from his eyes as he remembered how happy he had been there.

When he reached the street he stood bewildered, asking himself which way he should go, what he should do. Then it came to him that he must report the horrible facts at the station house and have an alarm sent out. The police would know what to do better than he could; and with heavy steps and reeling brain he sought the big brick building before which the great lamps hung, and entered in.

Late as it was, there was a little crowd there, gathered about something that lay in the middle of the floor.

"What is it?" he gasped, with white lips that could scarcely form a sound.

"Young woman jumped into the river," cried a policeman.

"My God!" cried Owen, bursting through the crowd, and falling on his knees before the wet figure lying on the floor, with a policeman's coat under his head. "My God! it is my wife!"

The next instant he gave a big howl of joy, for the great eyes unclosed themselves, the little trembling hands were outstretched toward him, and a faint voice said:

"Oh, Owen, take me away from this dreadful place and all these dreadful men."

For Doris, although she had really thrown herself from the end of a wharf into the river, had been promptly fished out by the river police, and although soaked to the skin, terribly frightened and heartily ashamed of herself, was very much alive, indeed, and when Owen had whispered something in her ear—the story of his joke, which we already know—could only sob:

"Forgive me, Owen, pray forgive me."

"She was a bit out of her mind, you see, with a sort of fever," Owen explained, "and God bless those who saved her to me."

Then he took his wife home, and whatever else has come to its humble door since that day, the green-eyed monster, jealousy, has never entered.—Dublin World.

## TRIALS IN CHINA.

Cerency Characterizes Celestial Administration of Justice.

That the tender mercies of the Chinese are cruel is one of those axioms which need no proof; and a case which was lately reported illustrates in a striking manner the extraordinary indifference to human life and suffering which characterizes both this callous people and their ruthless governors. The case in point was reported to the Throne by Liu-Ping-chang, the ex-Viceroy of Szechuan, who states that within his jurisdiction there dwelt a family of the name of Wu, the principal members of which were the grandfather, father and son. On the occasion in question the patriarch Wu attended a neighboring market to make purchases and to have his wood-cleaver sharpened. When starting on his mission he noticed that his grandson was unemployed, and being of a frugal turn of mind he bade him accompany him and take some of the home-farm produce for sale. This apparently disturbed the irascible temper of the young man, who took the opportunity of being in the neighborhood of a witness to take a great deal more of the local spirit than was good for him. He was not so tipsy, however, as to be unable to carry the oil-basket and bamboo-pole which were among the purchases which his grandfather had made. On the way home the elder Wu took the opportunity to rebuke him for his intemperance, a proceeding which so enraged the youthful scion of the house that he snatched from the old man the cleaver which he carried, and knocked him down with a terrible blow on the neck. The spot where the old man fell happening to be rocky, the jagged edges of the stones completed the deed of murder, and he never moved again. Horrified at the consequence of his crime, the grandson cast about for means of disposing of the body, and remembering the oil-basket, he dismembered the corpse, and having packed the remains in the basket, carried it off and threw it into a neighboring pond. He did not succeed, however, in doing this without having been observed. A certain neighbor named Tso had seen him throw the basket into the water, and finding him flushed and excited, plied him with such searching questions that Wu ultimately confessed his crime. At the same time he bound Tso to secrecy, and threatened that if he revealed the murder he would charge him with having been an accomplice. Tso vowed that not a syllable relating to it should pass his lips, and then went off and reported the whole affair to the son of the murdered man and the father of the murderer. Horror-stricken, the father laid the whole matter before the magistrate; the case was tried, the murderer made a full confession—in answer to what tortures we are not told—and then came the question of the sentence.

## NOT ALLOWED IN RUSSIA.

Influential Californian Cannot Enter the Czar's Domain.

Adolph Kutner, the Californian who was not permitted to cross the frontier of Russia owing to his political and religious convictions, is one of the most influential citizens of the Golden State. He came to the United States, a refugee, from Russia nearly fifty years ago,

and went to California in 1852. He started in business in San Francisco and did very well until his partner absconded with all the firm's funds. Then Mr. Kutner set to work to rehabilitate himself, which he did by hard work and thrift. Mr. Kutner branched out and opened a business in Fresno. He built the first schoolhouse and presented it to the city. He is now the leading banker of that interesting little town, president of the most important commercial house of the San Joaquin Valley, and operates large stores at Fresno, Hanford, Selma, Fowler, Sanger and Madera. He is a large shareholder in the leading banks of all these California cities. He supports a fine residence in San Francisco and has made

several visits to Europe, but he has never before attempted to cross the border into Russia. His relatives in that country have always gone to Germany to meet him. Mr. Kutner is one of the wealthiest men in the San Joaquin Valley, and has contributed liberally to the support of the less fortunate members of his family. One of his brothers was an eminent physician in Guben, Germany.

## "SIX-TOED TRILBY."

She's the Mascot of a Political Club in New York.

The Citizens' Union of New York City has a Maltese cat with six toes. Six-toed cats from time immemorial have been regarded as mascots. Though

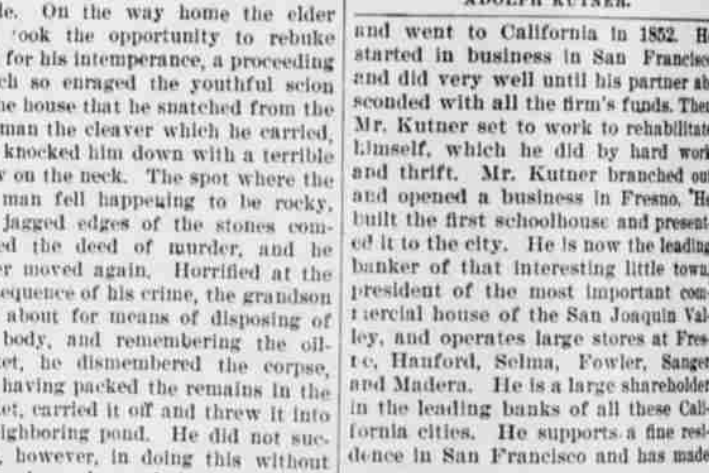
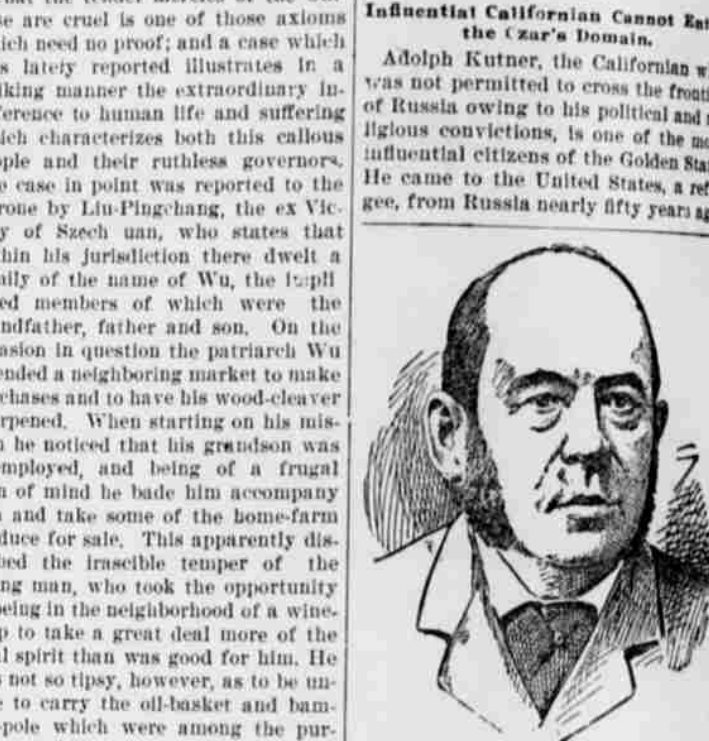
burdened with the name of Trilby, the mascot is of a cheerful disposition and even temper.

At the Club.  
"When I see a man sit and play solitaire all the evening I always think he must like himself pretty well."  
"Yes, and it looks as though he had a sort of monopoly in it, too."—Chicago Journal.

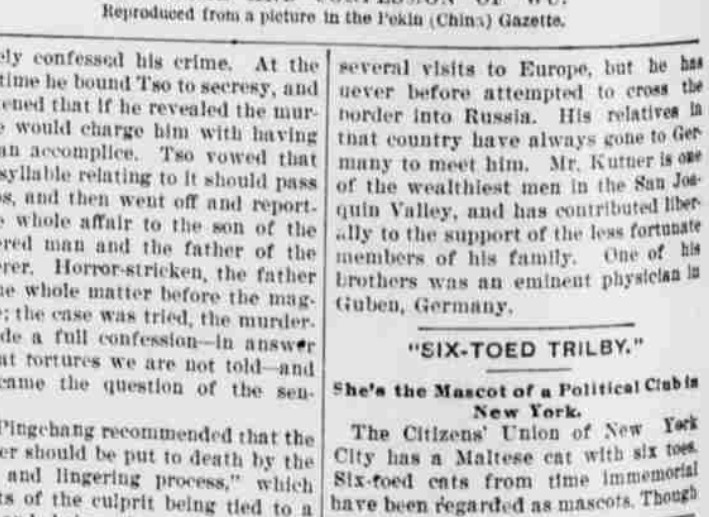
Some girls seem to think that when they walk along the street all the men ought to wear blinkers, like horses.



ADOLPH KUTNER.



THE TRIAL AND CONFESSION OF WU.  
Reproduced from a picture in the Tokio (China) Gazette.



"SIX-TOED TRILBY."  
She's the Mascot of a Political Club in New York.