

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

The stick man of Europe seems to have lately taken some nerve-building medicine.

We are skeptical about that New Haven girl turning to stone. Perhaps she merely feels a trifle rocky.

A correspondent writes that the Sultan is a hard worker and has no fads. It seems that he is a collector of ultimatum.

The economical man who follows the custom of laying in his winter supply of coal, in summer is wondering in a bewildered way where he is at.

The Nashville Banner says: "Hank Stubbins left for Johnson City last night. The purpose of Hank's visit was not stated." This certainly looks suspicious.

Russia's census total of 129,211,113 looks like a long lead, but the United States will pass it in twenty-five years by maintaining the average rate of growth.

A Syracuse contemporary says that "the actual cost of an up-to-date \$100 wheel is \$30.31." Bah! That will not furnish the court-plaster and arnica for the first three months.

We are convinced that if anyone ever introduces the great American game of poker into the Orient Colonel Hamid will not have to walk home after a social session with the powers.

A young Kentucky boy who married a widow of 52 the other day was given \$1,000 in cash and told to go away somewhere alone and enjoy a honeymoon trip. He'll probably forget to return the change.

A loaf of bread taken from the tomb of Rameses has been given to a Boston museum. If there were cooking schools in those days that internment of Rameses probably represented both cause and effect.

Colonel Fitzsimmons evidently is wrong in saying that Colonel Sullivan "can stand only two or three stiff punches." He is standing more than that right along every day, to say nothing about cocktails and straight whisky.

In New York the other day several deaf mutes "sang" several popular selections by gracefully utilizing their fingers. The attention of the young man who thinks that "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" loves him is respectfully directed to this method of expression.

It is said that the late Mrs. Oliphant was informed fourteen months ago that she was suffering from a fatal malady, yet she wrote steadily on almost to the last day of her life. Stephen Girard once remarked, "If I knew that I should die to-morrow I would, nevertheless, plant a tree to-day."

The Japanese attach their prayers to the arms of a windmill, and believe that every revolution counts in their favor. They have also learned to embrace them on the tires of their bicycles, and no doubt are happy in the conviction that they prayeth best who scorcheth best.

The last French survivor of Waterloo was banqueting last month at his home in France. His name is Balliot, and his age is 104. He was 22 at the time of the battle, and, though many of the French troops were younger than himself, he alone is left of Napoleon's host of 61,000.

The New York Press has a very lively imagination indeed. It says that "genius, like Shakespeare's toad, may be out at the elbows and down at the heel, yet all the while wearing a precious jewel in his head." If Shakespeare ever had a toad that was out at the elbows and down at the heel we don't recall it.

Lynch law admits no defense. Viewed from every standpoint its effects are bad. It may be granted that as a rule the object of mob violence deserves the fate which overtakes him; but every outbreak of popular fury brutalizes the community and weakens respect for law and order. The true remedy for mob violence is the cultivation of confidence in the ability and certainty of the courts to punish adequately all forms of crime.

The story of Kaiser William's late injury to his eye is exceedingly characteristic of that eccentric potentate. As told in a cable dispatch, it was due to his persisting upon the performance of a difficult and dangerous task on board his yacht in face of the protests of the officers under him. The work was avowedly designed to show that "nothing was impossible" with him—i. e., when performed by others—and, while it was successfully accomplished with considerable injury to the vessel and great peril to the crew, there seems a sort of "poetical justice" in the fact that he was the only person actually injured. If he has learned, as the result, that a German emperor is as likely to be hurt by a blow from a rope's end as any ordinary mortal the lesson may not be without its value.

A Jersey City boy, 17 years of age, is threatened with death because of excessive cigarette smoking. The climax to a busy life in this respect was reached when he rounded out a special feat of smoking 170 of the things in 170 consecutive minutes. It does not appear that this remarkable effort was the result of any wager or a trial of smoking endurance, but just an ordinary episode in the young man's day, only in this case nature had reached the limit and collapse followed. It would seem superfluous to hang any moral on this episode. It would seem that every person who can read or has the sense of hearing must know by this time the deadly character of cigarettes. Yet the fact that this Jersey City boy has permitted himself and has been permitted by his friends deliberately to kill himself indicates that a warning is still needed. Parents must shoulder the

responsibility for occurrences of this kind. They are too prone to look upon cigarette smoking as merely an obnoxious habit, and their boys permit- tingly soon learn to take the fact must be impressed upon the cigarette is a poison. It brings death in its wake, and even if death is resisted for a time the life given up to this practice is bereft of most of its pleasure and usefulness. A weakened constitution and mind are the inevitable immediate consequences.

The death of H. M. Higgins at San Diego, Cal., removes from the world of music a man who played a somewhat important part in the early musical history of Chicago. He was not the first musical dealer in the city, as has been stated. There were two or three who preceded him, but he was the first one who published music there to any extent. Prior to his location in Chicago he had taught music both in New York and Wisconsin. In 1855, in connection with his brother, A. F. Higgins, he opened a music store on Randolph street, which soon became the musical headquarters. The trade was largely devoted to sheet music, and the firm published many songs and ballads of the popular sort. Though not a trained musician in any sense, he was sufficiently up in the business to know what suited the popular taste, and the firm made some money. The business was closed out about 1871, and H. M. Higgins went to California, where he invested his earnings in a fruit ranch, which he named "Bonnie Brae," a few miles south of San Diego. He became quite well known in Southern California by a seedless lemon which he raised, though for some reason it never made the success in the market he had anticipated. He was a man of eccentric disposition, had been for years a radical spiritualist, had domestic troubles, finally lost much of his property, and died comparatively poor. His death will cause much sorrow in the region where he lived, as he was widely known and was much esteemed for his geniality and hospitality, notwithstanding his many reverses and disappointments.

One of the characteristics of yellow journalism is that it overdoes everything. One of the exponents of the yellow in New York City really succeeded in accomplishing something brilliant recently. In four days from the discovery of the dismembered fragments of a man in the river it had identified him, proved that he had been murdered and pointed out the supposed guilty persons. Its reporters gave rapid and brilliant aid to the police, and for that much the paper was entitled to credit, although many persons will believe that it is not the province of a newspaper to usurp the duties of the detectives. However, no fault might have been found with that if the yellow journal had not spoiled its coup with an anti-climax. It proceeded the other day to tell how it did the work. Its methods were plain to any of its readers from day to day, but it insisted on telling how Jones called the office on the telephone and informed the office boy that another leg had been found in the river, and how the office boy started back in horror, and how the city editor acted with dispatch by assigning Brown to the morgue, Jones to police headquarters, and Robinson to drag the East River. The public was told the piece of old cloth which surrounded the fragments of the murdered man was photographed in colors and used as evidence, and let into all the petty details of the investigation step by step. At the finish everyone knows what the reporters had for lunch, and the seething brain of the city editor is an open book to the fortunate readers of the yellow journal. The account reads for all the world like an installment for one of those penny dreadfuls which engage the whole attention of messenger boys. The rapt effect of the newspaper's work is spoiled. But that is the way of yellow journalism.

Jowett's Sense of Humor.
The late master of Balliol College, Oxford, Doctor Jowett, loved a good story, especially one which exhibited the comic side of things. During a sickness from which he suffered many ills, he was asked by a friend how he was.

Jowett replied by quoting the words of Sydney Smith, then canon of St. Paul's, who, when at the point of death—"which," said Jowett, "I am not"—declared that there was not much left of him as would make a minor canon!

To another friend, who urged him to permit the publication of some of his sermons, Doctor Jowett said: "Publish nothing that is not quite good. Don't be moved by people's opinion. There is a story of Bishop Barrington and Phillips, afterward Bishop of Exeter, who was at the time Barrington's secretary. The bishop said, 'I wish you to select for publication twelve of my sermons that you think will do me least discredit.' Shortly after, when the sermons had been chosen, the bishop asked, 'Do you think that those will do me credit?' 'I prefer, my lord,' answered Phillips, 'to adhere to your lordship's former expression.' The sermons were not published."

The Retort Courteous.
The noted French writer, Piron, was a wit whose reputation for brilliancy of speech was unrivaled. He was famous for his flashing retorts; but even the best of us sometimes have to bow to superiority, though it be only temporarily.

A lady once thoughtlessly asked Piron in company whether he could tell her the difference between a woman and a mirror.

"It is, madam," said Piron, instantly, "that a mirror reflects without speaking, and a woman speaks without reflecting."

"Very well, Monsieur Piron," she replied, a little nettled by the remark, "but can you tell me the difference between a mirror and a man?"

"No," answered the poet.

"Oh," was the reply, "it is this, Monsieur Piron. A mirror is always polished, but a man is not always so."

An Amateur.
Husband—How do you know that the fellow was not a professional tramp and fraud?

Wife—Because he moved the lawn and split a lot of kindling to pay for his dinner.—Detroit Free Press.

PASSED.

WHEN THE P... in the street, there was the rushing of feet. At the hum and the thrum of a far-away drum. Every eye in the town watched a road winding down. By meadows of ripening, yellowing wheat, Every being was filled with the beat that had thrilled And whirled as it stirred like the wings of a bird Through the sunny air clear, growing near and more near, Till all other sound in creation was stilled!

Then swift came the gleam of a mountain-side stream, Which quivered and grew like the stars, Like the sun's darting glance where little waves dance, Like a glittering river that wound from a dream.

O it broadened and spread till a vibrating tread In unison beat through the dust to our feet! O it drew every hue, from the heavens' calm 'neath To the poppies' red blood through the wheat field ahead!

Then a plume floated white, and they broke on our sight With a single note clear, they drew near, and a cheer Burst from us; then dumb at the roll of the drum As they reached us and touched us, and dumb with delight, We drew nigh, we pressed nigh, our hearts throbbing high, (O the tumult of joy in the heart of a boy)

Women crowded about, and a flag floated out, And we uttered a shout that rang up to the sky!

(Ay, it rings for me yet! Can I ever forget That thrill and that joy in the heart of a boy?) Then, a barefooted throng, we marched proudly along, Knowing naught of farewells or of eyes that were wet, Hearing only the beat of the drum and the tread

Treading onward to war, growing faint, growing far, Seeing only the track, dust enclosed, whence back Looked never a man to that village street!

How we lingered around, listening low for a sound, Till the thrum of the drum was a clover-leaf hum!

How we marched a retreat through the still village street And followed the footprints which covered the ground!

And when weary at last, how we happily cast Ourselves down in the wheat, talking of defeat, Heeding not the wild red where crushed poppies were shed, Or the thunder and dread closing round, closing fast; But shut in by the rim of our dim mountain massed, We gave them but glory and fame unsurpassed.

While for us was the hour—when the Regiment passed! —Youth's Companion.

HORSES IN OUR ARMY.

Perhaps few persons are on more intimate terms with the horse family in general than some old cavalry soldiers. To be the friend of his horse the soldier must be a good one; a horse was never known to favor a bad one with his confidence, for horses are infallible judges of soldiers. An old cavalry captain whom I know used to say, "I judge of the character of my men by the way they get along with their horses."

In the old frontier days cavalry soldiers thought far more of their horses than they do now, for their lives often depended on them, and if a man neglected his horse he was sure to have to march on foot before long, which is very distasteful to a cavalryman. Indeed, it was necessary to guard the forage wagon and the water holes to prevent men stealing more than their allowance for their horses. Even now, if you watch some old gray-haired fellows at the "stables" of a cavalry troop, you will see they have not forgotten to be greedy on behalf of their mounts.

A recruit horse is like a recruit soldier, apt to be clumsy, unevenly gaited, saucy and conceited. The old horses in the stable yard treat him exactly as old soldiers treat a recruit. They attempt to frighten him by biting at him, kicking him, chasing him from one corner of the yard to another, pulling his mane and ears; in fact, they try to make his life miserable in every way. This lasts for a few days only; then the new horse gets a chum, and they make an agreement to stand by each other. This offensive and defensive alliance prevents the rest of the herd from taking any more liberties with the recruit.

The "chum business" is one of the most remarkable features of horse life in the army. The "chums" are inseparable; as soon as the herd is turned out into the yard the chums seek out each other, as if for a morning "confab," and remain together all day. Looking into the yard at any time, one can see them rubbing noses, blinking at one another, or following each other around the yard. Take a new horse away from his chum, and he will greatly resent it. The him near the stables, he will whiny plaintively to his chum, who will answer from the corral.

All horses in our service are taught to lie down. A new horse, when first thrown in the riding-stall, with straps the use of which he little suspects, is greatly surprised. This painless throwing of horses is very effective in disciplining morally, for the horse soon realizes that he is completely mastered, and after he has been thrown a number of times a marked change takes place in his temperament.

Soldiers who abuse their horses in any way are severely punished. There is, indeed, no sight more obnoxious to a good cavalryman than to see a horse abused.

The old cavalry horse seems to have a great disdain for a new soldier. When ridden by a recruit he appears as if a little insulted, and I am sure that some of these old horses can tell a recruit from a veteran as quickly as can the adjutant at "guard-mounting."

It is customary to turn all the horses out to graze—or "to herd," as it is called—under a guard whenever the grass is good and the weather pleasant. The

DOWN IN A COAL MINE

FRIP THROUGH GLOOMY CAVERNS OF THE EARTH.
Going Down a Slope to the Working Chambers Where, Amid Puffs of Smoke and Perils, the Miner Digs Coal—Discovery of the Mineral.

ABOUT COAL.
Pittsburg, Pa., correspondence.
Not many of us think as we sit by comfortable fires in the zero days of winter of the difficulties and dangers experienced in mining the coal that contributes so much to our domestic happiness and our national prosperity. Yet the main spring of our very civilization is the coal the miner digs in the gloomy caverns of the earth. These ages ago the plants from which sun, absorbed by the plants from which coal is derived, was treasured up and to-day we have that same heat, in the form of coal, at our disposal and subject to our control. Without it we would be living in the past—in the days of the stinging cold and the sailboat, with out present conditions of life, if dreamed of, another age ago.

By it we can travel almost as comfortably as if seated in our own homes over thousands of miles of leagues of ocean, and enjoy the re-creation of the wealthiest and greatest of ancient times. Such is the value of coal to the modern world, and it is an interesting subject how it is mined.

To a visitor to the coal fields one of the interesting sights is the huge breakers that are dotted over the region and the mountains of refuse—the "dumps"—that have been extracted from the mines. These breakers are generally, though not always, covered over the mouth of the shaft or entrance to the mines, and it is in them that the coal, after having been mined, is graded by passing through different screens, and cleaned by having the impurities picked out by hand, those employed for that purpose being mainly children. The impurities are some of the latter contain hundreds of millions of tons.

It was my good fortune recently to spend several hours in the colliery known as the Little Schuylkill in Mahoning City, Pa. While the midday sun was shining gloriously and all nature seemed joyful, I entered the cage and was rapidly lowered to the bottom of the shaft, where all was dark as blackest midnight. Here and there appeared flickering lights in the caps of the miners and when the eyes became more accustomed to the darkness I saw the outlines of cars on the tracks, some full of coal, to be presently lifted to the breaker above, and others empty, to be taken down the slope to the different levels, where the miners were digging the precious mineral. Close to the bottom of the shaft were the stables, where the long-eared, patient mules, used in hauling cars in certain portions of the mine, are housed. Few of these mules since their first entry into the mine have seen daylight and some of them very probably never will.

On another side of the shaft was an engine room, and a pump was laboriously at work, forcing to the bright air above the waters that are ever collecting in these dark caverns. Several of these pumps are thus continually engaged on the different levels, else the water would collect in such quantities as to render work impracticable and ultimately flood the mine.

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constructed upon which to stand. When a quantity of coal is dislodged by explosion, it falls to a platform where the miner's assistant breaks it up into manageable sizes and loads it into the cars standing on a track ready to receive it. Each car when loaded is hauled to the slope, up which, with others, it is drawn to the foot of the shaft and hoisted to the breaker.

I had no desire to prolong my stay in the atmosphere of the chambers; but when I saw a man testing the air to see if gas was forming and remembered the numerous disasters that have occurred in the coal regions through explosions I was more anxious than ever to reach the pure air and sunshine.

Now, standing the dangers attending coal mining and the poor reward for the miner's work, the occupation seems to lend a strange enchantment. Children first enter the breakers to pick the impurities from the coal, then they become drivers in the mines, next miners' assistants and finally miners themselves. They are reared in an atmosphere of coal mining, seeing little else and having few other avocations of employment open to them. It is as natural for them to enter the mines to work as for the farmer to go into his field or the shopkeeper into the store, and they think no more than these of accidents. And yet minor accidents and fatalities are numerous. We are all more or less familiar with the great disasters of the coal fields, in each of which ten, twenty or more persons have been killed. But outside the coal regions themselves the news of the minor tragedies seldom penetrates, or if it does it is overlooked or forgotten. But they are always occurring.

Surely the coal miner is engaged in perilous work. He deserves a better fate than want and the contingency of starvation—a fate that is confronting thousands of miners and their families in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania to-day.

The Romance of Coal.
Considerable of a romance attaches to the early use of coal in this country. Its discovery in Pennsylvania was made in 1771 by a hunter named Philip Glinther. Glinther's hunting grounds were on the eastern slope of the mountains drained by the Lehigh River, and one evening while on the summit of Sharp Mountain he stumbled over the roots of a fallen tree and kicked before him a large black "stone." Thinking that possibly it might be coal, of which he had heard something, he picked up the lump and turned it over to a Col. Jacob Weiss, who lived near the present site of Mauch Chunk. The Colonel, after satisfying himself that the specimen was anthracite coal, organized the Lehigh Coal Mine Company, one of the members of which was Robert Morris, the celebrated financier. The work of mining was begun at the very spot where Glinther stumbled over the prostrate tree and several thousand acres of land were purchased. But what to do with the coal that was mined was a problem. There was no market for it. The surrounding timber, and what with the low price of wood and the abundance of charcoal, there seemed little prospect of marketing the coal for many a long year to come. The work of mining was consequently soon abandoned.

Col. Weiss, however, determined in

had discovered the secret of burning iron pyrites—iron ore—so that it could be used as a substitute for coal. This successful burning of the mineral predisposed many in his favor, while the growing scarcity and dearth of wood rendered it a substitute indispensable. And thus the Lehigh Coal Mine Company appeared once more in the field. In 1827 they shipped 365 tons of coal, readily finding a market and three years later their shipment amounted to nearly 5,000 tons. Both companies then consolidated under the title of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company. In the Schuylkill region the development of the coal industry was rapid and by 1827 over 20,000 tons were shipped to market.

Something Like the Gold Craze.
Immediately a great boom was kindled in the Schuylkill region. Valleys and mountains were explored for the mineral and lands assumed an extraordinary value. Towns were laid out—roads were through the forests, over the mountain peaks and along their narrow gorges—railroads and canals were projected—and mines opened—all in the spirit of speculation, and executed under the impulse of its excitement. Such was the demand for houses that, in many instances, the lumber was wrought into shape in Philadelphia and sent by canal to the coal region, ready for the journey. Whole villages along the road side sprang into existence like mushrooms, as if by the power of magic. The taverns were all crowded, and their walls strewn with colored maps and lithographs. All the adventurers of the large town flocked to Pottsville, like so many lambs around their shepherd. Such was the excitement that, in many instances, the lumber was wrought into shape in Philadelphia and sent by canal to the coal region, ready for the journey. Whole villages along the road side sprang into existence like mushrooms, as if by the power of magic. The taverns were all crowded, and their walls strewn with colored maps and lithographs. All the adventurers of the large town flocked to Pottsville, like so many lambs around their shepherd. Such was the excitement that, in many instances, the lumber was wrought into shape in Philadelphia and sent by canal to the coal region, ready for the journey. Whole villages along the road side sprang into existence like mushrooms, as if by the power of magic. The taverns were all crowded, and their walls strewn with colored maps and lithographs. All the adventurers of the large town flocked to Pottsville, like so many lambs around their shepherd. Such was the excitement that, in many instances, the lumber was wrought into shape in Philadelphia and sent by canal to the coal region, ready for the journey. Whole villages along the road side sprang into existence like mushrooms, as if by the power of magic. The taverns were all crowded, and their walls strewn with colored maps and lithographs. All the adventurers of the large town flocked to Pottsville, like so many lambs around their shepherd. Such was the excitement that, in many instances, the lumber was wrought into shape in Philadelphia and sent by canal to the coal region, ready for the journey. Whole villages along the road side sprang into existence like mushrooms, as if by the power of magic. The taverns were all crowded, and their walls strewn with colored maps and lithographs. All the adventurers of the large town flocked to Pottsville, like so many lambs around their shepherd. Such was the excitement that, in many instances, the lumber was wrought into shape in Philadelphia and sent by canal to the coal region, ready for the journey. Whole villages along the road side sprang into existence like mushrooms, as if by the power of magic. The tavern