

# Eugene City Guard.

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

Death has all seasons for his own, but the foot-ball season is undeniably one of his favorites.

Those who rudely broke their home connections to go to Klondike are forming other ties up there. They're begun lynching each other.

Judging from recent statistics, appendicitis seems to be growing into an epidemic in the United States that suggests the idea of a quarantine against the disease.

A literary critic says that Kipling's poetry is the only modern literary work which shows the results of inspiration. Well, a dollar a word is enough inspiration to produce quite an effort.

The latest rules of the postoffice department require employes to use the utmost civility in all their dealings with the public. Civil service will leave no room for a demand for civil service reform.

A writer in a sporting contemporary says that "the Laplanders when on skates think nothing of covering 150 miles a day." The average man in this country who goes on a "skate" doesn't think of it either.

The giving of 50 cents a week to his wife got a Pittsburg a thirty-day work-house sentence—a deserved rebuke for recklessness. Domestic economy must be enforced. If he had given her a dollar there is no telling what might have happened to him.

An experienced man who has just returned from Alaska tells the Fargo Argus how to cure the Klondike fever. "Pick out a morning next winter," he says, "when the mercury is below zero, shoulder a pick and go into the woods before breakfast; dig a hole sixteen feet deep; come back to the house at night and eat a small piece of stewed buffalo robe and sleep in the woods. Repeat the dose as often as necessary."

Arab chiefs are regarding the discovery of water by English engineers in the Sudan desert with great satisfaction. They believe it will revolutionize the country and cause villages to spring up in the heart of the desert. Three thousand men are employed in building the railroad which is being laid there, many of them being dervishes who were captured by the Anglo-Egyptian forces, and they will work with a will for the money they receive.

One who heard Lord Kelvin and Lord Lister at the late meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was struck with their gentleness of voice. There was a restfulness in the tones. No "fine frenzy" helped the speaker to imagine for a moment that he was listening to one who made declamation take the place of demonstration. How well this simplicity symbolized that true science that never mistakes vociferation for verity! Quackery loves the "sounding brass" of long words and a loud voice.

If Diogenes were still on earth, hunting with his lantern for an honest man, Mourvria, Ind., would be the place for him to turn his steps toward. Clark Geare lives there, and if one recent act of his is an index of his nature, he is just the sort of man Diogenes was looking for. Geare is a veteran of the late war, and some time ago applied for a pension because of rheumatism. He got it, but recently returned his certificate and \$350 back pension to the department at Washington, saying that his rheumatism had gradually improved and finally left him completely, and that he was therefore not entitled to the pension.

The name of the river that is now on everybody's lips should be spelled "Klondike," according to the rules of our Government Board of Geographic Names, which say that in foreign and aboriginal names "G" is always soft and has nearly the sound of S, as in Colombia, and "K" should always be used for the hard C, and that "Y" is always a consonant, as in "yard," and therefore should not be used for the vowel I. For about eight years the orthographic rules adopted by the leading geographical societies have agreed in rejecting the possessive case in many names. The rule adopted by our Board of Geographic Names is: "The possessive form should be avoided whenever it can be done without destroying the euphony of the name or changing its descriptive application." So "Cook Inlet" and "St. Michael" now appear in all our government publications, though "Cook's Inlet" and "St. Michael's" are still current in many newspapers.

Farmers in America who are sometimes unable to "make both ends meet" would do well to study the methods and processes of Belgian farmers. Six million of people in Belgium live on a territory about equal to the State of Maryland, and a farm of two acres is enough to support a man and his family and enable him to lay by something for a rainy day. An article in Colman's Rural World tells something of the methods of the Belgian farmer and gives an interesting insight into rural thrift and economy in the most densely settled country of Europe. Describing the typical two-acre farm in Belgium, the article says the thrifty Belgian makes the most of every inch by heavy manuring and allowing no waste places. A patch of wheat or rye and barley, another of potatoes, etc., and other garden truck, even the sloping sides of the ditches for irrigation being utilized, and the general result is that with thrift and economy the farmer provides about everything his family needs except a few groceries and clothes, while the surplus products more than supply his other wants and leave a balance to his credit, which grows each year.

Manitoba is beginning to look confidently to the United States for an overflow of population to make the vast plains of the northwest a new agricultural empire. Basing their conclusions on the fact that the public lands of the United States open to settlement are practically exhausted, the

Manitobans think that as the United States now receives and has been receiving the surplus populations of the old world the surplus of the United States will in turn overflow into Canada, especially into Manitoba, where it is now much easier to obtain a farm than in the United States. A number of Canadian immigration societies have already been established in this country and whether the Canadians are right or not in their supposition they seem to think they are obtaining the overflowing of the genuine American population, people who want to own their own homes, while their places are taken in America by the continued influx of foreign immigration. The Klondike, the Wawa and the Kootenay gold mines will also add to Canada's attractiveness and draw hardy and adventurous men, many of whom will, so the Manitobans think, remain and become citizens.

The indictment of six prominent Kentuckians by the grand jury at Frankfort for "poker-playing for money" is regarded by the Chicago Times-Herald as another sign of the decline of poker. For better or worse, and without considering the ethics of gambling, it is apparent to any one who will think of it for a moment that poker is slowly but surely going out of fashion. Before the war everybody played it. The statesman of those days was as well known for his skill in opening a jack-pot and the savor faire with which he staked all his possessions on his ability to guess whether his opponent had filled or merely bluffed as for his forensic eloquence. After the war, the game kept its hold on popular favor to but a slightly diminished degree. But gradually it has lost its seductive powers for American mankind, until now hardly anybody plays it. While a few years ago poker was played in every club, now it is forbidden by the rules of most. Then, every hotel saw a dozen or more games in progress. Now an order to the bell-boy to bring cards and chips to the room is a rare occurrence. Then, everybody played, now the same men find it difficult to recruit when they last opened a "jack-pot."

The game, once a "gentleman's game," has lost its favor, and with faro and roulette has become a gambler's game, played seldom by any one but professionals.

Some idea of the value and of the interest that is being shown in Ontario's gold mines in the newly discovered Michipicoten district may be learned from the report of Mr. Archibald Blue, director of the bureau of mines, as given in the Canadian papers. Mr. Blue has organized the new mining district, which has been placed under the direction of Mr. D. Boyd. During the fifteen days Mr. Blue was at the office there were registered between eighty and ninety claims, which had been regularly staked out by license-holders and upon all of which discoveries of gold had been made. In all over 200 licenses have been issued since the new regulations went into effect, then about a month. The new law allows miners to take out two licenses provided they are not under the same vein, and a number of miners have availed themselves of this privilege. As the system of mining enables miners to secure a claim at trifling expense, Mr. Blue reports it as very popular among prospectors. Among the prospectors who have staked out claims are Lord Douglas of Harriack and a company in which Col. Hisdale is interested. The director also reports that he heard of one vein from twenty to thirty feet wide which showed free gold in promising quantities, the samples of quartz shown him being literally covered on the face with the precious metal. Many of the prospectors had no experience at all, and many of them, according to Mr. Blue, never left their camp at Wawa. Most of those who did, however, were successful in locating claims.

John Brisson Walker, who proposes founding a university for working people, is one of the most versatile men in New York. He will begin the organization of the new institution in September, when Prof. Andrews leaves the presidency of Brown, from which he has resigned. Mr. Walker has had a varied career. He passed some years in the military academy at West Point and left that school to accept a position in the army of the Chinese empire. When he returned to America he became a manufacturer, got into politics and was nominated for Congress. That was in 1870. In the panic of 1873 his fortune was swept away. Then he went into newspaper work, wrote for

the undertaking. But, with all of her inexperience, through her native good sense, developed by thorough education and her natural sweetness of disposition and goodness of heart, ripened by a broad Christianity, she entered upon the discharge of those duties in a way that won not only the respect, the admiration and the love of our own people, but of the whole civilized world. Not one mistake did she make while occupying her trying position, and not a criticism worthy of consideration was ever made of a conduct on any occasion.

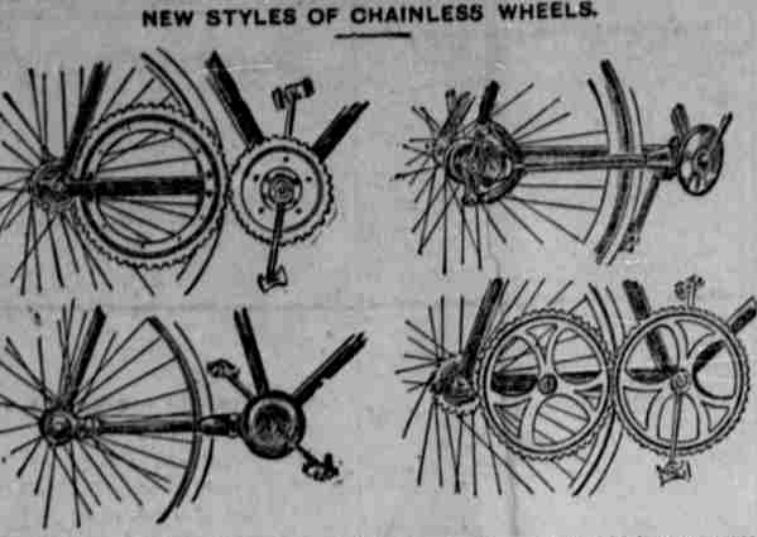
Although delightful as a hostess and enchanting as a friend, it is by the light of neither of these virtues that we see her at her best. Motherhood, the supreme test of the nobler and higher nature of a woman, so developed and illustrated her fine character as to cause her to shine forth with peculiar luster in a nation noted for its excellent motherhood. There was no posing about it, nothing forced for show or paraded for effect. She is far too sincere and noble a woman for anything of that kind, and the reason why she has devoted herself so thoroughly to her children is that she felt it a duty, imperative, but far more pleasant than the discharge of mechanical social functions. But still, at the same time, no complaint was ever made that she neglected any social duties.

She is now the mother of four children. Little Ruth, the eldest, was born in New York on Oct. 3, 1891, and is quite an accomplished little lady, speaking German as well as English. Esther, the second child, first saw the light at the White House in October, 1893, during President Cleveland's second administration. She was the first child ever born there. Marian, the third little girl, was born at Wray, Nebraska, in July, 1895, and consequently is now over 2 years old. The addition of the boy to the family fills the measure of the Cleveland's happiness, for he was the one consummation devoutly wished by both parents.

In the training of her children Mrs. Cleveland has carefully guarded against the dangers of environment, keeping them carefully away from that atmosphere of flattery and attentions which would naturally develop wrong ideas in the little ones. But still she has been careful that they are kept from seclusion, and their friends

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EVERY bicycle rider is interested in the chainless wheel, which now seems to be the bike of the future. Already many forms of the new type of wheel are exhibited. Some of them are queer-looking affairs and can never come into practical use, but tests, more or less satisfactory, have been made of four of these types, which will contest for supremacy under the trying conditions of actual use. One of these is a handsome wheel with a bevel gear, enclosed in a neat casing, and is the result of a series of experiments extending over several years. Another of them is bevel-gear, but differs in internal construction from the one just mentioned. One is a wheel with three sprockets, engaging one another in a direct line. There is a sprocket on the crank axle, similar to the ordinary sprocket, except that it is much larger and the teeth are square. The next sprocket in the line is of the same size and shape, and the third, which is on the axle of the rear wheel, is smaller. The fourth of the most promising chainless wheels also has three sprockets, but the center one is five or six times the size of the two others.

MRS. CLEVELAND.

The birth of a son again directs Public Attention to Her. The birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland again directs the public attention to the former mistress of the White House in a degree which leaves no room to doubt the place that she holds in the hearts of the American people. It may be truthfully said that no other woman in this country has ever occupied the same position at the White House and that position was created distinctly by herself. Other women have been mistresses of the White House and greatly beloved by the people for their graciousness, goodness and beauty; but none of them, not excepting even the famous Dolly Madison, can go down in history occupying the same position that must be accorded to Mrs. Cleveland.

When Mrs. Cleveland became mistress of the White House she was, comparatively speaking, an untried girl, and the duties immediately devolving upon her were of such a nature that the most skillful and highly trained woman of society might have quailed before



set to music—notably 'The Ivy Green'—and would make a pleasant feature Anecdotes of Dickens might be given by ten or a dozen members, each giving one. These might be interspersed through the program. A member with any cleverness in photography might make a series of Dickens' lantern slides from pictures in standard editions of the novelist's works, and give a magic-lantern entertainment. The death of Paul Dombey would make a pathetic reading from 'Dombey and Son.' Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks, as described in 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' could be given with some of the members grouped as characters in the famous show, and designated, as Little Nell did, with a pointer.

Woman's Truest Accomplishment. Several of the great educational institutions for girls announced this fall, for the first time in their history, classes for sewing as one of their chief attractions," writes Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The girls of the fashionable world are joining 'sewing afternoons,' as they are called. Common sense has come to the rescue in pointing out to girls that sewing is an art, and one of the finest of accomplishments. In olden times the needle was the pride of the clever maid; none was prouder than she who, with her own hands, could fashion her own dainty lingerie.

"The modern girl, in taking up her sewing, only comes back to sturdy principles. But they are sturdy principles to which she is returning, and she will find them so. It is a small thing which sometimes causes a revolution, and the needle, small as it is, by a general adoption can do much to elevate American girlhood to a pinnacle of usefulness which will win for her admiration the world over. So essentially feminine an art should never be allowed to die out, and when its possibilities, artistic and useful, are better understood by our girls, their own pride will keep it in its proper place; among woman's highest arts and truest accomplishments."

A Universal Weakness. "I never cease to lay people." "Why not?" "The laziest man on earth isn't half as lazy as I would be if I could afford it."—Chicago Record.

## DEFENSE OF THE RED-HEAD.

Artist Tells Why He Fancies That Color Above Others. We went to our favorite bench in the park, sitting so we could view the lake. I watched my artist friend who had asked me to take a quiet stroll with him. I tried to open conversation by remarking: "Come, now, let us play 'truth upon honor' for one-half hour." "Very well; what shall the topic be?" "Oh, anything from the Humphrey Bills to the question, Why has red hair always been looked upon in all ages with aversion?" "Red hair!" exclaimed he. "There's no such thing. Don't let anyone convince you that there is such a thing as real red hair. What people call red hair is a mixture of two or three shades of yellow and brown. Call it auburn or Tiltan."

I saw that my friend was getting a far-away look and would soon become reminiscent. He continued: "I never knew a red-haired girl to be stupid. She is always interesting, quick of action, quick of speech, quick to resent, quick to forgive, and above all, sympathetic. She makes many bright speeches, and sometimes with the greatest naivete. For instance, I knew a charming young lady, a golden-haired belle, who boasts a family crest over 500 years old, whose wit is equalled only by her love of fun. She is somewhat religiously inclined. To a young gentleman who earnestly entreated her to wait the startling negative: 'I'll be damned if I do.' Of course, she meant it as a statement, not as an avowal.

"Red hair brings with it great sensibility. When the owner has blue eyes and brown brows and lashes she is of a sentimental turn of mind and always musical. Brown eyes and dark lashes are noted for their beauty, and often develop great dramatic talent. Red hair always goes with strong emotions, and the red-haired girl laughs and cries at the theater, while her dark-haired sister loses half of life by being more dignified and less appreciative. Yes," sighed my friend, meditatively. "She is a lovely darling when she likes you, but sharper than a two-edged sword when she doesn't."

I looked at my artist friend in utter astonishment and wondered why my innocent remark had called for so much enthusiasm. However, I was rather pleased than otherwise, as my own hair barely escaped the suspicious color.

"I see there is no room for argument here," I ventured to remark. "Well, no," he laughingly replied, "but I'll tell you something for your own consolation. When I was abroad last year I came across a red-haired club in Vienna and to prevent fraudulent admissions every candidate was obliged to wash his hair in hot water before the committee." "Your apology is accepted," I remarked. "Oh," said my artist friend, "I am just freeing my mind."

## Oxford Bible Paper.

The paper making of Oxford Bibles is a specially important and interesting part of the work, says Chambers' Journal. At Wolvercote, a mile or two out of Oxford, the university has a large mill for the supply of its own requirements. A good deal of the paper they turn out here is made of old ships' sails, the material of which, after battling with storms in all quarters of the world, come here for the purpose of being made into paper, printed in almost every language under heaven and bound up in volumes, to be again scattered far and wide into all the uttermost ends of the earth.

These Wolvercote papers has much to do with the great reputation that Oxford has acquired in the production of Bibles and other devotional books. Twenty years ago and more the management here hit on a valuable invention in paper making and ever since their "India paper" has been the envy and puzzle of manufacturers all over the kingdom. There are said to be only three persons living who know the secret of its make, and, though the process has never been legally protected and all the world is free to imitate the extremely thin but thoroughly opaque and wonderfully strong and durable paper of the best Oxford Bibles, if they only know how, all the world his hitherto quite failed to do so.

It is thin as tissue, but perfectly opaque and so strong that a strip of it three inches wide has proved to be capable of sustaining a quarter of a hundredweight. Over 100 quarts and collations are now printed on this paper. This special advantage has very largely helped Oxford to retain the leading position which it originally gained by being nearly the first, if not quite the first, printer of books in the kingdom, and by the prestige of its name.

## About Perfumes.

The perfumes which are the most agreeable to the senses are not always the most helpful to the nerves, says the Philadelphia Times. Ambergris, for instance, is positively offensive to many, yet it is said to possess a wonderful power of clearing the brain and driving away those evil spirits known as the "blues." On the other hand, attar of roses, with the suggestion of glowing suns and gorgeous eastern colors, predisposes one to tears. A faint odor of musk acts as a tonic, while civet brings drowsiness of soul, for which the best antidote is the pungent odor of sandalwood. The fragrance of citron is as soothing to nervous people as far-off music.



No Discount on Them. She—How can I ever repay you for your kindness? He—With kisses. She—How much do you value them at? He—'I'll take them at their face value.—Up to Date.

A Long Memory. "What's the matter?" asked the peevish landlord. "The plaster's fallen off the ceiling," said the tenant's son. "Well, I hope you're satisfied. The first thing you did when you moved in was to complain that the ceilings were too low."—Washington Star.

His Plan. "Don't you run away," said the friend of the accused cashier. "Flight is confession." "Well," said the cashier, "I guess I'll make a clean breast of it by taking the train for Canada."—Puck.

Located. Mrs. Guessing—Riches have wings, they say. I wonder what the wings look like. Guessing—If you really want to know, my dear, take a look at those on your new bonnet.—Truth.

One Thing Left. Peasant wife (to country quack)—Oh, doctor, you must do something more for my husband; he is much worse. Doctor—'I'm! I have already cupped

## COMFORTING.



She—John, are you perfectly sure that this horse is not afraid of the trains? John—I should say he wasn't. On the contrary, he runs right into them.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

him and bleed him. There is nothing else I could do for him but pull one of his teeth.—Fleegende Blaetter.

Selish. "Why do you prosperous men always say that the ladder of success is made up of broken rounds?" "Well—they do it so that other fellows won't try to crawl up after them."

All Gone but Outlines. She—When a man is in love, does he ever make mental reservations in regard to his adored one? He—No; when a man is really in love he hasn't any mentality.

Squared It with a Cycle. "How's Rider getting on with that breach of promise suit?" "Compromised it." "Indeed?" "Yes; he bought her a bicycle."—Ex.

Delights of Suburban Life. "My wife made me learn Rudyard Kipling's 'Recessional' by heart." "Why?" "She said 'Lest we forget' refrain might remind me of the errands I had to go."—Cleveland Plaindealer.



Located in a Moment. Barber—Hair cut? Stranger—None. Barber—Hair singed to improve the growth? Stranger—None. Barber—Shampoo? Stranger—None, but you can wash my neck. Barber—How is business in Pittsburgh now?—St. Louis Republic.

The Sly Husband. "There goes Stubbins trying to fool the neighbors. His wife is away from home, and he wants the woman next door to tell her what a dull time he had." "What has he got in that basket?" "His dress suit."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Sufficient Reason. "The sanitary condition of this house is simply awful. Why don't you have it improved?" "We rent from a member of the board of health."

One in the Family. "And now, children, what is a centurion? Well, Willie?" "Pense, ma'am, my brother is one." "Your brother is one?" "Yes, ma'am; he made a century last Saturday."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

An Infallible Sign. Tom—Mason must be desperately in love with Miss Wilson. Jack—Why do you think so? Tom—I overheard him telling her his troubles.

An Illustration. Teacher—What is meant by "sensisteny"? Pupil—That would be if a person was to ride one make of wheel the year and a different make next year. A Substitute. Book Worm—Have you a copy of "Fifteen Decisive Battles"? Saleslady—No, but I've got "Recollections of a Married Man." No Wonder. "Our janitor was sick all summer." "What was the matter?" "It protruded him to see us getting all the hot air we wanted without paying to him."—Chattanooga News. Snubbed in Bikedom. "What a beautiful woman that Mrs. Duckington is. She seems to be highly cultured, too, and yet I have noticed