

Eugene City Guard.

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EUGENE CITY OREGON.

In its effect on courtship, the bicycle, and especially the tandem, can turn any road into a trifid path.

A general desire to raise the wind is due to the fact that most people in this respect are in the same boat.

Politics may make strange bedfellows, but that doesn't preclude the chance of having a wet blanket thrown on them.

There are no statistics available to prove whether a man feels cheaper when he gives himself away than when he is sold.

A Baltimore man refused to marry because his girl's "feet were too flat." He seems to have come out rather flat-footed himself.

If fish have a language, as a well-known scientist asserts, it must be fun when lying at the bottom of the sea to hear them tell fish stories.

Some aphorisms won't stand analysis. A current remark says the world saves most of its respect for the hardest kickers. And yet, there's the mule.

A Missouri boy put a stick of dynamite in his pocket and tumbled down a flight of stairs. His funeral was more largely attended by other people than by himself.

Members of his congregation drew pistols on a Kentucky preacher who said there was no devil. Being in that convivial State, the querist's pertinence, Were they loaded?

A Chicago elevator man had to break the elevator cable to make a young lady passenger fall in love with him. The fall is said to be certain, but the method is not recommended except in extreme cases.

A New Haven clergyman is so dead in earnest against church fairs that he has returned \$200 of his salary, it being that portion of it that he assumed was contributed by a church fair and society, anyway.

Some of the remedies sold as a preventive of intoxication are said to contain cabbage seed. Cabbage itself is an old cure for intoxication. The Egyptians ate it boiled before their other food if they intended to drink wine after dinner.

All the Klondike stories that have ever been told are at a discount in the presence of the whaler who reports that the anchor of his ship became gold-plated while it rested in the mud of the Arctic coast. The north pole may be worth all that it is costing after all.

It is announced that the special United States Commissioner to the Paris exhibition of 1900 has secured one-quarter more space than was originally allotted to this republic. It is now in order for the United States to see that the country is not represented there by space only.

The telegraph brings the interesting information that "twenty-eight Omaha girls have banded together to suppress the tobacco business." If they hope to wipe out the entire tobacco business of the country before spring they ought to add at least two more members to their organization.

Even an Amer can be amusing. The Amer of Afghanistan compares himself to a swan on a narrow lake, with a pack of wolves (meaning Russia) on one bank, and a Bengal tiger (England) on the other bank. The gobbling-up process, whether by wolves or by tiger, seems to him imminent and unavailing.

The confirmed money miser may be the most despicable of stingy men. But the man who hoards his knowledge, his skill, his experience or the potency of his social and mercantile influence, and is stingy with it when it might be immeasurably helpful to others, is a miser of hardly less contemptible proportions.

The telegraph tells of a mother who, to amuse her babe, pointed a pistol at the child's head, playfully snapping the trigger, and of course blowing the head off the infant, "innocently," as the dispatch naively adds, "taking its life." The habit of amusing a babe by killing it may be the climax of all that is innocent, and yet it would probably not strike the average observer this way.

Ex-President Cleveland's definition of a self-made man differs from the ordinary acceptance of that term, but it is one that will stand the test of intelligent scrutiny. The self-made man, as defined by the ex-President, is he who has made the most of himself, not necessarily by his own unaided efforts, but with whatever assistance he could secure. Whether this definition is strictly correct or not, it is an interesting one, and it rather adds to than detracts from the merit that attaches to self-help.

The Kentucky Bankers' Association, recently in session in Frankfort, voted that at its future banquets ladies should sit at the tables, and no wine should be served. One of the relics of semi-barbarism is the prevalent custom of admitting ladies to banquets in time to hear after-dinner speeches while inspecting the remnants of the feast and inhaling the cigar smoke of the well-fed men. Ladies cannot attend public dinners where wines, liquors and cigars are served, and the Kentucky bankers have made wine and mainly chose in voting that they will henceforth have the ladies "as the only stimulant."

Are we not entirely too last? Is speed to be the end of our efforts, or only a means to something vastly better? It is well to do work quickly. But is it so if we are only to keep on working? We should say not. It is not through booms and deals and record breaking alone that the kingdom

of heaven is to come to man. If increase of speed enables us to achieve more in a given space of time it should also enable us to have more leisure for the enjoyment of that which we have achieved. If it means more wealth it should mean more righteous use of wealth. If it means more work it should also mean more pay.

The pulpit of a little Eastern church has long stood just enough to one side of the platform to disturb the congregation's sense of proportion; but any protest met with a quick rejoinder from the aged minister. The wife of the sexton, taking matters into her own hands, says the Church Economist moved the pulpit toward the center an inch a week, and gained her point, though it took time for the old doctor never noticed the difference. Some citadels must needs be stormed from the front, but more victories are won and more reforms inaugurated by methods which do not antagonize, and in which tact is joined to persevering moderation.

When a millionaire dies in these latter days people who hear what the amount of his fortune is are apt to say that conditions are changing and that such things will not be possible fifty years from now. And yet it is safe to say that in spite of changed conditions and new methods in business and industry, there will always be men bold, self-reliant and aggressive, willing to take and give blows, who, when they die, will rank as millionaires, just as did the men who began their life career a generation ago. The estate of the late George M. Pullman is estimated at \$25,000,000 and it is not so long, as we measure time nowadays, since he first began to accumulate that wealth. The methods by which some of it was gained may be criticized, and yet they were the methods that almost every man in whom there dwells a spirit of restless activity would adopt.

The spirit of money-getting is not confined to the business man, and although moralists may declaim against it from an abstract standpoint, it has developed enterprise and stimulated industry, and welded the great body of the people closer together in the bonds of common interests.

Other fortunes have been left by men in this country at the magnitude of which the world has wondered. They have been the slow accretions of generations. The founder of the family made a lucky investment, just as men do today, and bought land with the proceeds, and as a city was built up and its commerce began to grow, that real estate grew with it, and no burden was attached to its care, and after a time it represented millions, and the heirs drew a princely income without having lifted a hand in toil and without ever having set their nerves stirring in the fierce battle which so many men have to fight. This class of fortunes may not be heard of much in the future, but the fortune that is made by hard and unremitting work, by keen judgment and y the ability to take advantage of existing conditions is still a possibility. And, after all, one cannot help admiring the man who takes ventures and risks, and whom failure cannot daunt; rather than the man who has simply inherited the wealth with which he dazzles the world.

BOY'S INGENIOUS WHEEL

Lad of Fourteen Years Constructs a "Chainless" Bicycle

"A curious bicycle, en route from Hamilton to Warrnambool, was inspected by a number of interested persons at the train last night," says the correspondent of a Victoria (Australia) paper. "It is of the old style, the front wheel about three feet eight inches high, being made solid from boards of an old washing machine, and the hind wheel is from a small wheelbarrow. Both wheels are most ingeniously tired with bark, with a strip of linoleum over all. The backbone and hind fork is a

DRIVING THE CATTLE HOME.

gum bough in its natural state, bent with great accuracy to the requisite position. The front fork is another gum bough in its natural state, except that the parts forming the fork are bent together, so as to be parallel. This works through the top serves as handles, and the pedals are ingenious adaptations of some old iron utensils. The maker is a lad of 14."

A Load of Ants.

When a vessel recently arrived in Liverpool with a cargo of logwood, everybody on board, from captain down to cook, rushed frantically ashore, as though pursued by some unseen enemy. As a matter of fact, the vessel was literally swarming with hordes of hungry Jamaica ants.

The little pests had invaded the lockers and dived headlong into the sugar barrels. After anishing the contents of these, they proceeded to bore holes through the supply of hard tack, and ate everything before them, until it was feared that the stock of provisions on board would run short. There was a cessation from their attacks when the vessel was caught in a West India hurricane, which flooded the cabin and drenched everything below. It was supposed that the intruders had all been drowned, but after the storm had passed away they began again with renewed energy.

The captain who commands the ves-

sel stated that there are millions of

insects still on board, and he thought

that the cargo must have come from

the vicinity of ant hills for which

Jamaica is noted. He stated that the

ants were in all parts of the vessel,

and that in all his experience at sea he had

never before met with an attack like

the newcomers waged against him.

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SEALED ORDERS.

In the tender light of each new day's dawning
A white-robed angel the order brings,
And thou, O soul, in the silence awaking
Hearest the rush of the plumed wings.

Sealed with the seal of the Christ are the orders:

No eyes save thine may the message read,

That places thee where, in thy Captain's judgment,

Of faithful service He hath most need.

Oft times thou readest the one word "Onward!"

Though steep be the path and held by the,

Though hope and courage alike have failed thee

And darker and blacker the heavens grow.

Oft times when the hot blood, leaping, surging,

Urges thee on with relentless hand, while others are storming the enemy's fortress,

There cometh to thee the order, "Stand!"

Stand and wait in the place appointed.

Though other troopers go galloping past;

Patiently wait, for thy Captain knoweth that waiting shall win the day at last.

Oft there are marches long and weary.

When the sun beats down with pitiless heat,

And solemn vigils when through the darkness,

Thou treadest the sentry's lonely beat,

But always and ever each soldier knoweth

eth The Captain Himself hath served in the ranks—

Hath borne the burden on weary marches—

Hath watched alone by the river banks.

Knoweth that inch by inch He conquered,

Learing His army's laziest needs,

While marching across the enemy's country

Where now His forces He safely leads.

Sealed with the seal of the Christ are the orders:

The angel brings at the dawn of day;

Take them, O soul, without doubt or question,

Fearlessly tread the appointed way;

For nearer and nearer, the jeweled basons

Of heaven gleam brightly through the mists of space,

And His "Well-done" shall be thy guerdon

When thou meetest thy Captain face to face.

BY TELEPHONE.

T was a very warm day near the close of August, and Virginia Allen stepped into a corner drug store to refresh herself with a soda.

A woman is never too warm or too fatigued to notice another woman's gown, and as Virginia waited at the soda counter her observant eyes took in every detail of the charming summer costume worn by a young woman who was standing at the telephone.

She was a very pretty woman and her dainty gown of linen, with its touch of green ribbon here and there, became her exceedingly, as did her hat, a mass of sweet peas and green gauze, set well forward on her blonde head.

Just now she was a bit out of temper.

"Express 2804," she called impatiently.

And as she waited for the desired number she turned and looked at Virginia, who, quite overcome by the heat—or was it for some other reason—had seated herself at no great distance off and was welding a palm leaf fan energetically.

The pretty woman turned abruptly to the phone in response to a call. "Is this Express 2804?" she said.

"It is Byron's number," Virginia muttered to herself. "I thought so."

The woman at the phone spoke again: "This is Mr. Curtis, is it not?" Virginia ceased fanning and scarcely disguised the fact that the conversation interested her.

"Yes, I am Miss Cleavabrook," continued the woman in the linen gown. Then, "Yes, please."

A short pause ensued. The drug store cuckoo clock struck 2. Virginia excitedly imagined what Byron Curtis would say at the other end of the phone in his office, high up in one of the down-town buildings.

Miss Cleavabrook interrupted her thoughts. "Yes," she said, and Virginia fancied perhaps that her voice took on a more tender tone. "Same place," she continued, with a little laugh. "Did you? I'm so glad. Thanks so much for the flowers. You really mustn't send them so often. It's too extravagant of you."

The fair questioner seemed but little pleased at the answer she received. She tapped her foot impatiently, and it was a full minute before she spoke.

"No, it wasn't that. I want very much to see that book of 'After Dinner Speeches' you spoke of. Can't you bring it to me this evening? No? Well, to-morrow then. What are you going to do to-night?"

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