Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY.....OREGON.

Well, anyway, how can a dry-dock leak?

They had 920 duels in Italy last year and only one fatality, which, on the whole, seems a pity.

"The dogs of war" are still included in the list of our dumb animals. It is well. Their bite is worse than their bark.

A desire for success is natural. Even the hunter who was chased to camp from the woods was glad he came out a little ahead.

They've begun hanging criminals offhand at Klondike. It may not be exactly civilization, but it shows elevating influences are at work.

"Follow your bent," says President Andrews, in a magazine article. But some men are so badly bent that constables have to do the following.

The sauce cook in the Waldorf-Astoria kitchen draws a salary of $300 a month. In this case it pays better to cook the sauce than to sauce the cook.

One of the pressing needs of the times is a currency reform which will be effectual in restraining bank cashiers from getting away with the bank's currency.

When it gets so cold right in the heart of New England, where they are in a measure acclimated to the Boston girl, that business is universally suspended, then it is cold.

A pen carrying a small electric lamp to prevent shadows when writing has been patented in Germany. Editors ought to be able to throw a good deal of light on the subject by using that pen.

Children in public schools have not really so much more to learn than formerly, but they have much more to study. They can learn only about so much, anyway, no matter how much they study.

It is said that a pastor in Alabama recently startled his congregation by the following announcement: "Remember our quarterly meeting next Sunday. The Lord will be with us during the morning service, and the presiding elder in the evening."

It ought to be understood that there is no substitute for the enforcement of the law against murder. As long as the murderous spirit exists and is not adequately restrained weapons will be found with which to commit a crime. Legislation against concealed weapons may or may not be useful, but it is entirely inadequate. We must punish the men who use weapons, of whatever kind, unlawfully.

Since the accession of the present German emperor, in 1889, the number of lese majeste sentences passed has reached nearly 5,000. The length to which the Government has gone in the suppression of free speech in the empire is shown by the extraordinary statement that in the five years from 1890 to 1895 seven persons under 15 years of age, forty-eight between 15 and 18 and 183 between 18 and 21 have been imprisoned under lese majeste charges.

The entire history of Russia seems to favor the supposition that she at some future time has a destiny to fulfill. From a small beginning she has risen to an unparalleled power. What at first was only the consolidation of some insignificant barbarous hordes has become an empire of gigantic dimensions. Almost every year adds new strength to her powerful arm, new wealth to her vast resources. Other nations have grown to maturity, decayed and passed away within the period of her history, but Russia remains, still growing.

Many young persons are apt to regard clergymen as a serious and solemn class, and to infer therefrom that religion must be a gloomy matter. Thousands of young readers of "Alice in Wonderland" never suspected that "Lewis Carroll," the writer of that book of wholesome fun, was the Rev. Charles L. Dodgson, a clergyman of the Church of England, whose death was recently announced. Is it not true that, to the fun afforded by his inimitable works, there would have been added a lesson in the cheerfulness of religion, if they had gone out under his own name as the recreation of a cheerful-minded "preacher?"

Men who have had the widest experience in war are those who utter the strongest peace sentiments. Lieut. Gen. Schofield, in his "Forty-Six Years in the Army," dissents from the opinion "that occasional wars are necessary to keep up the fires of patriotism." True patriotism is like a fire on the family hearth, giving light and warmth to the domestic circle. Spurious patriotism blazes up like a bonfire, a center of temporary excitement, but it soon dies out. The steady flame of real devotion to country burns in peace no less than in war. Were there to be no more sound of battle, or sight of garments rolled in blood, disinterested and enduring affection for the land of one's birth or adoption would do its perfect work.

"The gentle art" of thieving from the Government attracted some eminent practitioners, thirty-five years ago, but their performances with shoddy and tainted meats hardly compare with the achievement of one of the contractors who built the dry dock at the Brooklyn navy yard. It was required that the piling which backed the concrete walls should be sunk to the depth of thirty feet. As a matter of fact the ingenious "scamper" drove the piles three feet or less, so that now, after almost a million dollars have been expended on the dock, it is falling apart. The contractor probably relied on the maxim that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business;" apparently the supervising engineer indorsed this view; but it is to be hoped that some way may be found to persuade both gentlemen that Uncle Sam has friends who will not unprotestingly see him robbed.

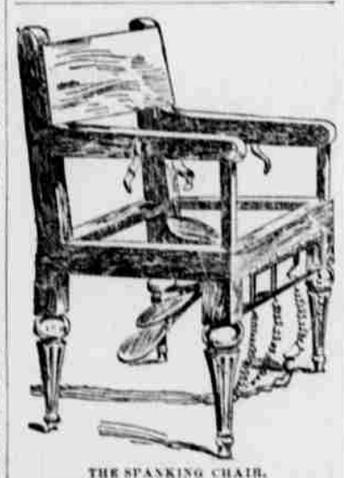
So many brewers have been elevated to the English House of Lords recently that that body has obtained the name of "the Beerage." One of the first things done by these hereditary legislators when their blushing honors are thick upon them is to construct a pedigree for the official books. Unfortunately there is an individual in London who, under the name of X, has been pricking the bubbles of some of these pretensions to long descent. Two beer lords, Ardilaun and Iveagh, who happen to be brothers, have been claiming descent from the old house of Magennis, simply on the ground that their family name is Guinness. X makes the following interesting statement: "Here is the real origin of Lords Ardilaun and Iveagh. In the year 1750 the Most Rev. Arthur Price, archbishop of Cashel, made his will. This after his decease was proved on Aug. 3, 1752. After mentioning several other items the will proceeds: 'I give my servant, Richard Guinness £100; to my servant Arthur Guinness, his son, £100 (then follows a list of other servants), but this is to be understood of such of my above servants as shall be in my service at the time of my decease.' The above-mentioned Richard and Arthur Guinness were the great-great-grandfather and the great-grandfather respectively, of Lords Ardilaun and Iveagh. When or where Richard Guinness was born, and who and what his father was, is utterly unknown." Of course there is nothing disgraceful in the fact that a butler was great-grandfather to two lords. The snobbery lies in trying to ignore that fact.

The amendment to the Constitution proposed by Senator Hoar changing the date for the commencement of the Presidential and Senatorial terms from March 4 to April 30 has been the subject of discussion for years. If the amendment should be adopted it would extend the term of President McKinley to April 30, 1901, and also the terms of the Senators and Representatives to the same date. There is no doubt that the change ought to be universally favored. The particular reason, of course, for advocating the change is the inclemency of the early March weather in Washington, which has spoiled so many inauguration ceremonies. In the latitude of Washington it is a very rare thing to have weather that is favorable for outdoor festivities on March 4. To the younger generation, which do not take the trouble to look into history, the selection of a blustering day in March instead of a balmy day in May or June for inauguration has always been a subject of wonder. It came about in this way. After the present constitution was adopted the old congress fixed the first Wednesday in January as the day for the States to elect Presidential electors, the first Wednesday in February as the day for the meeting of the electors to elect the President and Vice President, and the first Wednesday in March for the inauguration of the new government. It happened that the first Wednesday in March fell on the 4th, and hence this order, not the constitution, has fixed the 4th of March as the commencement of the Presidential term. The constitution is silent as to the date of inauguration. It merely declares that a President shall be elected every four years. It happened, however, on account of the poor facilities for travel in those days, that the Senators and Representatives were not able to organize Congress promptly on the date fixed by the old congress, and General Washington was not inaugurated until April 30, 1789. There are those who believe that General Washington could have served four years from the date of his inauguration, thus bringing all subsequent inaugurations upon a more propitious day. It is the date of Washington's inauguration that has suggested the change embodied in Senator Hoar's resolution, and its adoption would tend to recall every four years the interesting historical associations surrounding the inauguration of our first President.

A SPANKING MACHINE.

Kansas Industrial School Administers Punishment in a Novel Way.

At the Girls' Industrial School of Kansas, situated at Beloit, they have what is called a spanking chair. Bad



THE SPANKING CHAIR.

girls are strapped in the chair. An attendant presses a button and the chair does the rest.

Atlantic Cable Relics.

In the valuable collection recently presented by Mrs. Isabella Field Judson to the national museum in Washington is the globe upon which her father, Cyrus W. Field, traced the course for the cable between Newfoundland and Ireland. In addition to this the collection comprises Mr. Field's private papers relative to the laying of the cable, the first cablegram sent, and other interesting papers touching upon the great work of his life.

Woman's University.

The emperor and empress of Japan and their officials and nobles are greatly interested in and have subscribed liberally toward the Women's university at Tokio, which is to cost $175,000.

Spring bicycle frames are being made with telescopic tubes inclosing air cushions which receive the force of the jar from rough roads, the cushions being inflated the same as pneumatic tires.

KILLING PRESIDENTS.

Unhappy Must Be the Rulers of the Latin America

For the last year Latin America, always turbulent, has been the scene of a reign of terror compared with which European uprisings are nowhere. Three rulers have been assassinated, attempts have been made on the lives of two others and plots and conspiracies against still half a dozen others have been nipped in the bud. The assassination of the President of Guatemala, Barrios, ends the career of a man whose position was founded on the murder of his opponents. Central and South America have been noted for years for the rapidity of their revolutions in governments. This everyone knows, but the methods of the assassins of presidents have obtained but little attention.

In only one instance out of a dozen has there been a spasmodic attempt at the murder of a ruler. When the two martyr Presidents of the United States fell there was no sympathy anywhere with the assassins. Booth thought he was doing the South a service, but the South repudiated him then and ever since. Guiteau's act was that of a crazed partisan. But when a president of a republic in Central or South America falls under the knife or the bullet of the murderer the whole country, except the immediate followers of the victim, exclaims: "It is well. Now we shall have peace!"

A year ago the President of Uruguay was Don Iriarte Borda, the son of a Frenchman, and who by surviving half a dozen revolutions had reached the highest position in the republic. Last year he was accused of fomenting an overturn of the government. In April a man fired a revolver at him at short range, but missed him. The next month another man tried unsuccessfully to kill him with dynamite.

In August, however, his hour came. As he was leaving the cathedral at Montevideo, after a Te Deum in connection with the celebration of the 72d anniversary of the establishment of the republic, a youth named Arredondo fired two shots at the president, who died almost at once. The people of Montevideo did not allow gayety to give way to grief.

Senor Jose Cuestas, President of the Senate, succeeded to the presidency of the republic until the election in the following March. In December an ex-policeman tried to kill him, but the bystanders warded him off.

The next ruler marked for death by the assassin was President Diaz of Mexico. Again a national holiday was selected for the commission of the crime, Sept. 16 being the Independence Day of Mexico. The President had just left the line of the military parade with his Secretary of War, when a Mexican named Arroyo struck the President on the back of the head with his fist. Not one of the Presidents of the republic to the south of us is beloved of his people as Diaz. The assailant was seized

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF BRAZIL'S PRESIDENT.

by the police and soldiers and nearly clubbed to death. The people would have killed him at once if they had not been restrained by the gendarmerie. Arroyo was taken to the police station and was afterward stabbed to death.

The next work of the assassin was down in Brazil. The President of this republic was Dom Prudente de Moraes Barrios. Commonly, however, he dropped the Barrios from his name. After Floriano Peixoto, the first President, had put down the rebellion of 1893-94, Moraes succeeded him in the high office. Early last year Moraes had a little rebellion on his own hands, a revolt led by a fanatic in one of the provinces. Brazil became prosperous under the new President, who was mild in temperament, though exhibiting great determination.

Early last November a soldier of Brazil, Mello by name, tried to shoot the President. Men nearby protected Moraes, but his nephew was wounded. Gen. Betancourt, minister of war, drew close to the soldier and attempted to secure him. In reward he was stabbed so severely that he died in a few minutes. This was not the act of a solitary crank, but the result of an organized attempt to get rid of a president who had shown vigor in suppressing the fanatics' rebellion. Soon after the police began to investigate, and their report indicted the Vice-President of Brazil and a long list of distinguished public men.

THE OLD M'KINLEY HOME.

Birthplace of James McKinley, the Pioneer of the Family in America.

Standing in the county of Antrim—Ireland's northernmost district—is a comfortable old farm house, which until recently attracted little notice, but which has now become a place of more than local fame. Parish oracles point out the homestead of Dervock with unction, and errant Americans drift thither from Lorne, Belfast and even distant Dublin. For this square-built stone farm house was the nursing home of the house of McKinley, and under this venerable roof was born James McKinley, pioneer of the family in America, and ancestor of the President of these United States.

Two stories high, with narrow, small-paned windows, and a sort of lean-to addition—such is the outward aspect of the McKinley cottage. Up to a decade since the roof was picturesquely thatched; but the present tenant tore away the straw and covered the house with more useful, but certainly less attractive slates. In the low doorway stands a "half door," that hospitable Celtic

THE OLD M'KINLEY HOME.

tribe or branch family of the great house of O'Neill. However this may be, it is fairly certain that during the reign of Charles II. James McKinley, son of another James McKinley, and called "Shamus Oge," or "James the younger," settled upon the lands of Dervock. The name "Shamus Oge" may be found among the list of those to whom a contract for the making of a road along the shores of Lough Neagh was issued in the year 1688. In 1709 David McKinley of Dervock was a collector of the "hearth tax" in Antrim. Doubtless these ancestors of President McKinley had a dwelling on their farm, but no vestiges thereof remain.

When a man gets his hair cut his wife loses her strongest hold on him.

MISS FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD.

THE death of Miss Frances E. Willard brought sorrow to many hearts. For many years she has been identified with a reform that was far-reaching and important, and her activity was such that, by the very modesty of her work and the sincerity of her purpose, she was carried to, rather than sought, a prominence that was so pronounced that one of the magazines not long since referred to her as the "uncrowned queen of America." Early identified with the Woman's Christian Temperance movement, she was always its most trusted leader. In her gentle personality were the elements of true generalship that enabled her to marshal the forces of temperance into a mighty host. Without fanaticism or bigotry she brought to the organization of which she was the head the intrepid courage of a dauntless leader, the ripe attainments of a liberal scholarship and the loving kindness of a nature that never lost the softer attributes of refined womanhood. Surveying the beauty of her life, its plentitude of noble achievement and its bountiful sacrifice, her keenest critics, who sometimes assailed the methods of the organization which she founded, must join in the acknowledgement that she was a great moral force and that her services to mankind were inestimable.

idea, which keeps undesirable strangers out, while bidding a hearty welcome to the desirable. Besides this door, through which one gets a view of the neatly kept interior, stands an ancient granite stone, now used as a seat, but which once occupied a more important position. The two chimneys of the cottage are very old, but so strongly and serviceably did the McKinleys of former days build them that subsequent dwellers found in them nothing to alter. The same, indeed, may be said of Dervock as a whole—it was built throughout solidly and well.

From many residents of the parish were gathered scraps of Dervock history, until it was easy to trace the modest story of the old house. Some said that the McKinleys were of a Scottish race that settled in Antrim during James I's plantation of Ulster; others stoutly maintained that they were of pure Irish stock, and merely a sub-

GREATNESS OF THE HEN.

Earnings of Poultry Exceed in Value the Output of Gold and Silver.

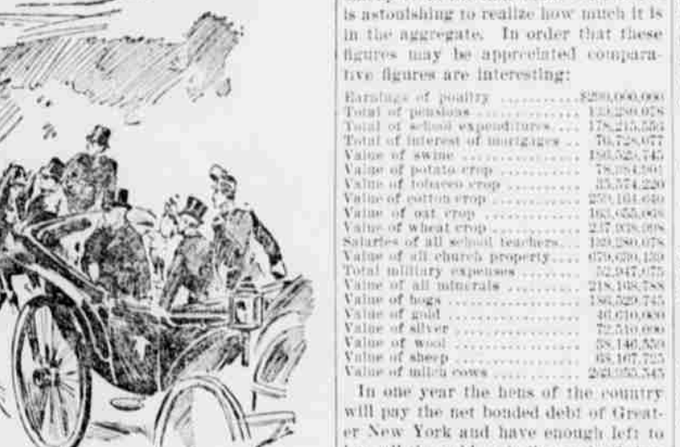
Herbert W. Collingwood, editor of the Rural New-Yorker, says: There are in this country to-day, in round numbers, 375,000,000 chickens and 40,000,000 other fowls, such as ducks, geese, and turkeys. During 1897 the hens laid 14,400,000,000 eggs. The export price at New York City averaged 15 cents a dozen, which makes the value of the egg crop $165,000,000. Poultry sold as meat—as broilers, boilers, and bakers—brought $125,000,000 more, making the total hen crop at a conservative rate $290,000,000.

This great value of the hen crop is scattered broadcast. We deal with it chiefly from the individual side, and it is astonishing to realize how much it is in the aggregate. In order that these figures may be appreciated comparative figures are interesting:

Earnings of poultry	$290,000,000
Total of pensions	139,250,078
Total of school expenditures	178,215,556
Total of interest of mortgages	70,728,077
Value of swine	196,526,745
Value of potato crop	78,284,500
Value of tobacco crop	35,574,220
Value of cotton crop	259,101,620
Value of oat crop	161,653,000
Value of wheat crop	217,038,000
Salaries of all school teachers	139,280,078
Value of all church property	670,620,120
Total military expenses	52,947,075
Value of all minerals	218,168,788
Value of hogs	196,526,745
Value of gold	46,610,000
Value of silver	72,510,000
Value of wool	38,146,520
Value of sheep	68,107,725
Value of milch cows	249,095,545

In one year the hens of the country will pay the net bonded debt of Greater New York and have enough left to buy all the gold and silver mined during the year—that is, if they could borrow $10,000,000 from the ducks and geese. One year's earnings will buy all the minerals produced in a single year, and will pay, in addition, every cent of the interest on farm mortgages. The American hired man, taken as an individual, is a person of small consequence. He is usually neither dignified or desirable; yet the 3,454,675 farm laborers in the country earned last year in cash, board not included, $362,740,665. The fact is that the hens and the hired man taken together, in two years' earnings, would buy all the church property and have enough left to pay all pensions and all our public school teachers. The same sum would pay operating expenses for all American railroads for one year, and also pay the wages of all the clothing makers, all the iron workers, all the cotton mill hands, and all the carpenters in the land. One bushel of wheat, costing 90 cents, will feed a hen for 300 days. If she lays 100 eggs, worth two cents each, she will increase the value of the wheat to $2, which is enough to haul one ton of freight 250 miles or to haul one passenger fifty miles. After she has done all this she will return 25 cents' worth of the fertilizing value of the wheat to the soil for another crop.

Mrs. American Hen is, after all, no unimportant personage. Our standard for the measurement of power is the work of the horse. That is wrong. Hen power is the true standard. Compare the work of production done by



COMPARATIVE GREATNESS OF THE AMERICAN HEN.

1,000 pounds of horse, 1,000 pounds of cow, 1,000 pounds of average man, and 1,000 pounds of hen and you will be astonished to see what a loafer the horse is by comparison.

A tramp has one advantage over the bicycle; his tire never punctures.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

The Polar Resident's Advantage.

"I wish I was at the north pole," said the gentleman who had just received a six months' sentence.

"What fur?" asked the guard.

"Then I could make a night of it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Rotary Explanation.

First loafer (inspecting a billboard, to second ditto)—I say, Bill, wot's a cycle of song?

Second ditto—Don't yer know? Why, it's one of them new-fangled bikes, wot play a toon as yer roll along, jest like a barrel-horgan.—Punch.

Responsibility.

Lawyer—You're not responsible for the conduct of anybody besides yourself, are you?

Baton—I think I am.

Lawyer—Tell us how.

Baton—I'm the leader of an orchestra.—Boston Courier.

The Revised Version.

"Are you giving me straight goods?" asked the young New-Yorker.

"The fabric is truly unbiased," replied the Boston maid.

Too Much Realism.

Manager—What excuse have you for drawing the play out into seven acts?

Author—Well, you see the hero gets into lawsuit in the first act.

Not Pleasant.

Hostess—I'm afraid we are going to be a very small party to-night. The fog seems to have kept away all our best people.—London Punch.

Easily Explained.

"Why is it?" asked the inquisitive man, "that coroners do not hold an inquest over the body of every person who dies?"

"It is only necessary," replied his observant friend, "when a person is accidentally killed, or dies suddenly without medical advice. When a person dies after being attended by a physician, then everybody knows why he died, and there is no need of an inquest."

The Voice on the Cylinder.

Diggs—The phonograph must be an ancient invention.

Biggs—It's considered quite modern. Why do you think it ancient?

Diggs—Why, the Bible speaks of men lifting up their voices, and I naturally supposed they were on a phonograph cylinder.

A Slight Diff rence.

Diggs—I just finished reading an account of how they burned heretics at the stake in ancient times. Such barbarism would not be tolerated in this enlightened age.

Biggs—No, indeed! The modern heretic is let off with a roast in the religious journals.

A Precocious Infant.

First reporter—Senator Bullyan must have been a precocious baby.

Second reporter—Why so?

First reporter—He told me during an interview that he began life as a school teacher.

Reason Enough.

"What made you quit the club, Billy?"

"Reason enough. I can tell you. I worked five years to be elected treasurer, and then they insisted on putting in a cash register."—Boston Traveler.

Running No Risks.

Brown (who has been dining at the club with Jones)—Just come in a minute, old fellow, and have a night-cap.

Jones—I'm afraid it's getting a little late. Let's see how's the enemy.

Brown—Oh, that's all right. She's in bed.—Punch.

Not One of Cupid's Victims.

He was only a tramp and his complexion was somewhat the worse for years of close communion with barrel-house whisky, but he had not studied human nature in vain.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, as he lifted his ragged cap to the young lady, "but you see before you a victim of the tender passion—one who has loved and lost; would you earn the lasting gratitude of a fellow-creature by the bestowal of a dime?"

"Ah, yes!" sighed the sentimental girl, as she handed him the coin. "Love is truly a wonderful thing. Tell me of your love; did she wed another?"

"Oh, no," answered the tramp, as he carefully hid the piece of silver; "there wasn't any woman in the case. It was my love for liquor that made me what I am."

Obviously.

"It was Shakspeare, I believe, who said there was nothing in a name."

"Yes."

"Then there couldn't have been any magazine editors in Shakspeare's time."

Ready to Negotiate.

She—Ah, Count, you don't know how my love for you distresses my parents. I heard my father say this morning that he would give $50,000 if I could never see you again.

The Count—Ees your fazaire is beeg offees now, you sink?

An Eye to Business.

"Yes, sir. Yer right; there ain't no money in farmin' now days, en th' only thing fer you en me to do, is to go to New York en marry one of them there rich heiresses."—Detroit Free Press.

The Chances Were Good.

"Doctor," said the sick man's wife, "do you think there is any hope for him?"

"Well," replied the disgusted physician, as he put on his gloves, "I heard him tell the nurse that he'd be dashed if he would take any more medicine."—Cleveland Leader.

I've Wanted an Argument.

"That man Guzzler is the biggest fool I ever saw."

"What has brought you to such a conclusion?"

"I talked to him for an hour and a half this morning, and the only thing he had to say in answer to my statements was, 'Yes, that's so.'"

A Long Time Between Drinks.

Clergyman—My poor man, I judge from your look that you are in need of spiritual consolation.

The tramp—Dat's wot I am, pardner. How far is it across dis blame prohibition county, anyhow?

A Sure Cure.

"What's the matter with Gullington, anyway?"

"He has insomnia."

"That's too bad. Why doesn't he try getting on the police force?"

No Improvement.

Humorist—It is impossible for me to think and operate the typewriter at the same time.

Editor—Then you are no better off than when you used a pen.

At the Animal Fair.

"No, I must go no further as I hear some parties from the city are operating a skin game down this way."—St. Louis Republic.

An Advanced Stage.

Smith—A physician told me that salt water is a cure for lunacy.

Jones—Well, I know it is a cure for freshness, and that is usually the first stage of lunacy."

As He Found It.

Grimpus—I asked a scissors sharpener the other day what he thought of life.

Crimpus—What did he say?

Grimpus—That it was one continual grind.—Up-to-Date.

Reasonable Dates.

Customer—Got any fresh dates?

Grocer—No; gave away the last calendar I had this morning.

A Mean Retort.

Quills—I've a great mind to write a book.

Mills—I doubt it.

Quills—Doubt what? That I can write a book?

Mills—No; that you have a great mind.

The Proper Thing.

Uncle—Tommy, don't you know better than to eat those green apples?

Tommy—Oh, that's all right. I'm training.

Uncle—Training for what?

Tommy—Our amateur circus. I'm to be the contortionist, see?

"St. Fiacre."

There are probably few travelers in France who, when riding in the French equivalent of our cab, know what was the origin of the name "fiacre," which is given to this conveyance. The name of "fiacre" was first given to hackney carriages in France in 1562, because these vehicles were greatly used by sick and infirm pilgrims who visited the shrine of the Scottish saint, St. Fiacre, son of Eoch IV., King of Scotland. He lived in a cell in a deep forest at Brieul, in Brie, where a place had been assigned to him by the Bishop of Meaux. He died in 670, and was buried there, and for ages his shrine was visited by crowds of pilgrims from all parts of France till eight centuries afterward, when a spring of pure water suddenly burst up from the chapel floor, and the monks of Meaux, recalling the legend of the spirit of the fountain, translated his relics to their cathedral.

A Cork Rope.

A cork rope is the latest invention. It is made of small corks placed end to end, and the whole covered with a braiding of cotton twine; over this is a coarser braiding in heavy strands. The rope will stand a strain of six thousand pounds.