

# Eugene City Guard.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON

Ever since Nellie Ely was made a colonel the Tennessee militia has been ready to spring to arms at a moment's notice.

Zola goes to prison! Well, he can at least emulate John Bunyan. History, at all events, will give the novelist a fairer trial.

Slang is quite ancient, but it's still to be proved that when the wooden steed was dragged into old Troy, the Trojans said: "This is a horse on us."

Philadelphia has developed a beggar who goes about soliciting alms on a bicycle. Perhaps he wants to raise enough money to buy a '08 wheel.

Thieves are said to be almost unknown in Finland. Curiously enough, there are many thieves in this country who contrive to remain entirely unknown.

A desperado arrested in Boston had a copy of Browning in his pocket. Of course his lawyer will plead a certain intellectual disturbance, due to a prolonged struggle with obscurity.

An exchange says: "The hair on the head of most of the hundreds of thousands of dolls exhibited in shop windows is made from the hair of the Angora goat." That's probably why the kids all like dolls.

A gun tested near Washington recently threw a shell over ten miles, which means that a hostile ship would be under fire for twenty miles in passing a battery. Such target practice will make it interesting for the ship.

Mrs. Wu, wife of the Chinese minister at Washington, has the laugh on American women. Whenever anybody says anything to her about Chinese girls binding their feet, she retorts that no Chinese woman is barbarous enough to wear corsets.

Susan B. Anthony says that "the grievances women have against the common enemy—man—to-day are as many as the colonists had against King George." Then why not follow the example of the colonists—fight for independence first and for the union afterward.

The Pall Mall Gazette seeks to agitate us by disclosing the fact that a genuine prince is a waiter in a New York hotel. It would really agitate New York to learn that any of our "palace hotel" waiters is less than a prince, for that is what his manners have impressed upon us.

A pleasing incident of the cotton mills strike in New Bedford was the "idle hours" recreation furnished to strikers through the efforts of one of the city pastors. Reading, games, music and other forms of wholesome entertainment were provided in two halls, and all were welcome who would refrain from discussing the strike or other labor matters while present.

The great Isothermal line of baked beans includes Dawson City in British Alaska. Outfitters in Seattle and San Francisco complain bitterly of the increasing scarcity of the most succulent of intellect-nourishing vegetables. There has not yet been any rumor of organization in Boston of a society for the promotion of canned beans in Alaska, but it would be a good neighborly act. Every family in Boston could give a pot of beans and never feel it.

The introduction of bills for the removal of the charge of desertion from men who enlisted in the armies of the Union in our great war, and who failed to put in an appearance when their commands were mustered out, has been going on for a third of a century. It is the general opinion of honorably discharged soldiers that this thing has gone far enough. They assert, and they know something about the matter, that most of these deserters are men who enlisted for bounties and got out at the first opportunity.

The course taken by the French ministry in arbitrarily forbidding discussion of its acts was foreseen. It is the course that has been taken shortly before his fall by each of the French governments that has been overthrown by revolution during the past seventy years. The precedents do not warrant the inference that a change is at hand. The second empire and the citizen king both went on for several years after the policy of suppressing criticism had been adopted. But this sort of violence reveals a weakness that had been veiled, and by that disclosure invites and encourages assault.

The conclusion is forced upon us that the builders of warships might collaborate with the architects of the great commerce carriers and combine speed with safety. The agents of the Atlantic liners never lose much sleep when one of the ships is overdue. They admit that her machinery may be broken, but experience has taught them that her chances are good for making port, despite the handicap. Our great warships flounder about in calm harbors, strike a sandbar or an insignificant tug and promptly go into dry dock for repairs costing thousands of dollars. There is a lesson in this for somebody, possibly the builder of modern battle-ships.

Great Britain's policy of opening up to the whole world whatever markets she herself wins by her shrewd diplomacy is about to triumph in China, to the advantage not only of herself, but of all commercial nations. The result will be that American ships will soon be permitted to penetrate the very heart of the richest part of China and American commerce will be exceedingly shortsighted unless it joins in the exploitation of this land of great commercial promise. This triumph of English diplomacy may be looked upon as of immense value to the whole English-speaking world, ourselves as well as Great Britain.

A million bobolinks killed last year! Four million other birds slaughtered in the same year—and for what? That

their torn and distorted bodies might be flaunted in the headgear of American womanhood! There are no guess-work figures, but the official report of the Audubon Society of Massachusetts, and what does it mean? It means five million voices stilled in Nature's avian choir. Five million flashes of cheeriness and gladness taken from human life; and millions of other young lives doomed to starvation or prey in order that the plumed corpse of the murdered mother bird may be rent by a milliner and jammed in hideous shapelessness in millady's hat! Ah, millady, is there no efficacy in these desolating figures? Is there no mercy in your heart, no conscience in your make-up, no sentiment in your soul? Can you enjoy the finest opera when you think that the killing of the birds with which you and your sisters are crowning your beauty is gradually silencing the grand oratorio of the forest and the fields? A birdless country! A voiceless forest! What a desolation it would be! And yet that is just what this country is coming to if the song birds of our land are to be killed off at the rate of five millions a year in order to gratify feminine vanity and keep woman "in style." What a gruesome, hideous, conscienceless "style" it is that murders melody and silences the lark that sings from Heaven's gate!

Are the statements about Spain's decadence true, or are they false? Have descriptions of her antiquated institutions, her barbaric social conditions, her industrial death, been mere exaggerations to enforce baseless argument? Is this view of Spain purely an American view? At one time this little sun-dried corner of Europe contained about all there was of European thought. Then Ferdinand came and burned the baths of Cordova because, he said, Christians never bathed. Then this corner was the seat of power for several generations. Then it began to go to ruins. What it is to-day an article in the National Review, a London publication, indicates somewhat vividly. "Decadent Spain" is the title. This is what it says: "Spain is not only devoid of progressive spirit, but she cannot muster up sufficient energy to govern herself. She is the most backward country in Europe. The people are shamefully taxed; a peasant cannot bring his load of faggots into a town without paying octroi toll. The administrative departments are oriental in their sloth and management. Fresh butter is obtained from France. The postal service is a disgrace. It is a risky thing to post a letter, especially if it seems to contain anything of value. To send a check by post is regarded as an extreme act of folly. The passing traveler on his way through Madrid to France is asked by his friends to take letters and post them in security over the border. Yet no Spaniard seems to care for any of these things, and is surprised if they are remarked on."

One remedy for the dodging of taxes on personal property suggested by General Harrison is entitled to something more than casual consideration. It is that a meeting of the tax commissioners of a considerable number of States be held, to consult as to some plan for the taxation of personal property that will secure a uniform system. One of the embarrassments at the present time is that when a State undertakes to adopt a plan which will increase the taxation of certain classes of property, it becomes a serious loser by the removal of those who are taxed under such a system. New Jersey is said to be the paradise of New York tax dodgers. Ohio is said to have lost a number of wealthy citizens because the State undertook to tax them. One was so incensed, not long ago, that he disposed of all his property in Ohio and left the State in something of a huff. Tax commissioners, like insurance and labor commissioners, could meet, consider plans and finally adopt some one of them. This plan they could recommend to the Legislatures of the States represented, and thereby a uniform system for more adequate taxation could be secured. Taxation is not one of the topics which the people generally discuss. They complain of local taxation, but when the topic is discussed it is Federal taxation, usually the taxation of the poor to pay for bonds. This may be important, but compared with local taxation, it is inconsequential. The agitation has brought to the front in neighborhoods, in village or township meetings, the purpose would call public attention to the injustice in a manner which could not fail to be generally beneficial.

An Instrument of War. The bagpipes, whose stirring music fired the blood of the Gordon Highlanders as they scaled the heights of Dargal, enjoys, though it is not generally known, the unique distinction of having been declared by a court of law to be "an instrument of war." In an early volume of the Scots Magazine we find it reported that on the 15th November, 1746, a James Reid, of Angus, was tried for taking part in the rebellion. It was proved for his defense that he had never carried arms of any kind, but, on the other hand, it was shown that he had for some time officiated as a piper in a Highland regiment. It is not unlikely that he had been pressed into the service, for we are told "he behaved very devoutly, prayed fervently, and sang part of a psalm." Notwithstanding these most untraditional piper traits, however, the court found poor Reid guilty of high treason, and sentenced him to suffer the punishment which that crime involved. It was held that a "Highland regiment never marched without a piper, and therefore, his bagpipes in the eye of the law was an instrument of war." There is little wonder, in the face of such a decision, that Pennant when he came north later in the century found the "bagpipes becoming scarce."

Changed His Opinion. Spinner—I'm surprised to hear you talk as you do about Belle Spockets. You used to say she was the most foolish girl you ever knew. Now you simply rave over her. What's happened, old chap? Scorchley—What, me say she was foolish? Never! Why, say, do you know that she's rode her wheel every day this winter? He may be called Señor de Lome in Spain, but his name is Mud in this country.

AS YE WOULD.  
If I should see  
A brother languishing in sore distress,  
And I should turn and leave him comfortless  
When I might be  
A messenger of hope and happiness,  
How could I ask to have what I denied  
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?  
If I might sing  
A little song to cheer a fainting heart,  
And I should seal my lips and sit apart  
When I might bring  
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart,  
How could I hope to have my grief relieved  
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?  
And so I know  
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend  
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend,  
But if it show  
A burden lightened by the cheer I send,  
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent  
And lay me down to sleep in sweet content.  
—Jewish Comment.

## A STROKE OF LUCK.

DEACON WADE was hoeing in the garden, close by the road, on the morning when the idea came to him that it would be a good plan for him to get married again. The way in which the idea came to him was this: Just as he reached the end of the row nearest the road, some one said: "Good morning, Deacon Wade," in a voice that made him think of blackbirds and bobolinks, and he looked up, to see Rhoda Mason smiling over the fence at him. "Good morning, good morning," responded the deacon, delightedly. "Beautiful morning, isn't it?" "Charming," answered Rhoda. "How's Mrs. Wheelock? Well, I suppose—"

"She's gone over to her son's again," answered the deacon. "She went yesterday—some of the children sick, I believe—so Bob and I are keeping house alone. I'm getting about tired of it, and so's Bob. He was telling me, this morning, that he thought it would be a good idea for one of us to hunt up a new housekeeper; and I don't know but he was right."

"Pretty Rhoda's face got as rose as the blossoms on the damask rose-bush by the gate. The deacon wondered why he had never noticed how pretty she was before. "I see you've got a fine crop of strawberries," said Rhoda, pretending to be greatly interested in the long rows of ripening fruit. "Ours are a failure this year. Mother said she didn't believe we'd have enough for a shortcake."

"I want to know," exclaimed the deacon. "That's too bad, I declare. We'll have more than we can use, and I'll bring you over some just as soon as they're ripe enough to pick."

"Thank you, ever so much," responded Rhoda. "I know mother'll be glad to get them. But I must be going, or I won't get back by dinner-time," and she went her way, leaving the deacon with a new idea in his head. "I s'pose folks would say it was foolish for an old fellow like me to marry a young girl like Rhoda," he said to himself, as he turned back on the next row of sweet corn. "But other men, older than I am, marry young wives, so why shouldn't I? We need a good housekeeper here. It's getting so we can't depend on Mrs. Wheelock. She's gone her half the time, and we're likely to lose her altogether, almost any time. Of course, folks'll say that Bob ought to get married instead of me; but he don't seem to have any idea of it, and I can't put the idea in his head. Rhoda's a great deal younger than I am; but she's a sensible girl, and I'm sure she'd make a good wife. I wonder why I never thought of it before?"

The more the deacon thought of it the more in earnest he got. On Saturday he picked a basket of luscious strawberries, and that afternoon he took them over to the Mason homestead. "I declare, if I ain't rather excited," said the deacon, as he neared Rhoda's home, and felt his heart beating quick and hard. "I thought I'd got over that years ago. If I feel this way now, how'll I feel when I get there? Of course, I'm not going to propose to her right away. I'll just kind of hint at matters and things, enough to set her to thinking. 'Tain't best to be in too great a hurry about such things."

Rhoda was sitting on the front porch, shelling peas. Pretty as she had looked that morning in the roadside, she looked far prettier to-day, the deacon thought. "O, you've brought those berries you promised us, haven't you?" cried Rhoda. "It's so kind of you. Mother was delighted when I told her what you were going to do. I'm so sorry she isn't at home this afternoon. She went to call on Mrs. Perkins—she's sick, you know. But come in and sit down, and maybe she'll be back before you go. I hope she will, for I know she'll be real disappointed to miss your visit."

"O, that's nothing," said the deacon. "I—I can come over again, you know."

"I wish you would," said Rhoda. "Mother was saying that you weren't very neighborly. She didn't remember when you'd been here."

"I—I want to see your mother and have a good, long talk with her about—about an idea I've got," said the deacon, by-and-by. "She knows how much we need a housekeeper, and I always thought her a very sensible woman, and I'm sure she'd think just as I do about—about this idea of mine. At least, I hope so. I s'pose she'd feel able to carry on the housework on a place like this alone, wouldn't she? She seems strong and healthy as ever."

"O, yes, mother'd manage that all right," answered Rhoda. "She often tells me she don't need any of my help."

"She got the idea, plain enough," thought the deacon, in great delight, as Rhoda said that. "I'm getting along splendidly. She's the most sensible girl I ever saw. I wonder how much farther I better go now? Maybe I'd better wait, just as I'd made up my mind to, and give her time to talk it over with her mother before I come right out with the question. I will, and it was well that he came to this decision, and adhered to it, as he congratulated himself a few days later.

The deacon might have staid until Mrs. Mason's return, but a young girl friend of Rhoda's came, and that put an end to his visit. "You can talk with your mother and see what she thinks about what I've been saying," he said, as he took his

departure. "Let me know the first chance you have."

The next Wednesday evening Robert Wade was away from home. About 1 o'clock his father heard him come in. "I wouldn't wonder if Rob's got an idea of sparking somebody," thought the deacon. "Maybe it's like the measles—when it gets into the family, they all have it," and he chuckled to think his son might have caught the disease from him. "Well, Rob's a good boy, and I hope he'll do as well in getting a wife as I shall, if I get Rhoda Mason."

The next morning Rob looked very wise as he sat down to breakfast opposite his father. "I've got a message for you," he said, by-and-by, when the housekeeper had left the room. "I was over to the Mason place, and when I came away Rhoda told me to tell you that if you wanted to know what her mother thought about your housekeeping idea you'd better come over and talk with her about it. I was quite surprised to find out you'd got matrimonial ideas in your head, but I want to say that I think the plan a most sensible one. Mrs. Mason would make you a tip-top housekeeper, and—if you'll take the mother, I'll take the daughter. Indeed, I've made an arrangement to that effect. Rhoda and I came to a satisfactory understanding last night."

It was well for the deacon that the housekeeper came in just at this juncture. Rob went out, and he betook himself to his room to collect his bewildered senses. "I begin to understand it," he told himself, by-and-by. "I've come dreadfully near making a fool of myself. I guess I did make a fool of myself, all right enough; but what I mean is, I came dreadfully near getting caught at it. But, by the greatest stroke of luck that ever happened to me, I haven't been caught. I see how it is. Rob's going to marry Rhoda, and he's been sparking her all along, and the girl thought I knew it, and she thinks it was her mother I had in view for a housekeeper. And, as luck would have it, I didn't say anything that'll give me away, if—if I carry out the deception and marry Rhoda's mother. If I don't they'll mistrust something. It seems as if fate had something to do with it. I never thought of such a thing, but I'm forced right into it, so to speak. I can't help myself. And, come to think of it, it's the proper thing to do. It would have been a foolish thing for an old man like me to marry a young girl

like Rhoda. Ain't it lucky, now, that I didn't say any more that day? I stopped just at the right time and place. It seems she's told her mother what I said, and—I'm to come over and talk with her about it. I will."

had drifted, but has not yet produced a notable woman composer. The other Continental countries seem even more torpid; and though English women have written much, they have not gone beyond the prevailing cheapness of the English school, except, perhaps, in certain of the compositions of Mrs. Marie Davies and Miss Madal Valerie White.

Too Economical. There are worse things than having one's feelings hurt, according to Uncle Pomp, an old dandy who has lived in a New England household for nearly forty years. "Young Mr. Williams am all very well," remarked Uncle Pomp one day to a friend of the family, "but he don't compare wid old Mr. Williams, s'ab—don't compare wid him."

"Why, it's strange you should feel that way," said the visitor. "Young Mr. Williams seems to me much more careful of you in every way than his father."

"He am careful of me, sah," responded Uncle Pomp, "but when old Mr. Williams forgets himself and treats me like I was a slave he's mighty sorry afterward, sah, and every time he gibe me a quarter. I s'pose he's a old man, sah, and does quarters come in mighty handy. I can't afford to hab folks s'ab mighty careful of my feelings as young Mr. Williams, sah, and dat's de trut'—Youth's Companion.

To Preserve African Animals. A committee of English sportsmen and naturalists has been formed for the purpose of devising some scheme for the protection of South African mammals, chiefly giraffe, zebra, eland, and other antelopes, several of which, owing to indiscriminate slaughter, are on the verge of extinction. To attain this desirable end it is proposed to enclose a suitable tract of country, of about 100,000 acres, with a wire fencing, strengthened by a strong live fence of thorn on the outside. It is hoped the British South Africa Chartered Company will allow an enclosure to be made in the district near Fort Salisbury which has already been reserved for game by the company.

It is not the good you are willing to do, but the good you actually do, that counts. The freshman is always a first-class fellow.

A Use for English Sparrows. The crusade against the killing of our song-birds cannot but receive the indorsement of every right-minded woman. We are all ready to join Audubon societies, and to help in every way to keep our forests peopled with beauty and tuneful with song. But there is a little rowdy fellow beyond the pale of our sympathies—that wicked little fighter, the English sparrow. Individ-

## SPAIN'S AMERICAN POSSESSIONS.

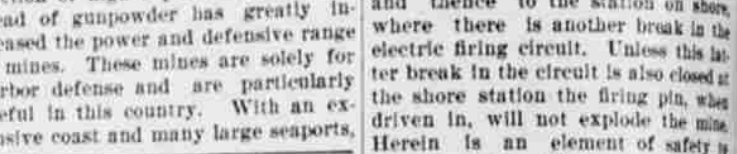


Spain owned one hundred years ago a great part of what is now the United States, all of Mexico, Central and South America save Brazil, and the Galapagos, and many of the West Indies.

Within one hundred years Spain has lost all of her territory on the Western Hemisphere, except the islands of Cuba and Puerto Rico.

## SUBMARINE MINES.

What These Destructive Forces Are and How They Are Exploded. Submarine mines have been much talked of since the Maine disaster, but comparatively few persons know anything about the laying or operating of these destructive forces, or of their uses. Mines were used extensively by the Confederates during the civil war, and the Germans made good use of them in keeping the French fleet from bombarding her ports during the Franco-Prussian war. Great improvements have been made recently, however, and the introduction of high explosives for use instead of gunpowder has greatly increased the power and defensive range of mines. These mines are solely for harbor defense and are particularly useful in this country. With an extensive coast and many large seaports,

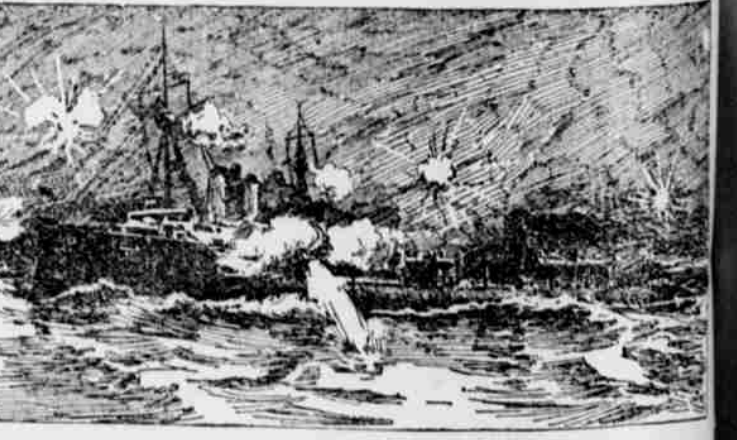


and thence to the station on shore, where there is another break in the electric firing circuit. Unless this latter break in the circuit is also closed at the shore station the firing pin, when driven in, will not explode the mine. Herein is an element of safety in friendly ships. When no enemy is in sight and friendly ships are passing in and out, the break is left open at the shore station, so that a mine if struck will not explode.

The contact, electro-contact and observation mines can only be used in comparatively shallow water and in places where the current is not very strong. When the depth of water is considerable, or when the current is rapid, "ground mines"—heavy mines similar in construction to the other, but resting on the bottom—must be used. Ground mines have been placed in sixty-five feet of water. For this depth a charge of about 1,200 pounds of gunpowder, equivalent to 4,800 pounds of gunpowder, should be used. The method of firing the ground mine is very simple and ingenious. The mine is held in position on or near the ground by a heavy anchor or shank. Two observers are usually employed to determine when the enemy is directly over the mine. The mine is then exploded by means of electric cables.

## THE RAM KATAHDIN.

The Powerful U. S. Turtle-back Ship Recently Placed in Commission. The belief prevails among naval officers that in a naval fight the country vessel should be electrified with the latest caused among the enemy's fleet by the modern vessel of this kind has been used in actual warfare, and, in fact, the Katahdin is about the only craft of her kind in the world. She resembles the old-style ram. Merit only in the use of armor, the employment of steam power and the polished steel prow. The Katahdin has a length of



## THE RAM KATAHDIN IN ACTION.

plant such a system of mines that an enemy cannot pass. There are several kinds of submarine mines. The simplest form is the contact mine, which consists of an iron case (A), containing the explosive charge, and a cable (C) attaching it to the sinker (D), by which it is held in place. The case (A) has a number of projecting points (B), each armed with a firing pin. If a ship hits one of these firing pins the latter will be driven in, exploding a percussion cap, and the charge will then burst. The distance of the charge (A) below the surface must be so regulated that it may not

the load water line of 2500 tons and her beam or ram, which is below the water line, gives her an extreme length of about 254 feet. Other particulars of the vessel are: Displacement under normal coal supply, 2,155 tons; draught, 582; extreme breadth, 45.5 feet; mean draught, 15 feet; indicated horsepower, 5,068; speed, 16.11 knots; capacity of coal bunkers, 102,700 tons. The Katahdin is propelled by two screws. Her full complement consists of 90 men.

The most peculiar feature of the Katahdin is her concealment under water. Only her smooth turtle-back covered with armor plate and mounted simply by a small counter-tower and a smokestack are visible. The tower is made of steel 18 inches thick, and unless square, is impervious against any attack. Aside from the dangerous sharp beam of the Katahdin is equipped with slight means of offensive or defensive character. She carries four six-pound, rapid-firing guns, which are intended as defense against torpedo boats or boats of that a battleship, hardly higher than the Katahdin is calculated to do. The ram, being situated below the water line, is directed at the most vulnerable part of a battleship or cruiser, whose armor is either thin or altogether wanting.

Queer Restaurant Sign. In Sweden the railway stations where meals are served are known by the picture of a crossed knife and fork opposite the name of the station.