

# Eugene City Guard.

J. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A writer in the Pall Mall Gazette tries to prove Pilate was a Scotchman. Hoot, hoot!

A man's idea of economizing is to ask his wife how much she can manage to save on family expenses.

The man who set himself on fire while lighting his pipe and burned to death is another horrible example of how the use of tobacco shortens life.

The only overflowing State treasury in the Union is that of New Jersey, and the overflow there is from money paid by the trusts for the privilege of preying on other States.

Two prisoners, duly sentenced, have petitioned for liberty on the ground that imprisonment does not agree with them. There will be no hesitation in granting to this plea the merit of novelty.

A man who feared something might happen to him took the precaution to be baptized in an icy river, contracted the pneumonia, and died. This is one of the most pronounced cases of premonition on record.

Trolley cars are to run past the pyramids. Many other things could be done to improve the pyramids, such as fitting them up with elevators, electric lights and restaurants at about every sixth story. Admire the pyramids as we may, the fact cannot be denied that they are much behind the times.

The gypsy moth problem in Massachusetts seems to be another case of the man who caught the bear by the tail. It is costing \$200,000 per year, with no perceptible sign of eradicating the pest. As long as the State is doing the work the farmers refuse to go to the expense of doing it themselves. And the State is afraid to quit.

Millionaire Letter has gone into the milk business in Chicago. Once our financial aristocracy spurned any contact with small trade, but now anything that will bring in money is in style. Doubtless we shall yet see members of our fiscal genius laying up snug fortunes out of the soap grease and old bottle industry. But after all it is a good American sign when we see nabobs who are not afraid of work.

Statistics demonstrate the fact that during the last year our trade increased with China, Japan and South America in a ratio that indicates the beginning of the same commercial invasion of those countries that we have made an accomplished fact in Europe, and there would seem every indication of the fact that the next few years will find the United States occupying the position held so long by England as the trade center of the world.

Only once in a while, it seems, do the people wake up to the fact that they are masters and not serfs. For much of the time they go along bowing and scraping to their magistrates and their mayors and their Governors and their legislators and their office-holding fellows in general. For practically all of the time they are under a sense of hopeless subservency to the persons not at all above their own status in citizenship whom they have themselves clothed with official authority.

Precept and practice do not go hand in hand always and the injunction to forgive the penitent sinner is sometimes forgotten. An example to the contrary has been set by the congregation of the First Baptist Church of Easton, Pa. The young pastor of the church confessed that he had sinned grievously and offered his resignation. It was voted unanimously to accept the resignation. This is practical Christianity, sufficiently rare to be remarkable.

While the Legislatures of several States were leisurely debating bills making it a misdemeanor to deface by advertising or otherwise the State or National flags, a French garrison experienced the mordant of practical application. A drunken soldier, having insulted the French flag, was reported, and all the troops of Toulon were formed in hollow square on the parade-ground, with the flag in the middle. Then the general called the luckless soldier by name. He fell out of the ranks, marched to the flag, saluted it, and uttered a faltering apology. "It is well," was the brief comment of the general, and even the United States, whose flag is defaced with such impunity by its own people, echoes "well."

Minnesota is the first State that has succeeded in checking the rash of young men from the country to the big cities. This result has been brought about through the influence of a State school that is agricultural in fact as well as in name. An institution that can so improve its work on students that an average of ninety-five out of every hundred of them are willing to return to farm life, and put into practice the advanced methods practically taught in the school, is deserving of high commendation. It is evident that the secret of the Minnesota school lies in its organization and management, for there are many other institutions in the country of a supposed like character that cannot show anything near such results. There are now sixty-five colleges of agriculture and the mechanics arts in the United States that have been endowed by Acts of Congress, and forty-eight States and Territories received each \$25,000 from the Federal Treasury last year for the promotion of practical agricultural and mechanical education. An examination of the reports of these institutions leads to the belief that in many instances such schools have been created as departments of existing colleges more to secure the government appropriation than to make practical farmers and mechanics.

Few features of Congressional work are more interesting than the private claims, of which hundreds are presented annually. These are the claims of

Individual citizens for some alleged debts of the government which cannot, by law, be collected in the regular way, and so a special act of Congress is necessary if the Secretary of the Treasury is to pay them. Many of the claims presented are fraudulent, while others are so meritorious that were Uncle Sam an individual he would blush with shame to allow them to remain for any length of time unsettled. But good and bad alike are usually kept waiting many years for Congress acts slowly. Oftentimes these claims are so evenly balanced that it takes a long time for Congress to make up its mind whether they should be paid or not. The interesting case of John Veeley, which has just been settled in his favor, is one of long standing. In 1868, as a carpenter employed by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, he found five one-hundred-dollar bills in the end of an old box car which he had been repairing. The bills were badly torn, and had been used by the rats in building a nest. Veeley made no secret of how he came into possession of this money, and applied to the government to exchange these bills for new ones. This was refused. He then sold the bills to a broker for three hundred dollars, who sent them to Washington again, and asked for an opinion of the Comptroller of the Treasury, who decided that the government had a right to keep the bills without paying for them. The broker came back to Veeley for the three hundred dollars. As the poor man had spent the money, he had great difficulty in getting the sum together again, and was only able to pay it in instalments. A committee of Congress recently investigated the case and decided that as Veeley was the honest finder of the notes, which were payable to bearer, and no one else in the thirty years had come forward to claim them, he should be compensated. Accordingly, a bill allowed him five hundred dollars has been passed, and after long delay, he is once more in possession of the cash. In this case a patient waiter has lost nothing but the interest on his money.

We Americans demand our laugh at the expense of everything new or old that we are called upon to consider; but in the end we measure conscientiously and carefully, and what at first look seems almost reckless jocundity turns out to be but a blithe temper working joyously at a serious task. This is the opinion expressed by an editorial writer in the Saturday Evening Post. It may be that our wonderful national growth owes much to more light-heartedness maintained under the most difficult and depressing circumstances. We have whistled merrily and kept up our courage through many a dark day; not for the sake of the whistling, but because it was not in us to mope and whine. A sense of humor purifies and freshens every mental state into which it is projected, so that under its influence one's view of adversities and perplexities borrows wholesome colors, and one's judgment harks back to rest on with the original elements of happiness. Optimism is a badge of youth, health and vigor. We as a nation have shown the world how to make a play of work; how to enjoy conquering a vast wilderness and an abounding crudeness; how to grow great with a laugh on your lips and a jest in every intonation; how to chaff at science and yet sleep upon its every secret for the advancement of our purposes. Our inclination to laugh, to amuse ourselves with crude yet telling humor, in the midst of epic dangers and powerfully stimulating adjustments in the world's attitude toward us, is not necessarily of the same nature as the instinctive gambols and grotesqueries of a well-fed and healthy young animal, as some critics have thought; for, although our diplomatic methods have recently passed under the fiery test of European experience, there has been no failure in comprehensiveness, firmness and efficacy. We see the lines of caricature and travesty in everything; but behind all our lightness the alert business faculty stands ready. The clear-sighted student of history sees that we are, in the main, developing as England developed, but incomparably faster. Our jocund youth is similar to what the mother country's was, but more clean and of firmer moral tone, as any reader may gather from Chaucer, Spenser, Jonson and Shakespeare, who reflected England's glowing freshness. Perhaps the very rapidity of our progress, the exceeding stress of our inner and outward development, and the surprises of our practical inventions have occasionally shocked us into undue hilarity—and at times we may guffaw in the face of august and solemn presences, yet we can point to the record. History is doing more than merely repeating itself in our swift dash to the fore; it is adding a new meaning to Greek joyousness and Roman strength. The increment speaks for more than the addition of what may be called natural accumulation of experiences; it is racial, and has been enlarged and enriched by the forces of freedom and a true conception of civilization. From the first we have chosen to be happy, and so we are sometimes almost jovial, but we are mightily in earnest.

An Index of Civilization. There is no question that diet has much to do with civilization. If life was rude and violent in early communities, the kind of food eaten and the way of eating it made it even more so. How could one gorge an ox roasted whole, carving it up with rude weapons, or even like Falstaff, on fat capons and an intolerable deal of sack, without being heavy, earthy, and probably from our point of view, noisy and ill-bred? The fine manners of the Elizabethan court are problematical; they certainly would not pass muster now. Food is both an index of the civilization attained and a factor in the attainment. A singular instance of both is afforded by the rapid growth of manners in Russia. Less than two centuries ago Peter the Great gnawed meat like a wild beast and drank brandy like a savage. To-day the elegant method of dining "a la Russe," is admired over the civilized world.

American Locomotives. Great Britain evidently appreciates the excellence of American machinery. A number of the great engines called Moguls are soon to be used on English freight trains.

About the greatest drawback to a man's happiness is himself.



## JIMMIE · ARD · JANE.

THOSE were their names—Jimmy and Jane. Everybody in the village knew them; they had many friends; yet all agreed with wonderful unanimity that they were two of the strangest individuals ever seen. Jimmy—his full name was James Bradford—was a bachelor of about 50 years, reputed to have a stocking full of gold and silver coins, which he kept in his feather bed. He was a noted hater of women and seldom spoke to one.

Jane—or more properly Miss Jane Green—was called an old maid, lived in a tiny house by herself, and had a holy horror of the biped man. Her age was "uncertain," but her 40th birthday was of the past. Jimmy took life easily, but was opposed to ostentation and the modern acceptance of the term "luxury." He dressed without regard to fashion, but within the bounds of respectability. He even rode out in his own carriage, but it was by no means a modern vehicle; it had done service, he would proudly tell you, since his grandfather's days, quite a century ago.

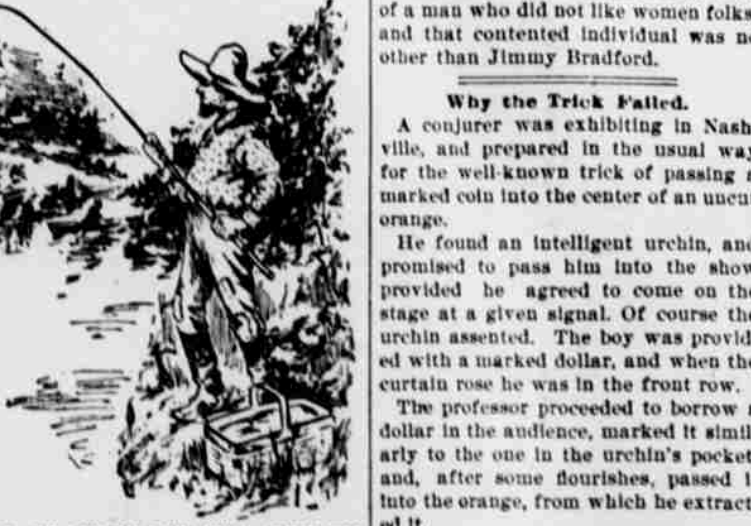
He cared little for books; society he abominated, because it was spoiled by admitting women, and of the few diversions that went to make up the sum of his life's pleasures, fishing held the place of prominence.

Even in the pursuit of this gratification Jimmy was not free from harassment, for he was obliged to pass by the door of a cottage occupied by a woman in order to reach the river. The woman was no other than Jane. One bright afternoon in September Jimmy was lounging along the river bank when the splash of oars in mid-stream fell upon his ears. He looked in the direction of the sounds, and then a scowl wrinkled his forehead. "Humph!" he muttered, "that old maid Jane Green is trying to row over to Ned Brown's. She'd better be home drinking tea. Most likely she'll manage to get drowned. What a fuss she makes, splashin' an' flappin' about."

He pulled up his line with an angry jerk, put a fresh worm on the hook and then cast out the line again, with an outlay of strength quite unnecessary, unless to give vent to his indignation. The "splashin' an' flappin' about," instead of dying away in the distance as the boat reached the other side of the river, grew louder and more disturbing, and, half in wonder, half anger, Jimmy looked around again. "Drat the luck!" he cried. "If she ain't gone and rowed right smack inter that eddy—the only one, within two miles at that. If that ain't jest like a fool woman I'd like to know what 'tis like." Just then his attention was attracted to his line, and Jane's peril was for a moment forgotten. A forcible reminder came in the form of a loud, piercing scream, followed by a frightened appeal for help. "There, jest as might 'a' been expected! The first bite I've had for an hour, and that miserable woman had to let out a scream an' scare the fish away."

"Help! Help! I shall drown!" screamed the woman. "There was no question about it, Miss Jane was in great peril. Her boat, an old leaky shell—was twirling about, the rapid, rotary motion causing at frequent intervals foamy waves to splash over its sides, and it bade fair to sink in short order. "Let her drown!" growled the woman later, savagely. "There'll be one less woman—gosh! she will go down as sure as fate. Bein' a sort of human critter, I s'pose I'll hev' to pull her out, or the neighbors 'll lynch me."

His own boat happened to be near at hand, and a few rapid strokes brought him as near the eddy as safety permitted. "Here!" he cried, grumbling, as he threw out a rope, "ketch hold of that, if you don't want to drown." Miss Jane had been so occupied with her fears and struggles that up to this



moment she was unaware that assistance had arrived. At the sound of his voice she turned quickly. "Merciful heavens! Jimmy Bradford, of all men! leavin' drown!" "Don't be a tarnation fool, Jane Green! Ketch hold of that rope an' I'll pull you out."

"Never!" cried Jane, spurring out a stream of water from her mouth, and paddling desperately with both hands to keep afloat. "Then I'll pull ye out, anyhow!" ejaculated Jimmy. "I never knew any livin' woman had such grit. You're too plucky fer fish bait, an' I'll save ye, whether or no."

### LAW AS INTERPRETED.

An exception as to "change of occupant without increase of hazard" in an insurance policy prohibiting change of interest, title of possession, is held, in *Herman Bros. & Co. vs. Katz Bros.* (Tenn.), 41 L. R. A. 700, to be applicable to personal as well as to real property.

The presumption against suicide is held in *Johns vs. Northwestern Mutual Relief Association* (Wis.), 41 L. R. A. 587, insufficient to sustain a cause of action for accident insurance, where the insured went to bed as usual, was found next morning in an underground cistern back of the house, with underclothes, pants and stockings on, but no coat, and the opening to the cistern was 15 by 20 inches.

The implied duty of the owner to use reasonable care in inspecting and repairing a grate in a sidewalk in front of his premises is held, in *Canandaigua vs. Foster* (N. Y.), 41 L. R. A. 554, to continue, notwithstanding his lease of a part of the structure on the abutting land and its occupation by a tenant, although the tenant has, by implication, the exclusive right to use the grate.

The burden of proving an alibi is held in *State vs. Thornton* (S. D.), 41 L. R. A. 530, to be upon the defendant—at least to the extent of raising a reasonable doubt of guilt—if after the State has made a prima facie case. The great contrary of opinion on this subject is shown in a note to this case, in which the different rules are clearly defined and the authorities of the different jurisdictions analyzed with reference to them.

The loss of the services of a minor child killed by the fault of another is held, in *Gulf, C. & S. F. Co. vs. Beall* (Texas), 41 L. R. A. 807, to give the parents no common-law right of action against the party in fault. There has been a difference of authorities on this question, the preponderance of which supports the present decision, but the cases which reach this conclusion do so on different grounds, as appears from the note to this case.

### A HUSBAND'S TASTE.

No Wife Compromises Her Individuality in Matters of Dress. Mary R. Baldwin relates this suggestive little incident in the *Woman's Home Companion*: "Oh, my dear, where did you get that monstrous?" whispered a man to the little woman by his side as he clung to a strap, and she to him, as they rode home together in a street-car.

"The effect certainly was ridiculous—the web face with its timid expression under one of the largest of the new styles of hats with its jaunty feathers and obtrusive trimmings. The tears started to the eyes of the overtopped little creature; then she recovered herself, and insisted that it was just the thing—the very latest of the fashions. It is not beneath the thought of the most intellectual woman, nor does it compromise personal independence and taste to consult the preferences of a husband in the choice of modes and articles of dress.

"There are husbands so constituted, no doubt, that it is gratifying to their pride and sense of authority to receive perfect dependence from the wife; but the reliance of an efficient woman who is able to think and act for herself is thoroughly appreciated by a broad-minded, generous-souled husband. If his wife has a refined taste he feels honored when she lays before him her plans for the house-furnishing, or the gowning of herself, and after the purchase, as he regards effects, he takes pride in the thought of having had a voice in the choosing."

### HOMES IN MANILA.

How People Live in Uncle Sam's Acquired Territory. The better houses in Manila differ in some ways from any other in the world. Always of two stories, there is a high stone basement, with a carriage way to the court, where are the servants' quarters and domestic offices. The upper story is of wood, being complete in itself, so that in case of an earthquake it will settle together. The ceilings are covered with cloth instead of plaster. A wide stairway leads up from the carriage way. Between three and four feet above the floor of this story is a wide window ledge with grooves running the whole length of every side. In these grooves slide blinds and also frames in which are set small squares of oyster shell (called "conchas"). Both blinds and conchas run the full length of each side. Either or both can be closed at the same time, and both can be slid back to the width of one at each end, leaving the whole side open, and allowing the air to circulate as freely as in a shed. The roofs were formerly made of heavy curved tiles. Now galvanized iron is used, as it vastly decreases the chance of the roof falling during an earthquake, and lessens the damage if it does. On the other hand the iron roof is much more likely to be blown off by the terrible typhoons. The native houses are built of bamboo, with thatched roofs made of the leaf of the nipa palm and elevated from six to ten feet on bamboo poles.

He Thought It Unfair. The Atlanta Constitution affirms that, as the representative of a Georgia county was leaving home to assume his honorable duties, one of his aged colored constituents said to him: "Marse Ben, you gwine ter de Legislature?"

"Yes; that's where I'm bound." "En you gwine ter make laws?" "That's what they tell me." "Er, how much will you git a day fer dat?" "Four dollars." "My Lawd!" exclaimed the astonished old man. "En des ter think—all I gets is forty cents a day fer plowin', en only meat en bread fer pickin' cotton!"

Pigmy Tribes in Africa. A traveler who has lately passed through the country of the pygmies, in the great forests of equatorial Africa, says that he measured many of the little people and found none over four feet in height. They are strong, however, and fairly intelligent, he thinks.

New York's List of Senators. New York has had fifty-five United States Senators in 110 years.

When any statement is made, there is always someone to dispute it.

### LET US ALL LAUGH.

#### JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Mr. Newlywed—Here's your wheel, my dear. It cost \$3 to have her fixed. Mrs. Newlywed—Why do you speak of bicycles as feminine? Mr. Newlywed—Because, my dear, they're like women, inasmuch as you never realize how expensive they are until you've got them.—Judge.

Not an Act Feholar. "But can't you learn to love me?" persisted the wrong man. She shook her head gently. "I've learned a good many difficult things," she replied, "but they have always been things that I wanted to learn."

#### At the Phrenologist's.



"This boy will never die in prison." "Thank you kindly, sir." "No; he's got the bump of longevity and will serve out his time."—Ally Sloper.

Close Observer. It is the sagacious remark of a keen observer of tourists, and he offers it to the traveling public, that you can generally tell a newly married couple at the dinner table by the indignation of the husband when a fly alights on the wife's butter.

Like His Father. "My son," said a father to a 7-year-old hopeful, "I must discipline you. Your teacher says you are the worst boy in the school." "Well, papa," was the reply, "only yesterday she told me I was like my father."

Natural History Highlight. Teacher—Miss Street, can you tell me what is most peculiar in the hatching of the cuckoo? Miss Street (doubtfully)—It generally builds its nest in a clock.

Feminine Pleasantry. Mrs. Haskins—is that Mrs. Galey's husband with her? Mrs. Sedley—Certainly not! Can't you see that man is trying to keep in step with her?

Method in Her Madness. "Why is it," they asked, "that you let your husband have his own way in everything?" "Because," she replied, "I like to have some one to blame when things go wrong."

Dentist by Profession. Tramp—Called for see, lady, if I could do sum work fer ye. Kind Lady—What can you do? Tramp—I'm a sort of dentist, mum. I'll put a set of teeth into a good pie for nothing.

The Spoils of Office. Mr. Smith—Well, Maria, I've got my appointment at last. I'm to be postmaster. His Wife—Won't that be nice? Now we can get our postage stamps at wholesale price.—Judge.

#### An Ocular Demonstration.



Teacher—Johnny, what is six upside down? Johnny—Wait, ma'am, till I see.—New York News.



As to Generals. "Papa, are generals brave men?" asked Johnny of his father. "Yes, my son, as a rule," was the answer.

"Then why do artists always make pictures of 'em standing on a hill three miles away, looking at the battle through an opera glass?" "Yes; that's where I'm bound." "En you gwine ter make laws?" "That's what they tell me." "Er, how much will you git a day fer dat?" "Four dollars."

What's the Good of It? "Some countries pension their literary men and women." "Does that make them stop writing?" "No." "Then what's the good of it?"

Political Economy. "Oh! she's so adroit in managing! She makes the most of everything!" "Yes." "Yes; I believe if there were a skeleton in her closet she'd use it for a cloak stretcher!"—Puck.

Meaningless. Mrs. Style—What do you think of my new bonnet, John? Isn't it a perfect poem? Her Husband—It must be a magazine poem, then. I can't make head or tail of it.—Judge.

Parried! Conductor (hastily)—How old is that child? Young Mother (indignantly)—Do I look old enough to have a child old enough to pay fare?

Marked Attention. "His attentions to you have been marked, have they not?" said the young woman's experienced friend. "Oh, yes. He has never taken the price off any of his presents."

But He Loved Green Apples. "Did you ever feel the pang of love?" asked the maiden lady naively. "No," responded the savage bachelor, "but I had an abiding love for green apples when a small boy."

Something Hot. Restaurant Guest—Everything you have brought me is stone cold. Polite Waiter—Here is the mustard and pepper, sir.

Behind the Scenes. "Did you have a good run in Albany, old man?" "No, but we had a lovely walk back—Life.

Cruel Quarrel. Priscilla—What are young Winthrop and his wife quarreling about so bitterly? Penelope—Oh, about which of them loves the other most.

One's Impulse. "That missionary," the head jailer reported, "has gone daft." "He will still do," replied the King of Mbwapa, for a simple repeat.

Mystery Solved. Sultor—Your daughter is the light of my existence. Father—I've often wondered how you could see her with the gas turned so low.

No Maternity Goes. Principal of kindergarten school—Have you had any experience with young children? Applicant for Teacher—I've raised ten of them myself.

What! A Mother! You wouldn't do at all! You would upset all our ideas!—Life.

Not a Poor Rule. Idealist—True happiness is found in pursuing something, not in catching it. Ordinary Man—The man who pursues the last car at night knows better.—Boston Traveler.

Oh the Solar Plexus. She—Did you know that I am an actress now? "Why, no. All I heard was that you had gone on the stage."

Tragedy at Sea. Soldier—What were your Captain's last words? Sailor—He didn't have any. His wife was on board.

Superfluous Law. "This copyright law is all bosh," said the exuberant young writer. "Just a scheme to make money." "I thought it an excellent law." "Bah, it's a fraud. I never copyright my stories, and no one steals them."—Detroit Free Press.

Timely Reminder. The other day, as two friends were talking together in the street, a donkey began to bray and wheeze and cough in a distressing manner. "What a cold that donkey has," said one of the men. "And, by the way, that puts me in mind—how is your cough?"

Change of Program. "Hurry to the door, Mary, and let Mr. Yabsley in. He has rung twice." "That isn't Mr. Yabsley; it is the other young gentleman." "Well, wait a minute, then. I must change these photographs on the mantelpiece."

No Common Clay. Thirsty Traveler (whose carriage is at the gate)—Can I have a drink at your well? Farmer's Wife—Why, of course, ma'am. Wait a moment, and I'll bring you a glass.

Thirsty Traveler—Thanks, no. I always carry a cup. One doesn't want to drink out of something that everybody else uses, you know.

Bless Her Heart. "It's just like a woman." "What is?" "To buy something on her own account and then have it charged to her husband's."

Bad Enough Already. She (bittingly)—When you married me, you didn't marry a cook! He—Well, you needn't rub it in!—Puck.

His Penitence Limited. Deacon Borden—Say, wife, I've come to you on a matter of conscience this mornin'.

Mrs. Borden—You hev been pumpin' water in the breakfast milk, hev you? Deacon Borden—Ya-as, wife. An I allowed you might ask the blessin' this mornin' in my stead.—Judge.

The Real Cause. "Isn't it difficult, Mr. Jones, to get along with a girl that uses such broken English?" "Oh, no! mind that so much. It's her broken china that makes me ill."

The Palace of Versailles. The French Government intends to spend sixty thousand dollars in furnishing up the Palace of Versailles sufficiently to make it presentable for the great exhibition of next year. Louis Philippe, who dedicated it "To all the glories of France," spent more than two and one-half millions upon restoring this gorgeous palace to what it was before the revolution, and nearly as much upon providing pictures and furniture.

Love at First Sight. Friend—So yours was a case of love at first sight? Mrs. Getthere—Yes, indeed. I fell desperately in love with my husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. It was walking with papa when suddenly papa stopped and, pointing him out, said, "There, my dear, is a man worth \$10,000 a year."

Identification Mrks. "Are there any marks by which he can be identified?" asked the police superintendent, preparatory to telegraphing.

"No," said the father of the boy who had run away from home to fight Indians, "but there will be when I get hold of him again."