

Eugene City Guard.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON

Your average self-made man is usually made in the first place by his country paper.

If it is money Gen. Funston is after he will spurn all political honors and star in a tank drama.

Some of the larger journals are discussing brain fog. Most of them are reticent on brain fog.

If Siberia is to be dispensed with as an exile center, hereafter in enumerating the world's cruelties that country must be left out in the cold.

That a company has been formed to manufacture airships would show these various failures have not taken the wind out of their sails.

A perfume trust with a capitalization of \$20,000,000 is being formed in New York. What a lot of watering some of this stock will stand!

Mrs. O'Leary's cow was responsible for the Chicago fire, and a drunken woman upset a lamp and set fire to Dawson City. The gentler sex isn't always to be commended.

Dewey says the only trouble with Hobson is that he takes life too seriously. He takes kissing lightly enough. Just the same, the country will take the Hobsons it can get and take 'em gladly.

The Pittsburg Telegraph is shocked because Mattie Hughes Cannon, fourth wife of Angus M. Cannon, refers complacently to "our husbands." The Telegraph should interview a woman who can speak calmly of "my husbands" and compare characteristics.

The Filipino company admitted to this country under the immigration laws is restricted to acting. Such a restriction placed upon some of the American companies touring the country would force them out of business. It would be beyond their ability to live up to the requirements.

The practical joker who said Emperor William would be assassinated if he went to Egypt has been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. Germany may be behind the times in a great many things, but she can give the world several pointers on what to do with practical jokers.

Why should not the penalty for kidnapping be made imprisonment for life? Is there a more detestable crime in the calendar? For nearly every other crime, including murder, it is possible to conceive of some action on the victim's part which while not excusing might mitigate the offense. But not so in kidnapping. The child is incapable of having done an injury to his kidnaper.

Mark Twain has announced his intention of leaving a book of personal recollections behind him which is not to be published until one hundred years after his death. Perhaps he can make this arrangement secure and binding on posterity; and then, again, perhaps the curiosity aroused by the statement will so enhance the price of the books that his heirs may profit largely by the premature disposal of it.

The intensity of feeling manifested in every quarter over the stealing of a 2-year-old baby in New York showed how strong is the reprobation of this particularly heinous crime. No punishment seems too severe for the brute who will thus expose a father and mother to needless suffering, and the very rarity of the crime and the determination with which the offender is always pursued go to prove its heinousness.

A glaring defect of our language is the use of words which sound alike but have totally different meanings. For example, take through and thru; right, right, rite; eye, I, eye; nose, nose, nose. How a foreigner manages to learn a language full of words sounding alike but having no other relationship is one of the incomprehensible things, and it is creditable to the intelligence and patriotism of immigrants that most of them get a speaking acquaintance with English in a few years, many of them in a few months.

Kidnaper Barrow, or whatever his name may be, seems to be a genial sort of a fellow, with an eye to business that contemplates both the wholesale and retail departments of his profession. We read that it was one of his cherished schemes to abduct a child and then, in the event of a refusal to furnish ransom money, "to mail a portion of an ear or the joint of a finger, with a communication something like this: 'We will continue to return him to you in small quantities, if you so desire, but should you desire to secure him by wholesale we will be ready to negotiate a trade for \$10,000.'" We learn, furthermore, that at one time Mr. Barrow laid bold plans for the abduction of Grover Cleveland, and we have found ourselves pleasantly speculating on the arduousness and length of the task involved in supplying Mr. Cleveland to his bereaved family and friends in sections. However, this contingency is now successfully evaded and Mr. Barrow is where his studies in dissection will be suspended. It is to be hoped that the amiable gentleman will be forcibly impressed with the terrors of the law. This is one of the times when the kind of justice popular in the South could be resorted to without any over-flow of public tears.

Some interesting statistics have just been received from the Province of Quebec concerning the birth rate among the French-Canadians who inhabit that part of the domain. In France great alarm has for several years existed, owing to the rapidly decreasing birth rate, and it has been predicted that it is only a question of time when the republic will be depopulated if the present state of affairs continues. But the French people in Quebec are not likely to let their race die

out in a hurry. The birth rate in that province last year was 38.57 per thousand, as against 20.2 in France and 20.9 in Ontario. The cause of this large crop of babies is easily discovered. There is an old law in Quebec which provides that every man who becomes the father of twelve children shall receive 100 acres of land. Last year 163 French-Canadians showed that they each had become responsible for the necessary dozen and accordingly got their farms. Since 1800 no less than 2,532 such grants have been given, and one industrious old fellow has gone so far as to become the father of thirty-six children in order to obtain 200 acres in addition to the parcel of land which he received when his twelfth child was born. It is thought that this man's exploit will encourage many others to at least try for the second 100 acres that would be due at the birth of a claimant's twenty-fourth child. This system of rewards undoubtedly has advantages that might well be adopted in some parts of the United States. With such a praiseworthy scheme in vogue we might all of us live to see fair numbers of baby carriages pushed to and fro along the boulevards where the cry of a local infant is now seldom heard.

A European ambassador was asked to give the secret of success in a diplomatic career. He replied instantly, "A handsome and agreeable wife." He was himself a successful diplomatist, and his wife was a great favorite at court and in society. The social side of diplomatic life is more important in England than in any continental country. This is because the leading men, responsible for the government of the empire, are constantly visiting at country houses. An ambassador is expected to meet them on their own ground, and to adapt himself to their social requirements. He should be a welcome guest at the country houses where they are entertained. The ambassador's wife becomes an important ally when she is a favorite in social circles. She sits at a state dinner between two cabinet ministers or foreign ambassadors, and before the ladies leave their places comments have been made or facts stated in her hearing or in reply to her own thoughtful suggestions, that may prove of political value. If she is a winsome, attractive figure in the drawing room, and a favorite with the country house guests, her prestige and popularity increase her husband's facilities for serving the interests of his own government. At court receptions and balls, where all the state dignitaries and diplomats are present, the wives of the ambassadors are on even terms; but there are few of these ceremonious functions. In a capital like London there is gaiety in the town houses during a short season, and the country houses are social centers for nine months. It is in these splendid mansions of the dukes and the earls that friendships are made, and where the men who are governing England are closely approached. Here the captivating woman—charming in person and manner, somewhat familiar with statecraft, and adroit in political controversy—is virtually the peer of the experienced and dexterous diplomat.

MAY YOHE'S BIG BLUE DIAMOND

She Will Wear the Great Hope Gem Worth \$150,000.



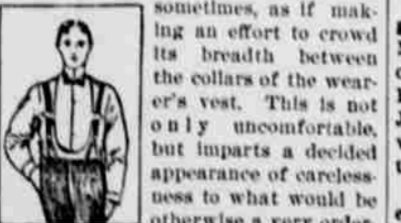
FAMOUS BLUE DIAMOND.

of large size in the world, and is known to all collectors and jewelers. It weighs forty-four and three-quarters carats, is absolutely blue, and is valued at \$150,000. Lord Hope, who is financially embarrassed, wanted to sell the stone, but was entangled by the other heirs.

The Hope diamond has hitherto been kept in a safe at Parr's bank, London. Lord Hope not caring to take the risk of loss by theft. It is a family possession and asset, the member who bears the title of Lord Hope being only a custodian of the gem. Now that the heirs have been fit to enjoin its sale, Lord and Lady Hope have determined to utilize the big stone as an ornament, and let the objectors run the chance of its being stolen. It is said that the blue diamond was once a part of the French crown diamonds. It was stolen from its valuable companions and recut. The Hope family bought the prize from David Ellison for \$18,000, early in the present century. Ellison was a noted diamond dealer of London.

CHECK FOR THE SHIRT BOSOM.

This Device Suppresses and Smooths It Out.



The stiffened shirt bosom so generally affected by the male population has a disagreeable habit of humping itself sometimes, as if making an effort to crowd its breadth between the collars of the wearers' vest. This is not only uncomfortable, but imparts a decided appearance of carelessness to what would be otherwise a very order-bosom check. An arrangement of wearing apparel. A simple means of holding the bosom in check has been thought out by Robert Cluett, of Troy, N. Y., and he has been recently awarded a patent on the same. It consists of a pair of tabs fastened to each side of the bosom, which are designed to fit loosely around the suspenders, being held either by a button or collar button. As there is a plurality of buttons the tabs can be readily adjusted to suit any figure. This tab arrangement successfully performs the mission of the single tab sometimes put on the bottom of the bosom, which latter, however, was always regarded as the personification of uselessness.



Not While He Lived.

I WORKED with a gang in the Nine Pits colliery about fifteen years back, and there was one man there who hailed from South Wales as I got pretty friendly with. I've called him a "man," but I don't know if the title comes right. He was more like a stunted boy than a man, and more like some sort of queer animal than either. He had a monstrous large head and shoulders, and a pair of little, bowed, twisty legs, no bigger than a child's of 9 years old. I've said we were pretty friendly, but I don't know as I was anything more than civil to him. He was clever and could speak English as well as any of us. He had been two years and more at the Nine Pits, and he brought some money with him when he came, for he had a cottage of his own and a tidy piece of garden, which was above what the rest of us had.



"WHAT IS HERE IS FOR YOU."

There wasn't a man of 6 feet among us stronger than he was. To have seen him swing his pick would have made you hold your breath. He could walk, you see, down some of the narrow, low galleries, where chaps like me would have to crawl. I lived along with my father and sister then. We were precious poor, and father used to say he hoped Hetty

would marry some one able to keep her, and so give us a lift that way. One day a new hand came to the pit, Jim Marwood by name. See him on Sunday, going to chapel, clean and smart, as straight as a pole, with his blue eyes looking so frank and smiling, and he'd say he looked a picture.

He struck up a mighty affection for me before he had been a month in the gang. He told me all about his friends and such like, most confidential, and I found out he had to keep his mother, and hadn't a sixpence he could call his own.

Well, one day—I remember it as clear as yesterday—it was between the lights on a September evening, I was smoking my pipe in our back room—father was out of the house—when I heard voices in the other room across the passage. It was Matty and my sister talking together.

Matty was the dwarf. He had a long Welsh name, but we called him "Matty" in the general way, because of his rough hair, and he didn't seem to mind the joke. "I love you!" he says to Hetty. "I've loved you ever since I've seen you. Won't you marry me? I'd be a good husband to you."

She went into a light, kind of scornful laugh. "Marry you?" she says. "Why, Matty, you must be dreaming! Of course I won't!" He was silent for a minute, then he says: "I'm stunted and crooked, I know, but I love you better than any other man will ever love you, and I've a comfortable home to offer you."

"If you had twenty homes I wouldn't have you," she answers quick. "So do say no more about it!" I think he moved round the room after that, for his voice sounded nearer. He spoke short and savage-like.

"Jim Marwood's the man that stands between you and me. Do you think I've been blind? Jim Marwood has got your heart, and do you think you will ever marry him while I'm alive?" Hetty never was the girl to be cowed, and she flashed round on him the next morning like gunpowder: "It is Jim Marwood that has got my heart, and I have his, and I'm not ashamed to say it before you or any man. I know you've got your cottage and your garden that you are so mortal proud of, and I know Jim is poor, and we shall have to wait for years, but you needn't think you'll frighten me out of marrying him, for you won't; and if I didn't marry him I'd never marry such a miserable, wicked, ugly little wretch as you! So don't flatter yourself I would."

I saw him no more that night, and I didn't let on to Hetty that I had overheard him. The next day we were all underground as usual. Somehow or other Matty and Marwood and me found ourselves always pretty close together. He seemed to me to be hanging on to Jim in a way I didn't like, hearing what I had heard, and I kept as close to both as I would.

I noticed the dwarf scarce took his eyes off Jim, except at 12 o'clock, when we stopped for our bits of food, and then he sat in a corner by himself under a truck and scribbled on a scrap of paper, with a queer sort of smile on his face. In the afternoon we got down to a lower level. It was a dangerous part of the mine, as we all knew, and we kept our davy lamps pretty tight, I can tell you. "There's fire-damp about here," said one of the men. "And a spark would settle the lot of us, wouldn't it?" said the dwarf. "Ah, that it would!" Jim answered. Nothing more was said about fire-damp, however, and that day, the longest day I had ever known, came

around to 6 o'clock without an explosion. The cages were ready for us to get up to the top of the shaft, and most of the men had gone. "You go now," says I to the dwarf. "No," he answers; "I'm going to stay a little overtime to-night. You all go on and send the cage down again for me. And look here, give this to your sister Hetty—will you?—and tell her to open it."

He put a bundle into my hand tied up in a handkerchief. I took it gingerly enough, for with such suspicious in my mind I half expected it might go off in my face somehow. "What are you afraid of?" he asks, sharp. "Nothing," I says as sharp. And we touched the signal rope, and up went Jim and me, and the dwarf stood underneath and turned his face up, watching us out of sight.

Well, I felt more comfortable when we put our feet on firm ground on top of the shaft, and had sent the cage down again for him. "Wonder what's in that bundle?" says Jim. "Maybe Hetty will tell you some time," I replied, little thinking how it concerned him. I took it home and called Hetty to open it. Our cottage wasn't far from the pits, and it couldn't have been above ten minutes since the dwarf had put it into my hand.

She undid the knot, and there—if you would believe it—were the title deeds of his cottage and \$60 tied up in a bit of canvas and the scrap of paper I had seen him scribble under the truck. There were these words on it:

"What is here is for you. 'Ugly and miserable' I am, 'wicked' I am not. I said you shouldn't marry him while I was alive, and I shall keep my word. Think kindly of a dwarf if you can. God made me as well as him."

We hadn't got to the end of the poor, dirty little letter when we heard a sound that made our hearts stand still—a long, dull roaring, shaking the floor we stood on, as if it was thunder under our feet.

"An explosion in the mine!" says Hetty, with a face as white as chalk. It was no use trying to dig him out. He knew when he opened his davy lamp—and he must have opened it that human help could never reach him there. She cried about it for a week, and said she should never be happy again. But I think she is happy now, for she married come the Easter after. They live in Matty's cottage still, and the garden is all abloom with flowers.—London Evening News.

A Novel Explanation.

A Georgia revenue man had a novel experience recently with a moonshiner in a suspected district. Early one morning he discovered an old man standing near a grave in the mountain region. But the trouble about this grave was that the revenue man had observed smoke issuing from the place where the headstone should have been. He surprised the old man, who immediately feigned great sorrow, explaining his presence there by the statement that his brother was buried there.

At the mention of his brother he feigned great grief, and said he "never would get over it—it wuz sich a hard dispensation of Providence." "But isn't it peculiar," said the revenue man, "that I see a stovepipe at the head of his grave, and smoke issuing therefrom?" "Stranger," replied the weeping moonshiner, "he died in his sins, an' hit's my opinion they're roastin' of him down below!"

Blindness in Spain.

The large proportion of blind people in Spain has attracted attention since the beginning of the present century. The subject is again brought up by an article by Privy Councillor Hirschberg, in the German Medical Weekly, giving the results of his recent observations in Spain, where he attended the Hygienic Congress. He says the streets of Madrid swarm with blind beggars; the further south he went the more blind he met. The proportion in Spain as given in the census of 1830 is 11 to 10,000, against 8 to 9 in Germany, France and England, but that figure is considered undoubtedly false by continental authorities. More recent figures give 14.8. The chief causes of blindness in Spain are inflammation of the eyes of infants, granulation and smallpox. The wide-spread fatalistic attitude of the sick, the lack of governmental oversight, and the small attention paid to disease of the eye operate to increase the number of blind in Spain. There is not a single public eye hospital in Spain, according to Dr. Hirschberg, only wards in general hospitals and private institutions.

Eccentric Tides.

Owing to the effects of shore-lines and other influences which are more or less obscure, it is very difficult to account for the peculiarities exhibited by tidal waves in various parts of the world. Interesting waves came once a day tides at Tahiti, and in some other places, while on the other hand, in the harbors back of the Isle of Wight, and in the Tay in Scotland, there are three tides a day. The latter have recently been ascribed to "overtides," produced by the modification of tidal waves running ashore and resembling the "overtones" of musical sounds.

It is not creditable for any girl to have several young men "on the string."

A SECRET LANGUAGE.

The Jargon that Children Make Up to Convey Their Secrets. The secret-language period is a thing of child nature. There are three distinct periods in language learning by the child. The first is the acquiring of the mother-tongue. The second period comes shortly after the time of beginning to learn the mother-tongue, and is a language made up by children who, perhaps, find themselves unable to master the mother-tongue. Very few children have a complete language of this kind, but all children have a few words of such. Then comes the secret-language period. Although in a very few cases the learning of secret languages began about the sixth year, and in some instances the period ran till after the eighteenth year, yet the vast majority of cases are covered by the period between the eighth and the fifteenth year, while the greatest use is between the tenth and the thirteenth year.

There are many reasons why children learn and use these languages. One lady confesses that she originated a language, and introduced it into a mysterious set of ten, in order to write notes in school, and she truly adds that had her teachers discovered the key they would have learned many truths. It can never be known whether these languages originated in the first cases with children. The names used in many instances imply that children had to do with them, as they show things familiar to the child and loved by him. So in the secret languages we find animals playing an important part in the naming. The hog, dog, goose, pigeon, pig, fly, cat and other animals are attached to these languages.

The child in the old-fashioned school, where all sat together, hearing the (to him) senseless and unknown Latin, would naturally attach the name to his language, and thus give birth to Hog Latin, Goose Latin, etc. Seeing or hearing a language, one letter may strike the child's fancy, as in the letter 'h' "hash," and so Hash language is the result. In another "bub" (b) finds the funny spot in child nature, and so Bub talk comes forth. The child in former days, so frequently hearing of the a-b-c's, would upon the construction of an alphabet language at once refer to such, and so name this the A-Bub-Cia-Dud language.—Century.

The Carrying of Money.

To the initiated, a man's nationality is betrayed by the way he carries his money. The Englishman carries his loose in his right hand trousers' pocket—gold, silver and copper all mixed up together. He pulls a handful of the mixture out of his pocket in a large, open way, and selects the coins he has need of. The American carries his wad of bills in a peculiar long, narrow pocket in the back greenbacks. He flat; the Frenchman makes use of a leather purse with no distinguishing characteristics; while the German uses one gaily embroidered in silks by the fair hands of some Lottchen or Mina. The half-civilized capitalist from some torrid South American city carries his dollars in a belt with cunningly devised pockets to baffle the gentlemen with the light fingers. Some of these belts are very expensive. The Italian of the poorer classes ties up his little fortune in gaily colored handkerchiefs secured with many knots, which he secures in some mysterious manner about his clothes. A similar course has charms for the Spaniard, while the lower class Russian exhibits a preference for his boots or the lining of his clothes as a hiding place for his savings.

Old Orchards.

The value of an old orchard must depend upon the character of the trees as much as upon their cultivation and production. There are many old orchards planted with varieties of fruits that have long ceased to have any market value, and the sooner such trees are replaced by new ones the larger the profits will be. Successful grafting of new varieties on old trees may show signs of unusual vitality. But old trees that are beginning to display signs of decrepitude are fit only for the wood pile. They begin to decay in numerous places in a short time, and they harbor insects and vermin, besides spreading fungous diseases around in the orchard.

Not According to Agreement.

An Irish principal in a recent impromptu mill, realizing that he was being badly worsted, vigorously protested to the bystanders against the methods of his adversary. "Shure, an' wasn't it to be a fair stand-up fight?" he excitedly exclaimed. "It certainly was," returned an on-looker, who had been a witness of these arrangements. "An' how, then," retorted the defeated candidate, "can he be expectin' me to stand up and fight 'im fairly if he do be knockin' me down all the time?"—Answers.

A Hornet Colony.

At least fifty years ago, according to Dr. L. O. Howard, a colony of European hornets settled near New York City. They have flourished since their introduction to a new country, but have shown a singular indisposition to spread far from the original point of settlement. The greatest distance to which they have been known to migrate during the half century of their stay does not exceed 150 miles. Their ancestors in Europe are inhabitants of outhouses, but in American the insects have chosen hollow trees for their homes.

Making Oyster Shells Green.

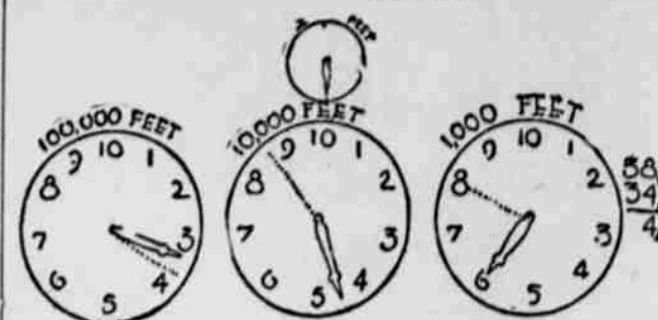
Occasionally fresh oysters show up green in the shells. Many persons think the color is caused by contamination from copper or some other metal substance, and that the oysters are not wholesome. The national fish commission has recently made an examination of green oysters, and announces that the color is caused by vegetable matter which serves as food for the oyster, and that it does not in any manner detract from the healthfulness or flavor of the bivalve.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"By the way," asked the cheerful idiot, "does the phrase 'a marriageable girl' mean a girl who is able to get married?"—Indianapolis Journal.

The smaller the town, the less kindly its people take to frills in a stinger.

KEEP TAB ON THE GAS INSPECTOR.



THIS is the way to compute the amount of gas used in your house during the month, says the San Francisco Examiner. The meter tells the tale and the method is simple. On each meter are four dials. The dial on the left hand shows the hundreds of feet consumed; the one in the center the thousands; the third, the tens of thousands. The dial above the three does not concern you. It is merely for testing the meter. Every time the hand in the first dial moves one number 100 feet have been consumed. When the hand reaches 10, 1,000 feet have been consumed; then the hand in the center dial moves one number. When the hand in the center dial gets around to 10 the hand in the third moves one number. The gas company never gives a meter to its consumer on which the hands of the dials point to nothing consumed. The hands are always well along in the numbers. This is done to confuse, but the computation of the gas consumed is none the less simple.

CHURCH 200 YEARS OLD.

Antiquated Monument of Protestant Episcopal Faith in America.

Right in the midst of the busiest part of Wilmington, Del., stands the grim, time-stained old gray church, the oldest living monument of Protestant Episcopal faith in America to-day. It is the Holy Trinity Church, colloquially called Old Swedes Church, 200 years ago by the band of Swedish immigrants who settled on the Delaware. The erection of the building was commenced 1990, and the edifice was formally dedicated on Trinity Sunday, 1890. The size of the church inside of the walls was 60 feet in length, 30 feet in



OLD SWEDES' CHURCH.

breadth, the walls being of hard gray stone. There were four doors, two windows on the north and two on the south. The roof was arched with logs and plastered and covered with cedar shingles. The pews in the church were made of fir. The aisle was seven feet in depth from the chancel to the door. The city has gradually grown around the old church, until to-day the Quick and the Dead are in the same spot. Amidst the hurly burly of life stands this venerable old church with solemn aspects silently bearing testimony to the existence and piety of a generation that has passed away forever.

Much time and labor have been spent on the old church in an effort to restore it to its former conditions. The wooden floor has been taken up and the original brick floor, where trod the zealous settlers 200 years ago, restored to its original appearance. The pulpit has been put back to its old place on the side.

GIRL FOUGHT WITH FIREBUGS.

Nebraska Teacher Who Saved a University Building.

All Nebraska has united in paying tribute to the fine quality of courage exhibited by Miss Lether E. Watson, art teacher at the Corn University, who defeated the plans of two determined incendiaries who attempted to destroy all the secondary buildings. The faculty voted the young woman a handsome medal, appropriately inscribed, recounting her courageous action; the citizens of the village, in mass meeting, passed resolutions complimenting Miss Watson, and Governor Poynter has written her a letter in acknowledgment of the services rendered the State, and thanking her in the name of the people. Miss Watson was in her classroom, on the fifth floor of the university building, late in the afternoon, when she heard voices in the hall and dis-

MAKING THEIR MOUTHS WAT.

The method employed by Dutch fishermen to ensure "astounding catches" is thus described by the Golden Penny: "The fisherman puts a number of live worms and insects in a bottle partially filled with water, and then corks it securely. The bottle is dropped into the water, the fisherman sinking his line alongside. It appears that the sight of the wriggling contents of the bottle so excites the appetite of the finny tribe that they fall easy victims to the baited hooks. As a rule, the woman who has had as many as three husbands has never had one good one.

