

Eugene City Guard.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

"There are others" is a poor defense, even though you can prove it.

An exchange suggests that the proper length for a short skirt is a little over two feet.

After all the ups and downs he has had Li Hung Chang ought to make a pretty good elevator boy.

Young Winston Churchill escaped disguised as a woman, and thus made his start down the corridors of time as "Sister Winnie."

The story that the son-in-law of the Sultan of Turkey has fled with his wife's jewels is rather indefinite. Which wife's jewels?

The same thing that has prevented the shutting off of "the sick man of Europe" will probably operate to keep "the sick man of Asia" alive. That thing is the jealousy which the great powers of Europe feel for one another.

The remark of General Lawton when asked, when down South with the Presidential party, to make a speech: "I am not a hero, I am only a regular," is well remembered. Lawton was one of the kind who do not do all his fighting with his mouth.

One State of the Union, having a surplus of a million dollars in its treasury, for which it has no pressing use, proposes to devote it to the improvement of public schools. There may be little "practical politics" in such a course, but there is much regard for the welfare of the people.

Mark Twain can't remember when he told his first lie, but the second is vividly impressed on his memory—he told it when he was nine days old. He profited by it, according to his own story, and the public will draw its own inferences as to his reason for pursuing to a ripe age the vocation of fiction.

A Binghamton (N. Y.) man is reported to have killed his wife and himself in order to see their pictures in the papers, and another citizen of the Empire State committed suicide a few days ago to prove whether there is anything in spiritualism or not. It isn't likely that either of these is now thoroughly satisfied with the results.

Absent-mindedness has seldom been a fame or money-making venture to its possessor. Nevertheless, the poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," which Mr. Kipling contributed to a London newspaper for the needy families of the soldiers sent to South Africa. The poem was recited nightly at ten music halls, and sung to Sir Arthur Sullivan's music at half a dozen more.

Scientific men predict that pathogenic bacteria, or disease-breeding germs, are destined to be exterminated in civilized lands, along with man-eating beasts and venomous serpents. And why not? Already the progress of medical science has gone far to eliminate or cancel the poison of typhoid and diphtheria; the bacillus of consumption is being hunted to its lair; and in cities where sanitation is duly regarded the scourge of cholera and yellow fever need no longer be feared.

Phillips Brooks said, in the last Thanksgiving sermon he preached: "I defy a man to put his finger upon any page of history when it was clearer than it is to-day that man has something to do with his brethren and that they are his brethren. Yes, it belongs to nations, too. No nation dare act in sublime selfishness." Whether the restraining motive be high or low, the fact of greed, envy, hate, under some control, is a ground of hope for individuals and governments.

It is but a poor compliment to a soldier—or, rather, it is not a compliment at all—to say of him that he was absolutely ignorant of fear. It is the overcoming of fear, not the entire absence of it, which constitutes bravery. In other words, the man who has never experienced the sensation of fear—if such a man ever lived—is lacking in relative judgment. He cannot reason from cause to effect far enough to see that if he does a certain thing he is sure to be killed. And such a mental composition, so far from constituting greatness, is merely a sign of weak intellect. Hence we may be sure that Gen. Lawton, despite the assertions of his injudicious friends, knew very well what fear was, but he did not allow it to influence his conduct or his judgment. That is the real bravery which marks the gallant soldier. The other type—the disposition to rush at any antagonist without reasoning or reflection—is the mere brute instinct of the bulldog and it doesn't win battles.

The year since hundred offers a considerable range of choice to persons interested in automobiles pertaining to the many men whose claim to remember is indisputable. Substitutes have the five hundredth anniversary of the death of Chaucer in mind, and people with fresh delight to that "world of English unperfected." Michael Bonner, the English divine, has been dead some centuries. His death is now being celebrated with the notable days in the year. Many to whom his works may not otherwise appeal will be grateful for the spiritual refreshment which they owe to his devotional writing. On the other hand, the centenary of Macaulay's birth is commemorated, at least by special recollection, by the large company who are his debtors because, when he wrote history, the poet's imagination kept dulness at a distance. There are other days and names for end-of-the-century mentions which good readers and good listeners will not forget.

One of the matters now discussed by the Iowa teachers is the making of the township the unit of organization. Under the present system each independent school district, says the Chicago

Tribune, has a board of directors and a secretary, making more than twenty-five officers in the average township. Many teachers believe better results could be had by abolishing these district boards and centralizing control of the schools in township boards. The experience in other States would bear out this view. In Philadelphia the schools are managed in a most wasteful fashion, there being a board of school directors for each ward in the city with great powers. The result is an extravagant management. Whenever there are many boards, each consisting of many members, then there are a large number of persons whose personal interests must be looked after and whose friends must be provided for. By reducing the number of directors these influences are reduced and economy follows. The Legislature will do well to reorganize the school system with the township as the basis of organization.

The highwayman robs a man—perhaps two men, if he is lucky—and that is the end of it so far as the extent of damage is concerned. But the promoters of inflated enterprises based on slender prospects start in to rob the public at large. All goes well for a while, perhaps, as it did with the Franklyn syndicate. But the time comes when the bubble bursts or shrinks to a poor semblance of its former self, and the damage is widespread. When the hour of collapse or contraction arrives we have all the troubles of a financial panic so far as these securities are concerned. Sometimes when the smash comes those who are really responsible have escaped. Sometimes the guilty go down with the innocent, the promoters with the investors. The punishment of wrongdoing falls upon the innocent, upon the public at large. Even those who have had no share in the game, who have not touched or handled the perilous thing, are caught in the pinch with those who have taken the risk. Real values are the only values that count in the long run. Dishonesty incorporated is just as much dishonesty as if it were practiced by individuals. And in the end it is about as sure to suffer the penalty.

The chartering of two steamers to carry cargoes of corn from Philadelphia to Revel, in Northern Russia, taken in connection with the fact that several cargoes have already been shipped to the same port from other Atlantic coast seaports, shows that Russia begins to realize the value of American corn as a cheap food for its people, especially those living in the northern and colder sections of that country. The difficulty heretofore has been to convince European consumers that corn could be utilized as a nutritious food for human beings. Large quantities have heretofore been shipped abroad for brewing purposes, but the prejudice against it as a food product was extremely hard to eradicate. Little by little, however, American corn has been making headway in Europe, and the Russian importations now in progress give promise of an extensive demand from that country in the near future. The sections of Russia in which corn can be grown profitably will also grow wheat, and the Russian farmers are likely to continue to raise wheat, leaving American corn to be imported as a cheap food for those who cannot afford to pay the prices which will bring it in the European market.

Unfortunate Lived Next Door to a Doctor with Night Calls.

"Why, man," said the landlord to a tenant whom he had recently secured for a house that had been unoccupied for several months, "you're not going to vacate so soon? You've only been there a month."

"I know it and a month more would be the end of me. I am going to get a house way out in the suburbs and in the center of a big lot. You'll never get me into a double house again as long as I live. I'd rather take the family and camp out."

"The place is all I told you it was, sir; good house, good neighborhood and everything in good repair. I'll look you for the rent until the end of the term."

"That's all right, and I'll pay it. I'm not mean enough to try to slylet it, either. One thing you didn't tell me, that the man in the other end of the house is a doctor and that he seems to have trained his patients to call on him at night. I haven't had any sleep worth speaking of in the whole three weeks. Coming up on the porch they reach my door first. They ring the bell as though it were a fire alarm and then begin pounding on the door. When I'm forced to go to the door to prevent its being broken in and to give the rest of the folks a little show to sleep, it's 'Get into your clothes, dec, and come right over to the house,' or, 'Jimmie has the croup,' or, 'Baby's having an awful time with his teeth,' or, 'Why didn't you call this evening as you agreed to?' If I put my head out of the window and try to explain they get hot, tell me I had better take in my sign, better retire from business, or something worse. I'll bring you the keys this evening."

A circus ostrich once made a meal of sauer kraut and fat pork, and died within three days of indigestion.

HOME-MADE WINDMILLS.

IN NO State throughout the Union is American ingenuity—and Yankee ingenuity, at that—shown to finer advantage than in Nebraska, where home-made windmills, constructed at a slight cost, do the work of mill-made machines for which a much larger price is asked. New England and the Middle States, says the New York Press, might just as well as not claim some of the credit for the inventive-ness and power of adaptation which these Western farmers display, for the farmers came from the East, or their fathers did, and the farmers of the West haven't a much harder row to hoe than the farmer of the rocky hills of New England.

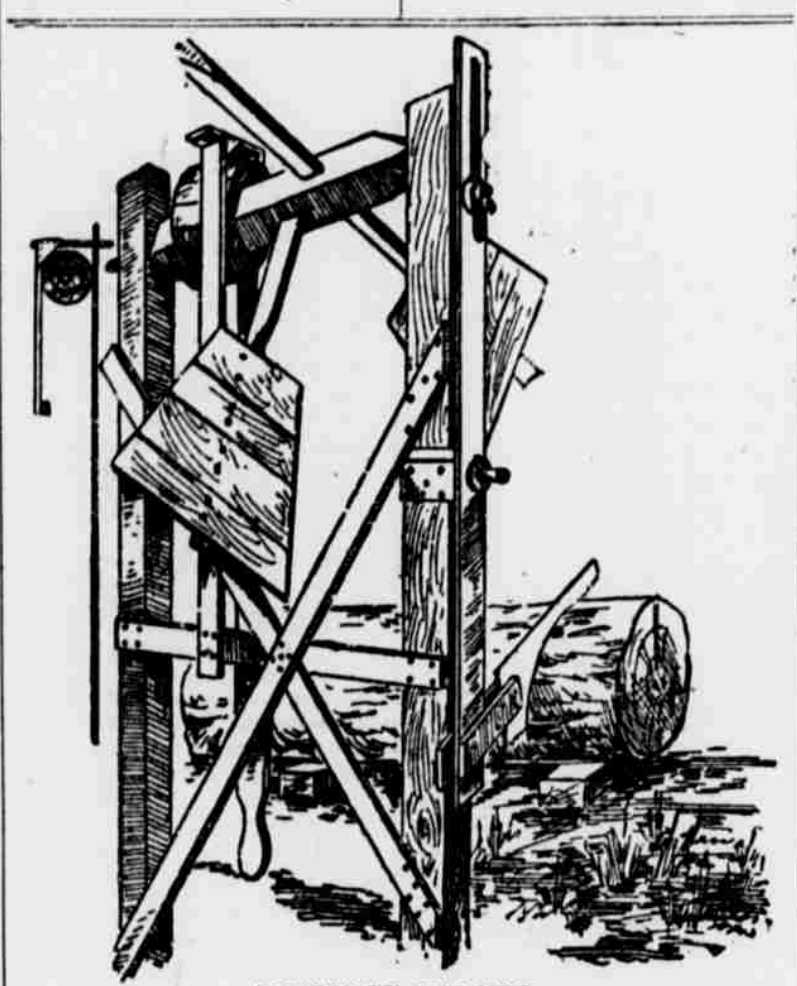
These Nebraska folk can take a worn-out mower and a few boards which have dropped off the pig sty and make out of them a windmill that will insure them profit, even if in the long, clear summers the sky refuses to "give down." The labor can be put in when nothing more profitable is to be done than praying for rain, and the ridiculous sum of a dollar or so pays all the money outlay necessary.

Erwin Hinckley Barbour, in a bulletin from the University of Nebraska, in Lincoln, tells of the Nebraska farmer's marvelous manner of making the means fit the end. Not only is water

ing with the lowest type and going up, there is the Jumbo, the Merry-Go-Round, the Battle Ax, the Holland Mill, the Mock Turbine and the Reconstructed Turbine. While farmers may be rather particular what material they put into the lower class no kind of stuff lying around the barn is too mean to find some use. Old lumber, lath, shingles, split rails, old packing boxes, barrel staves, coffee sacks, tin from old tin roofs, the gearing from old mowers—there is scarcely an odd and end that does not have a use in the home-made mill.

For \$3.70 W. W. Tier of Havelock made a baby jumbo, which pumps not only a baby enough for his stock, but supplies his boarding house with all the water needed. It has four fans, each three feet long and arms two and one-half feet long, and is mounted on a six-foot tower.

J. L. Brown's mill, which is on the Midway nurseries, near Kearney, is one of low cost. Out of old grocery boxes he made the fans and the box, and the gasoline cost him \$1.50. What could such a mill as this do? Well, it pumped enough to irrigate his garden through a killing season of drought, and kept his strawberry patch and his small fruit from death. Pretty



HOME-MADE SAW MILL.

provided for irrigation, but stock is supplied with water, ranchmen and sheep herders are benefited, dairy prod-



MILL MADE OF WAGON WHEEL.

ucts are increased and improved, and the comfort of the village and rural home is enhanced.

Most of the home-made mills are found in the Platte Valley, from Omaha to Denver, and in the lesser river courses which branch out from this valley. Columbus, Grand Island, Kearney, Ogallala and Intermediate towns are centers for these mills as well as for other kinds of water lifters. The favorite form in Eastern Nebraska is the Jumbo, or the "Go Devil," which latter name probably is a contraction of "Go-Like-the-Devil." In Central and Western Nebraska the prevailing type is called the Battleax Mill. Both kinds do far more than pump water. They run the grindstone, the churn, the feed grinder, the corn sheller and wood saw and other farm machinery. All this work is done by a machine that costs, labor included, from \$4 to \$5. Of course the time is put in when there is nothing else more pressing to be done. If for the time were to be taken out of important work the result hardly would pay. While the average cost is placed as low as \$4 or \$5, below which the minimum, it would seem, scarcely could go, the maximum that has been put into the construction of such mills sometimes is as much as \$100. A mill of this price will have no horse-drawn



MILL NEAR HAVELOCK.

good investment for \$1.50. In fact, Brown has figured out that the profit from that little mill during three pretty tough times of drought exceeds that of the whole farm in three ordinary seasons.

The regulator Jumbo mill is set permanently to face the north or south and thus catch the force of the prevailing winds. But when the winds blow from another direction these mills would be of no use, so this difficulty is overcome by putting up a "universal" jumbo, which are set on a screw, and which will turn with the wind in any quarter. Sometimes, too, jumbos are set up in pairs, quartering the compass, and with such an inexpensive machine it is easy to do this. The merry-go-rounds look like huge side wheels of steamers set horizontally on towers.

In the general class of turbine mills are included the Holland mills, the battleax mills, with two, four, six and eight fans; the giant battleax, the mock turbine—the fixed, revolving, with and without rudders; and the reconstructed turbines, which last named usually are the shop-made ones which have been injured and are bought cheaply and repaired.



A MILL OF BARREL STAVES.

The battleax will get its name from the battle-axe in the arms and the blade to the ax. Like the jumbo, it usually is set in a north and south position, and so the prevailing winds of Nebraska use from these points of the compass. We seldom that these mills would be used. The axis of this mill may be of wood, gasoline, shafting or an iron rod. The battleax mill of J. A. Carroll, near Overton, cost \$25—more than the average, because it has a thirty-barrel tank connected with it. Near Grand Island, Diederich Huenneke spent \$14 on a battleax mill and tank. The fans of the mill are fixed in the driving parts of an old thrasher, and the brake is taken from an old wagon. Near Grand Island, too, is a mill put up by a farmer named Schroeder, who used barrel staves for the fans. A. G. Tingley of Verdon put up a cheap battleax mill which does all the work of sawing 30-inch logs. Elmer Jasper put up on his farm, near Ashland, a two-fan battleax mill, which has only one

like it in the whole State. Its cost was \$11, and for this outlay it runs a corn sheller and feed grinder and a grindstone.

One of the most ingenious mills in the whole State stands on a farm near Gothenburg. It is made merely of a wagon wheel attached by its axle to a barn. To the spokes are fastened blades. This contrivance pumps all the water needed for the barn. Still another mill is a two-fan turbine, and is made from an old mower. Near Grand



MADE FROM AN OLD MOWER.

Island, Fred Mathieson built a mill, the driving parts of which were taken from an old split-blender. It waters his stock, and yet the cost was under \$5.

By putting a rudder on a mill the arms can be made to swing around and stand in the wind, and by putting a mill within a tower instead of upon it, the chance of destruction through being blown down by the high winds is lessened greatly. One of the queerest mills is that of a farmer named Boerson, who lives near Grand Island. He took the sprocket wheel and fly wheel of a cornsheller and at a cost of \$2 put together a contrivance that pumps enough water for sixty head of cattle.

Another odd and ingenious bit of mechanism is a reconstructed aeromotor that cost practically nothing, yet pumps for the house, lawn, garden and a small fruit orchard, bringing up 270 gallons of water an hour in a fifteen and one-half mile wind. Then there is the "toy" water mill of A. C. Walker, a civil engineer, which pumps 6,480 gallons of water in twenty-four hours.

Near Kearney was an abandoned mill and storage reservoir. The mill was fixed at slight cost, bits of broken-up boxes were nailed to the arms and the whole thing worked as well as it did in its better days.

To shop-made mills and even to the better class of home-made can be attached wires, by which the power can be transmitted several hundred feet to where it is needed. Sometimes the mill is set at the house, and its energy is directed so that it will run the pump at the barn—in fact, the Nebraska farmer's ways of utilizing these home-made contrivances are endless.

American Beef in Scotland.

Owing to the scarcity of beef cattle and fat sheep in the country, and the consequent rise in price, very large supplies of American beef are finding their way all over the country. Edinburgh butchers, who, as a rule, decidedly prefer the home article, have of late been forced to procure supplies from Liverpool and Glasgow of port-killed States beef. In addition, the chilled beef agencies in the city have been selling large quantities of American killed beef. A Chicago company is doing a very considerable trade in a high-class grade of beef. They have already established forty agencies in the United Kingdom. The supplies coming into Edinburgh for last week are phenomenal, bearing in mind always that this city has been in the past particularly independent of foreign supplies of beef and mutton. Upward of 400 quarters of chilled beef have gone into consumption, and, in addition, a like quantity, viz., 200 sides port-killed, all of American origin. Supplies of frozen mutton continue about an average of 350 carcasses, mainly from the Argentine Republic.

Lightning Kills Fish.

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission had heard tales that the brown trout with which some of the streams of the State were stocked were particularly susceptible to destruction from lightning, so they began an investigation and they now announce that the stories are true. It is the habit of the brown trout to swim close to the bottom of the stream it frequents, and though he is not literally struck by lightning, the electricity is conducted to the bottom of the streams which have rocks containing a considerable amount of iron in them, and so reaches and kills the trout, while it does not affect the fish that swim higher in the water.

Increased Strength of China.

A German engineer has brought forward a new method of constructing chains so as to eliminate the weakness due to faulty material or construction, which sometimes occurs in chains made of solid metal. The method consists in winding wire into links and binding the links of wire by dipping in a bath of liquid zinc or other noncorrosive material. The wired links may also be stiffened by being wound on an internal steel lining adapted to receive the wraps of wire. It is claimed that chains made by this method provide equal strength with less waste of metal.

English and American Letters.

A comparison of the postal statistics of the world shows that the English people write a third more letters in a year than the American, but this is attributed to the almost general use of the telephone in this country doing away with the necessity for so much writing.—New York Times.

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 Maliciousities that You Will Enjoy.

Sandy Pikes—Could yer give a poor man a dinner?
Housewife—Why do you consider yourself deserving?
Sandy Pikes—I was at de front, ma'am.
Housewife (after dinner)—You are not deceiving me? You were really at the front?
Sandy Pikes—I wouldn't deceive yer, mum. I was at de front, but de door was locked. Dat's why I cum aroun' to de kitchen.

Hit the Nail.
"What did the poor man say when he was accused of taking the cattle?" inquired the tourist.
"The right thing, stranger," responded Amber Pete.
"What was it?"
"I'll be hanged!"

Hard to Catch.
Quinn—I wonder why this man Aguinaldo runs so much?
DeFonte—He probably intends to make Chicago his future home. You know it takes a little practice to catch a car there.

Very True.
"You should make some allowance for your former wife's faults," said the friend.
"I do," replied the divorcee; "I pay her alimony."—Philadelphia Record.

In the Dim Light of the Elevator.
"Why, good-morning, Mr. Thornhill."
"Good-morning, Miss—ah—Twyman."
"But I am not Miss Twyman."
"Glad to hear it, I'm not Mr. Thornhill, either."—Chicago Tribune.

Impossible.
"In this third act," said the stage manager, "you must show that you are violently in love with the heiress."
"How can I," wailed the walking gent, "when I know that she is drawing \$10 less than I am?"—Philadelphia North American.

A Slight Misunderstanding.
She—I suppose you were presented at court while in London?
He—Yes, twice; but I was acquitted both times.

A High Reach.
Mr. Williams—Watcher yu totin' yer arm in er sling fur?
Mr. Fowler (in a whisper)—Strained it reachin' after a turkey what wuz roostin' in er sycamo' tree.

Saves Her Feelings.
Miss Askit—Does your husband smoke those cigars you gave him Christmas?
Mrs. Nuwed—He smoked one, and said he would keep the rest to remind him of my kindness.—Baltimore American.

One Thing Perfect.
He—Man has a perfect organ of speech.
She—Well, so has woman.
He—Oh, no, she hasn't. Hers is made without stops.

Not Very Consoling.
Humorist—The editor makes fun of my jokes.
Spacer—Well, I don't see that you have any kick coming. That's new than you are able to do.

Horseless Truck.
"What kind of truck is this?" demanded the editor.
"Truck!" echoed the pen aspirer. "I wasn't aware I made mention of it. But rest assured if I did it is one of the latest horseless variety."

The Letter and the Spirit.
Askum—Do you approve of abbreviating "Christmas" to "X-mas"?
Tellum—I wish I could. It usually costs me a "C" or an "L." I'd be willing to abbreviate it to "V"—mas if my wife would agree.—Baltimore American.

Trouble in the Clock Works.
The big hand—Say, it's 12 o'clock. I'm all run down.
The little hand—Let's strike for shorter hours.—New York Press.

An Explanation.
Jones—I saw a messenger boy running this morning.
Brown—Why, what was the matter?
Jones—He had just lost his job.

A Novel Invitation.
A wedding is so overpowering an event that few persons will venture to blame John Kurts, hotel-keeper, of Queens Borough, who, according to the New York Press, forgot to invite to the ceremony his fellow-members of the volunteer fire company.
But when the host of everything in the hotel had been placed before the wedding guests, and everybody was feeling happy, Kurts remembered his fellow-firemen, and concluded that the wedding could not be complete without them.
So he turned in a fire-alarm. When the firemen came dashing up to the hotel with the fire apparatus, Kurts stood at the door and invited them all to come in.
At first the boys were indignant, and some of them wanted to turn the hose on the bridegroom; but they relented, and accepted the invitation.

Passed Along.
Young man—Will you be my wife?
Young woman—Q am sorry to say I am engaged myself, but you will say my sister just as well.—Somerset Journal.

