

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The business department of the WEEKLY GUARD is caused considerable trouble by correspondents addressing the proprietors personally. Address all letters referring to the news or per or business connected there with to THE GUARD, Eugene, Oregon.

KENTUCKY'S SHAME.

Roseburg Review. The Oregonian, not unexpectedly, justifies the murder of Governor Goebel, of Kentucky. That paper was never known, since Harvey Scott became its editor, to speak a good word for a political opponent, living or dead, being more vindictive if possible toward the dead. It never finds a crime too dastardly to condone, if it is perpetrated upon one who does not belong to its party or clique. That the attempted murder of Goebel was a premeditated affair, concocted in the state house, no one denies.

Poor Kentucky! While a murderer sits, red-handed, in her executive chair, holding for naught justice and civil law, her degradation is nearly as complete as that of Oregon whose chief newspaper brazenly and unblushingly palliates and defends the assassin's cowardly act.

DEFIES THE COURTS.

Governor Taylor holds the fort in the Kentucky capitol. He does not propose to take any chances of being ousted by the courts, evading service of legal writs issued therefrom by military surveillance of the capitol and the grounds connected therewith. Happily such wanton violation of the spirit of our free institutions is rare. Courts are the organized arbiters of such disputes, and the man who refuses to submit to their orders is not worthy of the executive position in a great state. It may be claimed that the courts are partisan, and would not do justice, but the man who is not willing to obey the law and submit his claims to judicial arbitration is not in a position to make such a claim.

If wronged by the organized courts he would have his day when again allowed to appeal to the great court—the people.

THE TRUE MONROE DOCTRINE.

"In the wars of the European powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our interest to do so. ... With the movements in this hemisphere, we are of necessity more immediately connected. ... We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and these powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere."—Message of President Monroe in 1823.

TAKING THE YOUNG MEN.

The horrors of war are about to come home to the common people of Great Britain, the first time for many years. A draft will be made to raise ninety thousand additional men. Unmarried men between the ages of eighteen and thirty years are liable to service for five years.

Ninety thousand men selected between those ages, and of good physique, will take no small proportion of that class from the population from which they will be drawn in the main, that of England, Scotland and Ireland. The last census, that of 1891, gave the United Kingdom a total population of nearly thirty-eight millions. More than two per cent will be conscripted.

Danville, Illinois, comes to the front with an international conflict the result of an argument over the

Boer war. An Englishman with a German wife, and a German with an English wife got into a serious altercation over the South African war. For a time the women stood for nationality, and against their husbands, but when the fight got fast and furious changed base and fought like tigers for their respective husbands. When the police got to the scene one of the men was unconscious, while the women were tearing at each other's hair and clothing.

After the cabinet meeting at Washington Friday the following dispatch was authorized: "The president and cabinet decides that no case has yet arisen to justify the intervention of the national government in Kentucky, and has so informed the governor." Some significance may attach to use of the word "governor," inasmuch as Taylor was the person to whom the dispatch was forwarded. The use of the word "yet" carries the implication that the administration would take a hand under certain conditions. It is not impossible that Taylor has consulted Washington in regard to the situation and modes of procedure.

The attempted assassination of Governor Goebel places the rival claimant, Taylor, in a dangerous predicament. Should Goebel die Taylor would be discreet in claiming some other home than Kentucky. In that state feuds prevail, and it is often a blow for a blow and life for life. At present Taylor secludes himself in the state house, surrounded by troops, and denied to callers except most trusted friends. But this state of affairs cannot last long, and he will be

A sample of ill-timed official interference comes from Astoria. The Columbia river lightship broke her mooring and drifted on the beach a few weeks since and on Thursday a wrecking crew and steamer were ready to pull her off, the weather being very favorable, but orders for delay came from Washington. Late that afternoon heavy weather blew up, and it may be several weeks before another favorable opportunity occurs.

So deep has the military craze taken root in London that swell dinner parties are using khaki tablecloths, with bright red flowers placed in imitation of cavalry boots. Considering the heavy list of fatalities in the Transvaal representations of trenches, with diminutive spades, could be appropriately added to the table decorations.

A woman suing for divorce in Coos county has been ordered to pay \$4 a week alimony to her husband, pending the decision of the court. Here is a case that needs the attention of the reformers, says the Myrtle Point Enterprise. Things are coming to a fine pass in this country when the court expects a man to live on \$4 a week.

compelled to appear pitifully, though apprehensive of deadly assault at any moment. Few men are ambitious enough to accept questionable honors with such perilous risks.

The most tender sympathy of our community goes out to those whose dead come back from the Philippines where life was lost in honorable service for country.

Great Britain's aristocratic and titled rough riders are making a shining mark for the rifles of the plebian but patriotic Boers.

New York newspapers are growing modest. None of them has claimed the credit for Boer successes in South Africa.

French Tansy Wafers, the world's famous remedy for irregular and painful periods of ladies; are never failing and safe. Married ladies' friend French Tansy Wafers are the only reliable female remedy in the world; imported from Paris; take nothing else, but insist on genuine; in red wrappers with crown trade mark. La France Drug Company, Importers, 306 Turk St., San Francisco. For sale by all druggists, or sent in plain wrapper direct on receipt of \$2.

HANDLING FERRETS.

HOW PROFESSIONAL RAT CATCHERS USE THE ANIMALS.

These Fiery Eyed, Razor Toothed Little Beasts Are Effective Where Traps and Poison Fail—They Are Generally Worked With a Muzzle.

"Weasels and ferrets," said a professional rat catcher, "are about the same thing. The imported ferrets trained to the business are larger than the weasel, that is all. After I am through with rat catching I use my ferrets to hunt rabbits out of brush piles, hay and straw stacks, which is a profitable business when rabbits are plenty. What you call rabbits over here we in England call hares.

"When a man once starts in as a professional rat catcher and gets to understand training and working ferrets, there is such an attraction in the trade that he never willingly gives it up. It's a profitable business without too much competition."

"Do the ferrets ever bite you?" "It's a very careless and awkward man that gets bitten by a trained ferret. When one is bitten by an enraged ferret, the bite is of a very severe character, extremely painful and slow to heal."

As the rat catcher talked a 6-month-old ferret, his fiery little eyes gleaming like living gems, was crawling over his lap and trying to get in under his coat. "This fellow," said the rat catcher, "is as gentle as a kitten and likes to have his back rubbed and to be caressed as well as any cat you ever saw. When the ferret bites a rat's neck, he knows exactly what he is doing, and his front teeth, cutting like razors, go right through the jugular."

"Of course we generally muzzle them when we send them in after rats, and we always muzzle them when we send them in after rabbits. If their teeth were at liberty, they would kill the first rat or rabbit they met and would remain in the hole sucking its blood. When we put a ferret into a house after rats, we stop up all the holes at the outside of the house except one or two. Over these we place bags, and the ferrets, driving the game before them, run the rats into the bags. We keep the ferret without his ordinary meals before using him, and this makes him keener in his chase."

"It's mighty easy to spoil a ferret. After a young ferret has been badly bitten by a rat, as sometimes happens, you can't get him to go into a hole muzzled. But when a ferret is full grown and has the skill and courage that he should have he is a holy terror to rats and is a valuable animal. I would not sell a well trained ferret for \$50, the price of a good horse. Such a ferret I should be willing to put in a pit with 50 rats, and he could in a short time kill every one of them. Rats are great fighters when they are cornered, but no other animal of the same size has as much courage as a ferret or weasel."

In England the largest ferrets are called polecat ferrets and are a cross of the two animals, which are much alike. In this country the word polecat is applied to the skunk, an entirely different animal. The word polecat is supposed to be an abbreviation of Polish cat, and the animal abounds all over Europe. The mink is much like the weasel, except that it is larger, and many depredations that are attributed to the weasel are committed by the mink. All these animals prowl by night, and they frequently go many miles in search of food, even coming into towns and the suburbs of cities."

Audubon, who was a close student of nature, was delighted with the weasel, or American ferret. Its long, flexible body, its extraordinary length of neck, the closeness of its fur, its keenness of scent, its wonderful agility and quickness of movement, all excited his admiration.

An American writer says: "The common weasel has sometimes been caught and carried off by large hawks and owls. Sorry was the experience of the captor in such cases. He has caught a Tartar. The captive will bite into the sides of the enemy, so that both will fall to the ground, the bird mortally wounded and the weasel usually comparatively unharmed. ... The weasel's courage in defending itself when attacked by birds of prey is universally admitted, nor is it deficient in fierce opposition to dogs and even men when its nest is invaded by either. It usually kills for food, biting through the head into the brain with such expertness that its victim can scarcely utter a cry of pain. It usually eats the brain first; then the rest of the body follows. In pursuing mice, rats and moles it follows them into their runs or holes. ... A weasel's proximity to a poultry yard is not to be desired. But in barns, hayricks and grain stacks it is decidedly advantageous, as it will surely exterminate or drive away rats and mice."

The weasel's characteristics are noted in two American sayings, "Catch a weasel asleep," and "Sooner trust a weasel with eggs." Stories are told that a weasel will watch a hen on the nest for an hour, waiting for a freshly laid egg.—Indianapolis News.

A Freak of the Lightning. A curious case of lightning destruction took place at Gatchina, an imperial summer residence not far from St. Petersburg, where stood a stone column 50 feet high, held together by iron angles. When rain fell, more or less water penetrated the stones in the interior of the monument. One day it was struck by lightning, and instantly the whole column disappeared from view, killing a lone sentry on guard. The only explanation is that the heat of the lightning instantly generated steam on coming in contact with some of the water, and the terrific explosion followed.

LEARNING TO SMILE.

One of the Hardest Things For the Gymnast to Do.

"The thing I found hardest to learn in my business was to smile," said a professional gymnast who did a very clever specialty recently at one of the local theaters. "I started out in acrobatic work when I was only 15 years old as one of a 'family' of five. My instructor was Charles McDonald, an old time circus performer and one of the best of his day. While he was putting me through my paces he was continually yelling: 'Look pleasant! Look pleasant!' And my main trouble for years was in following that same order."

"No matter how hard I tried I would forget myself, and when I was doing an extra hard 'turn' I was certain to make horrible faces, screw up my eyes and grit my teeth. It took all the effect out of my act and must have seemed very funny to the people in the audience. Often, after performing some difficult feat, I have been mortified to hear a roar of laughter, and at last I determined to either learn how to smile or quit the business. I got the knack at last, and now it has become a sort of second nature."

"The point is a great deal more important than one would suppose. I know an equilibrist, for instance, who is very popular on the vaudeville circuit, not so much on account of the difficulty of his act as the smiling ease with which it is apparently done. You would never suppose from his face that he was making any special exertion, and that of itself gives remarkable grace and finish to his work."

"I am not the only one in the business, however, who has found it hard to smile at the right time. Almost every ballet dancer, eccentric character dancer and skirt dancer has had trouble on the same score. Most of them finally acquire a horrible fixed grimace that is supposed to be a smile, but has no more suggestion of merriment than a brick wall. It is produced by cultivating a certain set of muscles and made to appear and disappear on the principle of pulling a string."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MANAGING SMALL BOYS.

How Some Mothers Take All the Spirit Out of Them.

"I am always made sorry when I ride in the cars, through the shopping districts particularly," said the woman to a newspaper man, "to see the mothers ill treat small boys. It is ethical cruelty, but quite as disastrous as physical ill treatment might be, it seems to me."

"I see poor little fellows of 7 and 8, nice little men who would be manly if they were allowed to be, pushed into that seat and out of it into another as if they were so many little dummies. They usually are very nearly that, for seven or eight years of such pushing and pulling is enough to take all the spirit out of a small boy unless he has unusual vigor of character."

"A boy of that age ought to be beginning to look out for his mother and finding seats for her. Occasionally a sensible mother, who treats her boy like a human being, is to be found, and it is a pleasure to see the two together."

"The boy who is dragged around like a little muff during the early part of his life is apt to come to himself after a time if he is not entirely ruined, and then he goes to an opposite extreme, is rude and self asserting, while he is trying to establish an equilibrium, and the mother can't imagine what the trouble is."—New York Times.

"Yep" or "Yup."

A curious American colloquialism, of which I certainly cannot see the advantage, writes William Archer in Pall Mall Gazette, is the substitution of "yep" or "yup" for "yes" and of "nope" for "no." No doubt we have in England the coster's "yuss," but one hears even educated Americans now and then using "yep" or some other corruption of "yes," scarcely to be indicated by the ordinary alphabetical symbols. It seems to me a pity.

Educated Americans, too, will often say "somebodies" and "a long ways." I have little doubt that this "s" has a grammatical history of its own. Probably it is an old case ending, just as "he goes out nights," on which Mr. Andrew Lang is so severe, is a survival of the "o' nights" which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Julius Caesar ("Steek headed men and such as sleep o' nights").

At the same time, as "somebodies" has become irremediably a vulgarism in England, it would, I think, be a graceful concession on the part of educated Americans to drop the "s." After all, "somebodies" does not jar in America, and "somebodies" very distinctly jars in England.

The Limit.

"Put your tongue out," said the doctor to 4-year-old Gilbert.

Little Gilbert protruded the tip of his tongue.

"No, no; put it right out," said the doctor.

The little fellow shook his head weakly, and the tears gathered in his eyes.

"I can't, doctor," he ventured at last. "It's fastened on to me."

Reading.

Read not much at a time, but meditate as much as your time and capacity and disposition will give you leave, ever remembering that little reading and much thinking, little speaking and much hearing, is the best way to become wise.

Golden.

Judge—Was the stolen jewelry gold or silver? Well, why don't you answer?

Prisoner—Don't you know, Judge, what silence is?—Fliegende Blätter.

THREE CARD MONTE.

CAREER OF THE MAN WHO INVENTED THE SMOOTH TRICK.

He Imposed on Many Men of High Standing in the Nation, Made a Barrel of Money With His Swindling Game and Died a Pauper.

Low Houck was the inventor of the notorious three card monte trick and about the cleverest card sharp in the world. Houck was well known in Kansas City, where he operated on and off for 20 years, making the city a sort of way station on his trips east and west.

The last time Houck was here he had just returned from a European trip. He produced papers and letters to show that while he was in London he was feted and dined by some of the upper crust of English society. He had cruised there as a wealthy and traveled American. He had letters, too, from Secretary Olney, Secretary Carlisle and other leaders of the American political world which recommended him in the highest terms not only to the American representatives abroad, but to any friends of the writers who might meet him. And these letters were genuine. Their authenticity could not be doubted. Houck had a way of getting entrance into the exclusive clubs of Washington, Philadelphia, New York and other cities, and in his role of "gentleman of leisure" he had so imposed on men of high standing in the nation that they thought him all he represented himself to be and gave him the letters of introduction that helped him to fleece the aristocracy of Europe.

Houck invented the three card monte game before he became of age. This is a trick with cards that has fleeced more people out of money than any other game ever practiced. The trick is played with three aces, two black ones and one red. It is always played with a confederate to help, or "stall," for the game. The operator takes the three cards between his fingers, showing them to the victim, and then shuffles them about and drops them face down upon the table, offering to bet any amount of money that no one can pick out the red ace.

At this point the operator turns his head a moment to spit or to speak to some one in the crowd behind him, and in that moment the confederate picks up the red ace card, shows it to the victim, "crimps" the corner of the card and slyly lays it down again, apparently all unseen by the operator. The operator again shuffles the three cards and throws them upon the table face down. There lies the card with its crimped corner. The victim supposes, of course, that it is the red ace and bets and picks it up to find that it is a black one, and he has lost his money.

The operator, when he picked up and shuffled the cards carelessly the second time, with a deft movement of his fingers removed the crimp in the red ace card and put a similar crimp in a black ace card. That was all there was to the trick. Houck worked it for years in hotels, on billiard tables, at fairs and circuses and on railroad trains and steamboats. He taught the trick to Canada Bill, a noted gambler, and the two worked together over all the country. They paid thousands upon thousands of dollars to railroad men in the old days for the privilege of working the game on trains, and they made money.

Later, when nearly every state in the Union passed laws aimed directly against the working of the three card monte game, it became unprofitable and was given up by Houck. But about that time an ingenious English cockney invented the "three shell" game, which was even more productive than three card monte, and Houck took it up. The three shell game is a modern improvement on the ancient thimbleberging game that was worked at English fairs for many years. The old way was for the operator to crook his knee over the head of a cane that stood upright on the ground and move a small seed around between three thimbles on top of his leg, offering to bet that no one could pick the thimble under which the seed was hidden.

The lesson taught by the lives and deaths of Houck and Canada Bill and all the rest of their kind is that it never pays to be dishonest or to live by one's wits. These men may get great sums of money by sharp practices in the course of a lifetime, but they all die poor, and most of them die in prison. Canada Bill, who worked with Houck on trains out of Kansas City and made probably \$1,000,000 in his life, died a pauper in the almshouse in Lebanon, Pa., and is buried in a pauper's grave. Houck dropped dead on the street in Durango, Mexico, and his widow in Ohio had to solicit aid to get his body home to give it decent burial.—Kansas City Star.

Valuable Hair.

In Bokhara, where the finest and most costly camel's hair shawls are made, the camels are watched while the fine hair on the under part of their bodies is growing. It is so carefully cut that not a hair is lost, and it is stored until enough has been accumulated to spin. The yarn made from the hair is of surpassing softness and is dyed all sorts of lovely colors.

Touching.

"What," asked the sentimental young woman, "was the most touching incident you ever witnessed?"

And after some thought Senator Sorghum answered, with emphasis: "An election."—Washington Star.

In times of scarcity the South African natives sometimes rob the ants' nests, and as much as five bushels of grain have been taken from a single nest.

A STREET CAR COMEDY.

The Girl and Her Parse and Five Smart Young Men.

As soon as the good looking girl entered the car the five young men on the opposite seat began surveying her with critical eye, and she hadn't yet made out whether the baldheaded man with the medical magazine was to be included in the lot when the conductor came in for his fare. The girl opened her portemonaie and began to take out latches, samples of ribbon and little memoranda in the usual way, and the five young men smiled, each after his own particular style. Bald-headed was out of it. The girl didn't see any of the smiles, but she caught on just the same. There was a nickel all ready for her fingers, but when one pale faced young man added a giggle to his smile the nickel was thrust aside for a \$2 bill. She didn't hand it over to the conductor as she fished it out; but, leaning forward with a winning smile on her face, she began at the head of the line and asked:

"Will you please be so kind as to change this bill for me?"

It was impossible. A young man with only a dime in his pocket has no show to bust a bill. The next one had a quarter, but he had to decline, and so it went to No. 5. His hand sought his pocket as his turn came, but it didn't bring up any change. The smiles had been replaced by sheepish looks, and they rubbed elbows and trod on each other's feet in trying to look out of the windows. There was a long minute of painful suspense, and then the good looking girl handed the bill to the conductor. She hadn't a word to say to the five young men who had started out in life so gayly, but old baldheaded had. When all was over, he turned half around and growled out:

"If I were you, smart, I wouldn't try to be so blamed smart next time."—Philadelphia Press.

WHY SHE RESIGNED.

The Member of a Woman's Club Founded the Two Pops.

"For the last year or so my wife has been ambitious to shine as a literary light," said Smith, with a chuckle. "I don't know how many clubs she joined, but if there were any that she did not belong to it was because she had never heard of them."

"The other night while I was reading my paper she interrupted me with a request for light about something that I did not catch except the word pope."

"Well," said I, looking over my paper.

"I want to know about him," she continued. "I must read a paper concerning him at our next literary meeting, and I do not know a single thing about him. Who is he?"

"Do you mean to say," said I, "that you know nothing about the head of the Roman church?"

"Oh, of course," she answered. "How stupid of me! I can read all about him in the encyclopedia."

"I resumed my reading and thought that ended it, but it didn't. The other night when I returned home I found my wife in tears, and before I had time to inquire what the matter was I was called to account in 17 different kinds of keys."

"Well, when the storm was over I learned the truth. It was the poet Pope and not the pope of Rome that she was expected to treat upon, and when she rose and read a paper on the pope it started a row that did not end with adjournment."

"But, seeing that she has resigned from all the clubs and that the children once more have a chance to get acquainted with their mother, I do not look upon it as a calamity."—Detroit Free Press.

Her Objection.

A New Hampshire man wished to have telephone connection between his house and a new one built for his son's summer residence. The best route took the wire over the cottage of an old lady, to whom he applied for permission to make the slight use of her roof that was necessary.

The old lady gave her consent, but made a firm stipulation at the same time.

"I'm willing you should run wires over my roof and hitch 'em wherever you see fit," she said pleasantly, "provided you don't use 'em after 9 o'clock at night. That's my bedtime, and I'm a light sleeper at best, and the noise of folks talking overhead would be sure to keep me awake."—Youth's Companion.

A Bargain.

"Arthur, dear," she said, "I do wish you would not use cigarettes."

"Why?"

"Because you don't know what is in them."

"Oh, yes, I do! Why, for the trifling sum that cigarette costs you get nicotine, valerian, possibly a little morphia and any quantity of carbon."

She looked up into his eyes and murmured, "Arthur, dear, it does seem like a bargain, doesn't it?"—Brisbane Review.

The Modest Lawyer.

A lawyer walked down the street recently with his length of arms taxed to hold a lot of law books.

Pointing to the books, a friend said, "Why, I thought you carried all that stuff in your head?"

"I do," quickly replied the lawyer, with a knowing wink. "These are for the judges."

Messrs. Macmillan, the great London booksellers, in their spacious premises have, it is stated, shelf room for 4,500,000 books.

Let every one turn himself round and look at home, and he will find enough to do.