

Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.
EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

The only nail some women can hit on the head is their thumbnail.

It's strange that people who are always talking about themselves never seem to exhaust the subject.

Falling into the sea is the latest advertising scheme. Falling off the earth has not yet been tried.

In time bribery as a sometimes alleged national disease may not be of the taking character it has been.

There are always a lot of people who think that they can spend a rich man's money so much better than he does himself.

The thermostat is a new contrivance in medicine for baking men. Those who were born but half-baked would do well to look it up.

Perhaps Victoria's thus putting her arms figuratively around Errol's neck may save that nation's getting it there so much hereafter.

A Pennsylvania man died from eating hardware. This shows the utter error of trying to make a goat of yourself if you aren't built that way.

Some scientists say that the Indians found in New Jersey sandstone beds are 15,000,000 years old. Age and not size will perhaps be the hobby of the anti-truth specialist hereafter.

The fellow who emphasizes "My views" and obtrudes them ought to know that there are 74,000,000 other people who have their views and who don't care a continental for his views.

A New York physician has come out in an attack on the "dandy line handkerchief" and wants paper used instead. The suggestion may be good, but the public is apt to turn its nose up, so to speak, at the idea.

The announcement that a Missouri heiress "eloped with a boy" is not so surprising after all. If she had eloped with a girl it would have been different, but young women always have a penchant for running away with boys.

In Chicago the other day a woman was arrested charged with being a vagrant. The legal definition of a vagrant is "a person who is idle, remains idle and refuses to work." The defendant in this particular case made an argument that woman was not intended to work, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the argument, dismissing the defendant. The verdict establishes beyond all future controversy the law of nature above that of man, as it was upon nature's law that the argument was made. But there is danger in the verdict. It may be taken as an authoritative example by other courts which would be a terrible menace to masculinity. Husbands with wives who uncompromisingly have supported them for years would be no longer safe, should the verdict come to be accepted as an example authority for subsequent action. Young men who have lived lives of indolence and luxury through the energy and patience of fond mothers are in dreadful danger. Universal acceptance of the fact that woman was not intended by nature for toil would work the awful hardship of engaging in industrial employment upon many men.

A certain clergyman in a manufacturing town in Pennsylvania was recently lamenting the small number of marriages in his congregation and referred to the subject in the pulpit, saying that there were 500 young unmarried women in the parish and blamed the young men for the lamentable situation. He charged it to their bashfulness and their being too avaricious. The newspapers got hold of his complaint and their reports were published in other places, and soon the good man was overwhelmed with letters inquiring about the ladies, with evident desire on the part of many of the writers to open correspondence with some of them. He is perplexed with the business he has thus unintentionally got himself into. He was mistaken, we think, in charging the young men with avariciousness as a reason for avoiding matrimony. The reason would be better stated by saying that they did not feel able to support wives in the style that modern society requires. Wages, in other words, are too low, in most cases, to allow of incurring the expenses of family life. In farming communities the case is not so bad, and so far as we have learned there is about as much "marrying and giving in marriage" among the young people in the country as was the case a score of years ago, and this is one of the many important advantages the country has over the towns and cities.

When women pay attention, send flowers and delicacies to men accused of sensational crimes—usually condemned murderers—the other men pronounce them morbid. They are held up to ridicule and referred to in choice exoneratory language by the superior sex. But the superior sex is in extreme danger of shattering the glass in the houses it occupies by the indiscriminate and reckless flinging of stones at the weaker sex for its offenses. Let a woman be recorded in the public prints as doing something unusual, and she is immediately besieged with proposals of marriage and the recipient of amorous epistles that would pale into insignificance the most ardent billet doux ever sent to a convicted criminal.

The latest proof is accumulating voluminously at Chicago. A school teacher—it is not known that she is either young or beautiful—recently delivered an address on "Why the Rate of Celibacy Among College-Bred Women Is So High," and gave, in partial explanation of her spinsterhood, the excellent reason that "he had never asked her."

"He," in large quantities all over the country, is seeking to make amends for the delinquency. Thousands of proposals of marriage have been received, and the mail on the route of the maiden who naively declared one reason of her

celibacy exceeds that of the starter of an endless chain. It shows that men are the greater number of the population in the region of vanity and nonsense. The women who display a morbid affection for a convicted criminal or worship at the shrine of a matinee idol have at least seen the object of their misdirected affections. The men who propose to the Chicago school-marm know absolutely nothing of her except that she gave as one of many reasons for being a celibate that she had never been asked to marry. The path that is contrary to wisdom leading to the hymeneal altar is not traveled exclusively by the weaker sex.

Some years ago the ancient saw to the effect that birds that can sing and won't sing should be made to sing was amended by adding, "Birds that can't sing and will sing should be sent to Sing Sing."

That same such drastic remedy is necessary appears from the increasing boldness of those who can't sing but will sing. A young man in Pennsylvania shot another one the other day for saying to him, "John, let fellows sing who can sing." Plainly, the time has arrived for revolutionary methods, and fortunately science has come to the rescue at the right time. A scientist is showing by illustrated lectures that beautiful geometric figures are thrown upon the surface of a soap bubble by certain tones of the human voice.

When a young lady sings "My country, 'tis of thee," there is a mass of waves emanating from every other color of the spectrum; these it changes to red, green or yellow. That must be only because she has a good voice. Science must be accurate and truth cannot be inconsistent with any other truth, so we must believe that when the man whose voice sounds like the filing of a saw, or the girl whose vocalization recalls a cow suffering from tonsillitis, attempts to sing, the phonoscope will represent outbursts and microbes in yellow.

As the atmosphere of the problem clears we may see how the old saw may be reconciled with its amendment. The person who can't sing and will sing will be taken to Sing Sing and made to sing to a phonoscope and a series of soap bubbles until the cure is complete or the patient is dead. Those who like to hear themselves talk because they think they have mellifluous voices can be more mildly disciplined in the same way. Nobody hears himself as others hear him, whether he talks, plays the cornet or whistles ragtime; if he did, much disillusionment would ensue spontaneously, and as he doesn't, disillusionment "by hand" will have to give way to disillusionment by scientific machinery. The scientist may begin to choose a design for his own statue as a public benefactor.

CAPTURING A PYTHON.
Great Strength of a Philippine Island Serpent.

Pythons are numerous in the Philippines. We often heard of very large ones, says Dean C. Worcester in his interesting account of these much-talked-of islands, but the nearer we got to them the smaller they grew. Finally, however, we got a fine specimen. Some men had found him coiled up under a fallen tree. Arranging rattan slip-nooses so that he could not well escape them, they had then poked him till he crawled into their snares, when they jerked the knots tight, and made the lines fast to trees and rocks.

When we reached the python, I nearly stepped on him, for he was stretched out on the ground and looked for all the world like a log. A venomous hiss warned me of my mistake, and caused me to beat so sudden a retreat as to afford great delight to the assembled crowd of Tagbanuas.

The reptile had about three feet of play for his head, and I thought it wise to treat him with respect. Drenching a handful of absorbent cotton with chloroform, I presented it to him on the end of a piece of bamboo.

He hit it savagely and it caught on the end of his long, recurved teeth, so that he could not get rid of it. Then I saw a most remarkable exhibition of brute force.

Under the stimulus of the chloroform the python broke green rattan three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and that without apparent exertion. There was no thrashing about. It was all quiet, steady pulling. He soon broke or twisted out of every one of his fastenings except a running noose around his neck, and getting a hold for his tail around a stump, he pulled until it seemed as if his head would come off.

Eventually, the chloroform quieted him somewhat, and I gave him more. When he was still I stabbed him to the heart to prevent further difficulty, and removed his skin. He measured twenty-two feet and six inches.

Senator Gear's Dishonest Hat.
When Senator Gear of Iowa came into the Senate chamber the other day he dropped his slouch hat on the floor in the aisle beside his desk. Senator Stewart came striding along, kicking the hat into the pit in front of the President's rostrum, and passed along, unconscious of the indignity to Senator Gear's cherished headpiece.

A page picked up the hat, brushed it off and brought it back to its place on the floor. Senator Gear growled savagely and shot a fierce glance after Senator Stewart.

Soon afterward Senator Gear started to go to his committee room. Just as he rose Senator Perkins, of California, got up and addressed the chair. Mr. Gear stood up to listen to what Mr. Perkins was saying. Then he thought of his hat. It wasn't on his head, nor was it in his hand. He summoned a page.

"Boy," he asked severely, "where's my hat?"

The page looked around and, then edged away.

"Please, sir," he said in a frightened voice, "you're standing on it."—Washington special.

It Had Experience Enough.
Dr. J. A. Did you see about that baggage man who claims to have discovered a sure cure for influenza?

Bobbs—He ought to know how to check the grip.—Baltimore American.

The Silly Fellow.
She—If I let you kiss me will you promise not to do so any more?

He—Yes, I will.

She—Then I won't let you.

LITERARY LITTLEBITS

Max Pemberton's serial novel, "Foe," will soon be published in book form.

"Toomey and Others" is a volume of short stories of the East Side, by Robert Shackleton.

The manuscript of "Lorna Doone" was submitted to eighteen publishing firms before it was finally accepted.

"The Black Wolf's Breed," a romance of the time of Louis XIV., is by Harris Dickson, a young Southern writer only 31 years old.

"The Dear Irish Girl," by Katharine Tynan-Hinkson, is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., and is pronounced a very charming story.

Mr. Anstey has made a play out of his really humorous Punch novel, "The Man from Blankley's," and it will soon be produced in London.

Constance Garnett has made a translation of "The Jew and Other Stories," by Ivan Turgeneff. This volume completes this edition of Turgeneff's novels, and contains an introduction by Dr. Garnett, in which he places the Russian above all other novelists as the supreme artist.

William Pett Ridge's new novel, "A Brimmer of Laws," will be published in this country by the Standard Company at once. Many people will remember this writer's clever work in a story of the east end of London called "Mord Raily." He has already written four or five other novels, among which "A Clever Wife" and "The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staphodorus," attracted some attention. "A Brimmer of Laws" takes its name from the chief character in the book, a cockney burglar.

Apologies of the vogue of the historical romance, it is related of "To Have and to Hold," Mary Johnston's story of the Jamestown settlement, that it had been followed throughout its career in the Atlantic to within a month or two of its conclusion by a practical, hard-headed man of business. The practical, hard-headed man of business one day had occasion to call on the publishers of the book. He opened the book upon a desk, and though he had come to sell paper, not to buy books, he refused to do anything until he had sat down in an out-of-the-way corner of the office and finished the story which had so seized upon his fancy.

TROUBLES OF POOR LO.
This Indian Says John D. Rockefeller Wants His Land.

Way-aleep-eshee-ka, the Delaware chief, who is at war with John D. Rockefeller, declares that if there ever was a time when citizenship was desirable the time has passed. He does not wish to be a citizen of a community which pays rent to foreign landlords and receives wages from foreign taskmasters. He says that his tribe has been moved again and again by the greed of the white man, and will move no more. He is wealthy and educated, and is willing to use all his money and

brains to prevent the Standard Oil magnate from grabbing the 300 square miles in the Indian Territory, where oil is smelted by the keen-scented monopolist. He has engaged Walter S. Logan and Hark E. Harby, of New York, to lay his case before the United States Court of Claims, but has little hope of justice. He says the white man has never kept faith with the Indians since William Penn's treaty in 1682, and probably never will. Way-aleep-eshee-ka is known to civilization as Richard C. Adams, and he has written a book, which he calls "A Delaware Indian Legend and the Story of Their Troubles."

Uncompromising.
Small boy—Wanter buy a dog, mister?

Mr. Dignified—Not that kind of a dog. Why, he looks as if he had fleas!

Small boy—He has got 'em, but yer got ter give 'em dog credit for wun ting!

Mr. Dignified—And what's that?

Small boy—He don't like 'em.—Ohio State Journal.

Germans.
"Doctor, I wonder if I'm not getting old?"

"Quite possibly. The bacilli of old age is very prevalent this spring."—Detroit Journal.

Two Schools of Vegetarians.
There are two schools of vegetarians. One favors vegetable food which grows below the earth's surface, and the other favors that which grows above.

Poor Li Hung Chang.
Li Hung Chang is reputed to be worth \$100,000,000.

A woman can make a mental inventory of another woman's attire in half a minute—but she usually wastes a whole afternoon in telling her neighbors the details.

The average man appreciates his wife's temper so much that he doesn't like to have her lose it.

CRONJE'S SURRENDER.

British Writer's Graphic Description of That Dramatic Event.

One of the most dramatic events of the war in South Africa was the surrender of the brave Boer leader, Gen. Cronje, who for nearly ten days held at bay the vastly superior army of Great Britain, while he and his followers were cooped up in the bed of the Modder River, near Paardeburg.

Describing the surrender and the arrival of Cronje in the British camp a British correspondent says:

"Presently a body of horsemen came past the hospital tents into the camp. Maj. Gen. Pretorius was one of the leading horsemen. By his side a greyhound of a man was mounted on a wretched little gray Boer pony. And this was the terrible Cronje? Was it possible that this was the man who had held back the British army at Magersfontein? Great square shoulders, from which the heavy head was

thrust forward so that he seemed almost humped; a heavy face, shaggy with unkempt, gray-tipped black hair; lowering, heavy brows, from under which small, cunning, foxy eyes peered shifty. A broad, bearded gray Boer felt hat was pulled down low, a loose brown overcoat, ordinary dark trousers; nothing military, not even spurs on his brown velvet boots. The only thing he carried that seemed to speak of authority was a thick, heavy stock of whip of hide, which he grasped and swung as one accustomed to use it. By his side rode his secretary and interpreter, a long, lanky young man, with a straggling red beard and very light eyebrows and eyelashes. They passed into the square of highlanders, who had been drawn up to receive them.

"Commandant Cronje," was the brief introduction, as the Boer leader swung himself heavily off his pony and, curtly answering Lord Roberts' salute, shook hands.

"I am glad to see you, I am glad to meet so brave a man," was Lord Roberts' brief welcome.

"The two generals sat in chairs already provided and the formal messenger followed.

"Gen. Cronje sat deeply sunken in his chair, with his hands in the pockets of his overcoat, and sullenly regarded the scene. Every consideration was paid him, but until the last was seen of his bulky form driving away to Modder River in the close carriage which had been provided for him, his set, hard, lined face only suggested that the bitter hour of his life was being barely endured by the man whose pluck, whose capacity and whose straightforwardness was his enemies' first to admit."

ON HIS DIGNITY.
Mr. Williams Has Notice that He Is in the North Editorial Notice.

Just after we went to press last week, and while on our way to Abraham White's grocery, we met Dan Williams,

region is such that no person can remain exposed there during a summer night without contracting the disease. Des. Sambon and Love will take with them a mosquito-proof building, and in it they will make their home during the summer. If they manage to live and keep their health where no one else has succeeded in doing so, yet have an advantage over the others except protection against mosquitoes, then the case against the mosquito will be considered complete, and the government will set about prosecuting the pest wherever he exists in the colonies, and will give all possible aid to other countries to do the same, with the exception to him.

Two of a Kind.
His—What would you think of a man who divulged a secret entrusted to him?

Dix—Well, I should think he was on an equal footing with the man who intrusted it to him.

The Prettiest Picture.
Charming Hostess—Which do you consider the prettiest picture in this room?

Visitor—The one I can see now in the mirror before which you are sitting!—Megendorfer Blaetter.

Very Similar.
"A good woman," said the lecturer, "is like pure gold."

"That's right," interrupted a facetious man in the rear. "Money talks."

Unappreciated Liberality.
Mr. White—Miss Jackson, Ah paid ten dollars for this here ring.

Miss Jackson—Hit am vely cute, Mistah White, but why didn't yoh git one ob dem kind dat cums in a popochn package? Yoh know how Ah lubs popochn.

Not as It Should Be.
The Parson—Learn to be content, my good man. The little mortals are never sent without food to feed them.

The Laborer (father of ten)—Ah, parson, but the mortals are sent to my home and the food to yours.—Chicago News.

Truly Surprising.
"Look," said little Bessie, who had never before seen a mule used for anything but hauling.

"What is it, my dear?"

"A man riding horseback on a mule."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

His Last Request.
The Captain—There is no hope! We are lost! It is now half past 2, within an hour we will be at the bottom of the sea.

Rathkopfsky—Confound it, you manage to sink her by three o'clock, captain? I owe Rosenberg here a hundred dollars on a note due falls due at half past three to-day, and if he ship goes down before that time, it let's me out of paying it. See?—Lige.

After a man once reaches the top he never talks about the surplus room up there.

The Land of the Lazy.
"In a late sojourn in Honduras," said L. R. Givens to a Washington Post reporter, "I came to the conclusion that was a paradise for a lazy man. Everything grows luxuriantly, with but little labor on the part of the natives, and many crops do not need replanting more than once in eight or ten years. The country offers fine inducements to enterprising men, but it is hard for a white man used to civilized ways to go down there and dwell among an ignorant and of natives who are too ready to be in exile. The natives usually live in bamboo houses, though in the towns the dwellings are of adobe. Children

who own the livery stable on Violet street. Mr. Williams did not return our bow of recognition, but advancing upon us in a threatening manner said: "Mr. Colwell, you owe me two dollars, and you either hand it over or I will take it out of your hide!"

"Mr. Williams," we kindly replied, though much astonished at his abruptness, "we know we owe you two dollars, but we cannot pay it at present. As soon as the money comes in on subscription you shall have it."

This was the best we could do, but so far from letting the matter drop he knocked our hat into the middle of the street. Then he knocked us after the hat. Then he kicked us and called us names.

We did not fight back. Our editorial dignity was at stake, and we maintained it. Even when Mr. Williams hit us in the back with an old tin can we did not turn to kindly words with him. We think that an editor should maintain his dignity at all times and under all circumstances, and our wife is highly pleased at our conduct in the affair mentioned.

A Great Glacier.
The largest glacier in Europe is the Jostedalsglacier, in Norway. With its numerous ramifications it covers an area of 350 square miles. This enormous field of ice sends its branches down the valleys in all directions, often coming into close proximity to the cornfields. One of the most accessible of its branches is the Brigedalsglacier. From a distance its effect is extremely grand, surrounded as it is with dark, bare mountains, fringed with birch trees—a perfect setting for the mighty mass of snow and ice.

An old bachelor says that widows are the only second-hand articles that sell at par.

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HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Coroner—Why are you so positive the deceased was accidentally killed? Perhaps it was a case of suicide.

Col. Bourbon—You seem to forget, sah, that a quart bottle full of liquor—full, I repeat, sah—was found in his overcoat pocket, sah.

Over the Limit.
"Your greatest enemy is whisky," said the parson to an incorrigible member of his flock.

"But," said the wayward one, "you have always told us to love our enemies."

"Yes," answered the good man, "but not to swallow them."

Slight of Hand.
A Tribute.
"I want to stop in front of the door," said Mr. Hykins.

"Why, it's full of millions," claimed his wife. "I didn't know you admired such things."

"I not only admire; I married," said the man, "and end up with a lot of bunches of odds and ends, and am qualified to give lessons in the loan of finance."—Washington News.

The Point of View.
Diggs—Diggs has the clearest head of any man I know.

Diggs—That's right; there is absolutely nothing in it.

Unmasked.
He—Who is that ugly old woman over there by the piano?

She—Oh, that's Mme. Cosmetics, the famous beauty specialist.

A Natural Question.
Four-year-old Harry, noticing that the clock had stopped, asked his father a question that has puzzled some older folk:

"Papa, when the clock stops does time stop?"

A Disastrous Smash.
"I understand it's a very disastrous smash."

"Yes, there isn't enough to pay the receiver's divvy."—Philadelphia North American.

The One Thing Needful.
Fair Customer—This cook book appears to be all right, with one exception.

Bookseller—Pray, what is that, madam?

Fair Customer—It has no pictures in it.

Bookseller—Of course not, madam. One seldom sees a cook book with illustrations.

Fair Customer—But what's the use of telling us how to serve a dinner without plates?

About the Size of It.
"Mow," said the political orator, "is a great lever, and—"

"That's right, mister," interrupted a man in the gallery, "it's such a great lever that most of us can't keep it."

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In the Church Book.
"Why can't you be a saint?" play when they're told. "You are a saint."

"No," grumbled the organist, "I'll be blown off by Philadelphia Press."

Very Spicy.
Ida—When the hero saw he had climbed to the edge of the cliff, he said, "I'll be blown off by Philadelphia Press."

May—My fellow has a less chance of doing it.

Ida—Doing what, dear?

May—Why, when he wants the air he goes out between the Chicago News.

A Change of Scene.
"Why is that Filipino running precipitate fashion?" asked Dr. "Oh," answered the native, "he's merely traveling for the season."—Washington Star.

Impossible.
Husband—Why do you wear those shoes that pinch your feet? Wife—Oh, I never could find a pair in a comfortable shoe.—Lige.

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