Eugene Guard

SATURDAY.....SEPTEMBER 8

JOAQUIN MILLER ON ASIATIC PROSELYTISM.

Joaquin Miller is in Asia as the correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner. We give a few extracts from a Nagasaki, Japan, letter of July 3 on the subject of Asiatic proselytism:

* * * "Many missionaries are leaving for Northern Japan, some for America. Some have come here to go home. They are worn and worried, and all need rest.

"What adds to their discomfort they are not, as a rule, looked on with favor here by anybody except their own members. It makes a man out of patience to hear what is said. Even well-bred men, and men who ought to know better, are all the time blaming them for the trouble with the Chinese. 'They are not wanted here; let them go home and go to work.' You hear this always, not in the same words, but the same idea is heard a dozen times a day from one end of Japan to the other.

* * *

"They all humbly admit that they have not done greatly. Only 5,000 Christians all told, missionaries and all, in a population of fifty-five million in Japan. While she has more than one hundred thousand active Buddhist priests now. The work of the missionaries seemingly has aroused them to greater activity in the last twelve years.

"The showing is still less encouraging in China. The astonishing prosperity of Japan, the content and happiness that look down from every hillside and up from every village argue strongly that their present negative form of religion is not bad; but Paul did not come to preach Christ because Rome had prosperity and power.

"As for the gloomy outlook in China, what of it? Peter crucified, Paul beheaded, yet right there Christianity took root. The mighty tree grew and grew from the blood of the true and lesser martyrs until its branches wave over the entire civilized world at this hour. Mere fancies of today argue not one thing against the missionary refugees here or elsewhere. Say anything against their courage, anything against their morals, their Christianity if you can, but you cannot. For all their work in either China or Japan will bear the pale white light.

* * *

"The Chinese wall is the Chinese character. You had as well try to change the one as the other. For fifty years we of California have been close observers of this strange little man. And, if any one of these old Californians has seen any change in his character of any kind, he has seen more than I have been able to see. He is a Chinaman and always will be a Chinaman to the end. We have to accept him, if we accept him at all, as he is."

THE DECLINE OF THE "BIKE."

New York World.

Whatever the reason may be, bicycles and their riders are not nearly so numerous this year as in the past. This is especially noticeable at the popular summer resorts. Asbury Park's famous bicycle boulevard, for example, which in previous years has swarmed with wheelmen and wheelwomen, can be crossed by the pedestrian at any hour of the day or evening without haste or caution. It is almost deserted. Large hotel keepers who last year found it necessary to provide basement accommodations for a hundred wheels or more, say that twenty wheels is a large number this season in a house of two or three hundred guests.

The coming of the automobile does not account for this decline of the "bike," for the automobile is too expensive for general use. Can it be that golf, which is everywhere in evidence, has temporarily eclipsed the wheel? Or did the discarding of the "bike" by the fashionable set, on the ground that it had become "too common," lead to its disuse by the far greater number who ape the fashion-makers?

LOG CABINS TO ORDER.

Log cabins might seem an odd sort of thing to be an article of manufacture and sale, but such they are, nevertheless, and they are made right in New York city, says the Sun. The log cabins are made of cedar, and they are built in different sizes and styles. The cabin most commonly sold is 12x12 feet, and log cabins of this kind are likely to be found in stock.

The log cabin is shipped knocked down with instructions for setting up. In cases where it is desired a man is sent to set them up. They are veritable log cabins in construction and appearance, with slab roofs and stick chimneys and all that. Some are sold to be set up on estates and country places; perhaps to be put to actual use for a watchman or for other persons employed on the place. On a big place it might be that a cabin would be set up in a clearing on a hillside or down in some glade where a settler would naturally build his cabin.

IN THE NAME OF RELIGION.

Berlin had a flag consecration the other day, the flags for China regiments being included. A pastor of the church is credited with saying: "It is a crusade. It is a holy war." Crimes have been committed in the name of liberty, and now territorial robbery is being accomplished in the name of religion. Among other things the Nineteenth century has produced an abundant crop of hypocrisy that is made serviceable by flatterers about the thrones of royalty.

Christ scourged the hypocritical Pharisees from the temple. Their places have been re-filled.

The Cottage Grove Nugget invites itsdelinquent subscribers to pay up by September 30. Doubtless the Nuggett editor lolls back in his chair, with closed eyes, and in his mind sees a procession of delinquents depositing their shekels with him on the appointed date Anticipation is next to realization And he may be rewarded September 1st with enough money to buy tho probably much needed office towel. Really he expects nothing Only force of habit prompts the earnest appeal.

The Futurity stakes race at Sheepshead Bay New York, Thursday, was won by William C Whitney's Ballyhoo Bey. Whitney paid $12,000 for him as a yearling When the lucky rider cantered his horse back to "weigh in" the band played "Hail to the Chief," the and lucky winners pushed wildly into the ring to cash their winnings. The race-track is not entirely elevating.

Cottage Grove Nugget: James Benson who has been manager of the Benson Drug Co of this city for the past two years, has retired from the firm, and at present Jack Merriman is in charge of the firm's business.

Dallas Observer: Carey F Martin, a member of the Salem law firm of Bonham & Martin, was transacting business at the courthouse Saturday. Mr Martin was private secretary to Harrison R Kincaid, during the latter's term as secretary of state, and is a clever and talented gentleman.

Cottage Grove Nugget: Darwin Bristow is in Portland this week, at the residence of his brother-in law, Fred Keenan, recently returned from Alaska, and whose recovery is considered doubtful. An operation was performed on the invalid Wednesday, and a letter from Mr Bristow announces that he stood the operation nicely, and thus far no bad results are noted.

Cottage Grove Nugget: The Messrs Thomas, who have the contract for the new M E church, now under construction, have been delayed of late on account of a failure on the part of the planing mill to get out the finishing material on time. The outside work is practically completed, and work on the inside is now under way. The contractors expect to be able to turn the property over to the proper church authorities by September 20.

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she taught me;
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when beauty granted
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the sprite,
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turned away,
Oh, winds could not outrun me!

And are these follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No, vain, alas, the endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

—Thomas Moore.

A Masculine Experiment

Blakey is a born housekeeper. What he doesn't know about the care of the kitchen sink isn't written in the books, and a person who tries to teach him how to make good coffee is simply conveying anthracite to a well filled bin. It's a grief to Blakey that he can't get a proper substitute in his office, so that he can stay at home all day and see to things.

And yet, in spite of all these interests in common with them, Blakey isn't popular with women. There are days when he isn't even popular with his wife, and she is one of the most devoted spouses that ever made an effort to keep up with the procession. Some good friend ought to tell Blakey how women feel about these things. He ought to be informed that the man who is a winner tells his wife how it fills him with admiration to behold her as if by magic creating a feast from the materials in the pantry. That's the talk that sends a woman into the kitchen to fashion the puff paste with her own hands in order to have it just as "he" likes it. Blakey doesn't know this, though, and there are more things that he ought to know—and doesn't. Perhaps life will teach him some of them in time. It has looked just a little that way of late.

They had been dining out, and on the way home Blakey commented on the serving of the dinner.

"Did you notice that Mrs. Gillespie didn't issue one order to her maid?" he asked. "She had her stationed behind that screen, where she could command a view of the table in the sideboard mirror, and there was such a perfect understanding between them that Mrs. Gillespie only had to raise her eyes to that mirror and the thing she wanted was done. That's the way I'd like to see you have it, my dear. This ringing a bell and telling what you want rather mar a dinner. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Blakey murmured a weary word to the effect that much depended on having an expert waitress and thought the matter dropped. But next morning she was roused by her husband's voice.

"I have it all planned out," he said. "I've been lying awake for two hours getting up a code of signals for you to use in calling Nora to serve the table. I'll write it down for you. This is the idea: One pressure of your foot on the electric button in the floor will mean 'clear the table for next course,' two pressures might call for repassing of the bread, three would indicate that the glasses needed refilling, and so forth. I think I can make it cover the whole ground."

"But, David, it is Nora's duty to watch the glasses and keep them filled without any telling her at all."

"I know, but does she do it? She gets busy with something else and very naturally forgets that. Now, by this plan she won't have to tax her memory at all, and you can remind her without anybody's knowing you've done a thing."

"But she'd have to remember what the signal stood for."

"Leave that to me," he answered. "I shall make it very plain and easy, and I'll take it down to the office and have two typewritten copies made—one for you and one for Nora."

"I—hope Nora will like it," ventured Mrs. Blakey anxiously. "She's a little particular, you know."

"She's sure to like it! You women never seem to understand what a sense of satisfaction it is to the employee when he feels a systematic hand on the helm. Why, the people who work for you would rather have things run pretty strict than not to feel system in the management. They want to know there's a head planning things for them. I've found that out in business. I tell you, all that housekeeping needs to make it run easy is the application of masculine brains and business methods! Nora will like it, all right enough."

But Nora didn't. Loyal Mrs. Blakey presented the plan as joyfully as if it were her own pet project, but her effort to catch and impart her husband's enthusiasm about it was a dead failure. Nora looked very glum as she pinned the typewritten code of signals up by the kitchen clock, and Mrs. Blakey felt glummer still as she fastened her own copy on the edge of her mirror and stood mumbling over its words.

"'One long ring and two short—finger bowls,'" she repeated. "'One short and two long—repassing article last served.' 'Two long rings—clear table for next course.' 'Three short rings—refill water glasses.' Oh, dear!" she broke off suddenly. "I sometimes wish David wouldn't take so much interest in making my work easy."

But David's interest kept right up. He urged the use of the code with untiring zeal, and one day when pretty, black eyed Nora actually came and filled the water glasses in answer to "three short rings" he glowed with unspeakable pride and declared that they must really give a dinner.

"Eight is the proper number for our table," he told his wife. And then he began to plan the menu.

Mrs. Blakey was a cheerful, gay little body at the time of her marriage, and the sparkle isn't entirely gone. She looked very pretty on the night of the dinner. The table was perfect; the cut glass blazed with rainbow hues, the silver dazzled and the floral centerpiece was a credit to Mr. Blakey's taste. The feast was to be rather more pretentious than anything Mr. Blakey had heretofore planned, but he had no fears about the service. He relied on the code. Mrs. Blakey, on her part, was determined to please David by appearing quite unconscious whenever she signaled Nora. The consequence was that her smiles and attention to the man on her left during the soup course half turned his head.

"How delightfully clever; do tell me another!" Mrs. Blakey was saying to him, brightly, as her small foot pressed the button and telegraphed Nora to "clear table for next course."

Nora appeared—a dream of delight in a black dress, an exquisite apron and a brand new butterfly cap that Mr. Blakey himself had selected and brought home for the occasion. She waited for the cue. She never so much as glanced at Mrs. Blakey, who in her turn kept her eyes determinedly away from the maid as she chatted on with the man at her left. Nora flitted about, deftly removing soup plates.

Suddenly Mrs. Blakey felt herself pierced by her husband's gaze. Great heavens! What was the girl doing? Finger bowls after the soup! Had she given her the wrong signal? The guests were looking puzzled and watching their hostess. Mrs. Blakey rose to the occasion and desperately dipped her fingers, while she peremptorily gave the signal for next course. Away went the finger bowls, and Nora, with a wild look in her pretty eyes, began to bring in black coffee.

"Horrible!" ejaculated Mrs. Blakey to the man on her left, who had just finished quoting her a little quatrain of his own. Then she apologized, with one eye on him and another on Nora, who was floating past her, all unconscious of appealing glances and furtive clutches at her sleeve. The code of signals was eddying like a whirlpool in Mrs. Blakey's mind. The coffee was finished and something must be done. She gave one long, continuous ring, and watched breathlessly to see what would turn up. A cold perspiration started upon her forehead. Another round of finger bowls! And while they were using them, Nora, with a face like a lobster, passed the bread.

It was a long dinner—the largest and most indigestible that either he or Mrs. Blakey had ever eaten—but it came to an end at last. The guests had departed, and Mr. Blakey stood with his hands in his pockets looking reproachfully at his wife as she sobbed it out on a sofa pillow.

Suddenly she sat up and gave a shriek of laughter. Then another and another.

"Eleanor! Eleanor!" cried Mr. Blakey, in alarm. "What's the matter? Is it—hysterics?"

"Hysterics—no!" she echoed, with another burst of laughter. "It's—it's masculine, brains and business methods!"

And that was one time when Mr. Blakey spelled out a new page in his primer of life.—Chicago Record.

Then He Felt Better.

In a certain skirmish a Colonel —— (general he came to call himself) got a slight scratch on the leg. The wound was a matter of great glory to him, and he nursed it through after days, growing lamer with every year, that the memory of his bravery might ever be near him.

One day late in his life, as he sat nursing his leg and pondering the glorious past a young man, visiting the family for the first time, approached and sympathetically remarked:

"Lame, general?"

"Yes, sir," after a pause and with inexpressible solemnity, "I am lame."

"Been riding, sir?"

"No!" with rebuked sternness. "I have not been riding."

"Ah, slipped on the ice, general?"

"No, sir!" with actual ferocity.

"Perhaps, then, you have sprained your ankle, sir?"

With painful slowness the old man lifted his pet leg in both hands, set it carefully on the floor, rose slowly from his chair and, looking down upon the unfortunate youth with mingled pity and wrath, burst forth in the sublimity of rage:

"Go read the history of your country, you puppy!"—New York Press.

One of Nature's Wonders.

At the sacred village of Totatri, about 40 miles from Tinnevelly, India, there is one of the most wonderful natural curiosities in the world. It is an oil well containing inexhaustible quantities of the liquid. The well or spring is situated within the celebrated temple of Narayan, said to be about the largest sacred edifice in India. At Baku, in the southeastern part of Caucasia, there are also wonderful oil wells that spout petroleum high into the air. In September, 1886, a well tapped in the ordinary manner began to spout with such extraordinary force that it deluged the whole district. For eight days the outflow continued, finally reaching an output of 11,000 tons. Another fountain broke out in March, 1887, and rose to a height of 350 feet, leaving an enormous petroleum lake.

NATURE'S MIRACLE.

He who loves not a noble tree
No fellowship may claim from me.

Deep in the earth its great roots spread,
But heaven's own blue surrounds its head.

It holds the joy of summer morn,
The strength of winter's wildest born.

God's birds find shelter in its arms,
Secure from everything that harms.

It bows when south winds wander past,
But breasts unharmed the fiercest blast.

'Tis nature's miracle to me,
Her fairest work—a noble tree.

—Ninette M. Lowater in New York Sun.

IN THE LITTLE HOSPITAL.

A Touching Sketch of Two Patients Who Sailed Together.

BY P. Y. BLACK.

In the little country hospital the young nurses were very good and attentive to everybody, not having been in the business long enough to have grown callous. They were nice girls, mostly in their first year's course, and their lips would twitch and their faces whiten very often in the operating room or when they held a patient's hand while he died in the night. But they were brave and went about the pretty hospital singing softly in the cool corridors, carrying little white clothed trays to the sickrooms and being the best of medicines themselves by reason of their neatness, their bright eyes and their kind voices.

Now, one beautiful bright spring afternoon at the railroad junction in the town two trains filled with pleasure seekers smashed together, and the doctors and the matron and the nurses were plunged into a world of work, for ambulance after ambulance came driving up from the scene of the accident and left to the care of the girls many people sorely hurt. And among them was a very little boy about 6 years old whom nobody knew anything about because his father and mother were both killed in the collision, and there was nothing on them to show who or what they were except that they were very poor. It is comprehensible that a very great deal of attention was paid to this little fellow, and he would have been placed in the women's ward, as the hospital was too small for a children's ward, but the women's ward was full. So the boy, quite insensible, was laid on a cot in the men's ward, and next to him was laid a big brown bearded man, also insensible, from whose clothes had been gathered quite a sum of money and whose few papers went to show he had been a sailor. He was a very rough looking man indeed.

The man came to his senses first and it was night. The nurse on watch was quite frightened at the man. He was in pain, and great allowance must be made for that, but never in all her life had the little nurse to listen to such words as came from the big brown bearded man's lips. He wanted to get up and go right away, but he found he could not move his great massive legs. So he began to abuse his fate and the railway and the hospital and the nurse and mankind in general. He was a very bitter mouthed man indeed. The little nurse by the light of the night lamp did her best to soothe him because he roused other patients, and there was a terrible groaning and wailing in the small ward. And all at once the little boy came to his senses, too, just for a minute, and his face was turned to the sailor's face, and his eyes fell upon the sailor's eyes. He was not quite sensible yet, for it seemed he mistook the sailor for his dead papa, and he said very prettily:

"Good morning, dad. How are you this morning?"

The sailor, looking into the little fellow's eyes, was abashed and stopped his swearing and was silent for a moment and then muttered clumsily:

"I'm all right."

"That's nice," said the boy and became unconscious again.

The sailor did not abuse anything any more just then, but lay groaning, and every now and again when the little nurse slipped by in the shadows he called to her softly, and the first time he said:

"Pretty little chap."

The nurse nodded and smiled, and the sailor smiled back, and until morning came at last he only groaned and watched the child and did not curse at all, but every time the nurse came to wipe his brow or give him a drink he whispered to her to look at the boy.

"Pretty boy! He thought I was his dad," he said and would have laughed only his pain made him groan instead. Again he caught the nurse's hand.

"Said it was nice, he did. Cute, ain't he?" And then his face twisted in pain.

But neither could the sailor rise from his back, and neither could the sailor hope to sail the sea again, for he was in the same case with the child, and both were slowly dying. At first sometimes the big brown man would forget himself in his pain, and the nurses would shut their ears, terrified, and the matron would threaten to move him to a room by himself, and that frightened him to silence, for ever since the accident he had a great love for the child. The child would look at his huge friend in surprise when he fell into one of his rages and say:

"Oh, John, that's not nice!"

And John would bite his lips at once and be patient. Then the child would say:

"How do you feel, John?"

And the sailor would answer:

"First rate, Joe."

"That's nice," little Joe would say. And they would lie quiet and look out of the window at the river and beyond where the big hills purpled to the skies and were always looking up.

So it was in the mornings, when Joe seemed always first awake and ready to have his hands and face washed by the nurse. He could not turn about to see the other patients, but he learned all their names, and as soon as he heard them moving he always asked very politely:

"And how do you feel, Mr. Smith?"

And Mr. Smith would always answer because it pleased the child:

"First rate, Joe."

"That's nice," said Joe. And so he would ask each in turn, and to each answer, always the same, he would reply cheerfully, "That's nice."

And when they asked him how it went with him he always said, though sometimes with an effort, "I'm pretty well, thank you." Then everybody would say with real pleasure, "That's nice, Joe."

So the summer went on, and very few patients came to the hospital, and John and Joe were all alone, save for the nurses who grew to dread the time that was soon to part the friends.

At last they told the sailor that there was no hope at all for him. A clergyman came to prepare him. He took the news very calmly, but instantly whispered:

"And the little fellow, Joe?"

"Don't tell him," said the minister. "He is so innocent he needs no preparation. But you?"

For days the poor sailor was in much trouble, and one night he whispered to his little companion:

"Joe, say you was rich as Vanderbilt and he was going a long sail, would you leave me behind?"

"No, John," said the child very earnestly; "I would want you to come too."

"Would you feel sorry, Joe, to sail away and leave me on the wharf, or—or if you was safe in a fine big ship, see me busted to pieces on the rocks?"

"John," said the child, "I would jump out and pull you to my ship, I would."

"Good old Joe," said the sailor, and said nothing more until prayer time, when he squeezed Joe's hand and whispered:

"Pray hard, Joe. Pray hard for me to come along. Pray for two, Joe."

And little Joe prayed for two.

The two used to watch for the searchlight of the big night boat which ran between two great cities on the river. When the steamer turned a point, its light flashed for an instant full on the front of the little hospital. Joe and John, hand in hand, very, very weak now, would lie and watch for it. Joe had made a story that it knew they were there and smiled in on purpose to say "Good night." Always he piped "good night" in return and John also. Then Joe, squeezing the once powerful hairy hand, would feebly ask:

"How do you feel, John, tonight?"

"First rate, Joe," poor John would answer, with a smothered groan.

"That's nice."

And they would lie very still or gradually go to sleep.

And so one night the steamboat came up the river and turned the point and cast its light upon the little hospital.

"Good night," said the sailor in a very low, husky whisper, while Joe's little hand rested on his. But the boy's eyes were wide with a strange light.

"It didn't say 'good night,' John," he whispered and tried to squeeze his friend's hand. "It said 'goodby.'"

The sailor tried to rise in bed, but was unable even to call out. He saw the river, but he could not see the other side. It was dark. He was afraid. His fingers closed round the child's feebly.

"How—do—you—feel tonight, dear John?" said little Joe's voice very softly and tenderly.

There was a moment's pause. The sailor's voice rang out with a glad cry:

"First rate, Joe."

"That's nice," said the child.

And the little nurses, running in, found the friends had gone together.—Los Angeles Times.

Chinese Dressmakers.

The sewing as well as dressmaking is all done by men tailors in China. There are many amusing stories told of them as copyists of the American's way of making up garments. A friend had need of a dozen undergarments. As she came over on shipboard a button was lost, and an exceedingly clumsy and ugly one replaced the lost one, which was of pearl. On reaching Shanghai she desired a tailor to copy from this garment, which was placed in his hands as a model. He brought back the garments, exquisite creations in lace and tucked muslin and each of the dozen adorned with a button exactly like the one on the sample garment.

Upon having his attention called to the ugly button his reply was, "Likee missy," and he was greatly disappointed that his efforts to please were not appreciated. He had spent many hours in search for "likee" buttons and no doubt was greatly disgusted with the unreasonableness of the foreign lady.—Alice Hamilton Rich in Woman's Home Companion.

Appropriate.

People who have the mistaken idea that poets prefer to be addressed in what is commonly called "high flown language" sometimes say strange things.

One such misguided individual spoke to Colonel John Hay in a hotel parlor soon after the great fire in Chicago.

"Well, Colonel Hay," she said, advancing with outstretched hand and her sweetest smile, "I suppose we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing the great fire embalmed in your lofty verse, shall we not?"

More Fit.

"Jaysmith is a sharp man," said Bloobumper.

"I should use the comparative degree instead of the positive," said Spatts.

"How is that?"

"I should call him a sharper."—Detroit Free Press.