

Eugene Guard

SAURDAY DECEMBER 15

THE WAR BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST.

From India there comes once more the official figures relating to the "casualties" caused in the constant war which prevails there between man and beast, says Chambers' Journal. We are happily situated in this country in being able to look back upon such a struggle as a thing of the past; but in India destructive animals still claim their annual tribute of human blood.

In the past year more than 120,000 animals were killed, and rewards claimed for their slaughter; and during the same period 25,166 men, women and children met their death through tooth, claw and the poison of snakes. To this terrible tale of human suffering must be added nearly 100,000 domestic animals which were killed by the same agencies. We thus see that the loss of life is about equal on both sides. It is interesting to see how the deaths are apportioned among the wild beasts. First comes the terrible man-eating tiger, which is responsible for 927 victims; the wolves come next, with a total of 462, while the leopard claims 394. Under the heading "Other Wild Beasts" are computed 1,482 human deaths. The rest of the grand total, no fewer than 21,900 items of this terrible death list, are set down to snake bite.

It is almost futile to expect any great reduction in the annual loss of life from poisonous snakes, for the natives will never kill one of these creatures if they can avoid doing so.

BUTTE CITY SULPHUR FUMES.

The great smelters in the vicinity of Butte City, Montana, are responsible for peculiar conditions. Fred Herbold, just returned to Eugene from that place, says the sulphur fumes released in the smeltering of the ores have deadly effect on vegetation. In consequence the homes of Butte and in that vicinity are flowerless, shrubless and treeless. The residences are built close to the street line, often against it. If not against the street the usual yard space is covered with fine rock. Many residences front the ten-foot alleys that run at right angles across the blocks.

The powerful effect of the sulphur may be realized from the statement that fir and pine trees on the mountain side seven miles across the valley from the smelter have been killed by the fumes. Yet the human plant survives the noxious gases.

A CALIFORNIA AMAZON.

WHILE (California) Press. Miss Julia Austin, the Lake county giantess and foot-racer, has just arrived from the snow capped peaks of Alaska, where she has been in training for more than twelve months. Miss Julia was matched against the great Alaska Indian foot-racer in a dash of 200 yards for \$40,000. She ran the distance in twenty seconds, racing her victim from start to finish and winning the glittering gold by a small majority. This beautiful young lady stands 7 feet 3 inches in her stocking feet, weighing 160 pounds; was born in Colorado and raised in Lake county. She speaks seven different languages, and can outrun any human on earth for money.

The famous beauty above referred to is of Lake county, California, noted for health resorts, and stalwart women.

A boy at Sweet Home, Linn county, during religious service threw a chew of tobacco at the minister, hitting him in the face. He was promptly arrested and fined \$15 and cost. We do not believe in corporal punishment as a rule, but if this boy is not over a hundred years old a good dose of hickory would have fit the case better.

MISS MARY JANE'S BURGLAR.

Miss Mary Jane Simpkins was near her fortieth birthday, but did not look to be a day over 30. She had, many years before, her love affair, followed by a misunderstanding, the reason of which was so securely locked in her breast that, although many had been the conjectures in regard to it, yet no one had surmised the exact truth concerning the lovers' quarrel.

As time slipped by her village friends had almost forgotten the existence of Sam Hopkinson, her beau of more youthful days, who had, to every one's surprise, Miss Jane excepted, suddenly left for parts unknown, but who had been heard of by chance some few years ago as having made a snug little pile in Australia.

One afternoon she had sent her maid-servant with some jelly and a freshly killed chicken to a sick neighbor. The sound of footsteps on the front gravelled walk made her pause, in her work to listen. Then some one knocked, and at the same time stealthily turned the knob of the screen door and stepped in.

Only last week the big house on the hill had been visited by a burglar, who had departed as quietly as he came with some old family plate and several valuable pieces of jewelry. What if this were the same thief, emboldened by his former success, to pay her home a visit in broad daylight, with the hope of similar plunder? Not if a woman's prompt action and courage could prevent, thought Miss Mary Jane. So, hastily opening a bureau drawer and picking up a revolver, both old fashioned and unloaded, which had lain there many years, she crept swiftly down stairs, where, with his back turned toward her, stood a strapping big fellow, who turned as she reached him and, taken by surprise, stepped quietly backward toward the door of the closet located under the stairs and then attempted to pass her.

Summoning all her courage and pointing her weapon of defense at his head, she cried, "Open that closet door if you value your life!" Whereupon the intruder fellow exclaimed, "Why, Miss Mary Jane!"

"Don't Mary Jane me," she shouted, "but open that door!" now thoroughly courageous with righteous anger at the fellow's bold insolence. As he hesitated, and opened the door she gave him a push, shut the closet door with a bang, at the same time turning the key with a dexterity surprising even to herself.

"Thank heaven, she had him good and fast and now needed the assistance only of some passerby to take her prisoner bodily. His voice reached her but indistinctly through the heavy door, but she could hear her name in muffled tones. "Miss Mary Jane, Miss Mary Jane, open the door!" Not much. But how manage to summon aid? The large brass dinner bell, used in her father's day, would be the thing, and in a moment she had seized the heavy thing and with the revolver still clutched in the other hand rang the bell first at one window, then another. Surely some one would hear and come to her rescue, and as the seconds dragged along for what seemed hours, but were really only a few minutes, she saw some one coming across Neighbor Smith's lawn, and she rang harder and louder. What if her prisoner should burst the door and escape? "Come quicker!" she shouted. "Come quicker, and take him away!"

By this time Jonas Smith had reached the kitchen door, followed by several more neighbors, who had also become aware of something unusual in the noise, and commotion.

"Take who away?" asked Jonas, adding, "You had better let me take that firearm away, or you will be shooting yourself or one of us."

"Burglar! Entry closet!" gasped Mary Jane and, handing him the revolver, collapsed on the kitchen steps without another word of explanation.

Muttering something about "noise enough for a fire," he trudged in, followed by the rest, and, arming himself on the way with the kitchen poker, besides the revolver, he made straight for the entry closet.

"Stand around!" he shouted, with an air of military command. "You, Deacon Adams, unlock the door, and you, Seth Fisher, open it, while the rest be ready to seize and hold the rascal."

No sooner said than done, and in less time than it takes to tell five pairs of hands had seized the occupant of the closet, although, strange to say, he made no resistance, but exclaimed: "A nice way to welcome home an old friend, threaten to shoot him, lock him up and then when nearly suffocated liberate him in this playful manner. Don't you know me, boys?" as he met their look of blank amazement.

"Why, if it ain't Sam!" shouted Jonas, absently extending first the revolver and then the poker for a friendly handshake and then flourishing them both at the rest of the crowd.

"Why, so it is!" exclaimed Seth, and by this time Miss Mary Jane, having recovered her breath and hearing the conversation, nearly fainted when she realized her mistake.

"After mutual explanations and the re-arranging party had at last departed Mary Jane and Sam, for he it was, though much changed by additional flesh and a heavy beard, sat down in the best room to talk it over and explain, that her inhospitality was due to his own manner of exit and he to tell of his desire to see her first and have his first welcome from his old "sweetheart," besides the fun of surprising her.

The following month a quiet wedding took place, at which Mary Jane made a smiling, happy bride, remarking after the ceremony to the proud Sam, "Well, perhaps you don't think 'surgers' are so funny after all, but it isn't every woman who can capture a burglar even if he had stolen her heart."—Boston Post.

An Imagination Cure. A Philadelphia paper tells a story of a banker in that city who was visited by the strange hallucination that he had hair growing in his throat. Doctor after doctor examined him, telling him he was fooled, but that did not make any difference. Finally a clever young surgeon snipped a couple of hairs from his wrist surreptitiously in an anteroom, fastened them to the end of an instrument, put it down the banker's throat, gave it a little jerk and pulled it out again with the hair, sure enough, at the end of it. The banker is cured.

CAMPAIGN ELOQUENCE.

Famous Spellbinders of the Great Political Parties.

HOW THE ORATORS ARE MANAGED.

Good Judgment and Tact Required in Sending the Right Man to the Right Place at the Right Time. Professional Speakers and Amateurs.

From every corner of the land goes up the sound of the political speech-maker, seeking to convince his hearers of the justice and goodness of his own party and the worthlessness of the other fellows. Just as soon after nominations are made as practicable the ball is set to rolling, or, rather, the tongue is set to moving. Particularly is this true in a presidential campaign, when the ears of all men are sharply set to catch the political truth in either the



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SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

words of the local spellbinder or in those of the orator of national fame speaking to thousands of voters. Each of these is equally part of a great machine set and kept in motion by the national committee, directed by that presiding genius, the chairman of the committee, and greased by the contributions to the national campaign fund.

The man most popular with the masses of the people have ever been those with golden tongues, able to convince and persuade men. An eloquent speaker holds his auditors in the hollow of his hand and is able to turn their minds to his views. Many times not alone in our history, but also in

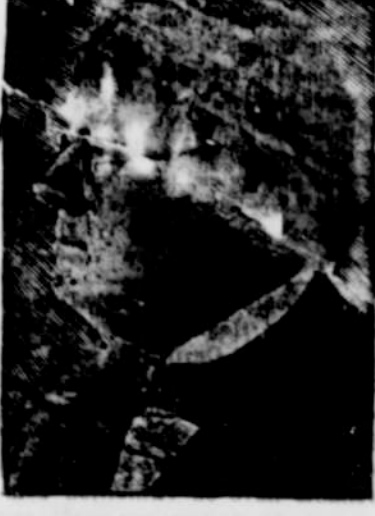


Photo by Rockwood, New York.

W. BOURKE COCKRAN.

that of other lands, have speakers faced audiences hostile to either their persons or their opinions and by means of their gifted tongues have been able to change enemies into friends. This explains why the national committees of our great parties, astute politicians as they are, rely so largely upon oratory to convince voters to their way of thinking.

The principal speakers on both the Democratic and Republican sides are men of national reputation not only as



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SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR.

public men, but also as orators. The same and brilliant ability, both oratorical and political, of Senators Depew, Lodge and Hoar on the Republican side are too well known to need re-statement or comment, while for the

Democrats Charles A. Towne, the silver-tongued Minnesotan; W. Bourke Cockran of New York and Carl Schurz, long known in national affairs, are very well known as speakers. Besides these Mr. Bryan is himself personally appealing for votes, while Chairman Hanna of the Republican national committee is proving himself a speaker of no mean order of merit. Both vice-presidential candidates are addressing large audiences, while all over the land senators, governors, representatives and smaller politicians are all adding their voices to swell the din.

Besides the abstract desirability of reaching the voters by means of speech-



From a recent photograph.

HON. CHARLES A. TOWNE.

as there remains the concrete necessity of supplying them with just the sort of speakers they require and want. It would be worse than useless, for example, to send to the slums of the great cities a man who would talk over the heads of his hearers, while to send to a silk stocking district a speaker better fitted by his diction and manner for the less educated classes would repel rather than attract. The political managers know full well from experience that such mistakes are apt to cost dearly and govern themselves accordingly. To obtain the best results from political speechmaking it is necessary to have the right man in the right place at the right time, otherwise the effect

"Naturally not." This being a fair start, the rumor straightway developed wings. Mrs. Muggins dropped in to see Mrs. Wilkins and could not refrain from broaching the subject.

"Did you see that New York millionaire who is so attentive to Miss Smith?" she asked.

"No. Who is he?" demanded Mrs. Wilkins.

"I don't know his name," answered Mrs. Muggins, "but he's a fine-looking man and fabulously rich. Belongs to one of the old families and made his money in real estate, I think. He has been most devoted to Miss Smith ever since he's been here."

"Engaged to her, I suppose?" "I shouldn't wonder, but it hasn't been announced yet. Perhaps it will be before he leaves."

Of course this was too much for Mrs. Wilkins to keep to herself, and she straightway hunted up Mrs. Bilkins.

"Have you heard about the engagement?" asked Mrs. Wilkins.

"Not a word," replied Mrs. Bilkins. "Whose is it?"

"Miss Smith's."

"I might have guessed it if I had stopped to think. I heard she had been to the city shopping."

"Getting her bridal trousseau, I suppose."

"Oh, of course. Who's the man?" "One of New York's 'Four Hundred.' I'm told. A millionaire and all that, you know. I guess he owns a good bit of Manhattan Island."

"And when are they to be married?" "I'm sure I don't know; but if he's been getting her trousseau I shouldn't wonder if he intended to take her back to New York with him."

Naturally in these circumstances it was easy to fix a date for the wedding. Mrs. Bilkins did it when she had her next conversation with Mrs. Stubbins.

"I suppose you know we are going to lose one of our brightest and most attractive girls," she suggested.

"Who?" inquired Mrs. Stubbins.

"Mercy me, haven't you heard?" exclaimed Mrs. Bilkins in astonishment. "Why, Miss Smith, of course. She became engaged to a New York millionaire when she was away last winter, and he has come on to marry her and take her back home again. It's been kept secret because he wants the wedding to be a quiet affair, but she has her trousseau all ready, and when the time comes they'll just quietly drop in at the parsonage and then catch the train for the east."

"Has the date been settled?" "Oh, I suppose so, but they're keeping it quiet. Family bereavement on his side makes it necessary, I believe, but it will surely take place within a fortnight. She's a mighty lucky girl, though. I understand the treasury reserve is a pauper fund beside his wealth."

Mrs. Stubbins being one of those curious people who like to have their information from headquarters, she immediately hunted up Miss Smith.

"Permit me to congratulate you," she said.

"On what?" asked Miss Smith.

"On your engagement," answered Mrs. Stubbins.

"To whom?" demanded Miss Smith, evincing some surprise.

"Why, to that millionaire who was at church with you last Sunday."

"Millionaire?" exclaimed Miss Smith. "Why, he's a cousin from Arizona, and he hasn't a hundred dollars to his name. He left last night for Chicago to take a \$15 a week job in a wholesale grocery house, and I wouldn't marry him if he were the only man in the world."

Nevertheless, to all intents and purposes, Miss Smith's future is settled. She is engaged to be married. She may not know it, but that cannot be helped. When these affairs are thus arranged, it takes time to make a change, and the man who actually claims Miss Smith's hand in marriage doubtless will suffer many a jealous pang when he hears of the stranger from New York to whom she was once engaged.—Chicago Evening Post.

His Liberal Policy. "I believe in taking some things for granted."

"Yes, when you lent me the novel you said so. I thought I noticed that the leaves were not cut."—Chicago Record.

Too Regular. "I wonder why the Swellers have quit inviting us to their parties."

"I suppose it was because we always went."—Chicago News.

HOW SHE BECAME ENGAGED.

She didn't intend to become engaged, and it really wasn't her fault. Indeed, it may be said she never had asked her to marry him, and likely she would have refused if he had. Still, to all intents and purposes she might as well have had a diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand. These things will happen, especially in a small town where there are many gossips.

He had merely escorted her to church and had sat with her in the family pew. There really was nothing wrong in this, and nothing would have been thought of it if they had not been seen by Mrs. Higgins. Other young men have taken other young women to church and have escaped without even the intimation of a breach of promise suit, but in those instances both were known to the townspeople. In this instance the young man was a stranger, and Mrs. Higgins felt it called for comment.

"I wonder who that young man was who came to church with Miss Smith?" she said.

"Dear me! I didn't see him!" exclaimed Mrs. Higgins. "Was there a stranger with her?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Mrs. Higgins, "and a handsome one too. I think he's from the east, but I'm not sure."

That was the start. Mrs. Higgins pondered the subject in her leisure moments and later met Mrs. Muggins.

"Have you heard about the gentleman who took Miss Smith to church last Sunday?" she asked.

"Not a word," answered Mrs. Muggins. "Tell me all about it."

"He's a mighty handsome young fellow from the east—New York, I think—and they say he was most attentive to her."

"Oh, she's a sly one," asserted Mrs. Muggins. "I remember she spent a month in New York last winter, but it's a wonder she never told anything about it. I suppose he's worth a good deal of money."

"Surely," replied Mrs. Higgins. "I imagine he must be a millionaire at the very least. She wouldn't look at any one with less."

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The Rector's Wife.

Herbert Bryington and his wife were there alone enjoying the ruddy light of the coal fire and the warmth and coziness of the room, entirely at variance with the scene without.

Just opposite him, on a low foot-stool Jessica sat with the bright freckles flashing in her lovely face, the scarlet dewdrops curved in an unmistakable pout and her eyelashes sparkling with suspicious moisture.

"Jessica, my love," pleaded the rector, with a countenance of sore bewilderment, "I thought you would look at the matter reasonably."

"So I do," said Jessica, raising the lovely hazel eyes with a sparkle of indignation to her husband's face. "I'm not a statue of ice nor a dried up old fossil, never to want any change or relaxation, and I've made up my mind to go to the ball. Everybody in Ashcombe is going, and I don't see why I should be pined up at home. I'm only 17 and haven't worn the pink and silver dress since we were married."

"But, Jessica," gravely interrupted her husband, "a masquerade ball is not exactly the place for a clergyman's wife."

"I don't see where the harm is," persisted Jessica.

Jessica burst into tears. "It's too bad!" she sobbed. "I might as well be a prisoner in a stone cell at once. I wish I were single again. I wish I hadn't married a minister!"

"Jessica," he began sadly, "if you—"

But a knock at the door interrupted his sentence.

"If ye please, sir," said the round-eyed and staring Irish girl, "Mr. John Mooney from the mountain, and his father's just gold entirely wid the fever, and he's just wid the minister please to come quick, or it'll be dead he'll be. I tould him the master likely couldn't come, being 'twas three miles off and the river all swollen wid the freshet, and the night as dark as a wolf's mouth, and—"

"Tell him to wait one instant, Sarah," said Mr. Bryington, rising at once and putting his papers hurriedly into their portfolio. "Of course I shall go with him. Poor Mooney! I did not think he would have lasted so long as this."

And as Sarah closed the door he bent caressingly over his wife.

"Goodbye, Jessica," he said. "It will probably be some hours before I shall return. Try and not be lonesome, my dear."

But Jessica only turned her head away. "Will you not tell me goodbye, my love?" he pleaded, trying to look into her averted eyes, but she never looked up nor answered his appealing words.

He waited an instant as if for her to speak and then he left the room. As the door closed behind him Jessica half rose from her seat, as if to call him back, but she checked herself before the action had become defined.

As time passed Jessica became oppressed with loneliness. She opened the door and crept softly into the kitchen. Even the companionship of the rough, untutored Irish girl was better than none at all. But here again she was disappointed. Sarah had gone to bed and to sleep, and Jessica stole back again, shivering from the sound of her own footsteps, and sat down by the fire. From a brief reverie she was roused by the sound of the little bronze mantel clock striking 12.

Twelve o'clock! Surely he should have been home long ere this. It was barely 7 when he went away. A new terror took possession of Jessica's mind. Suppose anything should have happened to Herbert! The river, she knew, was swollen to its utmost height by the spring rains, the road was intricate, the night dark, the bridges were none the best. As she remembered these things a feeling came over her as if she had been grasped by a hand of ice.

Wearied and worn out by the conflicting emotions that racked her mind, Jessica dropped off into a sort of doze, half slumber, half fevered unrest, through which the sharp, bell-like tone of the clock striking 1 sounded like the tolling of a knell.

She was roused by the sound of hoarse voices and the tramp of feet, and springing wildly up, she rushed to the door and threw it open.

"Herbert! Merciful heaven! What is there?"

"Don't be skered, ma'am," answered the rough voice of Farmer Althorpe, notened as much as his raspy nature would admit. "Maybe he ain't so badly hurt after all, and—"

But Jessica had rushed past him out into the night and tempest, for the moans of the wife had discerned the motionless burden carried by two or three men in the background.

"Herbert, my husband! Is he dead?" she gasped, with a face whiter than the white snow on the mountain sides beyond.

"We hope not, Mrs. Bryington," said a soothing voice, that of Dr. Daleson, "but the fall was a serious one."

"How? Where?"

The choked voice refused to give utterance to the incoherent words, but the kind hearted physician comprehended her meaning.

"We were crossing the bridge near the old hoe factory on our return from John Mooney's when the timbers at the upper end gave way. I always thought they were insufficiently staid to resist our heavy spring freshets. I caught at the rail where it ran up on the bank and saved myself, but poor Bryington was not quick enough."

That half hour by the side of the injured man when death stood opposite claiming its prey and the flame of life flickered as if every second must see its total extinction—the young wife never forgot it. And when at last Dr. Daleson whispered to her that their efforts had prevailed and that the sweet sleep into which he had fallen would be the precursor of eventual recovery she wept like a child. Heaven had indeed given him back to her, through trial and terror, and the rush of happiness to her heart was almost overwhelming.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Origin of Greenhouses. William Watson of New says that the first greenhouse erected in England was in the Apothecaries' garden at Chelmsford in 1684. It merely had glass sides and was heated by a kind of oven. In 1717 a glass-roofed house was built by the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir castle for forcing foreign grapes, heated by furnaces placed under the floor of the house. Steam was first used in 1788, and hot water soon afterward was applied to a small house in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris.—Meek's Monthly.