

EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.
EUGENE, OREGON.

That shoe trust will pinch.
There is no man so deep but that he has at least one shallow spot.

An appropriate wedding present for a bachelor is a copy of "Paradise Lost."

Some men resemble pyramids—broad at the foundation, but narrow at the top.

Young ladies and promissory notes should be settled when they arrive at maturity.

A man should not be judged by an occasional exertion, but by his everyday actions.

A Montana reader asks if dentists have a right to pull a patient's leg. No; but they do sometimes.

There are exceptions to all rules. No doubt it is true, as the women declare, that men are all alike, excepting your wife's first husband.

A lovely young thing has escaped from under the Sultan's wing, and threatens to lecture in this country. Perhaps she'd compromise on comic opera.

One of King Edward's daughters contemplates matrimony, but she has not fully decided as to the man. She can probably have her pick and no questions asked.

Gen. Chaffee urges American army officers to employ good tailors on their uniforms so as to set a useful example in dressiness to the privates. The fact that the American army captured Santiago and Manila in its shirt sleeves and without its boots blacked must be lived down if possible.

Deficiency in the teaching of handwriting in the common schools of the country receives vivid illustration in the failure of many possible winners in the land lottery of Oklahoma. The penmanship of numerous registered applicants was so bad that their names and addresses could not be made out.

Uncle Sam does many generous things for his old soldiers, but now and then he is guilty of a small act. For instance, he kept \$25 of a soldier's pay thirty years ago to offset possible deficiencies in the man's clothing account. The other day the soldier received a check for the \$25. Is he not entitled to interest also?

France is the only great nation in Europe that has had the strength of mind and of purpose to establish a republican form of government. It is the only nation on earth which has made successful attempts to solve the problem of the equal distribution of land. Its percentage of pauperism is the lowest in Europe, its percentage of invalid efficiency in production is the highest among the great nations.

Whether we need more battleships or more cruisers appears to depend largely on the question whether, in the next war, we shall have more need to catch and capture the enemy's merchant vessels or to meet and fight his men-of-war. A cruiser is a fighting vessel only a little more lightly armed and armored than those classed as battleships, and with somewhat greater speed. In the great majority of sea fights she could give quite as good account of herself as the heavier vessel; so there is some merit in the argument that it is better to build five cruisers than four battleships for the same amount of money.

A correspondent, noting a recent editorial on lamp explosions, calls attention to a great danger, instances of which are not uncommon. Persons ordering kerosene, says the correspondent, frequently receive gasoline instead, and fatal accidents sometimes result from the error. Mistakes of this sort are the result of culpable negligence on the part of storekeepers or their clerks. Insurance companies take cognizance of the dangers incident to the handling of kerosene and insist upon strict regulations concerning its storage, but no rules will prevent mistakes by careless employees. Merchants dealing in inflammable and explosive materials should exercise special care. Kerosene and gasoline should be kept in separate locations in the building and extra pains should be taken in booking orders. The merchant owes this to himself, as he is liable for the mistake. A vendor may be indicted in civil damages and an explosion involving death might result in making him criminally liable. Americans are somewhat reckless concerning these things, hence the many accidents and fires.

The Dowager Empress of Germany, Queen Victoria's first-born child, who died recently, was not so fortunate as her mother. She did not possess so much power, she did not have so happy a life, and she died slowly, from a painful disease. Her husband loved her, but the German people did not, and Bismarck did not. While her father-in-law lived and Bismarck ruled she had to live in the background, which was not pleasant for an ambitious and an able woman. Her husband came to the throne at last, but he lived for only ninety-nine days. Then she became the Dowager Empress of China has been far from being a nonentity, and the Emperor Frederick's widow would have preferred not to be one, but the fates were against her. The stories told of the unfriendly or strained relations existing between her and her son, the present Emperor, doubtless are to a great extent without foundation, but it is certain that their relations were not specially cordial. It is doubtful whether she could exercise any influence whatever over him. For more than ten years, while her mother was still reigning over a great kingdom, and was manifesting from time to time the manifestations of the growing affection of her people, her daughter was living outside the world of action, without influ-

ence and without popularity. There is good reason to believe that in her case royal lineage and high station did not bring much happiness with them. Her career was not what she thought it was going to be when she married the Crown Prince forty-three years ago.

Evidence produced from the libraries of this country that fiction is losing some of its overwhelming popularity is followed by testimony that the same phenomenon is observable in England. A London correspondent of the New York Evening Post quotes one of the principal British publishers to the effect that novels and romances are giving way before "belles-lettres, travel books and books on practical subjects." The change apparently is even more marked in England than it is on this side of the Atlantic, for the correspondent goes on to add: "Novels that have sold a hundred thousand copies in America are selling only five, six and possibly up to ten thousand here." But whichever country may be leading in this intellectual reform, there can be no doubt that a movement of the kind would be most desirable. Most novel reading is worse than a mere waste of time. It weakens the power of mental application, wrecks the memory and forms a disastrous habit of inattention. It is no more an exercise for the brain than sitting in the stern of the boat is exercise for the body, and to confound such reading with what is called intellectually is one of the most absurd mistakes imaginable. Prowling a straight furrow is a much more intellectual employment and one quite beyond the capacity of the habitual and omnivorous novel reader. The confusion does the greatest harm in childhood, when the time should be improved to produce intellectual as well as physical athletes. A training is then needed which should be felt as the training of the gymnast or of outdoor sports is felt upon the muscles. Stories should be admitted as an occasional luxury, and only the best of that. Indiscriminate browsing around among books that are neither literature nor science is infinitely worse than an exclusive devotion to the play ground. It is to be hoped, most earnestly, that the change of taste is reaching the juveniles.

Sociologists and business men have been declaiming for thirty years against the tendency of young Americans to desert the country and flock to the cities. All the arguments advanced, all the vivid picturing of the dark side of city life, all the records of privation, demoralization, and disaster in the cities have had little or no effect. Country-bred boys and girls, thrown on their own resources, drifted by common impulse to the cities. There was reason for this drifting cityward that was bred in the bone. The immigration movement that began in the '60's, and that carried thousands of people from the Eastern and Middle Western States to the isolated farms of the Far West, aggravated conditions that had prevailed in all farming districts. Homes were often more crowded than in cities. Families camped down in localities where they hoped in due time to become possessors of comfortable homes. In their eagerness to possess land many immigrants failed to measure property or prepare for prevailing conditions. There were disappointment, loneliness, and a longing for the conveniences, comforts and privileges of modern life. Denial of these led to a migration toward the cities, and the circumstances of life in many rural communities justified it. Gradually there has come a change. Wherever mortgages have been lifted country homes have taken on an air of comfort. The young people who thirty years ago looked in vain for the advantages of city life in country neighborhoods now find them at their doors. The mall that came once a week in the old time, comes now every day. The extension of the rural delivery system carries letters and newspapers to the homes of farmers just as they are carried to homes in the cities. The building of trolley lines brings villages and farms closer together in the matter of time. The better organization of country schools and of teachers' institutes puts the educational privileges on a par with those in the city. Fashion itself has changed. The well-to-do people of the cities are looking countryward. The wealthy are investing money in country establishments. People tired of the incessant activity and the stress and noise of city life are longing now for the quiet and air of the country. This reaction gives new value to many farms. It sets new standards for country boys and girls, and the fact that city people admit a liking for the country may do for the young people of the country more than all the arguments that have been brought down at them for the last quarter of a century.

PHILADELPHIA MILLIONAIRES.

Quaker City Claims 140, Whose Possessions Amount to \$8,000,000.

If the city of Philadelphia were to start a Philadelphia millionaires' club, there would be eligible for membership in this extraordinary organization 117 men and twenty-three women. In other words, 140 men and women in this placid Quaker city own more than \$1,000,000 apiece. Some, of course, own considerably more.

The richest man in this Philadelphia millionaires' club is William Weightman. He is said to be worth some \$75,000,000—the slight difference of \$25,000,000 one way or the other not appearing to worry Mr. Weightman. Mr. Weightman made his money in war times. He sold quinine pills to the Government. His wealth is of the solid sort—real estate. He is said to own more real estate than any other man in Philadelphia, and, luckily, to have selected property which is now in the very heart of the business district.

John Wanamaker comes next in the list of real estate holdings, and is said to be worth about \$10,000,000. Most of the members of this exclusive millionaires coterie believe in real estate, but William Weightman and John Wanamaker have gobbled up the choicest bits in Philadelphia.

The richest woman in town is Mrs. Sarah Van Rensselaer. She was a Drexel, married John R. Fell, and at his death became Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer. Her wealth is estimated at \$12,000,000.—Philadelphia Press.

GEN. PALMER, WHO GAVE A MILLION DOLLARS TO HIS OLD EMPLOYEES.



GEN. W. J. PALMER.

It has been noted in the news dispatches that General William J. Palmer, of Colorado Springs, Colo., had distributed stock worth \$1,000,000 among the employees of the Rio Grande Western Railroad. The reason for his action and the method in which the distribution was made will freshen interest in his sensational gift.

About twenty years ago General Palmer started out to secure the construction of the road which he recently sold. He had to fight against terrible odds.

HOW HE FIXED THE SPOTTER.

Pullman Conductor's Original Method of Squaring Accounts with a Spy.

"No, I'm not with the Pullman company any more," said a man with the unmistakable cut of a railway man to Frank Kennedy, the "night manager." "Must have got onto your graft, hey?" said Kennedy.

"Yep. We all get caught some time or other. Some manage to hang on for a longer time than others, but it always ends the same way. Off comes your head, and another man is on the run in your place."

"I thought you and the spotter on your run stood in together all right?" said Kennedy in a sarcastic tone.

"Yep, we did. But the company put a new man on the run and I didn't know him. He made out that I should have turned in about \$15 more than I did, and hence the lay off. But I never told you how I fixed the spotter, did I? Now that I am out I don't mind telling you. You see, the conductors on the Pullmans, if they are so disposed, can make a few dollars on the side. Of course, when they do the company is rich and can stand for it. Soon after I was put on the St. Louis run I had an opportunity one night to let two or three thirds and keep the money, provided a 'spotter' did not board the train."

"You can well imagine that we always kept a pretty good lookout for these gentlemen. The porter on the cars always stands in with the conductor and gets his bit of whatever is made. If any one of us are a bit suspicious of gets aboard we have to keep tab on him. The porter will wait until he is in his berth and asleep and then bring out his satchel to the end of the car and open it. If the man is a spotter, there is always evidence of it in his satchel."

UNHAPPY CITY PLANTS.

Many Forces Which Conspire to Retard Their Growth.

"I have been giving some study lately to the question of affording better protection to the vegetation of cities," said a local botanist several days ago to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man, "and, as a result, I have found myself out in deep water, but still with a rather interesting series of facts to deal with. At first I had no idea where the line of thought would lead me, and when I began to figure on the various influences which tend to arrest the growth of vegetation in the cities they simply multiplied with startling rapidity. My own observations have convinced me that these influences not infrequently give birth to a flora so much at variance with the original as to make a new classification necessary."

"In the first place there is the matter of noise in all its forms and the vibratory rumblings which go with the various activities of an augmented population. Flowers need sleep. Trees sleep. All forms of vegetable life must at regularly recurring intervals be allowed to lapse into a condition of repose, else some radical change will take place in the form of the plant. But noise is not the only disturbing element so far as the restful condition of flowers and plants is concerned. Light is no inconsiderable factor. Plants and flowers and all kinds of vegetation sleep best away from the glare. So the lights of the city, which blind all through the night, must contribute somewhat to this interference with the vegetable sleep. Dust and smoke and other things that fill the air unquestionably have considerable influence on vegetation in the cities. Electricity, independent of its use for lighting purposes, has a bad effect on vegetation. "The overcharged condition of the earth, because of the electrical currents that are constantly finding their way back to the point of generation, cannot be healthy from a viewpoint of vegetation. The construction of large buildings interferes with the natural flow of air currents, and the plants of a city are, in a measure, smothered because of a lack of proper and natural ventilation. The flower loves and craves the kiss of the breeze. The joints of the oak must be loosened by the blower blasts. The dead leaves must be blown away in order to facilitate the growth of the bud and the twig. Dead bark must be shaken from the limbs and the trunk in order to insure a healthy growth. I might go on and multiply these influences indefinitely, but it is not necessary. Every man has observed the effect, for we have seen the toughest of plants, plants as hardy as the oak, wither and die in cities on account of these very influences, and the matter at least affords a vast field for botanical speculation, and, as speculation is the forerunner of solid, logical, philosophical deductions, much good may grow out of these musings."

Not only did he have wealthy and determined competitors but the country through which the projected road was to be built was extremely formidable. There were mountains to be tunneled and swift rivers to be crossed, and often General Palmer was driven almost to desperation. On one of these occasions he made a trip over the proposed line and called together all the men who were in any way interested in it. Section foremen, track laborers, clerks in the offices, all were present. To them General Palmer made a frank statement. He told them that only the faithful and enthusiastic co-operation of all the men in its employ could have the road from disaster. The employees responded nobly to his appeal, and when General Palmer sold control of the road he remembered them. He made the rounds again, personally visiting the homes of engineers, section men, and other employees, and at each left a gift of stock, the amounts varying from \$2,000 to \$100,000. To many old employees the gift came as a fortune, which will enable them to spend their old age in peace and happiness. All General Palmer asked was that nothing be said about it.

What ought I to do with this advertisement, thrust, as it would seem, purposefully under my notice? What was I to do with the fact that I might communicate at once with Messrs. Scott and Brown, giving them the information they had advertised for six months before. I might sell my knowledge of Miss Ollivier for fifty pounds. In doing so I might render her a great service, by restoring her to her proper sphere in society. But the recollection of Tardiff's description of her as looking terrified and hunted recurred vividly to me. The advertisement put her age as twenty-one. I should not have judged her so old myself, especially since her hair had been cut short. I was not prepared to deliver her up until I knew something more of both sides of the question.

Settled—that if I could see Messrs. Scott and Brown and learn something about Miss Ollivier's friends, I might be able to decide whether I would betray her to them; but I would not write. Also, that I must see her again first, and once more urge her to have confidence in me. If she would trust me with her secret, I would be as true to her as a friend could be true to Julia.

Having come to these conclusions, I cut the advertisement carefully out of the crumpled paper, and placed it in my pocketbook with portraits of my mother and Julia. Here were mementoes of the three women I cared most for in the world—my mother first, Julia second, and my mysterious patient third.

CHAPTER VII.

I was neither in good spirits nor in good temper during the next few days. My mother and Julia appeared astonished at this, for I was not ordinarily as touchy and fractious as I showed myself immediately after my sojourn in Sark.

I was somewhat of a puzzle to my mother, which occupied their time, and thoughts so agreeably, worried me as it had not done before. I made every possible excuse not to be sent to it, or taken to it, several times a day. It was positively necessary that I should run to Sark this week—I had given my word to Miss Ollivier that I would do so—but I dared not mention such a project at home. My mother and Julia would be up in arms at the first syllable I uttered.

What if I could do two patients good at one stroke? I had two birds with one stone? Captain Carey had a pretty little yacht lying idle in St. Sampson's harbor, and a day's cruising would do him all the good in the world. Why should he not carry me over to Sark, when I could visit my other patient, especially beneath these lay a handsome watch and chain, a fine diamond ring and five sovereigns lying loose in the box.

"That is all the money I have in the world," she said sadly.

I laid the five sovereigns in her small white hand, and she turned them over, one after another, with a pitiful look on her face. I felt foolish enough to cry over them myself.

"Dr. Martin," was her unexpected question after a long pause, "do you know what became of my hair?"

"Why?" I asked, looking at her fingers running through the short curls we had left her.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Speak precisely what is in your mind at this moment," I replied.

"You are very, very good to me," she said, holding out her hand to me, "but I do not want you to come more often than is quite necessary, because I am very poor. If I were rich, I would have hurriedly, I should like you to come every day—it is so pleasant—but I can never pay you sufficiently for that long week you were here. So please do not visit me oftener than is quite necessary."

"My face felt hot, but I scarcely knew what to say. I bungled out an answer.

"I would not take any money from you, and I shall come to see you as often as I can."

"You are not offended with me, Dr. Martin?" she asked, in a pleading tone.

"No," I answered, "but you are mistaken in supposing a medical man has no love for his profession apart from its profits. To see that your arm gets properly well is part of my duty, and I shall fulfill it without any thought of whether I shall get paid for it or no."

"Now," she said, "I must let you know how poor I am. Will you please to fetch me my box out of my room?"

I lifted the small light box very easily—there could not be many treasures in it—and carried it back to her. She took a key out of her pocket and unlocked it with some difficulty, but she could not raise the lid without my help. I took care not to offer any assistance until she asked it.

"I turned back for a last look and a last word. No chance of learning her secret now. The picture was as perfect as when I had had the first glimpse of it, only her face had grown, if possible, more charming after my renewed scrutiny of it.

"I know it," she answered, half shyly, "Tardiff told me you were going to marry your cousin Julia."

"Just then we heard the folkydags gale swing to behind some one who was coming to the house."

"How do you find mamma's doctor?" were his first eager words.

"All right," I said, "going on famously. Sark is enough to cure any one and anything of itself. Tardiff. There is no air like it. I should not mind being a little ill here myself."

"Captain Carey is impatient to be gone," he continued. "He sent word to me that you might be visiting every house in the island, you had been away so long."

"Not so very long," I said, testily; "but I will just run in and say good-by, and then I want you to walk with me to the cliff."

"I turned back for a last look and a last word. No chance of learning her secret now. The picture was as perfect as when I had had the first glimpse of it, only her face had grown, if possible, more charming after my renewed scrutiny of it.

"Shall I send you the hair?" asked Miss Ollivier.

"To be sure," I answered, "I shall dispose of it to advantage, but I have not time to wait for it now."

"And may I write a letter to you?"

"Yes," was my reply. I was too pleased to express myself more eloquently.

"Miss Ollivier," I said, "I have no claim of old acquaintance or friendship, yet it is possible I might answer some self-to-tell me the circumstances of your former life. In a few weeks I shall be in a position to show you more friendship than I can do now. I shall have a home of my own, and a wife, who will be a home friend more fittingly, perhaps, than myself."

"I knew it," she answered, half shyly, "Tardiff told me you were going to marry your cousin Julia."

"Just then we heard the folkydags gale swing to behind some one who was coming to the house."

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"HALF ASLEEP."

Yes, there were very few possessions in that light trunk, but the first glance showed me a blue silk dress and seakins jacket and hat. I lifted them out for her, and after them a pair of velvet slippers, soiled, as if they had been through muddy roads. I did not utter a remark. Beneath these lay a handsome watch and chain, a fine diamond ring and five sovereigns lying loose in the box.

"That is all the money I have in the world," she said sadly.

I laid the five sovereigns in her small white hand, and she turned them over, one after another, with a pitiful look on her face. I felt foolish enough to cry over them myself.

"Dr. Martin," was her unexpected question after a long pause, "do you know what became of my hair?"

"Why?" I asked, looking at her fingers running through the short curls we had left her.

"I know it," she answered, half shyly, "Tardiff told me you were going to marry your cousin Julia."

"And friend?" she repeated.

For the next few days I waited with some impatience for Miss Ollivier's promised letter. It came at last, and I put it into my pocket to read when I was alone—why, I could scarcely have explained to myself. It ran thus:

"Dear Dr. Martin—I have no little commission to trouble you with. Tardiff tells me it was quite a mistake, his mother taking a sovereign from me each week. She does not understand English money; and he says I have paid quite sufficient to stay with them a whole year longer without paying any more. I am quite content about that now. Tardiff says too that he has a friend in Southampton who will buy my hair, and give more than anybody in Guernsey. So I need not trouble you about it, though I am sure you will have done it for me."

"Good-by, my good doctor. I am sure you do everything you told me exactly; and I am getting well again fast. I do not believe I shall be lame; you are too clever for that. Your patient," "Miss Ollivier."

Ollivier! I looked at the word again to make sure of it. Then it was not her surname that was Ollivier, and I was still ignorant of that. I saw in a moment how the mistake had arisen, and how innocent she was of any deception in the matter. She would tell Tardiff that her name was Ollivier, and he thought only of the Olliviers he knew. It was a mistake that had been of use in checking curiosity, and I did not feel bound to put it right. My mother and Julia appeared to have forgotten my patient in Sark altogether.

Ollivier! I thought it a very pretty name, and repeated it to myself with its abbreviations. Olive, Lily. It was difficult to abbreviate Julia; Ju, I had called her in my rudest schoolboy days. I wondered how high Ollivier would stand beside me; for I had never seen her or her name. Julia was not two inches shorter than I was, and she had a fine figure, neither slender enough to be lissome, nor well-proportioned enough to be majestic. But she was very good, and her price was far above rubies.