

# Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.  
EUGENE, OREGON.

Only a fool man believes that a woman believes everything he tells her.

Posterity isn't likely to judge any woman by the style of her visiting cards.

Contentment should be measured by the number of things you are willing to do without.

Toadstools are often mistaken for mushrooms and gall is sometimes mistaken for genius.

Mr. Carnegie is right. Wealth does not bring happiness. But Solomon and others found it out before he did.

Killing a man, no matter what the provocation, is unpleasant and dangerous business. It ought to be discouraged.

Many a distracted man will be wont to congratulate himself on the thought that there will be no house cleaning in heaven.

A Western man fell dead while looking at his wife's new hat. Most men stare off the fatal attack until the bill is presented.

The difference between a good detective and a good newspaper is that the newspaper will tell all it knows and the detective won't.

New York is to have an eighteen-story hotel without a piece of wood in its construction. Yet they will hardly go so far as to call it fireproof.

In case King Leopold finds it necessary to go about disguised it will only be necessary for him to let the barber operate on them for a few minutes.

The persons who smoke the objectionable little things may as well understand that Miss Lucy Page Gaston will not give up the fight so long as life shall last.

A London paper scoffs at Secretary Shaw, referring to his as a "shirt-sleeved diplomat." It isn't likely, however, that the Secretary will let this cause him to go back to Iowa and sit down.

If the number of red corpuscles in the blood can be doubled in two hours in a balloon ascension, as Dr. Gaule, of Switzerland, has proved, the apparent suggestion for sufferers from anemia is to hurry to an aeronaut.

"Labby" philosophically asks why Cecil Rhodes should not have used his wealth to send English boys to study abroad, their university education being, he says, "obsolete." It was only recently, moreover, that the king wished "the old country would wake up." All the English universities have to teach can be better learned on the continent or in the United States. The modern age has not yet penetrated into the medieval dusk of Oxford and Cambridge.

The fascinations of the setting sun are depleting Greece of her strong young men. Rebellious against the laxity of some laws and rigidity of others, the dishonesty of officials and never-ceasing deprivations and exactions of outlaws, young Greece, with the glorious memories of the past ages not yet obliterated, yearns for new life in the West. In the last week of March, 600 stalwart young men from Messenia and Laconia sailed for New York, and it is estimated that this emigration is at the rate of 1,000 a month. They are in a great part agriculturists, sick of the poverty and hardships that are their lot. Most of them ought to make good American citizens; but what of Greece? This movement, if long continued, means the irreparable loss of brain and sinew for the land of Homer. It emphasizes the decay of the old-time mistress of the world. The cancer of Turkey is infectious. There will be no repair in southeastern Europe till the Sultan is swept from power. A white back the lion of the Helleses shook his mane at the turbaned monster, and the nation wondered if the spirit of Leonidas had returned. But the lion's feet were clay, and his short-lived struggle was pitiful. Young Greece, buoyant for a moment in the thought of a new regime, went back sick-hearted to his furrows. And now, had fast becoming worse, he seems inclined to take one last glance at Athens and try his fortune in a new world, leaving the Acropolis to rust away without him.

Peter Peterson, of Winsted, Ct., asserts that old age is a matter of opinion, and not years. He says that a man's heart should contain as much sunshine at 70 as at 40. He has no patience with the men who seek slippers and comforts of an armchair just when experience and world knowledge have fitted them for activity and pleasure. Oh, yes! bones ache and joints creak at 70. But that is largely a matter of living day by day. It seems as if every day increased the number of young old men. You may find them in "roosters' row" at the ball game, or hunting, fishing, traveling, on the golf links, willing to wear out when time gives the word, but setting all their energies against rusting out. The world admires these fine old fellows, and warns to them and their philosophy. Peter Peterson celebrated his 70th birthday by purchasing an automobile. He has wanted one for years, and never had the time to operate it before. Now he takes a daily spin and finds as keen enjoyment in the sport as a boy of 20. He has an ambition to ride in a flying machine some day. Automobiles do not fall to the common lot, and there are many pleasures that are not for those who have to struggle for a living day by day. But it is possible for all men to cultivate a spirit of contentment, a desire to make the best of life; to draw much of the good from it; to refuse to worry about matters that can not be helped; and these things add years to lives, increase human happiness, and keep alive the fire

of youth even when wrinkles have placed the stamp of age on grand old faces.

In a recent interesting discourse on the question, "Is the Pulpit Free?" Rev. Frederick C. Priest got at the root of the matter when he said that the preacher should be a specialist and should attend to his specialty. Within the limits of that specialty and the creed that he professes his freedom is as perfect as human freedom can be. His sermons secure the approval of his parishioners when he preaches a thoroughly Christian sermon, founded on the moralities and the promises of the gospel, and more than that, it is by such sermons alone that he can best help, comfort and inspire his hearers. But the peculiar respect which he commands as a specialist vanishes immediately when he goes out of his sphere to talk dogmatically upon questions of secular controversy about which he may know much less than some of his auditors. There are preachers who seem to have a persistent itching during political campaigns to bring the pulpit into politics and who deceive themselves by imagining that their partnership comes of God, when it is in fact the ordinary kind. They may consent themselves with veiled allusions or they may go so far as to express eulogy or denunciation, but in either case they are using the church as a campaign wagon when they should hire a hall. It is a wonder that such aberrations are tolerated as much as they are, and certainly there could be no blaming a preacher for protesting when he believes that there is more of the devil than of God in the preacher's party. It is his right to protest and to demand that his temper shall not be ruffled by the disingenuous or over-zealous pulpiteer. He is taking him at a mean disadvantage and depending on him for financial support at the same time. Aside from the question of authority, men are sated with such stuff anyway during the week, and if they go to church Sunday it is to be recalled to the spiritual side of life, which is too much neglected. There is still enough in it and in pure religion for centuries upon centuries of sermons, as there has been in the past. The specialty is still rightly considered the greatest of specialties, and when it is properly filled it ministers more to the higher aspirations of humanity than any other and commands a veneration that is a very bulwark against those who would curtail its just freedom.

Where the Grapefruit Came In.  
There was the usual collection of commercial travelers in the smoking room of the hotel, and the inevitable quiet man was one of them. They had been asking conundrums, many of which had been received with roars of laughter, as being particularly clever. Then the quiet man hit a fresh cigar and spoke:

"It is easy," he said, "to think of such riddles as 'Why is your hat like a baby?' which contain no simile, but those with two are far more difficult. For instance:

"What are the differences between the son of a millionaire, an organ and a grapefruit?"

"I give it up," said the mustered traveler presently.

"The son of a millionaire is an heir to millions, while an organ has a million airs! D'ye see?"

"But what about the grapefruit?" inquired the hoarse representative.

"Oh, that's where you stick!" returned the quiet man. And the waiter smothered a guffaw behind a tray he was dusting, while the hoarse representative howled for soda water.—London Answers.

Ancient City in Mexico.  
Leopold Batres, conservator of archaeological monuments in Mexico, has examined an ancient city of the Zapotecs in the State of Oaxaca. In its center is a grand plaza, and rising to the north of the plaza are terraces, on which are founded two great temples, while in the center of the plaza itself are two massive mausoleums in which the priests of the temples were buried. On opposite sides of the public square there are also twelve smaller shrines, six on either hand, all supported by heavy columns of basalt covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions in bas-relief. In the temples the history of the people was found inscribed, in the language of the Zapotecs, upon fifty tablets of stone. So much of the surprisingly rare historic import has already been found that Mr. Batres will ask the government for more men to be put at the work of exhuming and restoring the buildings of the long-buried city.

Miss Riggs' Choice.  
"Cranford" splinters, the most perfect examples, in fiction at least, of elderly maidenhood, avoided danger by meeting it plump, after the formula of Sir Boyle Roche. Said they: "A man is so in the way in a house!"

Miss Phoebe Riggs, an Amazon of the present day, of whom the New York Tribune tells, was a little less effective in defense, possibly because she did not get in the first blow.

For more than eighty years Miss Riggs has lived in the little New England town in which she was born. A recent corner to that village, meeting Miss Riggs for the first time, said apologetically after a while:

"You must excuse me, but I am not sure whether you are Miss or Mrs. Riggs; I didn't quite understand when we were introduced."

The bent little spinster drew herself up as straight as possible.

"Miss Riggs, from choice?" she replied, in a freighting voice.

Time Enough.  
Miss Kostique—She says you have a habit of telling all you know.

Cholly—The idea! Why, she never met me till last evening, and then only for five minutes.

Miss Kostique—Well?—Catholic Standard and Times.

Salt Mines in Switzerland.  
Switzerland has at Bex salt mines which have been worked for 248 years. The galleries are twenty-five miles in length and the profit \$75,000 a year.

Movable Scenery Used.  
Movable scenery was first used in Italy in the year 1508. It was the invention of an Italian architect named Peruzzi.

# HOW TO CAN FRUITS.

POINTS FOR THE UP-TO-DATE HOUSEWIFE.

If Cooked in Cans None of the Delicate Flavor of Fresh Fruit Is Lost—How This May Most Conveniently Be Done.

It would certainly seem that the very general use of the canned vegetables of the market, and the wholesome, natural flavor that characterizes even the cheaper grades would have made the prime cause of their excellence, namely, cooking in the cans so that none of their delicate flavor is lost in escaping steam—an open secret to the majority of housewives before now. If it has, there never was a more forcible illustration of the truth of the old adage that "None are so blind as those who will not see" than the persistency with which housewives cling to the inferior method of cooking fruit in an open vessel and afterwards dipping it into jars and sealing. Probably the incorrect belief that it is more work to cook fruit in the jars than out, and that the latter are very liable to break during the operation, has done much to keep the old method in vogue.

The collar saved her. If it had not been for the name and address on it, it would never have been heard of. It was a little portmanteau, very large, and his little porter carried it. The feet were out and the toes scratched raw. The body was emaciated and had evidently gone through the suffering of starvation.

"There is but one explanation to Nellie's disappearance. She ran the rat into the drain's entrance and then got lost, traveling in an endless direction, working her way through the blinding refuse. How the dog ever lived is more than we can tell. She entered the passageway at Toledano, evidently came down the avenue mains to 3d street, then through that sewer to Claiborne avenue, where she crawled out. It was three weeks almost to a day."—New Orleans Picayune.

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"Once, in a 'Night Off,' in the scene I played with Otis Skinner, and which hinges on a pocket book, the call boy forgot to give the lines, and we came near to upsetting things generally. The man who is ambitious to have a past, but who has none, was waiting for the pocket book which I was to lend him, and which contained a lock of hair and some other little mementos to prove his gallantry. I put my hand into my pocket to get it. It was missing. The whole scene depended upon it."

"I tore madly off the stage, leaving him to face the situation, and he proved the hero of it. There he was, improvising: 'Dear old Jack—as erratic as ever. Forgotten something, perhaps—likely his pocket handkerchief.'—And so kept it up until I rushed back with the missing property." The audience knew nothing, for he was very alert, but I was fearful upset.

"We were all so strenuous in those days at Daly's," concluded Mr. Drew, "according to the Saturday Evening Post, 'that I felt I had done him some wrong, but he took it delightedly, as he carried the day.'"

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weeks ago. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

"I had walked to the corner of Toledano and St. Charles avenue from my house, on Pleasant street. The new drain starts down the avenue from there and follows the riverside to 3d street. The dogs started a rat, and I saw them chase it into one of the openings, but I didn't think anything of that, for they were always doing it. When I got home, however, and Nellie was missing, I knew something must have happened to her. Taking a crow-bar, we went over to the Toledano corner, and he gave me an account of Paul's affairs yet, and if he can get Louise to marry Frank he needn't. He may want all the money he can get out of her; the plaintiffs in that patent case have appealed, and he'll have to appear again and fight at the next sitting of the court. But he shan't plunder the lass. I must find if she's with my sister, and if he's fighting with her, I'll get a writ of mandamus, or summat, and tak' 'er 'lass whom 'er me. I'm guardian as much as 'er, and if the lass would rather hide wi' me he can not take her. Yes; I shall set about it."

"Time passed, and no word came from the lost Nellie. Advertisements brought no returns, and the days passed into weeks, when one night my son came home and told me a friend of his living out in the Fourth District had seen a fox terrier wearing a collar bearing the name, James Hagan, 1307 Pleasant street, and that the dog was emaciated and in a horrible condition, appearing to have been starved almost to death. Inquiry was hastily made, and, to my delight, I found Nellie in the possession of an old man near the corner of Claiborne avenue and 3d street. She told me the terrier had come out of the drain the day before.

The collar saved her. If it had not been for the name and address on it, it would never have been heard of. It was a little portmanteau, very large, and his little porter carried it. The feet were out and the toes scratched raw. The body was emaciated and had evidently gone through the suffering of starvation.

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# HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Manuel," said he, "is a double-dyed villain, if he does ought to harm Paul's girl! I can see what he's up to; though; he has given no account of Paul's affairs yet, and if he can get Louise to marry Frank he needn't. He may want all the money he can get out of her; the plaintiffs in that patent case have appealed, and he'll have to appear again and fight at the next sitting of the court. But he shan't plunder the lass. I must find if she's with my sister, and if he's fighting with her, I'll get a writ of mandamus, or summat, and tak' 'er 'lass whom 'er me. I'm guardian as much as 'er, and if the lass would rather hide wi' me he can not take her. Yes; I shall set about it."

"I drew his attention back to the urgent necessity of doing something in her father's case; had he anything to suggest?"

"Well, now let me think," said he. "We'll suppose Paul came home that night—late, you think, very late—and his little portmanteau, very large, and his little porter carried it. The feet were out and the toes scratched raw. The body was emaciated and had evidently gone through the suffering of starvation."

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Rasel. I permitted myself to be taken to a hotel, where I ordered breakfast. After partaking of which I revived, and began to think of the errand on which I had come.

Since my arrival I had been constantly using French and German, and I had been answered in either language. I found later that in the hotel, at least, I might as well use my native tongue; for on inquiring my name from the Ludwigstrasse to the observatory I sought, I had to draw exclusively upon my stock of German. I discovered that Fraulein Emilia Haas lived in one of a row of old tall houses (not unlike some of those in the city of Edinburgh), with little windows in the steep gable roofs, which gave the impression of eyes with sleepy, heavy lids. Up and up the bare stairs of the house I stepped, till I thought I was on the fourth floor—at any rate, I was as high as I could climb. I knocked at the door of a humble "apartment" of two rooms, and an old wrinkled woman appeared. I inquired in German for Fraulein Haas, and was informed she was from home, "giving her daily lessons." She was not, then, ill! Oh, no, she was not ill—she was well. I asked when she would be at home, and was told "at five o'clock in the afternoon." So I departed till then, with about six hours in which to tax my ingenuity in guessing why Fraulein Haas's demand to see Steinhardt had been so urgent, since she was not dying, nor even ill.

At five o'clock I called again, and found Fraulein Haas at home. I was asked to come in. I looked curiously at the Fraulein. She was a middle-aged woman of the thin, nervous type of German (or, perhaps, Swiss), with bright, keen, grey eyes. She rose, smiling, but perplexed, to receive me. "You are doing nothing, Mr. Steinhardt? You would go for me? You would, really and truly, do better than I should. She thinks she would like to see me and speak to me, but she wouldn't. She seems to be very ill—dying, I suppose she thinks herself, poor woman—and to speak to people sick and dying is more in your way than mine. She will like to hear you; she always liked clergymen; she liked me a little when we thought I was going to be a—clergyman."

He turned slowly to the fire, took up the poker, and carefully raked out the ashes from the bottom of the grate. Was memory leading him back reluctantly to those days of his youth, and compelling him to ask himself whether for all he had gained since then he had not paid too great a price?

"Well," said he, manifestly shaking something off, and turning to me, "what do you say, Mr. Steinhardt? I will, of course, pay your expenses, and you will take Emilia a letter from me, and money—I daresay she means she needs it."

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Steinhardt," said I, "but—"

"Oh," said he, "it is I will be obliged, but of course that does not matter."

"It is so unexpected," I continued; I might have added, "and extraordinary."

"Well, yes; I daresay it is. But you know what the Frenchman says about the unexpected?"

"Let me consider it for a day; and if I decide to go I shall be ready to set out at once."

"Oh, yes; consider it, and consult your friends. But if you do not go, nobody will go."

I went immediately from him to Birley, and stated at once the extraordinary offer I had received.

"Go, lad," said he; "it will be a pleasant holiday for you, and the poor woman, of course, would rather see somebody from Manuel than only get a letter from him."

I hesitated; I did not desire a holiday then, even on the Continent where I had never been, but at the same time some change was becoming necessary considering the low condition to which my finances had sunk.

"But," said I, "I believe he has asked me only to get me out of the way for some purpose. I think he suspects I have been finding out something more."

"And what does that matter?" asked Birley. "Look here, my lad; I know you're in a way about Louise. Now it strikes me if you go away for a little while (and you may as well go at Manuel's expense), things will turn out better for you than you may think. You see, at the same time as you are away, he is away, too. Frank must come back to the works, and there will be no reason for keeping Louise at Blackpool. Take my word for it, he'll bring her home; I shall manage to see her, and if she claims my protection as her other guardian, I shall take her home with me, and when he comes back he can't ta' her from me. Don't you see, lad?"

I admitted the force of the reasons he urged, and all next day (which was Sunday) turned them over. My going might certainly be to Louise's advantage and to my own. Even if Steinhardt brought her back to Timperley only for a visit of a few days, there would be sufficient opportunity for Birley to take her home to himself. On the other hand, my refusal to go would bring no advantage nor prospect of advantage. And might not, indeed, Steinhardt's offer be a suggestion of Providence?

So on Monday morning I called on Steinhardt and said I was ready to set out at once, and in the afternoon I was whirling through beautiful Derbyshire on my way to London and the Continent. I could not forbear feeling something like delight at the change from terrible Timperley to these bright scenes—although I scarcely knew where I was journeying, or for what. Could I then have guessed what strange things I would bear when I reached the to me unknown city of Basel on the Rhine, could I have guessed that I was being hurried along by the Divine Vengeance, that I was not so much deputed by Steinhardt to see Emilia Haas as by that Overruling Power who was compelling that man on to his doom, what I have often wondered since, would my feelings have been as I was borne along with such rush and roar in the railway train?

The first night of my journey I rested in London. I went to that hotel (Bacons) in Great Queen street, where Mr. Lacroix had commonly stayed on his visits to London, but I found nothing of consequence.

I was wretched, cold and hungry when, about 7 o'clock in the morning of the third day, I left the train at

Basel. I permitted myself to be taken to a hotel, where I ordered breakfast. After partaking of which I revived, and began to think of the errand on which I had come.

Since my arrival I had been constantly using French and German, and I had been answered in either language. I found later that in the hotel, at least, I might as well use my native tongue; for on inquiring my name from the Ludwigstrasse to the observatory I sought, I had to draw exclusively upon my stock of German. I discovered that Fraulein Emilia Haas lived in one of a row of old tall houses (not unlike some of those in the city of Edinburgh), with little windows in the steep gable roofs, which gave the impression of eyes with sleepy, heavy lids. Up and up the bare stairs of the house I stepped, till I thought I was on the fourth floor—at any rate, I was as high as I could climb. I knocked at the door of a humble "apartment" of two rooms, and an old wrinkled woman appeared. I inquired in German for Fraulein Haas, and was informed she was from home, "giving her daily lessons." She was not, then, ill! Oh, no, she was not ill—she was well. I asked when she would be at home, and was told "at five o'clock in the afternoon." So I departed till then, with about six hours in which to tax my ingenuity in guessing why Fraulein Haas's demand to see Steinhardt had been so urgent, since she was not dying, nor even ill.

At five o'clock I called again, and found Fraulein Haas at home. I was asked to come in. I looked curiously at the Fraulein. She was a middle-aged woman of the thin, nervous type of German (or, perhaps, Swiss), with bright, keen, grey eyes. She rose, smiling, but perplexed, to receive me. "You are doing nothing, Mr. Steinhardt? You would go for me? You would, really and truly, do better than I should. She thinks she would like to see me and speak to me, but she wouldn't. She seems to be very ill—dying, I suppose she thinks herself, poor woman—and to speak to people sick and dying is more in your way than mine. She will like to hear you; she always liked clergymen; she liked