

# Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.  
EUGENE, OREGON.

Common sense is not so common as some men think it is.

No woman wants to go to heaven if she can't be young and beautiful there.

Some one has named a cigar after Mary MacLane. It emits a blue flame and sulphurous smoke.

President Elliot suggests that we should have a mausoleum for dead books. A crematory would do just as well.

"The real force on earth is man, not nature," says an Eastern writer. That man never stood in front of a Kansas cyclone.

The Franco-Prussian alliance has just been cemented again. Constant application of international glue are necessary to make it stick.

Labor unions are being organized in the Philippines and strikes are contemplated. It is amazing how rapidly we are Americanizing these children of the tropics.

Captain (now Admiral) Clark was peculiarly blessed in the fact that he had no "fool friends." As a result he is universally esteemed by his countrymen.

The Sultan says Turkey has enough books. No more will be permitted. Reminds one of that freak who burned the Alexandrian library because he said all that was good was in the Koran and what was not in the Koran was not good.

Among America's natural advantages the tendency of the streams to flow southward rather than to the north is of great importance. A river which is frozen at the mouth while open and overflowing at its head waters is a particularly troublesome neighbor. The whole history of this continent would have been different had the Mississippi found its outlet in Hudson Bay.

What a fine motto for a federation of nations this sentence from Washington's letter to Rochambeau would make: "We have been contemporaries and fellow laborers in the cause of liberty, and we have lived together as brothers should do in harmonious friendship." It has already been used on the Rochambeau monument, and it describes the present relations between the United States and France, as well as those between Washington and Rochambeau.

One of the lamentable effects of the illness of King Edward was the revival of the old prophecies by astrologers, palmists, astrologers and other professional croakers of mischief. At the best there is too much superstition in the world, and the evil is not likely to be mitigated by tales of the accident of prophecy. When one prophecy is by chance fulfilled the silly world quickly forgets the hundreds that have come to nothing. How strange it is, we hear, that this man's prediction has come true. But how much stranger it would be, with the world full of bunco-steerers, if somebody's prediction were not some time verified.

The Atchison Daily Globe, in a fine burst of confidence, says: "The success of W. J. Bailey as a politician and farmer is largely due to the fact that when he was young and robust he did not waste the most precious years of his life in hanging on a fence with a girl, but instead devoted his time to trying to amount to something. This love habit, taking up the best period of life, works a terrible evil in many cases. And the girls are just as wasteful of their best years and efforts." The Hon. "Joe" Bailey, of Texas, we know, but we have not the pleasure of the acquaintance of W. J. Bailey either as a politician or as a farmer. Still, he may be a grand old "success." That is neither here nor there. The question is, what would success amount to if it were not for "this love habit," and who would in future be here to succeed if the young and the robust ceased to have the desire to hang over the fences with the girls? Precious few weddings would there be if men were to insist upon "succeeding" before hanging on the fences with the girls. All honor to W. J. Bailey for the "success" he has had as a politician and a farmer, but if he neglected when he was young and robust to hang on a fence with a girl he has lost something for which all the "success" in the world will never repay him. Mr. Bailey will not do as a model.

Another fad has "gone up the spout." Remember how the New Jersey scientists were planning to kill all the mosquitoes and make the pests as scarce as the dodo or great auk. Kerosene was the poison. Ponds were to be sprayed with it. The slaughter was to be something dreadful. No quarter was to be given, and the hum of the insect swarms was to be heard no more. The scientists sprayed. They squirreled barrels of oil on a thousand ponds, and the Standard Oil Trust declared another 20 per cent dividend. Ever and anon one of the scientific sharps had himself interviewed, and proved conclusively that the mosquito and the octopus were deadly enemies. It was glorious news, and it was not true. If you should ask a Jersey mosquito "What's yours," the answer would be, "Kerosene." They like it. They thrive on it. It was a new drink, and they had to acquire a taste for it. And so the pumping and squirreling and sprinkling were all for naught, and a new and mighty breed of kerosene-fed mosquitoes, with double jaws and jagged drills, has appeared in Jersey, and science gets another backset. There is only one real and sure remedy for the pest. Apply the palm of the hand with trip-hammer force to the place where the bird is roosting. If you hit hard enough and quick enough results are sure. Don't try the feeding process. You might as well try to exterminate the ostrich by a diet of cream

pulls, or drive out cockroaches with a writ of ouster.

In Mahlin's Magazine there are some population statistics that are interesting. The second largest German city in the world isn't in Germany. It owes nothing but good will to Emperor William. It is New York, which has a German population nearly half as large as Berlin. Of course every body realizes that no emigrants have made better American citizens than the Germans. They came to this country by millions. They are a part of us. They came to stay, to intermarry, to adopt American customs, and there are 7,832,681 of them in the United States. New York claims 809,624 of them, which is more by over 100,000 than Hamburg, the second city of the German Empire. Cincinnati is called a German city, but her German population is less than that of the United States. There are 459,758 persons of German birth or parentage living in Chicago, 267,554 in St. Louis, 199,550 in Philadelphia, 139,810 in Cincinnati, 151,945 in Milwaukee, or more than one-half of her entire citizenship. New York is the largest Irish city in the world, with 743,198 persons of Irish descent; Philadelphia has 284,576, Chicago 237,478, Boston 191,638, San Francisco 78,819, and St. Louis 69,376. In New York there are 177,089 persons of English parentage, 91,210 in Philadelphia, 82,272 in Chicago, 33,569 in Boston. Chicago is the largest Scandinavian city in the world, with 173,981. New York has 220,000 Italians, or more than the city of Florence, Italy. They are important figures—worth the study of those who govern; those who would keep educational methods abreast of the times and the men who are in trade and depend for prosperity on a keen knowledge of the wants of those they serve.

Can anything excuse a thief? When a man has education and a good brain, when he knows that there is always a reckoning for sin and that he who sows trouble must reap shame, can there be a valid excuse that will set him right with the public? There is the case of Charles S. Shriver, and there are tears in every paragraph of his life story. He loved a woman, and that woman became a confirmed invalid. There are men and men. Some forget love when sickness comes. They don't want to be chained to a hospital. And others love most when sickness and adversity come. Shriver knew that his wife could never be strong and well again. When he realized that the light of his life was destined to fade away like a broken flower a great tenderness took possession of him. He made up his mind that her every wish should be gratified; that her home should be bright; that he would surround her with every comfort, no matter how great the cost. He was a thief for her sake. He was treasurer of the American District Telegraph company in Brooklyn, and he looted the funds of the concern for years to buy things for the sick woman at home. He did the awful thing with his eyes open. He knew all about the consequences. He knew that "Thou shalt not steal" is God's law and man's law, wherever human beings exist. And he kept on stealing, his only desire being to postpone the crash and prison till after he had kissed the dead lips of his wife. The crash came, but the funeral was over, and Charles S. Shriver said to the authorities: "I am a thief, and I'm ready to take the consequences, gentlemen." What a mistake he made. How little he knew about women—about that woman who was his wife. Couldn't he realize that she would have been happier hungry, with an honest man, than surrounded with luxuries purchased with stolen money? Why didn't he know that the average upright loves truth, and honesty and uprightness so much that she will welcome privation and pain so long as shame does not enter her life? He loved her and he harmed her, and it is well that she could creep into her grave before she could learn that a man made a holy passion his excuse for crime. It is easy to be sorry for the man. It is easy to shed tears over the story of a great mistake and a great affection. The world has an especial tenderness for men who patiently devote their lives to invalid wives, but the excuse for Charles Shriver's crime does not exist.

RECLAIMING OUR DESERTS.

They Are Gradually Yielding to the Encroachments of Civilization.

The desert still maintains its fastnesses in the West. There are some spots better entitled to the name than others, but each year these fastnesses are shrinking before the advance of human enterprise, as the water might rise over the land, leaving the high and difficult places to the last. So these islands are scattered through several States and Territories, mostly in Arizona, New Mexico, California, Nevada, Utah and Oregon. In the great valley lying between the main ridge of the Rocky Mountains, on the east, and the Cascades, Sierra Nevada and the coast range, on the west.

Chief among them are the Mojave Desert, in southeastern California, a territory as large as Switzerland; the Colorado and Gila deserts of southwestern Arizona and southern California; the marvelous painted desert of northeastern Arizona; and the Great Salt Lake desert of Utah. Occupying northward from the Mojave desert lies Death valley, perhaps the most desolate and forbidding spot in America, though comparatively small in extent.

Yet there are few places, even in these desert strongholds, that are wholly without life of one sort or another, and a large proportion of them could be reclaimed if water were available. Even as it is, not one can be built directly across three of the worst of them; mines are being opened and oil wells driven; land is being reclaimed by irrigation; and even in the fastnesses of Death valley there are many mining camps and an extensive borax industry.

In all the West, look as you will, says the Century, you will find no desert more pitifully forlorn, more desolate, more irreclaimable, and more worthless than the man-made deserts of northern Wisconsin and Michigan where fire has followed the heedless lumberman and spread a black and littered waste thousands of square miles in extent, where once grew a splendid green forest of pine. One is beautiful with the perfected grandeur into which nature molds even the most unpromising material; the other is hideous, grotesque, pitiful, a reminder of the reckless wastefulness of man.

Man is born to rule the world—but along comes woman and declares it is up to her.

# MOLLY PITCHER



THE descendants of "Molly Pitcher," who reside in Carlisle, Pa., recently celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Monmouth, in which Molly performed the deed that has handed her name down to posterity. Incidentally, it will surprise some people to learn that Molly's real name was not Pitcher, but Hays.

The battle of Monmouth, which took place after the British evacuation of Philadelphia and was brought on by the determination of Gen. Washington to follow and attack the enemy as they were retreating to New York, was fought on one of the hottest days of the year, a fact which may have helped the Continental troops in catching up with Gen. Clinton's forces. The intense heat, accompanied by rainy weather,



HOUSE WHERE MOLLY PITCHER DIED.

made slow marching, and at Monmouth, before they could reach the heights of Middletown, 12 miles further on, the British were forced to stop and give battle. It is said that because of the heat many soldiers on both sides fell on this battlefield without even having received a wound.

With John Hays, an American artillery sergeant, during this battle, was his young wife, Molly, and she made it her business to go among the men with a pitcher of water to slake their thirst. This gained for her the nickname of "Molly Pitcher." Mrs. Hays was of German extraction, her maiden name having been Mary Ludwig. She did not belong to the army at the time of the battle of Monmouth, but she had followed her husband in his various marches and offered her service in carrying water, voluntarily. At Monmouth she brought the water from a spring

not far away and kept up the work unceasingly until the shot came which struck her husband. When he fell an officer ordered his gun to be wheeled back out of the way, but Mrs. Hays called out that she would serve it and without waiting for an answer proceeded to do so, keeping the gun in effective operation until the battle was ended. She wore a skirt made in the fashion of that time but over this was an artilleryman's coat and on it she carried a cocked hat with feathers in her hand. The next day Gen. Green hunted Molly up and conducted her to Gen. Washington, the commander-in-chief, who, contrary to the rules of war, gave her a sergeant's commission, and recommended that her name be placed on the list of half-pay officers for life.

Sergeant Hays, Molly's husband, was not killed in this battle, but only severely wounded and his wife nursed him back to life again. This was not the very first battle in which Molly had taken an active part. She was with her husband at Fort Clinton when it was attacked by the British and the Americans were forced to retreat.

The soldiers were rushing out of the fort and Sgt. Hays turned away from his gun, threw down his match and ran for his life, his wife all ready to follow. But seeing the live match on the ground and knowing that the gun was loaded, she stopped long enough to pick it up and touch off the gun before dashing away after her husband. That was the last gun which the Americans fired in Fort Clinton.

But the battle of Monmouth was Molly's last. A few days later, on that very field of conflict, was born her only son, John L. Hays. After the war was over Molly and her husband went back to her old home in Carlisle and lived there with their son at the United States barracks, built by the Hessians, who were taken prisoners at the battle of Trenton. Here Molly cooked for the soldiers and after the death of her husband she kept a little store in the southeastern part of the town, close by the house in which Maj. Andre had been confined after his capture near Lake Champlain. At the corner of East North and North Bedford streets stands the house where Molly passed her declining years and where she died.

In the old cemetery at Carlisle, Pa., the citizens of Cumberland County erected July 4, 1876, a monument to Molly Pitcher, heroine of Monmouth.

# A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"From a drop of water," said the writer, "a logician could infer the possibility of an Atlantic or a Niagara without having seen or heard of one or the other. So all life is a great chain, the nature of which is known whenever we are shown a single link."

"There are no crimes and no criminals in these days," he said, querulously. "What is the use of having brains in our profession? I know well that I have it in me to make my name famous. No man lives or has ever lived who has brought the same amount of study and of natural talent to the detection of crime which I have done. And what is the result? There is no crime to detect, or, at most, some bungling villainy with a motive so transparent that even a Scotland Yard official can see through it."

I was still annoyed at his bumptious state of conversation. I thought it best to change the topic.

"I wonder what that fellow is looking for?" I asked, pointing to a stalwart, plainly dressed individual who was walking slowly down the other side of the street, looking anxiously at the numbers. He had a large blue envelope in his hand, and was evidently the bearer of a message.

"You mean the retired sergeant of marines," said Sherlock Holmes.

"Brag and shone!" thought I to myself. "He knows that I cannot verify his guess."

The thought had hardly passed through my mind when the man whom we were watching caught sight of the number on our door and ran rapidly across the roadway.

I heard a loud knock, a deep voice below and heavy steps ascending the stairs.

"For Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said, stepping into the room and handing my friend the letter.

Here was an opportunity of taking the conceit out of him. He little thought of this when he made that random shot.

"May I ask, my lad," I said, blandly, "what your trade may be?"

"Commissionaire, sir," he said, gruffly. "Uniform away for repairs."

"And you were," I asked, with a slightly malicious glance at my companion.

"A sergeant, sir, Royal Marine Light Infantry, sir. No answer? Right sir."

He clicked his heels together, raised his hand in a salute and was gone.

CHAPTER III.

I confess that I was considerably startled by this fresh proof of the practical nature of my companion's theories.

My respect for his powers of analysis increased wondrously. There still remained some lurking suspicion in my mind, however, that the whole thing was a prearranged episode, intended to dazzle me, though what earthly object he could have in taking me in was past my comprehension.

When I looked at him he had finished reading the note, and his eyes assumed the vacant, lack luster expression which showed mental abstraction.

"How in the world did you deduce that?" I asked.

"Deduce what?" said he, petulantly.

"Why, that he was a retired sergeant of marines."

"I have no theory for trifles," he replied brusquely; then, with a smile, "Excuse my rudeness. You broke the thread of my thoughts; but perhaps it is just as well. So you actually were not able to see that the man was a sergeant of marines."

"No, indeed."

"It was easier to know it than to explain why I know it. If you were asked to prove that two and two made four, you might find some difficulty, and yet you are quite sure of that fact. Even across the street I could see a great blue anchor tattooed on the back of the fellow's hand. That smacked of the sea. He had a military carriage, however, and regulation side whiskers. There we have the marine. He was a man with some amount of self-importance and a certain air of command. You must have observed the way in which he held his head and swung his cane. A steady, respectable, middle-aged man, too, on the face of him—all facts which led me to believe that he had been a sergeant."

"Wonderful!" I ejaculated.

"Commonplace," said Holmes, though I thought from his expression that he was pleased at my evident surprise and admiration. "I said just now that there are no criminals. It appears that I am wrong—look at this!" He threw me over the note which the commissionaire had brought.

"Why," I cried as I cast my eye over it, "this is terrible!"

"It does seem to be a little out of the common," he remarked calmly. "Would you mind reading it to me aloud?"

This is the letter which I read to him:

"My Dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes—There has been a bad business during the night at 3 Lauriston Gardens, off the Brixton road. Our man on the beat saw a light there about 2 in the morning, and as the house was an empty one, suspected something was amiss. He found the door open and in the front room, which is bare of furniture, discovered the body of a gentleman, well dressed and having cards in his pocket bearing the name of Enoch J. Drebber, Cleveland Ohio, U. S. A. There had been no robbery, nor is there any evidence as to how the man met his death. There are marks of blood in the room, but there is no wound upon his person. We are at a loss as to how he came into the empty house; indeed, the whole affair is a puzzle. If you can come round to the house any time before 12 you will find me there. I have left everything in statu quo until you come. You are unable to come, shall give you fuller details, and would extend it a great kindness if you would favor me with your opinion. Yours faithfully,

T. GREGSON.

"Gregson is the smartest of the Scotland Yarders," my friend remarked. "He and Lestrade are the pick of a bad lot. They are both quick and energetic, but Gregson—shocking as it may seem—has their knives into each other, too. They are as jealous as a pair of professional beauties. There will be some fun over this case if they are both put upon the scent."

"I was rather indignant at having two characters whom I had admired treated in this cavalier style."

I walked over to the window and stood looking out into the busy street.

"This fellow may be very clever," I said to myself, "but he is certainly very conceited."

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I was amazed at the calm way in which he rapped on.

"You there is not a moment to be lost," I cried; "shall I go and order you a cab?"

"I am not sure about whether I shall go. I am the most incurably lazy devil that ever stood in shoes leather—that is, when the fit is on me, for I can be spry enough at times."

"Why, it is just such a chance as you have been longing for."

"My dear fellow, what does it matter to me? Suppose I unravel the whole matter, you may be sure that Gregson, Lestrade & Co. will pocket all the credit. That comes of being an unofficial personage."

"But he begs you to help him."

"Yes. He knows that I am his superior, and acknowledges it to me; but he would cut his tongue out before he would own it to any third person. However, we may as well go and have a look. I shall work it out on my own hook. I may have a laugh at them if I have nothing else. Come on."

He hustled on his overcoat, and bustled about in a way that showed that an energetic fit had superseded the apathetic one.

"Get your hat," he said.

"You wish me to come?"

"Yes, if you have nothing better to do."

A minute later we were both in a hansom, driving furiously for the Brixton road.

It was a foggy, cloudy morning, and a dun-colored veil hung over the houses, looking like the reflection of the mud colored streets beneath.

My companion was in the best of spirits, and prattled away about Cromwell's fiddles, and the difference between a Stradivarius and an Amati.

As for myself, I was silent, for the dull weather and the melancholy business upon which we were engaged depressed my spirits.

"You seem to have much to think about the matter in hand," I said at last interrupting Holmes' musical disquisition.

"No data yet," he answered. "It is a capital mistake to theorize before you have all the evidence. It biases the judgment all the time."

"You will have your data soon," I remarked, pointing with my finger. "This is the Brixton road, and that's the house, if I am not very much mistaken."

"So it is. Stop, driver, stop!"

We were still a hundred yards or so from it, when I stepped upon one of the footstools, and we finished our journey upon foot.

(To be continued.)

# A POSER IN ARITHMETIC.

Easy Question that Will Puzzle Some of the Knowing Ones.

If you ask a man in the street the simple question, "What is 1 divided by 2," you will often get the reply that the operation is an impossible one or that the answer is a half. When you point out that 1 divided by 2 is a half, he will see that there is something wrong somewhere, but will still be quite unable to give the right answer. When you tell him that the answer is 2, he will either accept the assertion without understanding it, or will dispute it tooth and nail. If you attempt to convince him of his error, you will find it is not at all an easy task.

His mistake arises through the confounding of two distinct ideas—namely, 1 divided into 2, and 1 divided by 2. One divided into 2 is 1 divided into two parts, each containing a half. One divided by 2 is the ratio of 1 to 2, or the number of times 2 is contained in 1. The latter is a matter which has though the matter out this seems clear enough, but to the man in the street it is sheer nonsense, and he will tell you so.

# A Crushing Reply.

Referring to the "Pulpit and Pew" question raised by Dr. Horton's interesting experiment, a North London minister writes:

"I think we ministers rather relish criticism, but we get too little of it."

One recalls in this connection the story of the young minister walking home with one of the elders after the deliverance of his first sermon. After some moments' silence the latter observed:

"You were not long."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," replied the youthful cleric; "I was afraid I was tedious."

"Oh," was the crushing reply, "you were tedious."—Westminster Gazette.

# An Anarchist Candidate.

For the first time in the parliamentary history of Italy an avowed anarchist, Pietro Calogno, is a candidate for a seat in the chamber of deputies. He lives on a small island in the Mediterranean and must not leave there without government consent.

Calogno has been imprisoned several times because of his anarchistic utterances, was released only a short time ago on account of ill health and has fled to this country and to England more than once to escape the police.

# Unification.

"Sectional lines are vanishing. Soon there will be no north, no south, no east, no west!"

"Yes; I suppose it's only a question of time until they get up a corporation big enough to own the whole country."—Puck.

# What He Could Do.

Tommy—Ma, may I have Jimmy Briggs over to play on Saturday?

Mrs. Fogg—No, you make too much noise. You'd better go down to his house and play.

# The Largest Dome.

The largest dome in the world is that of the Lutheran church at Warsaw. Its interior diameter is 200 feet. That of the British museum library is 150 feet.

# On the Move.

"They have two servants."

"Hub! That's nothing. We usually have two in our house—usually one going and one coming."—Philadelphia Press.

# Leather from Cow's Hide.

A cow's hide produces thirty-five pounds of leather, and that of a horse about eighteen pounds.

# A Substitute.

Friend—Got any defense?

Criminal—No; but I've got a 2nd class lawyer.—Puck.