

Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.
EUGENE, OREGON.

Nobody is above suspicion when a jealous woman is around.

Mrs. Langtry is now a mother-in-law. The world is no longer at her feet.

Miss Stone attributes her rescue to prayer. To what does she attribute her captivity?

A pickle trust with \$30,000,000 capital has been formed. This is one of the sourest doses of all.

The young King of Spain appears to be quite a sensible child. He is permitting the old men to keep on running things.

King Edward is a pretty strong argument against the claims of people who are always prating about the dangers of high living.

An inventor asserts that an excellent imitation of wood can be made from tobacco leaves. Let him try his hand now at making merchantable bricks out of diamonds.

Eskimos claim to have found the remains of Noah's ark away up near the arctic circle. Can it be possible that Noah started in search of the pole without first having a relief expedition provided for?

The multimillionaire who endows colleges and establishes colleges is subjected to a great deal of chaff and is sometimes accused of self-aggrandizement. The millionaire who devotes himself to horse racing, an institution which mainly benefits the professional gamblers, is permitted to pass without criticism. This seems hardly fair.

Another gentleman exulted with whiskey—purchased with his wife's money—has murdered his wife. Fortunately he was blessed with a sense of the proprieties and accordingly hanged himself, thus saving the overworked taxpayers the expense of doing the job for him. Like another historic character, nothing in this man's life became him like the leaving it.

Many cures for insomnia have been recommended, from counting an imaginary flock of sheep as they jump over one over a gate, to extracting the cube root of a number in six figures; but they all fail at times. The latest cure, according to a medical paper, is automobile. Now, if the village school teacher will only take a ride every afternoon in a fifteen-hundred-dollar automobile, she will sleep like a top at night—that is, if she does not lie awake wondering where the money is to come from to pay for the horseless carriage. There are some remedies more attractive than practicable.

Although the power of the press can hardly be overestimated, little that is printed leaves a permanent impression. Dr. Edward Everett Hale puts it characteristically in commenting on the sensibleness of his distinguished kinsman, Edward Everett, to what appeared about him in print. "He did not know, as I do, that of whatever is put in the newspaper half the people who see it do not read it; second, that half of those do not understand it; third, that of the half who understand it, half do not believe it; fourth, that the half who believe it, half forget it; fifth, that the half who remember it are probably of no great account, anyway." To which Dr. Hale adds the remark, personal to himself, "This may be forgotten with the rest." Nevertheless, it has a kernel of truth worth remembering.

Much has been said of the audacity of man in building his home in spots so dangerous as the slopes of Mont Pelée have proved themselves to be. Yet all history affords illustrations of the callous forgetfulness with which the race erects its dwelling places on the sites of the most dreadful catastrophes. Vesuvius still smokes over beautiful Naples. Lisbon rises, beautiful and imposing, where a "convulsion of nature" once brought unutterable fright and desolation. The Japanese still crowd the coasts of their tide-swept islands and the Chinese huddle along the banks of the Hoang Ho. It is not very many months since Galveston was overwhelmed by flood, yet a new Galveston is being built on the dangerous site of the wreckage and the people of the city are ready to take their chances of a similar disaster in the future. There is absolutely nothing to prevent a second tidal wave from the Gulf, yet the city pursues its daily task, apparently unafraid.

Charles Schwab's apple donation gets through the hide and into the heart. He was just such a happy-go-lucky boy as you can find anywhere now, and he liked the taste of stolen apples. The original sin in every boy about sweetmeats to purloined fruit. It shouldn't be so, but it is so. Let the sociologists explain it if they can. Schwab used to steal his apples from trees on the grounds of Mt. Aloysius Academy at Cresson, Pa. He never forgot it. Men don't forget these things. They love the memory of youthful pranks, and tell the tales to their children and their grandchildren. And, way down in the heart, there is often a sneaking desire to go back to the old town, walk up to the farmer from whom he used to steal melons, laugh at the dog, and remark: "Mr. Jones, do you know me? Don't you remember Bill Rogers' boy, whom you set the dog on and shot full of rock salt? Just thought I'd drop in on the old town and see how things look." And then you planned to pay off the mortgage on Jones' farm, leave money for a new library, buy uniforms for the "Umph, Umph, Cornet Band," and slather money around like a prince. Plenty of men have had those dreams. Few can carry them out. Mr. Schwab could; and, as dramatic as you please, he planned down \$25,000 of good steel trust money in payment of the Baldwin he stole many years ago. Every man who has wanted to go back and

"make good" will envy Mr. Schwab the sensation and the pleasure he got out of the gift.

Prophecies of gypsies, astrologers and other readers of the future, foretelling the calamity that recently befell King Edward, are being resurrected, or manufactured after the event, and presented to the credulous with becoming gravity. These pretended prophecies are reminders of the pagan past, when the gods took an intimate and respectful interest in the fate of kings. Portents were seen in the skies warning men that something dire was about to happen to his Majesty, and when he died earthquakes and storms testified to the sympathy of nature with an event so tremendous. Those were the days when a king was a king, and very few had any doubt of his divine appointment to office. Now only the sort of minds capable of crediting gypsy prophecies can look upon monarchy as a heavenly institution. Peoples no longer exist for their kings, but kings for their peoples. The old-fashioned despot is the dodo of politics. Respecting those vestigial remnants of the superstitious past, the prophets, it is obvious that their self-denial is even more wonderful than their powers. It perhaps has not occurred to those who still take them seriously that if there existed a class of men capable of foretelling the date of a king's death months or years in advance of its occurrence little things like the outcome of horse races and the ups and downs of the stock market would be as clear as print to them. In that case, of course, they would soon own the wealth of the earth. But as prophets—gypsies, astrologers, clairvoyants and the rest—are never billionnaires, it follows either that they are frauds or the most unselfish beings in a generally selfish world.

On a day early in June of this year a man named Hawkins committed a crime at Marysville, Mo., and then tried to run away from it. Hawkins was a real estate dealer, and left the town because he had forged paper to the amount of \$2,000. When he left Marysville, Hawkins was a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, with hair slightly tinged with gray. At the end of two weeks he came back a white-haired, broken-bodied old man. In the interval the man had wandered from place to place pursued by the hourly fear that he would be tracked by bloodhounds. The fear deepened into an overmastering terror. He hid himself in the woods. Finally the fear became unbearable. He returned to Marysville and gave himself up. Twenty years, he said, had been added to his life in less than twenty days. He welcomed the penitentiary as a blessed relief. It is the old story. In seeking to dodge a financial trouble he took upon his shoulders a greater one. The new trouble was so heavy that a prison seemed a heaven of rest after the hell into which he had plunged. When will men learn that justice is never cheated? That every crime brings its penalty, soon or late? When will men learn that they are not smarter than fate? There are other bloodhounds than those of flesh and blood that pursue the man who breaks the law. The bloodhounds of conscience will ever bay deep-mouthed to the soul that sinneth. "Whatever a man soweth, that also shall he reap." That is the inevitable law. If a man sows to the flesh he shall of the flesh reap corruption. And he will reap more than he sows. The law of increase holds in the devil's domain as it does in the fields of God.

HEAVIEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Died in San Francisco—Weighed 613 Pounds.

Henri Maurice Cannon, known throughout the world as the heaviest of all men, died unexpectedly from heart disease in San Francisco, Cal., a few days ago. Mr. Cannon had been ailing for several days.

Deceased weighed 613 pounds. A native of Zurich, Switzerland, he was



HENRI MAURICE CANNON.

deemed there one of the foremost athletes in the arena. It was not until 10 years ago that he commenced to grow to abnormal proportions, his weight increasing with alarming rapidity. With it all Cannon remained good-natured, and a Bohemian life was his choice.

An Adroit Answer.

The celebrated physician, Zimmerman, attended Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day, as the story is recorded in "Salad for the Social," the King said to him:

"You have, I presume, helped many a man into another world."

"This was rather an unexpected turn for the doctor, but the dose he gave the King in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery."

"Not so many as Your Majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

A Difference of Opinion.

"Whose little boy are you?"

"Well, grandma, Aunt Louise and mamma all claim me; but Farmer Jones says I'm a child of the devil, 'cause I crouched some of his apples."

—Detroit Free Press.

What a politician says is one thing and what he does is another.

OLD FAVORITES

The Widow Malone.

Did you hear of the Widow Malone, O'hone!

Who lived in the town of Athlone, O'hone!

Oh! she melted the hearts Of the swains in their parts— So lovely the Widow Malone, O'hone!

So lovely the Widow Malone, O'hone!

Of lovers she had a full score

Or more; And fortunes they all had galore,

In store; From the minister down

To the clerk of the crown, All were courting the Widow Malone, O'hone!

All were courting the Widow Malone, O'hone!

But so modest was Mistress Malone,

'Twas known That no one could see her alone,

Oh! she melted the hearts Of the swains in their parts— They could never catch her eye— So bashful the Widow Malone, O'hone!

So bashful the Widow Malone, O'hone!

Till one Mather O'Brien from Clare—

How queer; It's little for blushing they care

Down there— Put his arm round her waist,

Gave her kisses at last— "Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone— My own!"

"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,

Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh—

For why? But, "Lucius," says she,

"Since you're now made so free, You may marry your Mary Malone, O'hone!"

You may marry your Mary Malone, O'hone!

There's a moral contained in my song,

Not wrong, And, one comfort, it's not very long,

But strong; If for widows you die

Learn to kiss, not to sigh, For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!

Oh! they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!

—Charles Lever.

Little Boy Blue.

The little boy dog is covered with dust,

But sturdy and staunch he stands;

And the little toy soldier is red with rust,

And his musket molder in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new

And the soldier was passing fair,

And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue

Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,

"And don't you make any noise!"

So toddling off to his trundle-bed

He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming an angel song

Awakened our Little Boy Blue;

Oh, the years are many, the years are long,

But the little toy friends are true.

Aye faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand.

Each in the same old place,

Awaiting the touch of a little hand,

The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long

Years, of that little chair,

What has become of our Little Boy Blue

Since he kissed them and put them there?

—Eugene Field.

GIANT PREHISTORIC BIRD.

Egg of the Epyornis Found Off the

Madagascar Coast.

The recent finding of an egg of the

great epyornis floating about in St.

Augustine Bay, on the southwest coast

of Madagascar, has induced a party of

Germans headed by Gottlieb Adolf

Krause, the German explorer, to undertake

an exploration of the remote interior

of Madagascar in search of possible

living specimens of this great bird of the

world's history. The egg may have

come down with the floods from the

unexplored interior of the island, or

may have been buried for centuries in the

sand, preserved by some curious freak

of nature, and then carried to sea.

Which of these theories is the proper

one Professor Krause and his party will

try to discover.

According to geologists, at one time

Madagascar and the islands east of

Africa were one, but that later the land

subsided and left the islands separated

by a strait, and since that time the

islands have developed species to themselves.

The climatic changes which ensued are

believed by some to have exterminated the

epyornis. But others declare that, as the

country changed, the gigantic bird retired

deeper and deeper into the wilderness,

where it has remained for centuries without

molestation, unless it has been annihilated

by some unknown savage tribe in the

interior, and will be found there to-day,

somewhere between the desert and the

Aukarah Mountains.

The finding of the egg in St. Augustine

Bay has deepened this impression, and

Professor Krause will try to establish the

truth of the theory that the egg is of

recent origin and not curiously preserved through centuries.

awakened by the finding of the new egg.

The trials the expedition will have to contend with will be the inhospitability of the inhabitants, scorching heat, scarcity of water, malarial swamps, and extreme perils of journeying through primeval tropical forests. Two other parties while in search of the epyornis met death in the burning deserts of Kiliarivo, but, with the better appliances carried by Professor Krause and his party, it is believed that they will make discoveries that will prove the existence or non-existence of this great bird of prehistoric times. Previous researches have been carried on beyond the high tableland, but the Germans will try to penetrate the wilds beyond the Oulihy river.

SHE WORE THE KEY.

Sad Eyes, Pathetic Droop Made It a

Mystery Until Explained.

It was the usual crowd of well-gowned femininity that filled the car, wending its way matineeward. Every woman at all young or at all aiming to be fashionable, wore a chain of some sort from which dangled charms of every kind and descriptions, locketts, heart-shaped and round, small gold or silver purses, lorgnettes and watches. The girl in the smart black costume, with exquisite sables, appeared to be exempt from the prevailing mania, and therefore became the mark for the attention of the observer of details. As the atmosphere of the car grew warmer she slipped the long fur scarf from her neck, revealing the fact that so far from being immune she had eclipsed all the others in the originality of her "dangle."

A small gold chain was worn around her neck and fell half way to the waist. On it was a key set with diamonds. It was no caprice of the jeweler, but the real article, an ordinary everyday affair such as one wrestles with at the front door.

Now, what was the romance connected with that very prosaic key making it worthy to be set with diamonds and displayed so prominently as a treasured possession? The sad eyes of the owner had that misty, far-away look of unshed tears. The Parisian hat failed to hide the pathetic droop of the graceful head.

Here was a story, surely. Imagination conjured up a picture of a betrothal rudely broken by the death of the fiancé, the key treasured as a memento of the many happy evenings they had spent together, and the stolen kisses in the vestibule as he hesitated before opening the door for her. The somber glow hinted at a loss. The wistful eyes and sweet lips accentuated the idea.

Or could the key be that of the vault where the young man had been entombed? Could it be? Fancy waxed more and more gressome with each new contemplation of the unusual charm worn by this fair heroine of modern romance.

At sixty-fourth street another very smart young woman boarded the car, and with a friendly greeting to the girl with the key at once opened up a conversation.

"I see you are wearing your key," she began.

"How shockingly unfeeling," thought the observer.

"Yes," replied she of the pathetic eyes. "I can go out now with a peaceful mind, knowing that Marie will not be wearing my frocks. I never could hide it where she couldn't find it."

Somehow the unshed tears and the pathetic droop weren't so noticeable now.—New York Herald.

HE HAD SEEN THEM BEFORE.

Frenchman's Gifts to Menelek Were

Not Entirely Appropriate.

When M. Jules Grevy was president of the French Republic, about twenty years ago, a mission visited Abyssinia, and as Menelek, the Abyssinian monarch, was supposed to have the traditional tastes of savage chieftains, it carried as presents a sporting gun, a small cannon, and a musical box.

The monarch followed with politeness, if not apparently with very keen interest, a demonstration of the workings of the two lethal weapons, but although the French envoy conscientiously ground out the whole half-dozen tunes which the musical box was able to perform, he failed to elicit the royal approbation.

"I accept with pleasure," said Menelek, "the beautiful weapons you bring me on behalf of your government. As for the musical box, I will give it to some child, and I am sure he will find it very amusing."

"It seems to me," said the envoy, on retiring from the royal presence, "that the Negus is having a little fun with me."

The next day he had considerable confirmation of that opinion. Menelek invited him to visit his private armory. "See," he said, "I have given the place of honor to the fine sporting gun sent me by the president."

And so he had—but that particular weapon figured as only one of seven or eight of the same pattern in a complete collection of modern firearms, which the Negus politely took from their cases to exhibit their merits to the unfortunate Frenchman. This small-arm exhibition was followed by that of a park of mountain artillery—"a gentle hint," surmises M. Hugues Le Roux in his recent book of travel, "Menelek of Noua," of the monarch's desirability of temperance and discretion when pressing the inestimable blessings of European civilization upon the "Lion of Judah."—Youths' Companion.

The Logical Youth.

"In the sentence, 'The train wound around the foot of the mountain,'" directed the teacher, "you may parse the word 'mountain.'"

"Mountain," began Johnny Wiso, "is a noun, common, feminine gender."

"Why do you say it is feminine?"

"Didn't you just say that the train was wound around its foot?"—Baltimore American.

One of the greatest accomplishments in the world is to be able to back up the minute you find yourself going wrong.

There is a rich sound in closing a book door that only a few people have opportunity to enjoy.

A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

No. 3 Lauriston Gardens were an ill-named and misty look. It was one of four, which stood back some little way from the street, two being occupied and two empty.

The latter looked out with three tiers of vacant, melancholy windows, which were blank and dreary, save that here and there a "To Let" card had developed like a cataract upon the bleared panes.

A small garden sprinkled over with a scattered eruption of sickly plants separated each of these houses from the street, and was traversed by a narrow pathway, yellowish in color, and consisting apparently of a mixture of clay and gravel.

The whole place was very sloopy from the rain which had fallen through the night. The garden was bounded by a three-foot brick wall with a fringe of wood rails upon the top, and against this wall was leaning a stalwart police constable, surrounded by a small knot of loafers, who craned their necks and strained their eyes in the vain hope of catching some glimpse of the proceedings within.

I had imagined that Sherlock Holmes would at once have hurried into the house and plunged into a study of the mystery.

Nothing appeared to be further from his intention. With an air of nonchalance, which under the circumstances seemed to me to border upon affectation, he lounged up and down the pavement, and gazed vacantly at the ground, the sky, the opposite house, and the line of railings.

Having finished his scrutiny, he proceeded slowly down the path, or rather down the fringe of grass which flanked the path, keeping his eyes riveted upon the ground.

Twice he stopped and once I saw him smile and heard him utter an exclamation of satisfaction. There were many marks of footsteps upon the wet, clayey soil, but since the police had been coming and going over it I was unable to see how my companion could hope to learn anything from it.

Still, I had had such extraordinary evidence of the quickness of his perceptive faculties that I had no doubt he could see a great deal which was hidden from me.

At the door of the house we were met by a tall, white-faced, flaxen-haired man, with a notebook in his hand, who rushed forward and wrung my companion's hand with effusion.

"It is indeed kind of you to come," he said. "I have had everything left untouched."

"Except that," my friend answered, pointing to the pathway. "If a herd of buffaloes had passed along, there could not be a greater mess. No doubt, however, you had drawn your own conclusions, Gregson, before you permitted this."

"I have had so much to do inside the house," the detective said, evasively. "My colleague, Mr. Lestrade, is here. I had relied upon him to look after this."

Holmes glanced at me and raised his eyebrows sardonically.

"With two such men as yourself and Lestrade upon the ground, there will not be much for a third party to find out," he said.

"I have said all I have to say," said Gregson, in an offended voice.

Sherlock Holmes chuckled to himself, and appeared to be about to make some remark, when Lestrade, who had been in the front room while we were holding the conversation in the hall, reappeared upon the scene, rubbing his hands in a pompous and well-satisfied manner.

"Mr. Gregson," he said, "I have just made a discovery of the highest importance, and one which would have been overlooked had I not made a careful examination of the walls."

The little man's eyes sparkled as he spoke, and he was evidently in a state of suppressed exultation at having scored a point against his colleague.

"Come here," he said, bustling back into the room, the atmosphere of which felt cleaner since the removal of its ghastly inmate.

"Now, stand there!" He struck a match on his boot and held it up against the wall.

"Look at that!" he said triumphantly.

I have remarked that the paper had fallen away in parts. In this particular corner of the room a large piece had peeled off, leaving a yellow square of coarse plaster.

Across this bare space there was scrawled in blood-red letters a single word:

RACHEL.

"What do you think of that?" cried the detective, with the air of a showman exhibiting his show. "This was overlooked because it was in the darkest corner of the room, and no one thought of looking there. The murderer has written it with his or her own blood. See this smear where it has trickled down the wall. That disposes of the idea of suicide, anyhow. Why was that corner chosen to write it on? I will tell you. That candle on the mantelpiece, when it was lit at the time, and if it was lit at the time, the corner would be the brightest instead of the darkest portion of the wall."

"And what does it mean, now that you have found it?" asked Gregson, in a deprecatory tone.

"Mean? Why, it means that the writer was going to put the female name Rachel, but was disturbed before he or she had time to finish. You mark my words, when this case comes to be cleared up you'll find that a woman named Rachel has something to do with it. It's all very well for you to laugh, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. You may be very smart and clever, but the old hound is the best, when all is said and done."

"I really beg your pardon," said my companion, who had ruffled the little man's temper by bursting into an explosion of laughter. "You certainly have the credit of being the first of us to find out, and, as you say, it bears every mark of having been written by the other participants in last night's mystery. I have not had time to examine this room yet, but with your permission I shall do so now."

As he spoke he whipped a tape measure and a large, round, magnifying glass from his pocket.

ing, while his eyes were the same far away expression which I have already remarked upon.

So swiftly was the examination made that one would hardly have guessed the minuteness with which it was conducted. Finally, he sniffed the dead man's lip and glanced at the soles of his patent leather boots.

"He has not been moved at all?" he asked.

"No more than was necessary for the purpose of our examination."

"You can take him to the mortuary now," he said. "There is nothing more to be learned."

Gregson had a stretcher and four men at hand. At his