

Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors. EUGENE, OREGON.

HOMESTEAD ON THE HILL.

Fair, fertile fields and grassy meads, And orchard slopes between, A verdant lawn and garden rare, Enshrined by forests green, Morn's earliest sunbeams gild thy brow, And spring's first kisses thrill, All nature loves thee well, I trow, Fair homestead on the hill.

"AND ONE UNKNOWN."

THEY had hauled him scuffling out of a coal bunk one morning, where he had managed to stow himself away, and where he had lain curled up until the steamer was well clear of land.



HE PICKED HER UP AND RAN AWAY.

him? The immortal Mr. Dick, if he had been present, would have decided promptly and emphatically, "Wash him!" For he certainly needed it. The layer of tan which had spread over his acreage face was capped by an additional film of coal grime, and the whites of the fellow's eyes, as he looked around him with an affected, easy, devil-may-care expression were the only distinguishable marks in his features.

reversing the engineer's opinion. The latter, who stood by to watch him, could see with half an eye that the man was quite at home among the throbbing, pulsing engines, and turned away with the growling comment, "I'll do."

It was far into the night before he was released from his post and free to turn in for a few hours. Heavy-eyed and wreny, he tumbled into his bunk, and was soon fast asleep.

They ran, seeking any shelter from that awful hall of red-hot, scorching clouds. They ran, but his eyes were searching frantically through the fiery deluge. The child—the child!

One of the minutiae in the north front of the new Federal Building promises ill for the peace of mind of the inveterate toper, says the Indianapolis News, for on its surface, in a delicate tracery, is apparently the outline of many rattlesnakes. An old stone man from the Bedford quarries called attention to the freak several days ago, and said that such markings were very unusual.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

How Many Meals a Day?

HAVE you ever taken time to reckon the multiplicity of the theories nowadays with regard to the number of meals that it should fill out the day's fare and the hours at which they should be eaten? If you have done this the probability is that you emerged from the study in arithmetic convinced that it makes precious little difference what a man is doing as long as he is possessed of a sufficient amount of faith in the line he is following.

Better Rural Schools.

SHOULD not the country schools of an agricultural community aim to give their pupils such an education as will be most useful to them in farm life? Is there any good reason why they should as far as possible try to copy town schools? On the contrary, should they not aim to do a different work from the school whose pupils will spend their lives in the cities in business or professional pursuits?

DO FISH LIVE IN DEAD SEA?

There is an Apparent Disagreement Among Those Who Ought to Know. It has long been understood by the public generally that fish do not live in the Dead Sea, but it would seem that there is a difference of opinion among men of science as to the fact.

Rattlesnakes in Stone.

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Sometimes.

Sunday School Teacher—Bobby, where do good people go when they die?

Bobby (glibly)—To heaven.

Sunday School Teacher—Yes, that is right. And if a person who is wicked all the way through dies, where does he go?

Bobby—To the police station.

Woman's Home Companion.

How Oil is Carried.

An eight-inch pipe line has been constructed from the Bakerfield oil region 28 miles to San Francisco by the Standard Oil Company. The oil is so thick that it has to be heated every twenty-seven miles as it travels. The line is covered with asbestos and delivers 20,000 barrels a day.

which are now only obtainable in the agricultural colleges.

The rural school teacher to-day gets the same training that is given the city school teacher, and it is all designed for the city school teacher. The average country school teacher knows nothing practical about plant life, the chemistry of soils, and other things which the farmers of the future ought to know.

Danger Gives Amusement.

IT would seem as if no amusements wherein some element of danger does not enter are ever thoroughly enjoyed. We English folk may take our pleasures sadly in the bulk, but when they are of an out-door nature there is no doubt whatever that they cannot be too exciting or too dangerous to please us.

The Young Men of To-Day.

THE young men of to-day are too finicky—too much given to self-analysis, too self-pampering. Their shoes and neckties cost them more each year than did the entire wardrobe of their grandfathers. They feel a sense of degradation in small beginnings and plodding, and they wait for success ready made to come to them.

Make the Indian a Citizen.

NUMERICALLY the Indian is not decreasing, and politically he grows more and more of a burdensome question. He threatens to be a malignant growth in the economy of our internal development, absorbing good materials and turning them into abnormal relations for both red and white man.

THE SCATTERATIONIST.

How Sims Settlement Became a Model of Decentralization. Sims settlement was beginning to feel itself a place of importance. The chief road had a fence on both sides of it for over a mile, and a blaze on a large tree was already ordered with the official inscription "Main street."

The Time for Economy.

"See here, Edgar," said the groom's mother, "don't you think you two had better economize a little?"

Trouble in the Families.

Ned—Wilkins has had a lot of trouble with his wife, hasn't he?

Tom—Yes, Willy, I believe it was on their account that he had to separate from his typewriter—Town Topics.

A Thousand Years from Now.

Small Boy—Mother, is it true that we are descended from people who walked—Life.

Heroic measures are often misdeeds.

GOOD Short Stories

There has always been a little friendly enmity between W. S. Gilbert and a rival humorist, Sir Francis Burdett, and the present editor of Punch.

Once at a dinner table some one said: "I suppose you often get good things sent in by outsiders." "Occasionally," answered Burnand. "Then why don't you print them?" said Gilbert.

One of the most striking anecdotes told in Hermann Klein's "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London," relates to Anton Seidl's first interview with Wagner, in the library at Wahnfried. Seidl found the room dark and, imagining nobody was there, he pulled out his letter of introduction, and began solemnly rehearsing the speech he had prepared. Suddenly, from out of a gloomy corner, Wagner appeared, and Seidl was so nervous that he could not bring out a sentence of his speech.

The veteran actor, Joseph Jefferson, is fond of relating this story of an election in Colorado, where the woman vote on the school question. A lady came to the place of registration, one morning, to qualify herself for suffrage at the coming election. "With what political party do you affiliate?" asked the clerk, sonorously. The lady blushed, started, and was evidently much embarrassed. "Must I answer?" she asked. "Yes, madam," said the clerk; "you must answer if you would vote."

A writer in Country Life in America relates the following ghost story, which, he declares, is founded on fact: A young woman, at a country house party one Christmas, had been thrilled with delicious horrors by tales of ghosts and hobgoblins told by certain of her fellow guests about a generous fire just before they separated for the night. The next morning she appeared at the breakfast table ready for departure, and, when pressed to explain her reason for going, finally confessed that she was afraid to sleep under that roof another night. She said that about midnight she was awakened by a stealthy step, and to her horror saw a specter, all in white, at the foot of her bed, and it raised its claw-like hands and actually drew the coverlet off the bed. There was no hallucination about it, for the coverlet was gone! While the interest was at its height, a belated breakfaster appeared, and remarked, genially: "How cold it was last night. Knowing that the room next to mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of helping myself to an extra covering from there!"

PEANUTS.

Most of American Crop Grows in Tidewater Counties of Virginia. The peanut counties of Virginia are the tidewater ones of Surrey, Isle of Wight, Nansemond and Southampton; and these four counties probably produce more peanuts than any other area of equal size in the world. In Smithfield, Isle of Wight County—a historic little town, remote from the railway—is to be found the largest peanut factory in existence owned by one company, and the head of the firm, P. D. Gwaltney, is known as the "peanut king of the world." The yearly output of this establishment averages 350,000 bags of peanuts, valued at \$1,500,000. They are shipped by boat to Norfolk, which is the largest market for this product in the United States. This country furnishes about 100,000,000 pounds of peanuts yearly, which is one-sixth of the entire crop of the world. Small quantities of peanuts are raised in a number of other counties in Virginia, and the industry has attained considerable importance in North and South Carolina and in East Tennessee.

The home of the peanut or ground pea (also often called pindar and goober) is believed to be Brazil, although it very soon spread to Africa, China, Japan and India, and was recognized as a valuable agricultural product in these countries long before it was cultivated on a large scale in its native soil, which was not until the year 1870. In the Old World, however, it has always been planted and harvested for the sake of the oil that it yields; this is said to rival olive oil in quality, and to be used for the same purposes. The nuts raised in the East are far richer in oil than the American varieties.

The most popular of the American peanuts is the "Virginia running variety." The pod and nut of the Virginia variety are twice as large as those of the North Carolina or African peanut. The Spanish nuts, usually sold only after being shelled and salted, are still smaller, but of excellent flavor. Tennessee has two varieties, called the white and the red, the kernels of the latter having a dark-red skin.

Smithfield and the country surrounding it may be regarded as typical of the peanut section. Here many farms of from fifty to one hundred acres are given up to peanut culture. As the American trade demands a brightly-colored shell and the pod takes on the color of the ground in which it grows, the soil necessary for the most marketable nuts is a light, sandy loam. Lime is an essential ingredient, and when lacking is often supplied by applying burned oyster shells. On the Smithfield farms and others in Eastern Virginia the seed is often put into the ground early in May, the kernels being planted with the skins on; two bushels of nuts in the pod are required to sow one acre. The Virginia running variety is usually planted in rows from two and a half to three feet apart, the plants in the rows having an average distance of twelve to fifteen inches. To insure a larger yield through cultivation is necessary; and by the last of July the fields are covered with delicate green leaves and yellow blossoms.

The pods mature by the middle of October, when the harvesting season begins, and continues for about a month. Frost is fatal to both vines and nuts, which must therefore be out of the ground before there is danger from this source.—The Southern Workman.

SHOES BRING HIGH PRICES.

New York Physician-Cobbler Gets \$1,000 a Pair for All He Can Make. Shoes selling at \$1,000 a pair are the product of a factory near Madison square. To style it a shop would be to insult the artisans employed therein. They call it a "footgear institute" and the proprietor goes by no less a title than "curative orthopedist."

The wearing of these \$1,000 shoes is, in the main, a hobby, and is based on nerves gone wrong. For there are some persons, it seems, who are plagued with sensitive nerves in their feet which ache so excruciatingly that nothing can assuage the pain but shoes "prescribed" by a physician-cobbler.

The learned cobbler listens to a tale of toeache, with attending nervous disturbances, and examines the patient's feet with critical scrutiny. Every hill and dale of the foot is inspected and studied, and especially is a sharp lookout kept for the sensitive nerves, which ultimately are sure to be found. A volume of notes is taken and the prospective customer naturally becomes impressed with the severity of his ailment. Next, and what is very important, a plaster cast of the foot is taken, and if the patient's nerve is proportioned to his plight the physician-cobbler is apt to enter a new order on his book.

The shoes are made of good leather, but do not generally follow the lines of the latest fashions; rather the reverse. It all depends on the views of the healer. Some sufferers are scientifically shod in exchange for \$500, \$250 or even \$100; but those customers who prefer to pay the highest prices are satisfied with nothing less than a \$1,000 pair.

The shoe bills of one New Yorker—a rich contractor—who rides the orthopedic hobby have footed up \$50,000. Yet the shoes he wears are queer-looking contrivances.

The cobbler has made a fortune and is about to enlarge his establishment and employ additional assistants. The revival of the high heel for women, with its attendant train of nervous disorders, has suggested to him a new and profitable field. The only thing that perplexes him is whether lovely woman will purchase \$1,000 pedal pain-killers that make her feet look anything but fairy-like. "But the cobbler is a man of genius, and he awaits the issue with serenity."—New York Mail and Express.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

What Happened to a Merchant Who Didn't Advertise.

"This," said the genie, "is a magic ring. Rub it and you can have anything you want."

"Do tell!" said the merchant. "I think I'll rub it and wish to have a lot of such rings. Then I'll start a jewelry store, and I'll get all sorts of prices for my goods because anybody who buys will be able to rub a ring and get his money back."

"All right," said the genie. "It's up to you."

And he vanished.

About six months later the genie called around again. The merchant had opened a magnificent store, which was filled with rings. But there were no customers in sight.

"How is business?" asked the genie.

"Dead slow," replied the merchant. "Nobody will buy—don't want to pay the prices. Very few people come in, and those who do look at me when I tell them about these rings, as suspiciously as if I were offering them something in the line of common or preferred stock. I can't do any business. In fact, I have to rub these rings to pay the rent. I don't understand it. The country is prosperous, but there seems to be a want of confidence."

"Do you advertise?" asked the genie.

"No, no, I didn't think it was necessary."

"Clump!" exclaimed the genie, fiercely. "How do you expect to do any business if you don't advertise? What is the use of giving a magic ring to a fool like you?"

And before the merchant had time to rub a ring and wish the genie corked up in a bottle, the genie had snatched a ring, rubbed it and wished for the rest. Of course he got them, and the upshot of it was that the merchant was obliged to call a meeting of his creditors and persuade them to accept eleven cents on the dollar.—New York Times.

One Death That is Pleasant.

Death comes in many forms in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania, but only one form is painless and pleasant, and to only one the victims go unconsciously. It is the death of the burning culm bank. Many times during the year is such a death recorded when one of these great culm banks is burning. The fire is not seen in the daytime, and at night it shines only with a faint glow through the layers of ashes which separate the live coals from the outer air. To these burning banks tramps and other unfortunates, forced to spend a night in the open air, go when the night grows chilly. The warts breath of the culm lures them on with a promise of a warm bed for the night and they lie down to sleep in the comfortable atmosphere of the bank and never open their eyes again. The noxious gases emanating from the bank waft over them so softly that they are soon asleep, and suffocated during the night.—New York Sun.

A Mourner.

Mike—Did ye attend Casey's funeral?

Pat—Oh did.

Mike—Was ye wan uv th' mourners?

Pat—Oh was—somebody stole me hat!—Puck.

Dangerous.

"An' how's yer husband the day?" asked Mrs. Rafferty of Mrs. Muldoon.

"Sure, an' he's no better," replied Mrs. Muldoon. "The doctor's afraid mortality will set in."