

## Eugene City Guard.

SA TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19.

### Glorious winter weather.

The poor should be remembered Christmas. Give liberally to the public school donation.

Every poor family should be remembered by their more wealthy neighbors in Eugene on Christmas day.

The poultry show is bound to be a success. Remember it will be held in the Walton brick, Eugene, Dec 24, 25 and 26. Everybody is cordially invited.

Twenty-three is apparently a lucky number for Major McKinley. He will be the twenty-third president, the regiment to which he belonged was the twenty-third Ohio, and he will be elected by the electoral vote of 23 states.

Omaha World-Herald: This is the season of the year when a young lady will spend \$3 for silks and satins and 11 hours' work a day to make a present for her best male friend, and after he gets it the chances are he will not know what the thing is for.

A Massachusetts doctor, and he is the secretary of the state board of health, declares that the decline in the death rate of women from pulmonary diseases began five years ago, the time of the first general popularity of the bicycle, and has continued since. The rapid respiration it induces strengthens the lungs and assists them to throw off foreign substances. If this is true it is certainly one great victory for the bicycle.

Walla Walla Statesman: "The depositors of the defunct Walla Walla Savings Bank have had their last hopes destroyed by the recent report of Receiver McGhee. The estimated value of the assets being only \$5,492.90, and the amount due depositors nearly \$250,000, it may be said that any dividend to be expected would be infinitesimal. Never was a bank more thoroughly looted than the Walla Walla Savings Bank by its chief manager, Edmiston, who diverted the funds of the institution to his own speculative purposes, and defrauded his depositors and stockholders alike."

A San Francisco dispatch of Dec 15th says: "The seekers after homes will divert their thoughts from Oklahoma and Indian territory," said Major Charles E. Wordon, agent of the United States land department, at Klamath, Or., "and will rush to Klamath as soon as the Indians have been allotted their lands in severalty. When this is done about 1,850,000 acres of as fertile and beautiful country as any in the world will become a part of the public domain and subject to homestead entry. Since June, 1894, Major Wordon has been in Oregon establishing farms, erecting school buildings and parceling out lands for the Indians to hold under the government's co-operative system, devised for the red man. Mr. Wordon is on his way to Washington."

An Odd Cure For Fainting. In The Law Times some interesting stories are told of the late Baron Parky, afterward Lord Wensleydale. His love of the law is illustrated by the anecdote of his apologizing to a hostess for his late arrival at a party on the ground that he could not tear himself away from "a beautiful delirium." His passion for fresh air was such that on buying a handsomely furnished house his first order, it is said, was that all the bedposts should be sawed down and the next that all the bed curtains should be burned. At Exeter he insisted on ventilation in a wholesale way which wrought havoc with counsel and juries.

The best story of Baron Parky is perhaps that which tells how once when summoned to advise the lords he was seized with a fainting fit in the middle of his argument. Various remedies were applied without avail. At last a happy thought occurred to one of his brethren, who well knew his peculiar temperament. He rushed into the library, seized a large massy volume of old statutes, rushed back and held it to the nostrils of the patient. The effect was marvelous. He at once opened his eyes, gave them a slight rub and in a few seconds was up.

## THE IDEAL.

We are unattained and know not why. We seek for the ideal of our dreams. And strive to reach it guided by the beams of truth and faith. Seeking our standard high. We struggle on, but when the prize is nigh. We find that it eludes us, and it seems. To beckon onward, seeking with its gleams. Like some bright mirage in the eastern sky. With eyes blind to the glory here below. Our thoughts forever turned away from earth. We see no beauty round us, and the world. Hidden in humble things we never know. We grope and pass unheeding on the way. The good that we are seeking day by day. —Donahoe's Magazine.

## CAP'T TOM WOOLLEY.

Well, you, sir, the young lady was a beautiful swimmer. Never seen a young lady as could swim out like she could. "Cap'tain Tom Woolley," she'd used to say to me, "I just love the water." She came here every year. She said she never could take to any other sport like the water. But after that last year she never came again. Seems as if Bill-o'-my-soul must have given her a distaste of the Cornish folk like.

Well, that's true what you say, sir. There ain't no sea anywhere like the sea here in Cornwall. It breaks as you may put it, as green as emerald, round the stacks and skerries off Lizard's End and the Lizard. See it breaking yonder, sometimes in fine white foam, most as high as a lighthouse, and then it's a different matter. You wouldn't find nothing more beautiful, not if it was painted in oil by the artist gentle Newell. The channel's well, what's the channel, to put it to think of, but a muddy river. In the manner of speaking, with the Seine and the Avon flowing it all with dirt and refuse. The North sea—no, nor the North sea ain't much better neither, though being filled with yellow clay by the millions of thousands of tons of mud. I know 'em all, bless your 'eart, as have sailed in coasting craft, man an boy, this fifty year an more, an being bred myself at Lyme Regis in Dorset, an a muddier sea I never didn't want nowhere than that. Though it's me that says it as oughtn't to be so, it's belying an' of honor if I make bold to put it so, which is as dry a little town as any in the country. But the open Atlantic, where it rolls right in, all blue an' green an' clear as crystal on the Cornish rocks—why, there ain't no water like it for pleasure of swimming in the British Isles, not till you come round again to the Cornish coast.

Our Joe—him as they call the fisherman post—he says it reminds him of a good woman's heart, it does. You look right down into the depths, as far as you can see, an' it's all transparent, an' it's all pure an' innocent. That's the sea in Cornwall.

The young lady's name I was speaking of was Noe. She was Miss Pryce of London, but through knowing of her so intimate like we always called her by her given name, Miss Noe. She was at home with the children, you see, an' my missus was fond of her, an' of any other folks as took our lodgings, some as she might be with your good lady, sir, begging your pardon. She was a fine built young woman, too, was Miss Noe. See her clamber up the rocks, you'd say she was a goat; see her swim again, the waves, you'd say she was a seal; see her look at the little ones that rise by the rocks at night, you'd say she was one of those book writers, as it might be yourself, sir. Fine upstanding young lady, too, with a color in her cheek an' a spring in her step, walking free across Mullion moor the same as if they belonged to her.

It wasn't long before we perfected Miss Noe was pretty good friends with a gentleman up to Brown's—Mr. Moore from Exeter. He was a nice young doctor, come to Kynance for his holiday, an' when them two went out walking together, with her father an' mother, an' other folks as for company, as is the way with patients, a finer young couple you'd never see eyes on. At the end of a fortnight my wife says to me "Tom," says she, "I ain't 'er. Moore's no more with our young lady; it's plain Alex this morning." His name being Alexander, it was Alex for short, as is the way with folks here, though when I was young 'twas all Alex or else Sandy.

"An' a good thing, too," says I. "For a young lady like Miss Noe had ought to marry one as is her natural equal," says I, not meaning in birth alone, as is a thing I don't hold with, nor in money, as there ain't no counting upon, but in a fine upstanding young lady, to my mind, deserves to be married to a fine upstanding young fellow. Or where'd the country got its soldiers and sailors from?"

"An' a handsome couple they'll make," says my missus, being fond of Miss Noe. Well, one day they says Mr. Moore—that Alex—went out swimming off the rocks by the cove, an' Miss Noe, she was ashore sitting high on the cliff reading a book or something. But every now an' again my wife sees her raise her head an' looks out to sea an' looks after the heads bobbing about in the water. As it was late in the afternoon, she says to me, "Cap'tain Tom," she says, "Cap'tain Tom, do look out at Alex!" She's swimming over there, an' it seems to me he's in some sort of trouble, but I ain't never as can see better'n a blunder.

Well, I gets down my telescope, an' I fixes it upon him. He was a mile out to sea—a black speck on the water. I gets him well fixed. Now enough, there he was, throwing his arms up an' trying to make signs to a boat for help. "Is it one of our boys?" says my wife. "Don't you believe it," says I. "There's a deal more nonsense talked about cramp in swimming nor there need be. A man can't swim forever," says I, "let him be as strong as you like," says I. "Tired out, that's what I calls it," says I. An' then I says to my wife, "I ain't sure enough, by the look of him."

"Oh, Cap't Tom," says the young lady, "will you save him?" wringing her hands in a way that might melt a stone, let alone a Christian. I was half way down to my boat by that time. "Save him!" says I. "Is it saving of him? Bless your 'eart, if he wasn't no friend of yours at all—as man to man—I'd save him. Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, "I see him on the shore, 'ome and help me," says I. "There's a gentleman drowning!" says Bill-o'-my-soul, an' I says to him, "Come on," says I. "I'll save him. His name being Bill-o'-my-soul, along of his having been such a favorite when he was young with all the young women."

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## Xmas Gifts.

During these hard times it will pay you to give XMAS GIFTS that are useful as well as ornamental. A pair of Boots, Shoes or Slippers will be appreciated as much as a gold watch. We have a big stock.

## USEFUL PRESENTS.

YORAN & SON,

LITTLE PANCH.

Pancha's mother was a nice, clean little woman. Every afternoon, when she was on the other side of the road, she used to sit on a pile of straw in front of her door, and with her cigarette tucked over her ear, carefully comb her children's heads. They sat quietly, after the fashion of Mexican children, while her mother was being decorated. All but Pancha. Whether Pancha objected to the slaughter of the innocents or it was just her "innate curiosity" no one could determine.

Pancha was 4 and short and squat for that age. Her eyes were extraordinarily large and the blackest I ever saw. They apparently had no pupils. I was told her father and mother did not love her because she was so black. Pancha was indeed the black sheep of the family. She looked as though she had been smoked. The warm, velvety brown shaded off in places to a black, particularly round her forehead and neck.

There was something pathetically sweet about her. She was in her continual brow. The other children had to be so tauntingly, "Pancha is mala!" to have her fly at them like a wildcat. When outnumbered and outgeneraled, which was seldom, for she was a veteran of many fights, she would go away to a path on the mesa, where the dust was thick and the noise as great as thought. Through the dust and among the prickly pines she tramped, tearing out her hair and sobbing and choking with rage.

One very hot day we were all sitting in the patio under a big green awning, tinkling of the fountain and the draw of the door were the only sounds, as we were all sleepy.

There was a long tiled corridor leading to the patio, and in this I heard the noise of remonstrating with some one. When I went in, Pancha was there, defiantly eyeing the big mesa. She grinned with delight, as if she was as happy as a lark, in a tiny little room, and she was so small, so tiny, so black. It was hers, all hers, but now it was mine.

She watched my face with open anticipation of my delight. It was a piece of meat wrapped in a solid tortilla—a tortilla is not a napkin, but its capacity for getting dirty is as great as thought. We were then instead of a centimetre. But meat—think of it! When had Pancha a piece of fat pork before? And she was giving it to me! I think it is on my credit side that I ate with every appearance of delight.

That piece of fried pork cemented our friendship. One of Pancha's treasures, hanging above her cradle and her cot, was a beautiful earring, which she had won by her square shoulder. It was a long glass ring about the size of the pendant hung from lamps. The other ear contained a bit of straw, keeping the ear under cultivation.

One day I went down to the kitchen. When I returned, I brought Pancha a pair of earrings. My little friend England, friend said: "Why earrings? Why not something useful?" Because. And then there is another reason. Children detest useful presents. Once I saw a little boy receive two Christmas presents. One was the right boot for the right foot. The other was the left boot for the left foot. "Was he grateful?" Not a bit of it. He cried long and loud.

Pancha's earrings were silver—big hoops wrought in a design that looked like lace-work. Pancha was very happy the day she received them and went about scolding her little piggy bank in spite, the earrings shining white against her brown cheeks.

She engaged in several free fights that afternoon, coming off victor in every one. Next day she had her mother put on her little dress, a dress of red cotton, and submitted to having her hair washed, and her face washed, then came proudly up the steep grade to the casa grande to visit and show her friends. The little fair woman, her great eyes glistening with excitement, sat in a big armchair in the sala eating her cakes and drinking deep of the milk.

Before the burden of entertaining her became onerous she slid from her chair, and, to my surprise, came to me to be kissed before starting for her home. She went down the grade used by the oxen, where the grade had been unusually steep. Here she was lost to view. A moment later there was a tremendous rattling and pounding along the road.

That stamp, rattling the noise and filling the street. I reached the door, and looking down into the street, I saw—can I ever forget it—the poor little waddling figure in its brave red dress, trampled down by the frightened mules, crushed and mangled by the great wheels of the heavy ox wagon. I heard one pitiful wail.

When we picked up the bruised little body, I found in the bosom of her frock several small pieces of bread that she had saved away to take home.

I insisted that her loved earrings be buried with her, washed the dirty little hands and face and made a wreath of jasmine for her head. Afraid they might resent my interference, I did no more.

The stiffened remains were wrapped in a white cloth and placed on a board—cost too much for the very, very poor in Mexico. So they covered her face, and the father, putting the board on his head, carried her down in the night 30 kilometers to the graveyard. He rented a tiny piece of ground and dug the grave himself.

The priest was a kind old fellow and gave her services for nothing, which was fortunate, for poor Pancha had 25 centavos for his wife expenses.

Thus Pancha, in her gay red dress and silver earrings, was laid away in consecrated ground—Edith Wagner in San Francisco Argonaut.

## The New Zealanders' Heaven.

The New Zealanders imagine that the souls of the dead go to a place beneath the earth called Rangai. According to their belief, the path to this region lies along a precipice close to the seashore at the North Cape. It is even said by the natives who live in that neighborhood that at night they can hear sounds caused by the spirits which are passing through the air. It is a common superstition with the New Zealanders that the left eye of every chief becomes a star. Some of the tribes profess to believe that there is a separate immortality for each of the eyes of the dead, the left becoming a star, and the right descending to mingle as a spirit.

It might be mentioned in this connection that the Sandwich Islanders formerly held a very curious belief concerning the future life. The current idea was that the souls of their chiefs were led by a god whose name denoted "Kylall of the Sun." By this god they were guided to a life in heaven, while the souls of the common herd went down to Hades, or hell—St. Louis Republic.

## An Amusing Game.

An amusing game which children like played thus: Three or more players sit around the table, and each has a pencil and a piece of paper folded into three. Then the player draws a picture of the head of a man, beast, bird or fish, carrying the lines of the neck over the first fold to

guide the next person. The head is doubled over so as not to be seen, and the papers are passed on to the left hand neighbors. Then each player draws a body, also carrying the lines a little below the fold. It is then passed on as before, and the legs are drawn in the same way and folded over. Of course each person does not know what his predecessor has drawn, and the body and legs are quite different and look like the drawing given herewith.—New York Tribune.

Hard to Recognize. At Antietam, just after the artillery had been sharply engaged, the Rockford (Va.) battery was standing, awaiting orders. General Lee approached and stopped a moment.

A dirty faced driver of about 17 said to him: "General, are you going to put us in again?"

Think of such a question from such a source addressed to the general of the army, especially when that general's name was Lee!

"Yes, my boy," the stately officer answered kindly: "I have to put you in again. But what is your name? Your face seems familiar to me somehow."

"I don't wonder you didn't know me, sir, I'm so dirty," laughed the lad, "but I'm Bob."

It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia institute.—Youth's Companion.

## WE OFFER 100 DOZEN FAST BLACK HOSE

Ladies and Misses @

12½c per pair.

Gents 1-2 Hose @

12½c per pair.

## SPECIAL OFFER.

See Window Display.

S. K. Friendly

TRADE MARK

NERVE SHOOTING

For sale in Eugene, Ore., by HENRIESEN & Co., 22 S. and of OREGON & DE LAND, Druggists.

## Commissioners Court.

Dec 9. Bills allowed: E Bowerman, ferryman, November salary..... 15 00 J T Rowland judge primary election..... 2 00 M C Van Tyne judge primary election..... 2 00 A Rogers judge primary election 2 00 L J Yoder Long Tom bridge..... 350 00

At this time the court made an assignment of certificate of tax sale No 79 of 1896 for lands of Elizabeth Harrington to L D Forrest of all rights of Lane county acquired by said sale.

Bills allowed: W B Andrews lumber..... 9 10 L Lurch lumber, claimed \$2 60 allowed 1 20 Grubbs & Brown lumber..... 9 00 W B Andrews "..... 18 15 Sweet Brothers "..... 24 40 J C Goodale "..... 1 80 C Cole "..... 4 80 M C Smith spikes..... 2 50 A S Powers inspecting bridges..... 4 00 William Lynch bridge work Eugene..... 4 80 Ames Lynch bridge work Eugene..... 1 50 O F Knox spikes..... 2 85 William Fields lumber..... 1 82 Griffin Hardware Company miscellaneous hardware..... 18 5

F L Chambers miscellaneous hardware..... 16 95 W B Mummy work on Eugene bridge..... 3 25 S Holt hauling lumber..... 8 05 Wheeler Brothers & Owen lumber..... 6 00 Henry Lajore lumber..... 6 00 Eugene Lumber Company lumber..... 42 48 Charles W Lyons work on St. Lawrence road..... 57 50 B F Russell care of paupers..... 228 00 W C Yorlan clerical work..... 14 00 J E Jennings clerical work on assessment roll..... 50 00 A J Johnson board and keep of prisoners..... 8 21 John Handsaker teachers' examination..... 13 03 Emma Dodd teachers' examination..... 15 00 C S Hunt teachers' examination..... 15 00 A E Wood brooms..... 1 55 E Schwarzschild stationery..... 10 75 Glass & Prudhomme stationery..... 48 50 A C Jennings stationery..... 8 00 C M Collier surveyor..... 19 00 John Baverly janitor..... 6 00 J W Renfro court bailiff..... 1 50

Dec 10. I L Simpson bailiff board equalization..... 2 50 Lorane Hall Company elections claimed \$8.00; allowed..... 6 00 Irving Lodge elections..... 2 50 McFarland Brothers elections..... 10 00 Electric Light Company light for November..... 28 00

## PAINT AND PAPER

UP FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Part of our 1897 WALL PAPER

is now on hand.

Now is the time to buy while prices are low at OVERTON'S, Eighth street. Three doors west of P. O.

## CURE THAT COUGH SHILOH'S CURE

It is a cure for all kinds of coughs, colds, and bronchitis.

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