

FROM MEXICO.

Another One of the Guard Man's Interesting Letters.

TELANEPANTLA, MEXICO, Feb 25, 1897.

DEAR GUARD—And still we are travelling southward. The town of San Juan Del Rio was visited. Here fresh strawberries are sold every day in the year. Between Celaya and the City of Mexico the country is an agricultural one and is from 6,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea level. Ocala is quite an important point and large cotton mills employing hundreds of natives are located here and owned by Americans. At Queretaro is located the famous aqueduct, built to supply the city with water by the Aztec Indians over 4,000 years ago. It is in a first class state of preservation and is in constant use. It is nearly two miles long and averages forty feet in height and is built of stone, brick and mortar. Its cost is hard to estimate.

It will be remembered that Maximilian, after being forced to leave the City of Mexico, retreated to this city with his band of supporters and made his final stand. We visited the convent from where he was taken to the prison and also the very room wherein he was confined until taken to the hill near the town in 1867 and shot. We also wended our way to the summit of the hill and looked upon the very spot where this great character fell, which is marked by a stone.

We also witnessed in this city, a strange religious observance. As the city clock struck eight in the morning every native on the street, which was crowded, knelt and said his prayer, faced to the east. The Mexican people believe thoroughly in irrigation. In fact, crops would be few and of small quantities if many such schemes were not indulged in. In the section just north of Zacatecas only one rain has fallen in seven years, and still the people have had some products to sell. In the agricultural districts, every kind of irrigation scheme may be witnessed. In some localities canyons are dammed, huge reservoirs made and the water saved; in others, flowing wells are found, and in some other sections wind-mills are erected and the water piped over hundreds of acres. In one section about 25 miles north of the City of Mexico, wells can be found every 150 feet apart over thousands of acres and the water drawn from them by hand power and thence by hand thrown over the ground. In another section as far as the eye could see, mules drawing water from wells could be witnessed, and the water distributed over the land by peons.

It is no unusual thing to see in this section of Mexico, and in fact where ever we have travelled, one to eight burros hitched to a huge, two-wheeled wagon drawing loads. The animals are generally hitched two to the tongue and then four to six abreast in front. The cart is a heavy affair and always weighs more than the load contained therein. The driver is an expert with the whip and never loses a second in applying it. It seems as if the mules are educated thence and pay very little heed to the lash. Our next letter will be from the capital of the republic.

I. L. C.

OBITUARY.

A Friend Pays a Tribute to the Worth and Manhood of the Late H. Fred Bushnell.

When the aged, bowed with the burden of years, "enter into rest," though we deeply lament their loss, we can but say, "God doeth all things well." Gently has He led them through life's changing pilgrimage and now "He giveth his beloved sleep." But when in the midst of life, death with relentless grasp, snatches from us one who had received our fondest care, the central object of all our hopes and plans, we stand appalled and with tear-dimmed eyes and broken hearts we question, what does it mean? Under the crushing weight of such a sorrow, we are not able to see beyond the deep shadow of present grief until Faith in gentle ministry whispers that "God is good." He will not leave us comfortless, but out of the gloom will bring us into a more perfect way, in the radiant dawn of life. Thus passed away H. Fred Bushnell and that dread disease appendicitis has added another to its long list.

H. Fred Bushnell was born Oct. 16, 1872, near Eugene; was educated in the public schools of Eugene and the University of Oregon. Being of a genial disposition, and in every way a companionable young man, Fred has left a large circle of friends who, together with his relatives, mourn his untimely death. We are not able to know God's purpose in this sad event. "If we could push ajar the gates of life, And stand within and all God's workings see; We could interpret all this doubt and strife, And for each mystery could find a key."

—A FRIEND.

FUNERAL OF EX-SENATOR DOLPH.

Took Place at 1:30 o'clock Today.—Private Services at the Grave.—Courts Adjourn out of Respect.

Daily Guard, March 12. The funeral of Hon. Joseph N. Dolph took place this afternoon at 1:30 o'clock from the First Baptist church, corner of Twelfth and Taylor streets, Portland. The interment was in River-view cemetery.

At the church Rev. Mr. Raboteau officiated, the service, according to the expressed wish of the deceased, being simple in the extreme. While there was no organized attendance with regalia of the different orders of which the dead statesman held membership, many members of those orders attended the church services.

Following the dismissal of the funeral cortege, private services were held at the grave in which only the members of the family and immediate friends joined.

There were eight active and twelve honorary pallbearers.

Funeral of Ely M. Wood.

The Oregonian has the following account of the funeral of Ely M. Wood, in East Portland, Thursday forenoon. Rev. William Travis, Presbyterian minister, conducted brief but appropriate services. After the reading Rev. Mr. Travis spoke briefly but kindly on the solemn lesson of the hour, and offered prayer. The remains were then taken to Lone Fir cemetery. The deceased was a member of Silver Lodge, No. 21, and encampment No. 23, I. O. F. of Silverton; Salem Lodge No. 335, B. P. O. E., and of Cascade Lodge, A. O. U. W. If he is in good standing in the latter order, his family will receive \$2000. Suicide will not prevent his beneficiary certificate from being paid, by that order.

LOCATED IN ARIZONA.—The many friends of Hon. C. K. Wilkinson throughout the state, and in Eugene in particular, will regret to learn that he has located at Phoenix, Arizona, for the practice of law. Mr. Wilkinson was educated at the University of Oregon and was elected to the state legislature at the early age of 21 years, as a democrat, when this county went 500 republican. He was the youngest man ever elected to the state legislature, but at once took rank as one of the ablest men of that body. He was then appointed to a responsible position in the Custom House at Portland, which position he held until he resigned to practice law; he in the mean time having studied law and been admitted to practice. Mr. Wilkinson is one of the brightest and most popular men in the state. He is a splendid orator and is always in demand as a speaker. The GUARD has watched his career with much interest, and much regrets his leaving the state. We wish him unbounded prosperity and venture the prediction that he will soon be heard from as one of the foremost men of Arizona.

THE SPORTSMAN'S OUTLOOK.—The sporting season is lagging a little now. The season for ducks and geese is drawing to a close and these birds are departing for their northern summer home. The weather is not suitable for snipe, but as soon as it gets a little warmer the swale bird will be moving in large numbers and sportsmen will have a short season of snipe shooting. Grouse have made their appearance and are hooting on warm days in the tall firs, but the law prohibits killing of these birds until September 1st and spoils rifle gunning for them, as they will then be in the grain fields and a shot gun will be necessary in order to capture them. The trout season opens April 1st. This is one of the favorite pastimes of the sportsmen; therefore, in a few weeks the gun can be laid aside for the rod.

Daily Guard, March 12. WILL ORGANIZE.—At the women's meeting held in Mount's hall yesterday afternoon it was unanimously decided to effect an organization, which will be made permanent if possible. Mrs. J. H. McClung presided over the meeting held yesterday and Mrs. L. Bilyeu acted as secretary pro tem. A committee of five was appointed to draft resolutions, constitution, secure a name and take the first step toward organization. The members of the committee are Mrs. Dr. Chapman, Mrs. W. S. Gilbert, Mrs. Rowland, Mrs. J. A. Straight and Mrs. Handsaker. The principle object of the new society, which will organize at a future meeting, will be to work for the best interests of reform in Eugene.

HARD ON FRED.—Journal: Fred Fisk's bald head seems to be a means of greatly deceiving people. The Albany Democrat recently stated that of his successful lawsuit about right of way—a success which added a new mortgage to the family collection. "It's all very well," said Mr. Ponder, "but that was chancy; this is common law. I'm sure we should make a noise of it. One of my attornies has set up in business in Indian row. He's a smart fellow and will fight hard and just suit you."

Bob went off to the river and lost all the money his father gave him. During his absence the old gentleman employed a detective—a fellow with splendid imagination but very poor powers of observation—and the shrimshanking was done under the old man's supervision. He's to have stand away till after the trial. However, an urgent letter from a close friend of his father brought him home in a hurry. He arrived in the evening and going to the Carlton learned that the case was in the list for next day. When he reached Belgrave square and was shown into the library, he found his father with Mr. Hicks, his Bedford row solicitor. There was a row going on at a high price.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

Oh, my heart's in the south, By the life and play The music, the melody That stirs my heart away! Come thou again to wooded glades, To where the white doves nest, And sing to me the heart that dwells in me And stirs away to you.

FIVE THOUSAND.

"My dear girl, you'll have to let me off. I'm awfully sorry, but the gov. won't give way. I'm really fond of you, and I think you are of me, but—"

"Oh, why didn't I want to marry a doctor, or a lawyer, or even a journalist, instead of an earl's younger son?" said Miss Muriel Mallett, with a frown on her pretty face and a tear in her large, limpid eyes—eyes which made all the men think, wrongly, that she was poetical and sentimental. "But, seriously, can you give me up?"

The Hon. Deb Martindale looked at her. She was just his ideal—tall, well built, but with a saucy face in which the big black eyes seemed out of place, if fascinating. There was in her countenance the strangeness which, according to Bacon, is necessary to great beauty. She affected a tailor-made gown and was always well groomed. Yet, though her dress was a trifle mannish, in the line of her movements, which showed that she was a diligent student of gossamer stocking and fine calicoes, revealed themselves and showed that she had a conscience in costume that would have delighted the hero of Gaunter's mood with the famous preface.

"My dear girl, if it were a question of risking my life or anything like that I wouldn't hesitate. If it were even one of those affairs of fellows who, for a few hours of—of—well, you know, gladly die, I'd be there, but—I can't be a cad. They have brought me up as a swell without any profession, and I'm a bit of a fool, and I couldn't live on my earnings as a cad, so there you are."

"Miss Muriel sighed. Bob was a handsome fellow and manly, and he would have the title and estates some day if two obstacles were to disappear."

"I did like you, Bob, and do, and you were always straight. I should like to have been your wife. If only we'd some money to run a theatrical company with!"

"Yes, if I hadn't been such a Juggins as to blue the five thousand, old Uncle Tom left me—I didn't know you then."

"Yes, if we'd the five thousand," she started a little. "You will marry me if ever I have 25,000? Oh, you'd have to work; have to be my manager."

"He nodded. "It's a promise for two years?"

"Yes." "Honor bright?"

"If I ever, of course, if—"

"If I ever, of course, if—"

"If I ever, of course, if—"

"If I ever, of course, if—"

"If I ever, of course, if—"

that but very poor powers of observation—and the shrimshanking was done under the old man's supervision. He's to have stand away till after the trial. However, an urgent letter from a close friend of his father brought him home in a hurry. He arrived in the evening and going to the Carlton learned that the case was in the list for next day. When he reached Belgrave square and was shown into the library, he found his father with Mr. Hicks, his Bedford row solicitor. There was a row going on at a high price.

"Settle, be damned!" interrupted the old boy.

"Settle, I say," rejoined the solicitor. "You see, Mr. Martindale, Sir Edward says he won't cross examine the plaintiff as to her character. He suggests that the material is absurd, and he does not believe a word of the detective's story. He says he'd sooner return the brief."

"And the check?" gasped the earl.

"Yes, and the check. He says there's no decent defense, and he won't try to support the detective's tissue of lies. Moreover, he insists that if he did fall, and the damages and disfigure would be awful."

"What does it matter to me?" shouted the old gentleman. "It's not my case. It's my son's."

"That's a bit steep," observed the son.

"My retainer is from you, my lord," urged Mr. Hicks.

"Oh, I'll pay your confounded costs, but where will they get their damages from?" Bob ground.

"They've told me they'll make him bankrupt," replied Mr. Hicks, "and his discharge will be suspended for two years at least."

"What has that to do with me?" said the earl grimly.

Bob interposed. "Lord Saltbury has many claims on his patrimony, and in my bankruptcy he'd find a decent excuse for leaving me out in the cold."

"The earl had no gout, but he managed without its help to use very vigorous language concerning sons, solicitors, advocates and actresses."

"They will take 25,000 for damages, with a full apology and withdrawal in open court," said Mr. Hicks, "and 2500 for costs."

"An apology? A withdrawal?"

"A withdrawal of all the charges on the record."

Next day, to the infinite disgust of the reporters and the crowded court, Sir Edward, in a graceful speech, made an apology of the most ample character, withdrew all imputations and announced that 25,000 would be paid as compensation for the injury to the lady, together with her costs.

The Morning Post on the morrow announced that the Earl of Hexham had gone to Burton.

When the honorable Robert, a day later, received a letter from Muriel saying she was most anxious to see him, he took a cab to Brompton, crossed and grew more and more perplexed every inch of the way.

Miss Muriel, looking very neat, natty, handsome and pliant, with a predilection for life in her eyes, shook hands with him warmly and made him sit down on the sofa by her side. For a quarter of an hour she stimulated his curiosity by talking about nothing in particular. At last his patience broke down.

"Look here, Muriel," he said brusquely, "tell me the whole and come to cues. I'm delighted to see you and don't bear malice, but what on earth put it into your pretty head to send for me?"

COMPLIMENT TO JUDGE PIPES.

His Name Suggested for U. S. Circuit Judge of the Oregon District— Particularly Finesse and High Character.

A United States circuit judgeship is rendered vacant by the appointment of Judge McKenna to the cabinet. The name of Hon. M. L. Pipes has been mentioned in connection with the office, and the Oregonian gives him cordial indorsement, in which we can heartily concur. It says:

Since a circuit judge is sought for to fill the vacancy by the appointment of Judge McKenna of California, to the office of attorney-general of the United States, the Oregonian wishes to suggest the name of Martin L. Pipes. Judge Pipes is a scholar, a jurist and a citizen of high character. A graceful recognition of men of his stamp would be given by the appointment of Judge Pipes to this position; and the public service would gain a man of particular fitness and high character.

OUR NEW NAVY.

Uncle Sam's new war vessels are making good speed records, the St. Louis having recently in a ten hour run reeled off 18 knots an hour, and four hours of that time 19½ knots. At that speed she could overhaul any but the very swiftest of the ocean racers. The navy department has got down to business methods in the management of the navy yards, and supervision of naval contractors. Our paid fighters on the sea feel secure in the new ships. A wonderful contrast from the time when John Roach built a navy out of pot metal, and odds and ends of his ship-building yards at a cost greater than is now paid for first class vessels.

Yet Roach should not be criticized too harshly. He was the pioneer in our navy building charges for material and labor were far greater than at present, and the navy department of state was rotten to the core. Secretary Whitney went to work on a business basis, ousted the corrupt gang that had thrived and fattened on the public treasury, with the result we have the beginning of a navy which will soon fear no fleet that sails the seas. The reconstruction of the navy department is one jewel in the crown of the Cleveland administration of which the people may well be proud.

OREGON STATE TAXES.

On the \$143,175,515 of taxable property in the state, \$572,702 will be paid into the state treasury as taxes. But little of this vast sum can be paid out, on account of failure of the legislature to organize and pass an appropriation bill. Next year's taxes will follow suit thus taking over \$1,000,000 from the people and out of circulation.

This immense contraction of the circulating medium of the state will prove detrimental. Some way should be devised to allow the money to remain in the hands of the counties until needed by the state. The state treasurer will object to retention of tax money by the counties, as the handling of that immense sum would mean a fortune to him and his bondsmen. Yet there is no justice or common sense in compelling the counties to pay money into a state treasury when it cannot be used for one and two years after date of payment. The money should remain in the hands of the people, else be used by the counties in settling indebtedness.

DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

It has often been said the press gives the people what they desire rather than that which is for their best welfare. For an illustration take yesterdays' Sunday Oregonian. A column of church announcements is made to counterbalance a couple of columns of rot about the brutal outfit that is fighting Corbett and Fitzsimmons down in Nevada.

The Oregonian is a clean decent paper and is not conducted on sensational lines. But the people, or a considerable portion of them, demand this stuff, and a progressive up to date metropolitan journal cannot ignore the demand, no difference how much it cements prize rings, their methods and influences.

The democrats of the recent attempted legislature, says the Portland Dispatch, Senators Smith and Daly, Representatives Bilyeu, Lee and Misener, retained the respect and confidence of all the factions to the hold-up. They were ready to join any of them to form a constitutional quorum for the transaction of business.

CRIPPLED POLITICIANS.

But Will the People Remember Until Next Election?

After summarizing the result of the defunct attempted legislature, The Astoria Budget remarks: "Thus dies the nineteenth biennial session of the Oregon legislature, which will go down in history as a crowning disgrace to many who participated in it. The only members who have escaped with honor are those who held to the Benson house and joint convention."

The failure to carry the hold-up through with success will kill many political leaders. Joe Simon is seriously crippled and must give in to Senator Mitchell. Scott has played his last card with Simon as a partner. They must separate. Bourne, the wrecker, is dead as a leader of any party. Young, the arch traitor in the Populist camp, who led his followers into the Simon ditch, will be cast aside by his party. U'Ren, who had an ambition to be Tom Tongue's successor, is irretrievably ruined, and he will be relegated to growing and raising prunes for the balance of his life in Clackamas county.

Holt and all the big Populist guns have annihilated themselves by contamination with Simon Republicans. In fact all the hold-ups are no more. It was a big fight, stubbornly fought, EXPENSIVE TO THE STATE.

THE TYRANT DESERVES AN ASSASSIN.

It is reported that Gen Weyler threatens to lay waste Cuba, and make the beautiful island as bare as the palm of the hand. If such wantonness is attempted it will be to the eternal shame of our country if prompt measures are not taken to give her liberty, else annexation, although the latter is not desirable.

Civilization looks with horror on the assassin, but desperate diseases demand desperate remedies, and should the Spanish butcher attempt to follow the extermination plan, few tears would be shed should he suddenly be removed by the hand of providence, or any other hand.

We are promised the first installment of the McKinley taxation scheme that will add a tax to every person in the country. It is proposed to place a duty on refined sugar. The benefit will accrue almost solely to a few millionaire sugar refiners. The rush to take up this tariff taxation scheme is full proof of the anti-election charge that the great sugar refiners contributed immense sums to secure the election of McKinley. A small fraction of a cent per pound would mean vast increase in wealth for the favored few. Every man, woman and child in the United States will be a contributor to their wealth.

The Capitol city is not happy. Too much fever, malaria and general sickness. It is charged that unclean back-yards, alleys and streets are responsible for much of the unhealthiness. This is a very reasonable hint to Eugene. Our health authorities should see to it that sanitary law are strictly enforced. Streets, alleys and back-yards should be subjected to a general cleaning-up process. Now is the time to commence the work. Life may be saved thereby.

Mr Corbett will go before the United States senate and claim admission on grounds that there was no session of the legislature. Yet it is common knowledge the entire forty-nine days were spent fighting over the senatorship by the partially organized legislature. It is to be hoped congress will not admit the governor's appointee. The state has so long been misrepresented in the senate that it can for a time afford to go partially represented.

II W Corbett is a solid gold standard man and does not represent the state of Oregon on that leading issue of the day. Even his own party, apart from a few politicians of the Oregonian stripe and inspiration, is substantially for free silver.

It is reported the state treasurer is already making demands for the money due the state for taxes. Except in a few special cases this money cannot be paid out of the state treasury. That official is not worrying over the failure of the legislature to organize.

The Portland Chronicle gives a full page portrait of Senator-elect Corbett.

We predict that John Mayers, the new chief of police of Portland, will make an excellent officer.