

TONGUE REMOVED.

A Eugene Man the Unfortunate—A Remarkable Case—Can Talk Without a Tongue.

Case Interests Physicians.

John Wilson, of Eugene, went to Portland about a month ago to have his tongue operated on for cancer.

The operation was performed yesterday and has developed a very remarkable case. Mr Wilson can talk plainly without the aid of his tongue.

John Wilson, deputy county assessor of Lane county, was operated on for cancer of the tongue, at Good Samaritan hospital, in this city, March 21.

Several weeks ago the salivary glands below the tongue were removed but the operation did not check the growth of the cancer, and it was found necessary to remove the tongue itself.

DOG HYPNOTIZED.

A Charm or Some Other Means Used to Render the Dog Harmless—Fails to Protect his Master's Store.

The Goshen Burglary.

A further report from the robbery of the Goshen store the other night comes from Mr Roney, the proprietor, who was in Eugene today.

The night of the burglary no noise was heard from the dog, but on going across the lawn from his residence to the store in the morning the dog was found lying on its side on the porch.

He was stupid and listless during that day and the next as if some stupefying poison had been given him.

The whole thing is a mystery to Mr Roney, but he thinks the burglars should pay some attention to other parties and give him time to recuperate.

The public interest in Prof. Foshier's lectures on the "Seven Wonders of the World" is increasing with each contribution he makes in the series.

High Wind at Portland—The Portland signal service office reports the highest wind in that city Thursday morning since the weather bureau was established in 1870.

EUGENE POSTOFFICE.—Oregonian: "The condition of affairs in the Eugene postoffice has led many to think a permanent postmaster will soon be appointed."

EUGENE STORES.—Anyone who lives in Eugene and wants to see our city prosper should patronize home stores.

EYEBING PARTY.—Mr and Mrs A T Cockerline entertained a few of their friends at their home on East Youth street last night in honor of their son, Miss Ayer.

SPRING OPENING.—The spring opening of the Main Mall's and the Mrs E Learned's millinery stores occurred today.

BORN.—In this city March 25, 1897 to the wife of Ennis McPherson, a daughter.

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Divine Commander to visit our Castle Hill and call from our ranks one of our esteemed and beloved brother, Past Chancellor, to join the ranks in that eternal fraternity from which man never returns; and

WHEREAS, We bow obediently to the commands of our Divine Leader in delivering to Him our respected brother that he may answer the call; and

RESOLVED, That in the death of Brother Walter Vernon Henderson, we have lost a true friend, a loyal Knight, a past chancellor, whose virtues we commend, and be it further

RESOLVED, That while he has gone from our sight we will ever cherish his memory in our hearts until the arch angel's trumpet shall proclaim that time shall be no more; and be it further

RESOLVED, That our charter be draped in mourning for sixty days, that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our records, one copy sent to the family of our departed brother and one copy be given to the DAILY GUARD for publication.

Fraternally submitted in Friendship, Charity and Benevolence.

C. L. WINTER, C. D. EDWARDS, D. E. YORAN, Committee.

Thompson & Hardy, offices in First National Bank building, practice in all the courts and will engage in the general practice of their profession.

Charles A Hardy attended University of Wisconsin and graduated from the legal department of that institution. He was for a year with the United States attorney for the Western district of Wisconsin.

Charles A Hardy attended University of Wisconsin and graduated from the legal department of that institution. He was for a year with the United States attorney for the Western district of Wisconsin.

BABYLONIC LURE.—Salem Statesman: The public interest in Prof. Foshier's lectures on the "Seven Wonders of the World" is increasing with each contribution he makes in the series.

SMOKEHOUSE ROBBED.—Frank Powers, who lives about a mile above Springfield, had the misfortune to have a night visitor to his smokehouse sometime Wednesday night.

ARBOR DAY.—State Supt. of Public Instruction Irwin has issued to the various county superintendents programs for the observance of Arbor Day, April 9, 1897.

EUGENE STORES.—Anyone who lives in Eugene and wants to see our city prosper should patronize home stores.

SPRING OPENING.—The spring opening of the Main Mall's and the Mrs E Learned's millinery stores occurred today.

BORN.—In this city March 25, 1897 to the wife of Ennis McPherson, a daughter.

COUPE IN THE RAIN.

Just a little cloud with blue Casting shadows o'er the blue Where they stood. "It will rain," he whispered. "Dear, let us find a shelter here in the wood."

Then the silver drops came down, Snatched the swaying, emerald crown Of the tree; But the snugly sheltered pair Watched the heavy downpour there Lovingly.

And he held her fair hand. Why? True lovers understand. This I know: When the sun peeped from the sky, Pretty maiden seemed so shy—Loath to go.

Here the twins were lingering. After birds began to sing. For an hour. And she whispered tenderly: "Who knows, darling; there may be another shower!"

—Brooklyn Life.

A MISTAKE.

Zona Sheldon was making the European tour. Her education was finished, and she and her mother had spent the last two years in travel.

The important subject under discussion on the October morning which brings them to our notice is an invitation to be present at the wedding in the north of England.

Morning saw our heroine at the King's Cross station anxiously scanning the carriages to make sure of one well filled and at least one or two ladies in it.

"Highlow Papers, I know she's an American. I can see it from the tip of her nose to the toe of her little boot. I didn't know before that entering was one of the finer arts."

For a moment Zona was possessed with an insane desire to scream, and only by a strong effort controlled herself. The man in the corner, who up to this time had not moved from his seat all day, now rose and walked to the other end of the car.

She looked at him with a start to see the October day darkening down and realize that when the family party should leave the train she and the man in the corner would be the only occupants of the compartment.

He reached under the seat and took out a small hand satchel, which he opened. Was he going to get a revolver? No, it would be a knife. A revolver would make too much noise. She watched him with fascinated eyes.

Now, the ring was a very beautiful diamond, given to Zona by her mother, and Zona, with a disregard of conventionalities, wore it on the finger which is usually set apart to carry the signal of engagement.

It was some little time before the question was answered. For she was making a calculation whether if she told him that her journey's end was near he would be likely to make the best of his time and attack her immediately, or whether he might perhaps abandon his purpose altogether.

It is indeed, replied the owner of the instrument. "It cost over \$1000."

"It is too valuable to be used like an ordinary fiddle. It is the finest I have ever heard of."

SENATOR MARK HANNA.

Boodle Cannot Buy Respectability in the Senate—40 Democratic Senators His Coming Grief—Suspicious of Republican Colleagues.

A Sad and Sorry Spectacle.

Alfred Henry Lewis, Washington correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner dissects Senator Mark Hanna, and, as it were, places him in pickle.

"There is the high shouldered, sly-faced West, with a tongue like sandpaper. Some acid day he will torture Hanna until the blood comes. There is the ghastly German, pale and sphinxish. Hanna wars him as he looks, and couldn't tell one why.

"There's Mills. Hanna doesn't like the scowl of the Texan's savage face. It needs no prophet to forecast that Mills will some time do and say things that will start the perspiration on Hanna's brow."

"There's Torpie, gray and palsy-baken, but with a tongue like an anvil and a mind like a flashlight. Hanna finds no joy in gazing on Turpie. Hanna is right. That old and aspen senator will one day stretch Hanna's hide on the senate fence with no more of impunity than he would bestow on the floying of a fox squirrel."

"There's Tillman, with his one eye blazing, a fashion of Senate eyelids. Tillman will yet find a time to tell Hanna of his past in such rude phrase and with such rank barbarity as would curdle the blood of an image. In good both our new-made senator is like a cub bear. His troubles are all before him.

HOUSEHOLD ENEMIES.

"Even on his own side of the hamper Hanna reads more than a human sign of succor in the sky. Here is Chandler, the New Hampshire hen-hawk, with screech, beak and talon to alarm and tear Hanna.

There's Teller, that adder of silver, there's the clamorous Puraker, Hanna's own colleague. All these Hanna hesitates before, fearing a future of the worst; and unable, in its mere bent for markets, prices, selling and buying, to fence against their least assault.

"Hanna would have woven his cloth more wisely had he remained away from the senate. Later, as our poor grocer nurses his wounds and moans with the sore memory of their infliction, he will discover what this is all about. Meanwhile Hanna should watch Platt and Quay. They meditate the removal of his pelt, and the process, as Vooreh's might tell him, is painful.

FEELS OUT OF PLACE.

"Speaking of Hanna reminds me that it has been Senator Hanna for nearly two weeks, and yet no portion of the skies has fallen; no large section of the earth's crust collapsed. Hanna's senate mood is stalker. He lurks about the senate chamber in a wool-foot way, conversing in gusty whispers; or he sits silent in his seat and tries to look like an undertaker. That is Hanna's notion of a senatorial cast of countenance—to look as the rural director of funerals.

"As to from this undertaking expression which is assumed, Hanna wears a look of suspicious perturbation which is not assumed. The senate seizes Hanna. The good man has had no legislative experience beyond what a coal director might furnish when deciding to cut down the wages of 100

poor creatnres in its mines. As the senate is distinctively not a coal directory and does not proceed by coal directory methods, Hanna is at sea.

"Hanna is commercial, a true son of trade. He is strong with money. Hanna can buy and sell. He is essentially a grocer of that enterprising sort that sands the sugar, waters the whiskey, buries a lump of salt in every roll of butter, puts the rotten apples at the bottom of the barrel where they belong and calls 1,800 pounds a ton in all cases except those wherein he appears as purchaser, in which last instance his instinct would be for 2,200 pounds.

HANNA'S NATURAL ENEMIES.

"It is worth one's while to go up to the gallery and watch Hanna. Watch him as his furtive eye runs over the senators on the democratic side. There are full forty of them, and Hanna, by some mighty instinct, knows that every one of the forty represents woe and grief for him."

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

The East Oregonian, commenting on the tax and appropriation question as left open by the failure of the legislature to organize, sensibly remarks:

The duty then of the governor, the secretary and the treasurer appears plain. The county judges of the state, almost unanimously seeking for the sake of distressed taxpayers, to evade payment of the unneeded balance of the state taxes. The governor, secretary and the treasurer, arbiters of state taxation, convinced that the levy they recently made will exact a sum from the people five, perhaps ten times as great as can be used, should make the movement of the judges easy by indicating what percent of the state taxes will be needed, and announcing that the remainder will not be required. If their recent manifestation of anxiety to save money to the people be sincere, they have here a blessed opportunity to prove it.

McKinley and his associates are preparing a tariff bill that will surely bury them in a deep political grave at the next presidential election. It is protectionism run mad. Trusts and combines have a firm hold on this congress and wise and conservative leaders of the party in power are powerless to stay the recklessness of the majority, which having promised everything, is willing to take any desperate step in hope, that by some happy chance, economic conditions will experience a change for the better.

They know the country cannot be made prosperous by tariff tinkering. It is well enough for the demagogue on the stump to make promises which, it was well known, could not be realized. The legislator has to deal with cold blooded facts. Performance is now in order.

The new postmaster general has qualified himself for handling the mails by his success with females. A man who can with credit and success raise eight daughters ought to be eminently qualified to tackle an army of postmasters.

If Nansen realized \$150,000 as a result of his failure to find the North Pole, what would he have made out of a successful search for the elusive center of the frigid north?

A man in Portland named Pague, who is pulling the government's lague, is so deucedly clever in planning bad weather. That we wish he was kept in a cage.—E. O.

The telegraph brings the interesting news that Fitzsimmons paraded the streets of San Francisco yesterday the cynosure of all eyes.

The national convention of free silver Republicans has been called for to meet in Chicago on the 8th of June.

Storm reports come from different sections of the country.