

BREVITIES.

Claire Willoughby, son of Dr. Willoughby is lying quite ill at the family residence.

Several light showers of rain fell last night. Our people are all wishing for a right good soaking rain.

Prof W S Mayberry, formerly of C. burg, has been elected principal of the public school at Moro, in Sherman county.

The Oregonian's telegraphic dispatches says that Senator Corbett's case will go over to the December session.

Jacksonville Times: J B Beavenue, a tonorial artist well known to our citizens, is again employed at the shop of Geo Schumpf. He is in poor health.

A Salem dispatch says Ira Shelly, a 17 year old inmate of the asylum, committed from Lane county, escaped from the farm today. He was seen going south at Marion tonight.

Jacksonville Times: Rev R C Oglesby, who was brought to Jacksonville from Junction City last week in a precarious condition, has improved somewhat since his arrival.

Roseburg Review of Thursday: Elmer Wimbler, of the Review composing force, left this morning on his wheel for a trip to Eugene. He will also stop at Drain to visit relatives.

Company C, O N G, of this city will leave for the Hood River Encampment two weeks from Tuesday. The entire militia of the state will take part in the Fourth of July celebration at Portland.

The Oregon annual conference of the United Brethren church in Christ will convene in the Abiqua church in Marion county, Oregon, on Thursday, June 24, 1897.

Rev. H. L. BARKLEY, D. D. Bishop.

Friday's Albany Democrat: Rev C E Locke, wife and daughter, of Portland, are in the city the guests of Rev Wm and family, while on their way to Eugene, where Rev Locke will deliver the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday.

Rev M S Riddle, formerly pastor of the first Presbyterian church, of Eugene, is now in Elko, Nevada, and editor and proprietor of a paper called the Nevada Silver Tidings, published at that place. His sons are also connected with the paper.

A Corvallis dispatch says: Approve of the application of President H B Miller for the consulship of Munich, there are numerous applications for the presidency of the agricultural college. Among others is that of S N Tracy, at present and for many years director of the experiment station of Mississippi. He has received much distinction in his line of work, and is said to be very strongly indorsed by A C True, head of the experiment stations of the United States.

BURNED DOWN.—Cot Grove Mesenger: Last Saturday at noon the house occupied by Athem Spray and family in the south part of town, owned by Mrs J P Currin burned to the ground. All the household goods were saved. When first discovered the roof was all on fire and it being too far out for the fire department to render any assistance no attempt was made to save the building, the attention of every one being called to save the household goods. Mrs Currin says she only regrets the burning of the house on account of its being the old family homestead residence.

FRUIT TO BE SHIPPED.—Notes Humphrey informs us that his orchard will yield a very large crop this year. It is fact more than his two arge-ryes can possibly handle. He has therefore contracted with the Earl Fruit Company, of California, to ship ten car loads of green prunes with them to Eastern points, consigning the same to them on commission. He will procure a gentleman from California, who has had large experience, to superintend the packing, which he says will be first class in every particular. Mr H. is one of our most enterprising fruit raisers.

7,000 IN OREGON.—Mr J A Falkenberg is making a tour of the Pacific coast, lecturing on Woodcraft and endeavoring to increase the membership of the order. He began in San Diego, Cal, last January, and in ten weeks over 1,000 applications have been sent into the various camps of that state. He has been nine weeks in Oregon, and in that time 1,043 applications are the result. He has yet to visit Eastern Oregon and Washington, where he expects to meet with a corresponding degree of success. He states that in Oregon there are now 7,000 Woodmen.

FLAG RAISING.—Hon E B McElroy will deliver an address at the flag raising at the Stafford school house on Saturday, June 26, 1897. It is expected that Hon J M Shelly will make the presentation speech. The committee is trying to secure the services of a band for the occasion. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend with a well filled basket.

WHO IS SHE?—Cottage Grove Messenger: Mrs Richard Hinkle of Eugene, has been arrested and jailed at Canyon City, as an accomplice in the murder of Geo W Scott, the book agent, near Izel, in 1895.

Alumina From Clay.

An important contribution appears in Comptes Rendus, by Helling, indicating the production of alumina from clay, so as to be absolutely free from silica, and readily convertible into sulphate, etc. To this end, the clay is thoroughly incorporated with a mixture in equal parts of ammonia and potassium sulphate, in such proportion that three molecules of ammonium sulphate may be present to every molecule of alumina, and the mixture is made into hollow bricks, which are then heated in an oven to from 270 to 280 degrees C. At this temperature both gaseous ammonia and acid ammonium sulphate are given off, which immediately reacts with the potash salt present, acid potassium sulphate being formed—the latter, at the above temperature, combining with the alumina of the clay to form alum. The alum is finally extracted from the bricks by means of water, and freed from iron by reprecipitation, and the insoluble silica remaining behind may be employed in cement. Granular alumina is prepared by spreading out the powdered alum in a thin layer on shelves arranged in a vertical tower, which is traversed by the warm, moist, ammoniacal fumes derived from the brick oven. Thus the alum is transformed in situ into alumina, retaining the form of the original powder, and potassium and ammonium sulphates.

Laundry Marks.

The French gentleman who is wrathful because a laundry in town has spoiled his spotless underlinen, patting his initials on it in indelible ink, has a host of sympathizers in this city. The habit of marking men's linen is at the bottom of the sudden return of the private washwoman. The washwoman almost disappeared and remained out of sight for years. Until men of good taste grew tired of having their shirts, collars and cuffs littered over with laundry marks. For some reason no laundry will accept the mark of another laundry, but must put its own stamp on each new piece of wearing apparel it gets hold of. The consequence is that a commercial traveler can be identified as such by who-soever sees a collar or cuff belonging to him. Wherever he stops for a day or two a new laundry puts a new mark on his clothes, until at last his collars grow to look like a bank clerk's memorandum slips, and his cuffs are covered with marks like a dead wall with posters.—New York Sun.

The Famous White House Bouillon.

The recipe of this bouillon is one of the most carefully guarded of the kitchen secrets of the White House. Each steward bequeaths it to his successor, with the strictest injunctions to guard it carefully. This is the first time it has ever been published. It forms one of the most important features of the inaugural luncheon and is always served at state dinners and afternoon teas in the White House. On this account it may justly be said to have a fairly international reputation. "Four pounds of juicy beef, a knuckle of veal, 2 small turnips, 2 carrots, a soup bunch, a small pod of red peppers, 2 small white onions, salt, 6 quarts of water. Boil six hours, then strain through a sieve. Let stand overnight and congeal. Skin off the grease, put into a kettle to heat and add sherry to taste."—New York Journal.

Eugene Field and Miss Kellogg.

When Clara Louise Kellogg was in the zenith of her fame, Eugene Field accomplished a feat which was attained by no other St. Louis reporter, in that he gained at once her friendship and an interview. Miss Kellogg's mother accompanied her on all her tours and religiously guarded her newspaper man. One day Field called at the Lindell hotel and sent up his card. Miss Kellogg's mother entered the parlor and informed the melancholy young man that her daughter could not be seen. Field replied that he had not called as a newspaper man, but as an amateur actor. Seating himself at the piano, he sang two or three ballads and so charmed the old lady that she summoned her daughter, and the two spent the afternoon together in music. Ever after that Miss Kellogg never visited St. Louis without receiving a call from Eugene Field.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Potato Croquettes.

Pass 6 boiled potatoes through a sieve, add to them 3 tablespoonsful of minced fowl, a little grated nutmeg, pepper and salt to taste and some chopped parsley. Work into the mixture the yolks of 3 eggs; shape it into balls, roll them in bread crumbs and fry in hot lard. Serve with fried parsley.

Eugene F. Skinner.

It is only occasionally one hears the name of the founder of Eugene mentioned, and less occasionally sees it in print. The old pioneer, who staked out his claim where a large portion of the town now stands, first gazed upon the site of the town 51 years ago this month.

The little old gray whiskered man, as we remember him, has long since passed in the cemetery adjoining the town to which he gave his name, and few are left of those who were men and women with him. He has been dead over 32 years, having died Dec. 15, 1864.

These thoughts are provoked by the receipt of a letter from Kellogg, Idaho, asking that the GUARD be sent to Eugene F Skinner at Kellogg, Idaho. Probably a grandson of the old pioneer.

A Prune Market.

Mr T N Segar has taken an agency from the Earl Fruit Co., of San Francisco, and is ready to make arrangements for shipment of green fruit to Eastern points.

The fruit will be handled by this company and after payment of expenses of commission and expenses, growers will receive the balance. Mr Segar has already made arrangements with a number of growers for shipment of their crops. The cannery building will be used for packing and shipping.

MORE CATTLE SHIPPED.—This afternoon another trainload, 27 cars, of young cattle was shipped from the depot. They were sold by John Stewart to Minnesota parties. The train load numbered about 1,000 head. Mr Stewart will add eight or nine car loads to the train at Miller's station.

THE PUNISHMENT.

Tonight the Indian prince was thinking as to how he would kill this Laon. And many plans came into his mind as he sat in the great room. It was a strange room. Red lights burned within it, the walls were red, the hangings were red, the ceiling was red—a strange room.

After all, he thought, there was but one thing to do. He was a warrior and there were hundreds of ways of doing it—ways secret and safe, ways violent, unheard of ways.

To have this Laon strangled would be brutal, steel let blood fly, the blade would crash the skull horribly. There was the way of the killing by water that he had invented himself. There was the way of the killing by the fire of Arjos, there was the way of the killing by snakes. Oh, there were many ways. How fine to think of them!

But the way, the way to kill this Laon, who was not as other men? He reached his hand to the great flask and poured himself out a goblet of wine. It was a hand firm and well shaped and full of meaning and power—a beautiful, cruel hand. And as he was in the act of drinking it his mind was dashed with an inspiration. He saw his way clearly. He laid the half emptied goblet upon the board, and leaning back in his chair he smiled as a man will smile in a moment of triumph. At last! At last!

And he began to revel in his scheme. He looked at it from this side, from that side and thought of all the contingencies that might arise from the working of it; for this Laon was surely one of great power.

And as he was thinking he suddenly raised his eyes, and there, standing before him, was Laon. "I have come," said Laon, as he looked him full in the face, "to tell you to abandon the plan that entered your mind as you were drinking the wine."

"What plan?" asked the prince. He was too surprised to feel even fear.

"Your plan to kill me."

"I kill you! For what reason?"

"I will not discuss that," answered Laon. "All that I will say is that I know the whole details of the plan—the plan you have determined to act upon. I warn you against it."

"Warn me! Warn me! Explain yourself!"

"You know well that I speak the truth. And I will threaten you. I fear you not, though I know that you have thought out and accomplished the death of many. Do not look at me so strangely. What I have spoken is the truth."

"Then—"

"I merely tell you that if you attempt my life it will be your own that will go, and after that will come punishment."

"Cannot we be—"

"No, we cannot be friends. I have desire neither for your friendship nor fear for your enmity, powerful and treacherous though you be. And you will think it strange that I have come to speak to you as I do. Well, it is strange, but there is a reason for it—a strong reason."

"What reason?"

"Oh, a certain reason. However, listen. Go your way if you will, but remember that going your way means death and terrible punishment. Remember!"

And Laon was gone.

And the prince wondered. How had he come so mysteriously? What did it mean? What was there in this Laon so different from the rest? What strange, clear eyes he had—eyes that pierced into the soul. Aye, eyes that pierced the soul. Was it man or demon who read what was passing in the mind of another when far apart? He had heard of beings who could feel the innermost thoughts of others. He had heard of men who had and was the life of all things that underlay and kept their knowledge from the world, who mixed not closely with their fellows, whose aim was to keep the knowledge of their secret close till men were wise.

Could it be that this Laon was one of these men or as one of them?

But he was so young. He was—but stay, was he so young after all? Did not his eyes, though brilliant, look old and full of an all knowledge? Aye, his eyes looked wise and old, and it is the eyes that tell the tale. This Laon was old.

And then he began to think of himself. Why did he wish to kill—ever to kill? What was the thing or the demon that drove him to plan, carefully to plan, the death of those who had done him no harm—those against whom he bore no malice? Vengeance had never overtaken him because he was such a power in the land.

But why did he feel this desire to kill? There was nothing malignant in his look. He was neither misshapen of body nor distorted of limb nor cruel of feature.

Then why—why did he kill? There were times when he felt a love and tenderness for all things. Times when he felt—

Oh, why—why did he obey this prompting? This question repeated itself to him again and again.

And as if to answer it he sprang up suddenly. His eyes had become cold and threatening. His thoughts had taken another turn.

He killed—he killed because of the sense of power it brought him. It was fine to carefully plot and plan, to lie awake in the dead of night when all was still and think, think as to the killing of the one he had fixed upon.

Yes, he would kill this Laon. Magic or no magic, he would kill him. He would begin the working out of the plan he had formed at once.

He was reaching up his hand to a small square box that lay upon a shelf when he heard a slight noise behind him.

He looked, and there was Laon again, but now he was clad in the garb of a priest of Brahma. His right hand was raised aloft, his left hand was grasping a huge, writhing snake, the body of which trailed off behind him.

"You have not heeded my warning," said Laon in a slow, cold voice, "and you are to die. The last act of your will has been the last of your life force, and you are now to be punished for your crimes. You are to live for the space of one human life in the body of this snake. As you live it will die, and then it will live again, possessed of your soul. Die, prince, die—die of awful fear!"

And the prince fell, and, gasping, died. —Bar Kennedy in London Sun.

Identified.

"What's dat I done yerd yer sayin' 'bout tell me not in moahful numbers?" said Sam Juniper.

"De's a piece or poetry I done learnt in de high school."

"Well, dat's mighty good advice. Don't ever let nobody tell yer dem moahful numbers."

"I dunno ez I zackly knows what numbers yob's talkin' bout."

"De's talkin' 'bout seben, seven an foh-tuben-foty-fob. Ef yob'll stick ter 'em long 'nough, yob'll fin dem de moahful numbers dat is."—Washington Star.

AT FURBER'S CAMP.

"What! Take Bessie away? What d'ye mean?"

"Just what I said," replied the lawyer coolly. "Sit down, Mr. Morrissey, and listen to what I have to say. Eighteen years ago George Chadwick, bookkeeper for a large importing firm in New York city, married a young lady of his acquaintance. Chadwick was of a jealous disposition, hasty and hot tempered, and after two years of stormy wedded life his wife fled from him, taking with her their young child. Chadwick made no effort to trace them, devoted himself to his business, was admitted to the firm and by perseverance and shrewdness amassed a large fortune. Four years ago he died and left a will bequeathing everything he possessed to his child if living. If not found in five years, his entire property was to revert to numerous charitable organizations. I was appointed executor. I employed detectives, who traced Mrs. Chadwick and her child to the west, where she had gone with the evident intention of seeking a home with her brother, who owned a ranch in Colorado. All trace of her was lost after reaching Julesburg until the past month, when it was discovered that the mother was dead and the child living with a miner at Furber's Camp named Morrissey—yourself—and regarded as his daughter. I have come to you to claim that child and take her to her proper home."

"And if she does not choose to go," asked Morrissey harshly, "what then?"

"Then I shall invoke the aid of the law. And as the young lady is not yet of age she shall be compelled to accompany me," replied Hadley.

"Lave, lave!" cried Dan passionately. "Bessie, yer not in th' east now. We know no law but th' law of right, and if Bessie's says she stays, by —, she stays."

The speakers were interrupted by the opening of the door from the adjoining room, and Bessie, pale as death, crossed to where Morrissey sat, and, placing her arm affectionately around the old man's neck, said: "Dad, I heard all. You are the only parent I ever knew. You have been kinder to me than it appears my real father possibly could be. My place is here with you, and here I shall stay."

"Bessie," said Dan tenderly, with moistened eyes, "I promised yer mother I'd be a father to ye, and I've done my best. Me and Susan—him that you know as Dutchy—was ranchin down near th' Plate, when we found you two one evenin', layin' senseless and dyin' and ye sat by at her breast. We carried yer out shanty, and she died that night. But afore she died she made me swear th' I'd bring ye up as my own daughter. She told me yer name was Bessie, but wouldn't tell th' last name and she gave me some papers th' I promised not to tell till you were of age, and whif I swore to keep yer promises she died happy. We buried her on th' ranch, and after a while I came up into th' hills, where I've prospered. And now, Bessie, you know all."

"Yes, dad. And if my dear mother can look down and see us now, she knows you've kept your promise. As for you," said the girl scornfully to Hadley, "you ask me to give up dad, who has always loved—yes, worshiped me—and go east to live on the money of the man whose cruelty killed my mother. You have had my answer, sir. There is the door. Go!"

"And do you think that I shall accept that decision?" said the lawyer furiously. "What! To find you after four years' search and then give up a position of \$10,000 a year as your guardian, to leave Chadwick's money distributed among a lot of hypocritical and selfish singers? You do not expect me to do that, do you?"

"Be careful, Mr. Man," replied Morrissey threateningly. "Bessie has chosen fair and square between us, and ye should abide by it. If ye try any foul business, ye'll find we hev a way here in th' hills of settlin such things that might not be agree'd to by ye."

"Your threats do not frighten me, sir," the lawyer said, rising and preparing to depart. "You shall hear from me again, and sooner perhaps than you expect," and the door slammed behind him.

"I'm uneasy about that fellow, Bess," said Morrissey after the lawyer had gone. "I'll run down and let th' boys on th' committee of safety know what's been goin' on and give Mr. Hadley warnin to leave camp."

There was no doubt as to how the "boys" on the "committee of safety" felt about the matter. As Bill Brandt had said: "I fess up th't Escown yone way to fix this thing exactly. Miss Bessie has spoke her piece and that settles it. We've got to give this law yer just 24 hours to leave camp, and if he's here afore then any one wants to speak to him'll hev to bring a ladder."

The nods and expressions of approval from the rest of the committee showed that all were of the same mind.

Brandt, Stenzel and Morrissey were delegated to wait on Hadley and inform him of the committee's decision.

On inquiry at the Conglomerate it was ascertained that Hadley had concluded not to stay there overnight, but had purchased a horse and started up the mountain toward Morrissey's cabin.

The three committeemen stared blankly at each other, and then, as if with one impulse, hurried from the "hotel." They had not proceeded a hundred yards when there was a sound of rapidly approaching hoofs, and a moment later a horseman dashed past bearing a burden on his arm. A momentary struggle and a feminine shriek of "It's him!" left no doubt as to who the riders were. Hadley had kidnapped Bessie.

There was a hurried dash for horses, and in five minutes a dozen horsemen were in hot pursuit of the fugitives, Morrissey at their head, with a larriat around his waist. Two hours later the horsemen returned, Bessie in Morrissey's arms.

The next issue of the Silver Creek Bomber contained an item reading as follows: "There was a flare up over at Furber's last Wednesday night. A law slingin' dude from the effort tried to steal Dan Morrissey's daughter Bess, but the boys corralled him before he got down the mountain, and in the storm that followed the tenderfoot got struck by lightning."

Any interested person that investigated would have discovered that the "lightning" had left a wide black mark around Hadley's neck.—Boston Post.

Domestic Use of Science.

"It is certainly wonderful how much science can do for us."

"Yes, Mrs. Frontrow has learned to hypnotize her baby, and she didn't rub a club meeting the whole week."—Chicago Record.

Dangers.

He—Let me think a minute. She—But the doctor said you mustn't overwork yourself.—Town Topics.

ROAD WORK.

A contemporary suggests that road funds are worked to their full capacity. Right! About this season of the year a whole lot of men, who are not lazy or shiftless, go out and try to kill time simply because they are working out road tax.

If every citizen had the proper public spirit and worked the roads with the same energy he applies to his own private affairs, our roads would be in far better condition.

This state of facts can only be remedied by appointing men for supervisors who have a pride and ambition to make good roads. When our citizens once see and appreciate the benefits of a good piece of road they will do more and far better work. A great deal of the responsibility rests with the commissioners court in the appointment of supervisors. Ap point only the best of men and those who have not only some knowledge of road making, but are ambitious to better the roads. Then our highways will soon show improvement. Enough time and money have been thrown away in the more thickly settled portions of Lane county to have first class thoroughfares instead of many of the lines of travel that by courtesy are denominated roads. The right kind of a supervisor invariably infuses some of his public spirit into the men who work under him.

It is openly stated that the missionaries take a hand in Alaska appointments. Those gentlemen, who are spending their lives in the far north and sacrificing personal comfort for the good of the natives, have a right to be heard, and their recommendations should have great weight with the appointing power. That they appreciate the fitness of things is fully shown by their protests against the appointment of vulgar Max Pracht to the governorship.

The inheritance tax is a form of taxation that every state should adopt. The last man in the world who should complain of a tax is the man who receives an estate without consideration. It is only by grace of the state that any man inherits wealth. The right to transmit one's possessions at death, either by will or by legal inheritance, is not at all a natural or inalienable right, but purely a privilege granted by the state.

Soon after it was known that McKinley was elected Max Pracht, the peachblow of Paradise valley, went to Washington and said he would camp there until he received an office. He was a candidate for anything from governor of Alaska, U S fish commissioner, etc., down, Commissioner Hermann, now sends him back to Oregon as some sort of a special land commissioner.

The Southern Pacific Company, after having a testing train of 40 loaded cars with two engines out between Portland and Ashland for 15 days, has decided to adopt the style which has been in vogue in the east for some years, of making up freight trains by the number of tons contained instead of by the number of cars, as has been the style heretofore.

The man who can get along without advertising is the man who would benefit most by advertising. His goods advertise themselves. Make them known. The wider their acquaintance the more they will advertise themselves.

The Pendleton Tribune the gold standard republican organ of Umatilla county, has felt the effects of returning confidence and prosperity. Ex sheriff Billy Furnish, a gold democrat, purchased it the other day at she-iff's sale.

And now it is claimed that the tide has turned, and the coming of prosperity is shown by decrease of failures. We hope it is true, and also that the flood tide will be a strong one.

California sea captains are working up a new line of industry to the detriment of the clergymen. Two marriages were performed at sea last week outside the three-mile limit. The high seas of the Pacific coast will become as celebrated as the famous Green Gables of Scotland, to which so many English couples formerly resorted to avoid the formalities which usually surrounded the tying of the hymeneal knot.

There is no reason why the Southern Pacific railroad should not be assessed upon a valuation of at least \$10,000 a mile says the Roseburg Review. The California valuation is \$17,408 and the road bed is considered good security for a bonded indebtedness of \$30,000 a mile, therefore a valuation of \$10,000 for purposes of assessment would be very reasonable, in fact too low in comparison with present assessment of other property in Douglas county.

Here is a chance for some good active woman to make a reputation for fearlessness and at the same time gain a husband. Prof. Hagal, who will make a parachute jump from a balloon at the Albany celebration on July 3rd, offers to marry any woman who will go up in the balloon with him and remain in the airship while he makes the leap. No danger of the professor being overrun with offers of acceptance.

Patronize your home merchants. They spend their money here. As long as our gentlemen wear Chicago made clothes and the ladies wear Portland made dresses, there will always be complaints about hard times. Rest assured that if you give your home business men proper encouragement, competition will force prices down to the plane of legitimate profits if they are in some lines too high at present.

An old man named Vance, aged 71, who has for years been a pauper at Great Falls, Montana, has just fallen heir to an estate valued at about \$1,000,000. During a recent illness he was cared for by Miss Alice Crossman, the 16-year-old daughter of a Montana section boss. Upon receipt of the news he proposed marriage to the girl, who accepted.

Wonder if State Treasurer Mettschan was in Eugene with the object of convincing the commissioners court that it would be right to pay the state taxes into the state treasury? It is not probable any advice given by Mr. Mettschan at this time would be entirely disinterested.

A man in Michigan claims to have increased the egg laying capacity of his hens by feeding to them old newspapers torn to bits and soaked in sour milk till the whole becomes a pulp. This would seem to indicate that condensed milk would be good for chickens.

A farm d-d in Linn county, who before the election was told by the man who held a mortgage on his place that if Bryan was elected he would have to settle without delay, but if McKinley was elected he could have plenty of time, was sold out by the sheriff a short time ago.

It may be as the Philadelphia Times says, that economy is a lost art in congress, but it isn't with people, most of whom have to practice it right along in order to make both ends meet.

A Chicago sausage maker is said to have done away with his wife, and in consequence the sausage trade has been dull ever since. Even Chicago has a line where it is drawn on sausage.

Ohio has just lynched a negro rascaler in the most approved manner. Querit could have been done in any place else than the South.