FRIDAY, JULY 9.

It is still sweltering hot in the East.

Rock Bryson, of Corvallis, is in Eugene.

Some early fall wheat has already been cut.

Hop sprayers commencing work everywhere.

Hon Wm J Bryan speaks in Ashland tomorrow.

P N Laird of Pleasant Hill, was in Eugene today.

Prof J W Johnson and wife went to Sodaville yesterday.

Edwin Stone, of Corvallis, went to Foley Springs today.

Edwin Stone, of the O C & E R R, was in Eugene last night.

E J Frazier visited the Bohemia mines the first of the week.

G R Chrisman and family went to Sodaville on this morning's train.

It now appears that the county treasurer of Clatsop county is in arrears $40,000.

Miss Evans of this city, has been re-elected as a teacher in the Harrisburg public school.

Delft enameled ware at Griffin Hardware Co's. See their display in show window.

Charles Henderson, one of the state employes at Salem, is in the city on a short vacation.

Harry Bristow, Ed Sloan and Bud Hyman have gone to Eastern Oregon to seek employment.

The steamship Farallon will sail from San Francisco July 14th and will leave Yaquina July 18th.

Go to Griffin Hardware Co store and examine those beautiful Delft enameled ware kitchen utensils.

A F McClaine left for Kaslo, B C, this morning to spend the summer. His family will remain in Eugene.

Attorney L L Stevens and M S Wallis went to Sodaville this morning where they will spend two or three weeks.

Hon H B Miller and family have rented Prof Straub's cottage at Yaquina Bay and will spend the summer at that place.

Mr and Mrs Peter Kauffman are moving into the A Rogers residence at the corner of Thirteenth and Pearl streets.

Wm J Bryan now weighs 210 pounds. At the close of his presidential campaign he was reduced to 183 pounds.

Wm Edris is having his residence on High street repaired and an addition built thereto. Rev N B Alley is the contractor.

George Smith and family have returned from Eastern Oregon. While gone Mr Smith killed a badger and a woodchuck.

C M Dority, Wells, Fargo & Co's Express agent, has rented and moved into G W Handsaker's house on 12th and Ferry streets.

The local train left an extra car here this afternoon, which will be used on Monday's overland train to haul the Bryan excursionists.

Attorney Woodcock was a passenger on the stage this morning for Tallman's on the lower Siuslaw. A C has a case in court down that way that is engaging his attention.

J Root, of Mohawk, has returned from Josephine county where he has been mining. He took out $225 in two months by himself and also cleaned the stumps off of his ground.

E E McClanahan returned today from a three weeks trip to Eastern Oregon where he has been attending the racing meets. He was very successful, winning three mile open races.

Sodaville item in Lebanon Advance: Father Cheshire and family have returned from Lower Soda, where they have been sojourning for several weeks. Mrs Cheshire's health has not materially improved.

The tariff bill passed the senate yesterday by a vote 38 ayes to 28 noes; one democrat, McEnery, two silver republicans, Harris and Turner voted for the bill and 5 populists and 2 silver republicans refused to vote.

Rev R C Brooks, who has been preaching for the Congregational church of this city for the past year on trial, has been tendered a call by that church to become its pastor. He has accepted the call. He is an able and eloquent speaker.

Mr and Mrs O O Rowland, who were married at Grandpa Inman's in Richardson precinct June 30, and have been spending the past few weeks on the lower Siuslaw, came in yesterday for a short visit with his parents Mr and Mrs L B Rowland.

Forty-six silver men, composed of democrats, populists and silver republicans will receive Hon W J Bryan at Oregon City, Monday. The Lane county members of the committee are: Gov John Whiteaker, Hon H R Kincaid and I L Campbell.

Newport News: Ed Bryson and C E Woodson of Eugene, passed through the city Sunday last on their way home. They had walked from Eugene across the mountains to the Yahats, thence up the coast to this city. They appeared to enjoy their trip.

A QUAINT VILLAGE.

THE ODD FOLK IN AN OLD FASHIONED NEW ENGLAND TOWN.

There Is No Caste, and Almost Perfect Equality Exists—Far From the Busy, Bustling World and Free From Its Many Disagreeable Features.

Nobody starves to death in our village, but some of our mountain folk who live far away on byroads, in places which are often inaccessible in winter, are very poor, ill nourished and ill clothed. However, the prevailing tone in Asher Dill's store and in the village generally is a humorous one, a tone of irony and of good natured sarcasm. Almost everybody cultivates a fine sense of humor—in fact, to be humorous, and especially to be good at repartee, is the one intellectual ambition of the community. We do not care much for learning of any sort. Our letters, which we put off writing till about six months after they are due, do not excel in grammar or penmanship. And it is really astonishing, even to ourselves, how little we care for what goes on in the outside world. We read the papers with only a languid interest, being more concerned about the trivial events in the next town, duly chronicled in the county paper, than we are about what is said or done in Washington, in London or in Paris. But the sense of humor is developed among us in childhood and is never lost, even in moments of difficulty or of danger.

Last Fourth of July a desperate character who lives on a mountain road in the outskirts of the town drove into the village in a little rickety cart, waving over his head a woman's broken and battered sunshade, which he had picked up somewhere. He was very drunk, and before long the cart was upset. His horse, a half broken colt, kicked and plunged and tried to run away. The fellow pluckily clung to the reins and was dragged about on the ground hither and thither, being finally extricated from the ruins of his cart. But through it all he kept the sunshade in his hand. "I don't care anything about myself," he said, as he was assisted to his feet, the blood streaming from his face, "nor about the hoss, nor about the cart, but I was determined to save this beautiful parasol."

To discuss why this humorous spirit should be the prevailing spirit in an Anglo-Saxon community of Puritan descent would be a difficult though pleasant task, but I must content myself here with the obvious remark that it could not exist except in connection with an ample background of leisure. Our village—perhaps this cardinal fact ought to have been stated at the outset—enjoys a blessed immunity from railroads. The nearest station is ten miles off, and the mails come by stage, which arrives anywhere between 7 a. m. and midnight—except on some nights in winter, when it does not arrive at all, being prevented by snow storms. Our manners, though a little brusque, are good, as manners always are in a community which has no "social superiors." Every man in the village who is not specially marked out by vice or poverty feels himself to be the equal, in all essential matters, of every other man in the world, and this feeling goes a long way toward producing that equality which it assumes. There is absolutely no stealing among us; it would be perfectly safe to leave all your valuables on the front piazza at night, and perhaps this immunity is one result of equality. To steal is a confession of inferiority, intolerable among equals. (Cheating in a horse trade stands, of course, on a different footing, and may be practiced without entire loss of self respect.) Mr. Howells has expressed this truth. "I believe," he says, "that if ever we have equality in this world, which so many good men have hoped for, theft will be unknown."

The absolute equality which prevails among us has its good and bad sides. It makes vulgarity and snobbishness impossible. We are coarse, but never vulgar. Vulgarity implies a consciousness or semi-consciousness of inferiority, and among us, as I have said, there is no such consciousness. On the contrary, there is a want of reverence in the village. There is no person or group of persons to set a standard of manners or of morals for the rest of the community. Nobody looks up to anybody else—not even to the minister. Age itself scarcely invites respect, and this want of reverence gives a certain hard and flippant tone to our lives. The physician stands as high as anybody in town, and yet it was only the other day that I heard him addressed by a little dirty faced boy, not 12 years old, as "doc." "Say, doc, when does the next school term begin?" was the inquiry made by this urchin in all sincerity, and the "doc" gave him a civil answer, taking no offense at his want of respect.—Atlantic Monthly.

Stories of Brahms.

Anecdotes about Brahms show the departed composer to have been a somewhat unamiable companion. His wit was brilliant, but cruel, and its direct object could rarely join in the amusement it created. One story begins with the statement that as a performer Brahms had an extremely hard touch. This once led a musician who was accompanying him on the cello to exclaim, "I don't hear myself!" "Ah," replied Brahms, "you are a lucky fellow." When he left the room after a lively evening among friends, he used to remark, "If there is any one present whose feelings I have not hurt, I trust he will receive my humble apology."

Brahms never could bring himself to produce an opera. "If I composed one which failed, I should certainly have a second try," he said to pressing friends, "but I cannot make up my mind to the first. To me the undertaking seems much the same as marriage." The latter institution found no favor in his eyes, and he lived an isolated existence, recognizing no kinsfolk.—New York Times.

$5 Worth of Advice.

In the old days when the lord chief justice was simply Mr. Charles Russell he was stopped by a solicitor of his acquaintance holding a $5 Bank of England note in his hand. Passing the note to the leading Q. C., the solicitor inquired:

"Is it genuine?"

The lord chief justice eyed it critically and pronounced it a good note, at the same time deliberately putting it in his pocket.

The solicitor thanked him and requested the return of the note, but all the satisfaction he got was:

"I never give an opinion under $5."—Pearson's Weekly.

Wrong Guess.

Mr. Beechwood—If I had all the money I've spent foolishly, I'd—

Mr. Homewood (interrupting)—You'd save it, of course!

Mr. Beechwood—Not at all. I'd spend it again.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

PASSING OF THE LEECH.

Medicine Has Turned the Cold Shoulder on an Old Friend That Is Still Effective.

A young man with a black eye was led into a Brooklyn drug store in Fulton street the other night by some friends to see what could be done to make the eye presentable. The druggist said that he could not paint the eye, which the young man insisted was the only proper course, but a leech could be applied. There was some argument to the effect that leeches were old fashioned, but the young man consented to an operation. The druggist brought out a jar six inches in height and fished around inside with one hand. He brought out a crawling, black object that he immediately transferred to a little pasteboard box, in one side of which he had cut a small hole, near the edge in the cover. Holding the hole up to the young man's eye, the druggist shook the box a little and the leech's head was soon at work reducing the size of the dark patch under the eye. Meanwhile the company got some instruction about leeches.

"The medicative leech is not so much in demand as it ought to be," said the druggist, "and the main difficulty in this country is to get leeches that will not cause blood poisoning. The decrease in the use of leeches by the medical profession is remarkable. In England the largest two hospitals formerly called for about 50,000 of them; now they call for 50 or 100 leeches at irregular intervals. Owing to a lack of demand and overproduction in the old country, the price has fallen there to about one-half of that easily obtained 50 years ago. In this country a few places produce leeches, but they are not so good as those that are imported. The best are brought from Norway in tubs of rich loam. In England the speckled leech, which is raised in Hungary for the English trade, is the most popular. The leech is used almost exclusively for removing blood from the eye after the bruise is a day old. When the eye is first bruised, the best thing to use is raw meat. The best leeches are those that hang on the longest. These are from Norway, and they are long and slender."

"I guess this came from Norway," said the sufferer, wincing. "It pulls hard enough."

"Oh, you will feel as lively as a cricket after this is over," said the druggist. "You needn't be afraid of any impurities, such as some have complained of when using American leeches. Some are raised in Florida, but they are not held to be very good. The danger of having leeches raised in warm countries is that the bite is dangerous, giving rise to blood poisoning. That's what is said of American leeches, but I never had any experience with them."

"How much?" said the man after the leech had let go.

"Twenty-five cents," said the druggist.—New York Sun.

LOST TREASURES.

What Is Found Under the Seats After an Operatic Performance.

When the curtain has made its final fall after an operatic performance at the Metropolitan and the bejewelled audience has dispersed, a queer scene is enacted. A company enters and spreads itself out in boxes and orchestra stalls, overhauling chairs, searching floors, prying under cushions, peering into corners, as though hunting for the strange demon who compels even the brightest of operatic stars to occasionally sing flats where sharps are written. But the members of the company of seekers are in search of something more prosaic than demons. They are looking for the almost endless variety of articles that a grand opera audience nightly leaves behind. Any one connected with the house can join in the search, and every one whose duties permit invariably does so, for there is some valuable gleaning to be done at the Metropolitan after the enraptured and entranced audience has departed.

For one year the property is kept in the opera house safe, labeled with the name of the finder, and duly entered in a book kept for the purpose. If unclaimed at the end of the year, the article is presented to the finder by the management as a reward for his honesty.

Among the queerest articles at the Metropolitan which await a claimant are a false tooth with a heavy gold plate attached, two silk hats, whose owners must have been strangely entranced with the music to go home bareheaded; an elegant lace mantilla, which must have cost at least $150; a gold bracelet, the broken clasp of which shows the reason for its loss; a diamond ring, gold chains of various patterns, apparently torn off in the scramble for the door, opera glasses by the dozen, black, blue and fancy colored garters by the score (some with handsome gold clasps, engraved with monograms that it has been found impossible to identify); canes and umbrellas by the hundred, overshoes, carriage shoes, gloves and pocketbooks, lined and unlined.

One of these pocketbooks, picked up by a gleaner, was found to contain $800 in greenbacks. It was handed in with the rest of the findings to the manager. Its careless owner, a Japanese connected with the consulate, claimed it the following day. The honest finder went unrewarded. But they are accustomed to that sort of treatment at the Metropolitan.—New York Press.

The Sand Laden Missouri.

Mr. Frank H. Spearman writes in St. Nicholas of the freaks of the Missouri river, his article being entitled "A Shifting Boundary." Mr. Spearman says:

You must know that the real business of the Missouri is to carry the mountain waters east and south into the gulf of Mexico. But in bounding from side to side of its valley through the tedious centuries it has twisted and turned so many times that no doubt its head is confused. Carrying the quantity of mud it does, you would hardly expect it to be clear headed. There is actually so much sand in the water that the fish all have sore eyes; some are totally blind, the saddest looking creatures you ever caught. A really fastidious trout or bass dropped into the Missouri would hang himself in despair—on a fishhook.

No Jealousy.

Paddy—Between you and me I believe my wife thinks more of the butcher than she does of me.

Duddy—You don't mean it!

Paddy—I do. But I am not jealous.

Duddy—Not jealous?

Paddy—You wouldn't be surprised if you knew what kind of thoughts she thinks of him.—Boston Transcript.

About 100,000 of the bovine species are now to be found in the Argentine Republic. They are all descendants of 12 cows and one bull which were taken to Brazil in the middle of the seventh century.

BRYAN AT LOS ANGELES.

Thousands Heard the Orator---A Two Hour and a Half Speech, but Few Left---Crucified Carlisle and John Sherman.

A Wonderful Hold on the People.

As many of our citizens will hear Bryan at Lebanon Monday, extracts from his speech at Los Angeles last Monday will be of interest. We quote from Edward H Hamilton in the Examiner:

People are saying there were 25,000 people there, and some say 30,000. Thousands jostled thousands upon the ground. The people seemed "like the sands of the sea, without number." The hold of Bryan on the public never was better demonstrated. He began speaking at 2 o'clock. Many men and women had been sitting in the hot sun since 10:30 o'clock in the morning, holding good seats and watching for him. They brought their luncheons and stayed in wonderous patience. Then he spoke for two hours and [illegible]. Not 200 people of those who within the range of his voice left before he had concluded.

Thousands had been standing for long before he began. They remained standing to the end. Their lips moved as if repeating his words. They craned forward that nothing might be lost. They laughed with his sallies, and broke into roaring cheers to punctuate his higher flights. Surely it was a triumph to hold the people so. There are no words of complaint that the show was not up to the playbills. That the orator filled all expectations was attested by the quiet with which his hearers listened, and by the noise which they made in applauding.

Of course all could not hear. That throng stretched away so far that people became nothing but blurred shades. Even Bryan's wonderful voice could not reach the farthest benches. People sitting out of range crowded in as far as they could get, remained a while, and reluctantly fringed away from the body of listeners. And in all that two hours and a half there was no break in voice, no hoarseness, no apparent saving of the vocal chords. Every word rang clear. No sentence lost itself. You can't tell the Los Angeleno that there ever was a greater speech. He doesn't want anything more. His cup of satisfaction brims. He has been fed with arguments which he will force down the throats of his opponents.

One comforting thing about Bryan is that he doesn't abuse his opponents. He calls no names. But he crucifies. Carlisle and John Sherman were quoted in a a way to make them appear pitiful in the light of their recent utterances, but there was no word of detraction, no rough questioning of their honesty of purpose. Californians have come to think that force in oratory means the hurling of epithets. After hearing Bryan they will wonder the more how a man may be forceful and still remain good-natured.

He talked as from a text—the equality of men before the law. He used the day as a patriotic insistence that the people should think wherein our Government falls short of granting that equality upon which it is founded. Then he applied the equality test to taxation, showing that the avoidance of payment of taxes in just proportion was no better than the larceny of one man's money by another. So he said the Fourth of July was a good time for the cultivation of a public conscience which would properly brand the tax shicker. Then he applied his text to the income tax.

Id favor an income tax," he said, an"the tumult of cheers that greeted the announcement indicated that the throng was with him practically to a man. He said those who were reluctant to bear their just proportion of the expenses of the Government were dodging behind a decision of the Supreme Court, and then, while the masses cheered again and again, he predicted that he would live to see the income tax incorporated in the Constitution of the United States. He used a homely illustration of hogs rooting in a field to hit off one point. The rings were put in their noses, not to keep them from getting fat, but to keep them from destroying more property in fattening than they would be worth when fat.

"Government is a method by which we put rings in the noses of hogs," he said. "The 'thou shalt n ts' of the law are merely rings in the noses of the hogs of humanity."

Last of all he began the application of his text to the money question.

Then came the crucifying of Carlisle and Sherman on the crosses of their declarations, and here there was some movement in the crowd, and some hundreds of those who had stood and broiled so long went away. But when the ring came into his voice and he warmed to his peroration the movement ceased, the throng was still, and they breathed hard to the end, bursting at last into a wild shout and ecstatic waving of hats and handkerchiefs and parasols. There was a rush for the platform, but the police held the people at the foot of the steps, and Bryan's friends, forming a sort of flying wedge, managed to get him out of the enthusiastic crush.

Men and women tried to reach him, if but to touch the hem of his garment. They held their babes for him to touch. They ran after his carriage for one last shake of the hand. Then those in carriages and on bicycles drove wildely after him to the hotel.

THE BANQUET SPEECH.

In the evening Bryan spoke at a banquet given in his honor. Of this the correspondent says:

San Francisco will not get that great speech. Los Angeles has had it. The banquet brought it out. Bryan's voice was husky, so there was nothing of the empiric about it—it didn't depend on sound. But the speech to-night made the speech of to day seemed cheap. There was not one illustration, one simile, one metaphor, one connection, of words that I have heard since Ogden. It was absolutely new. It was delivered with the dramatic force that springs from intense conviction. Some men got upon their feet, waving their napkins like mad. Women sat with tears running down their cheeks.

A LEADER FOR THE PEOPLE.

The Oregonian in a vain effort to be sarcastic refers to W J Bryan as the "willie boy" of our politics. The Oregonian never was decent, and this last exhibition of a mean and petty spirit is in line with its well established reputation. The trouble with the Oregonian man is that he cannot answer the cold pitiless arguments and reasoning of Mr Bryan. His gold idols are shattered by the keen incisive logic of the young Nebraskan, and there is no recourse left but to make faces and call names.

There is no element of abuse in Mr Bryan's speeches. They appeal solely to reason, and that he has struck a responsive chord in the breasts of his fellow citizens is shown by the immense crowds that greet him at every point.

No, Mr Bryan is not a "willie boy", at least not in the sense intended by the would be Portland detractor. His genius and brilliancy of intellect cannot but challenge the admiration of even his most bitter political opponents. He won his nomination in Chicago by matchless eloquence combined with the faculty of clearly discerning the causes that are slowly but surely crowding the producing classes of our country [illegible]. He went forth as the [illegible] bearer, not only of Democracy but of the great common people, who are suffering from class legislation.

And who opposed him? The great banking and money loaning institutions of the country were against him almost to a man. Every man who profited from unjust tariff laws designed to build up private fortunes at the expense of the public opposed him. Every leech that had been fastened upon the body politic through favoritism and the system of politics that makes our government a private snap opposed him. All the great capitalistic and monopolistic interests of the country combined and said they would have none of the young advocate of the peoples rights, Wm J Bryan.

Then too, he had to meet the opposition of an element in his party that honored him with the nomination. The retiring president, who had trailed the banner of Democracy in the dust, and had lost the confidence of his party, and the people, used all the forces of his administration in opposing the young candidate with the [illegible] that a third ticket with the [illegible]nomer "National Democrat" at its head, sought to draw unsuspecting and unsuspecting votes from the chosen representative of the people's rights.

But with all their opposition with the elements that supported him in a confused and chaotic way not yet having sufficiently crystallized to become a unified harmonious whole capable of taking advantage of the facts that stand clearly on their side, Mr Bryan received a token of the confidence reposed in him by the people in the shape of the votes of over [illegible] freemen.

And the battle has just begun. It is one of principle that will not but force a new alignment of parties. Although he suffered defeat in the logic of events W J Bryan is yet the standard bearer of the people, call them by whatever names you please. 1900 is in the future, but we do not go much when we assert that the millions of his fellow countrymen look to Wm J Bryan as their standard bearer in the contest that must be fought out in that year.

SUMMER SCHOOL.

To Be Held at Newport by the Summer Educational Association.

In a letter to Prof John Stark of this city, County Superintendent Irvin, of Lincoln county, writes enthusiastically of the prospects of a summer school to be held at Newport. The new building being erected for a permanent home of the school, will be one of the best of its kind, and will have a seating capacity of nine hundred.

Mr Irvin also states that members of the educational association will receive a rebate of $1 50 from the regular excursion tickets between June 15 and 20 inclusive, and board for members has been arranged for at a reasonable rate. A large attendance is expected at this session.

At The Park.

Already it is shown that large crowds of people must have a resorting place, and Meriau's park seems to be the place. Every evening witnesses a crowd in buggies and on bicycles wending their way in that direction and the pleasure they seem to get out of a brief breathing spell out of the city invariably causes them to come again.

Last evening a number were there, some taking a lunch and others a time in impromptu races and other exhilarating sports. It was pronounced enjoyed by all.

A O U W.

The A O U W grand lodge meets in Portland July 21st.

The Lane county delegates are: Eugene lodge, No 15.—F W [illegible], J D Myers.

Junction Cit , No 13.—S L [illegible] head.

Daily Guard, July 1[illegible]

WHOLESALE CONVICTIONS.—[illegible] Whitsett an old time resident of [illegible] county, now deputy sheriff of Douglas county, stopped off the train last night to visit Eugene friends. Mr Whitsett had been to Salem with [illegible] prisoners for the penitentiary, one convicted at the recent term of the circuit court in that county. Mr Whitsett says there are plenty of good citizens in Douglas, also some not so good that it pays to get rid of. Hence the wholesale deportation to the [illegible] building that adjoins Salem.

Daily Guard, July 1[illegible]

PROSPECTING.—Geo Rossman and C E Dimond left Eugene yesterday on a six weeks prospecting tour. They will go by the Military wagon road to the North Fork of the Willamette, thence they will take pack animals and prospect the mineral belt that lies in the country between the Blue River and Fairview mineral districts.

Daily Guard, July 1[illegible]

FIVE O'CLOCK DINNER.—Mrs [illegible] Kinsey entertained a few friends at a five o'clock dinner yesterday. A very delightful time was spent by those present, for their hostess is one of the most charming in the city. Those present were: Prof and Mrs F G Young, [illegible] and Mrs C D Combs, Mesdames [illegible] ard, S G Lockwood, Minnie [illegible] burn and Arthur Frazer.

Daily Guard, July 1[illegible]

TEACHER ELECTED.—The board of directors of Eugene school district No 4 met this forenoon and elected Miss Edith Brown to fill the vacancy in the Geary school caused by the resignation of Miss Lennah Bain, of Portland.