

Walker Sailey of Florence, is in Eugene.

W W Haines went north on today's local train.

J D Scharif, the old time drummer, is in Eugene.

Dr J W Geary of June ion City was in Eugene today.

T Logan and wife of Prineville are in the city today.

The postmaster at La Grands, Rev A Leroy, has resigned.

Theo Bernheim, a Portland hop buyer, was in the city today.

A drummer was here today wanting a contract for dried prunes.

W T Cochran and family, of Brownsville are visiting in Eugene.

The Mill Company shipped several car loads of wheat to Portland today.

J R Cartwright, of Harrisburg, already has 17,000 lbs of hops in the bale.

J M Kehey of Jasper and M Wallace of Natron were in Eugene today.

Palmer Ayres completed hauling his early hops in today. He had 49 rais.

The Evangelical church at Waterloo, Linn county, is to be sold at sheriff's sale.

Wheat is raising again in the Eastern market. Yesterday it reached \$1.03 in Chicago.

A marriage license was issued today by County Clerk Jennings to George Layng and Carrie E Darreus.

Judge E O Potter has returned from viewing the McKenzie wagon road. He reports it in good condition.

Frank L Chambers and his mother, Mrs J B Chambers, will leave Foley Springs for Eugene tomorrow.

Hal D Patton of Salem, returned from Foley Springs last evening and went home on today's local train.

Bruce Gray and Mr Booth, of Crook county, are here making preparations to enter the university when it begins.

M V Harrison, who clerks in Frank & Sons store, returned from a business trip to Eastern Oregon this afternoon.

The Salem Statesman charges Governor Lord with being a chronic drunkard and a panderer to base politicians.

Hon and Mrs H R Kincaid and son Webster, will leave Sunday for Yellowstone park where they will remain several weeks.

Salem Journal Thursday: Mrs E E Cleaver, who has been visiting Mrs M C Ferree, left this afternoon for her home at Pendleton.

Francis Hemy and Lynn Alexander are "touring" though the state of Washington. When last heard from they were at Seattle.

Thursday's Portland Tribune: The three-year-old son of Attorney John Ditchburn strayed from his home yesterday and trace of him has not been found.

Yesterday's Albany Democrat: Eugene is quite a hop center. Twelve "Hop Pickers Wanted" notices appear in yesterday's GUARD. 30 cents a box is offered.

Mrs H E Ankeny and children returned to Eugene from Jackson county on this morning's early train. Mr Ankeny went to Portland but will return in a day or two.

Oregon City Enterprise: Prof F G Young, of Eugene, was in town several days last week, collecting historical data of the pioneer days of Oregon. He returned to Salem Monday.

Supt S C Hunt who has been making in his home for a year past with Mr and Mrs S Handsaker will go to keeping house in a few days in a residence owned by Mrs J F Amis on West 6th street.

The Oregon congressional delegation which has been holding sessions in Portland has adjourned but rumor says they agreed to no appointments. A lack of harmony is said to exist.

Portland was badly excited yesterday over an announcement posted on a bulletin board by some wag that the steamer Portland had arrived at Seattle with \$7,500,000 Klondike treasure aboard. Of course it was a canard.

Lebanon Advance: Straw hauling for the paper mill is over for this year. The big stack is 460 feet long, 75 feet wide and 73 feet high and contains about 3000 tons. The straw costs the company about \$10,000 each year.

Salem Journal, Thursday: Drs D A Paine and W T Williamson, of the state insane asylum, accompanied by their families and Miss Rosalie Friendly, of Eugene, left this morning for an outing in the Nestucca country.

A C Dilly, chief of police at Salem, returned from Foley Springs last evening and went to his home on this forenoon's local train. He says many of the campers at that popular resort will leave for their respective homes tomorrow.

Hon U F Abshier, of Silver Lake, arrived in Eugene last evening in a hack, via the Military road. He says that thoroughfare is quite bad in places. He drove over, the distance being about 180 miles in two and one-half days. He will remain here a week or more.

Truckmen are all busy these days. Everybody is busy now that wants to work.

An average Saturday crowd was in town today.

The commissioners court held a brief session today.

The late D S Tutill, of Portland, carried \$10,000 life insurance.

Rather a light business Saturday. Farmers busy with harvest.

Boys are already killing pheasants and grouse in violation of the law.

Main's circus secured \$1500 damages from the Yreka branch railroad on which one of their cars was upset.

Burglars blew open a safe at Hood River yesterday morning. They got \$175 cash, \$1880 in notes and a watch. The safe was ruined.

An extra heavy freight train passed up the road yesterday evening. The train was made up of an engine and 33 flat and freight cars, nearly all the latter.

The gentlemen of the Eugene Social and Dancing Club gave a very pleasant little hop at Merius Park last night. A very fine time was had by all present.

A foot bridge has been built across the old river channel, a short distance above the Eugene bridge, for the convenience of hop pickers who may go to the Day island.

The next G A R encampment will be held in Cincinnati. J P S Gobin of Lebanon, Pa., is the new commander-in-chief. Oregon has 61 posts with 1916 members.

Ashland Tidings: Miss Hullin, a bright student of the University of Oregon last year, will enter the Junior year of the Ashland Normal School. She will board with her grandfather, Albright.

Hon E P Coleman of C oburg is in the city. He informs us that he will remove to his farm below Coburg Monday; and also states that that barn owned by George Fisher says has collapsed is still in good condition.

A famous man passed through Eugene Tuesday night. It was ex-representative Breckenridge of Kentucky, made notorious on account of the Madeline Pollard case. Miss Pollard holds a judgment against him for \$15,000.

Corvallis Union: Here is wheat that can't be beat. A Chinaman sowed two bushels on S N Lilly's place last fall, and this week Mr Lilly threshed 12 1/2 bushels of the finest wheat we ever saw from its yield. It was grown on river bottom land.

Medford Mail: J H Ward of this city received word from his father-in-law, T C Keizer, stating that he, (Keizer), had sold his mine near Cottage Grove, Oregon, for \$25,000 cash. The mine is in the Bohemia district and was located three years ago.

The Rev William Bartlett, a preacher who lives near Kamiah, Idaho, surrendered himself to the sheriff Tuesday. He was charged by Alec Roberts, of Waha, with horse stealing. He heard of the warrant being out, and surrendered himself. He admits taking the horse, but claims he thought it belonged to a friend.

Superintendent Hubbard reports that a few more than 5,000,000 salmon eggs have been taken at the Upper Clackamas hatchery, being about twice as many as were taken last year there, and the work is practically ended. The roe has already begun hatching at that station, but the last of the young fish will not be turned out before January.

Col N B Knight and A C Woodcock, attorneys for respondent in the case of E D Shattuck, appellant, vs Harrison R Kincaid, as secretary of the state of Oregon, respondent, today filed in the supreme court their petition for a rehearing of the case which was decided against them on the 9th inst., Associate Judge C E Wolverton writing the opinion.

The offer of C A Harp to build a railroad from Eureka Calif., to Grant's Pass has been accepted by the citizens of the first named place. The promoter asks the people of Humboldt county to subscribe \$375,000 and ten acres of land for a depot site at Eureka, a sufficient acreage for a terminus at Arcata, and the free right of way from Eureka to Arcata, in return for which they are to receive \$375,000 in first mortgage bonds of the road. Harp claims to represent capitalists who will push the road to completion.

The health of Portland is excellent. Pure water from the mountains is credited with improved sanitary conditions. Portland never did a better thing than when she discarded the Willamette river water system and brought pure water from the Cascade mountains. It cost money but has saved doctor bills, much suffering and many lives.

Better to laugh than to cry. When crying will do no good. And laughing will. Better to live than to die. When living the life that we should. And dying won't "fill the bill!" As we go on our way up to heaven Or down to the realms of shed. Where angels and saints and setan. Keep account of the false and the real. Is it better to work to avoid blessing or curse And die from weariness waiting? Is it not better to go than to stay Where robbery, selfishness and greed have the way. Where "might" is the right and wrong has the way? Is it not better To break the fever? If not, why not? —Uncle John in Good Housekeeping.

A JEALOUS WIFE.

"Out every night until 2, and you behave him when he says it is business!" said Mrs. Merkle, pursing up her lips. "Ah, well, you are an innocent lamb, Doris Moore."

"But, Aunt Sarah, why shouldn't I believe what my husband says when he always tells the truth!" said young Mrs. Moore indignantly.

"Because he is a man," said Mrs. Merkle, nodding her head. "I've had three husbands—Thompson was the first. He was a good provider, but he provided for two, and I got a divorce and alimony. Then I married Maxwell. I caught him kissing hired help and began my investigation. The same old story. However, he died, and that ended it. As for Merkle, I have my thumb on him, but I got it by searching his pockets. Men are such idiots they leave their love letters anywhere. When I'd collected a pack, I read them aloud to him one evening. He stays home now after office hours, unless he goes out with me, and he doesn't write anything but business letters. He is old, you know, and a deacon wants to keep up a reputation for respectability. But your young husband—what would he care if people talked about him? Oh, there is a woman at the bottom of this 2 o'clock business, I'll warrant you."

"Why, Aunt Sarah, how dare you?" cried Doris, stamping her foot.

"Rummage your husband's coat pockets and you'll find I'm right," said Mrs. Merkle. "And unless you want a divorce, which I don't advise when a man is only on salary, show him what you find, make a scene and end it early."

"Why, you talk as if you knew something about Owen, Aunt Sarah," said Doris.

"I know he's a man," said Mrs. Merkle. "Hullo!" cried a voice at the door, which opened at this moment. "Here is Aunt Sarah, talking against men as usual. What has poor Merkle done now? I thought he had sowed his wild oats."

"Look out for your own crop, Owen Moore," replied Mrs. Merkle.

"I don't set up for a saint and never did," cried Owen. "Give me a kiss, Doris, I'm as hungry as a hunter, and I must eat and run. It's all night again, Doris. Well, so much more in the savings bank, and indeed we've no reason to be sorry."

"I miss you very much, Owen," said Doris, as she brought a hot dish from the oven and set the chairs at the table. "I'm as lonesome without you as a kitten without its mother."

"I keep thinking of you, too," said Owen. "Oh, indeed, I don't like it a bit, but I say a dollar put by for a rainy day may keep us from the heartache."

He ate his supper in a hurry, laughing and talking the while; then kissed his wife, shook hands with her aunt and took up his hat again. Out on the stairs he passed a moment. Aunt Sarah's shrill voice was lifted once more.

"Don't see how honest he is," she was repeating. "All very well, Doris, but look in his coat pockets all the same—look in his coat pockets."

"Old cat! She's at it again," said Owen, who heard; but, like the good natured man that he was, he only laughed as he ran down stairs. "The devil will fly away with old Aunt Sarah one of these days, but she can't make my Doris believe any ill of me, that's my comfort."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Merkle had gone home to nag her unfortunate spouse, and Doris sat before her own fire with her feet on the hearth and thought over all she had heard.

Aunt Sarah was a very unpleasant person, who always made trouble wherever she went, but she had the reputation for being very sensible, which such people are more apt to gain than cheerful, amiable folk, and what she said she really believed, for she had no good thoughts of a man or woman. But Doris was very much in love with Owen, and jealousy is always close at hand where love is strong.

In vain Doris tried to convince herself that Owen was too much in love with her to think of any one else. The little seed of suspicion had been planted, and it grew like Jack's beanstalk.

It was lonely there in the little upper flat at night, and Doris had been used to a large family circle before she left her country home to share Owen's fortunes in the city.

After awhile she found herself crying—she hardly knew why—feeling not only lonely, but neglected and injured.

"Owen ought not to have left me, even for business," she said. "He used to come every night when he was courted, though it was an hour's journey by rail each way."

And from this she went on to asking herself if it were possible that Aunt Sarah could be right. New York was such a wicked place. There were such bold, audacious women to be met with. Owen was so handsome. Oh, could Aunt Sarah have any grounds for her suspicions?

Owen, waking early one morning, caught his wife turning his pockets out, reading the bits of paper she found there. A note from his cousin John, who had desired to borrow \$5; a typewritten circular, recommending Stump's restaurant; a letter from his mother telling him of the doings at home.

Nothing but what she had seen before. And Owen, whose conscience was as clear as man's could be, was not in the least alarmed.

Doris might read all the letters he ever received, all he ever had received, for the matter of that. But he did not like to think that she would watch and spy upon him, that an old woman's prattle could make her suspicious of him.

He had heard the advice that Mrs. Merkle gave his wife as she stood outside the door of his little dining room, and he was very sorry that his Doris should take it and search his pockets.

He had a good mind to speak out frankly, to tell his wife what he had heard and what he had seen, and to assure her that his story of night work was true; to take her with him to the great piano factory where he was employed and convince her how his hours were spent. That would be

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a serious way of making all right. But suddenly an idea popped into his jolly head.

"I'll turn it all into a joke," he said to himself. "I'll make Doris well ashamed of herself, the darling. I'll write a love letter or two, and put them in my pocket and let her find them. Then there'll be a row, and when it's gone far enough I'll out with the truth. A bit of a joke settles things the best way."

It seemed such a comical idea that he burst out laughing over his breakfast and nearly choked himself twice in trying to swallow his joke with his coffee.

However, he had not time to carry out his plan until Sunday came.

Then, while his wife was busy over the dinner, he took from his hiding place a little parcel of pink tinted paper with a rose at the top of the sheet and concealed three idiotic and extravagant love letters, signed them, "Your best beloved and ever loving Fanny Ann," and put them into envelopes and addressed them to himself.

He was rather clever with his pen, and imitated a woman's hand very well.

Having first sealed these up, and then cut them open again, he hid them in his pockets of the clothes he wore on holidays, and which he did not wear on working days, and on Monday when he went to work left them hanging in the wardrobe.

There they might have remained, for Doris had grown ashamed of her suspicions of Owen and determined never again to rummage his pockets, but that Aunt Sarah dropped in again after Owen had left the house.

"Out again!" she said, with a nod.

"Yes, and hard at work, poor boy," replied Doris. "Aunt Sarah, I'm sure that he is as true to me as an angel could be to another."

"I should like to look through his pockets, though," giggled Aunt Sarah.

"Look, then," said Doris, throwing open the wardrobe door. "There are his things."

Aunt Sarah took her at her word, and in a moment more her shrill, venal voice cried out:

"Three pink notes, my dear, and all signed 'Fanny Ann!'"

An hour afterward Doris sat at the center table in her little parlor sobbing violently.

The light from the shaded lamp fell upon the three pink notes all wet with tears, Owen's compositions as we know, and so absurdly rapturous and idiotic that they were jokes to any but a jealous woman.

But Doris, in her woe and wrath, had very little common sense left.

Aunt Sarah, frightened by the storm her own deed had raised, had taken her departure, and Doris had resolved to wait for Owen's return, show him the letters and at once go home to her mother.

For awhile it had seemed to her that she would find at home a refuge and consolation for all her woes. Then she began to wince with mortification. To tell her mother that Owen was false to her would not be so bad, but that her sisters should know it, her friends, Jack's wife, the whole connection!

"Oh, life would not be worth living under such circumstances!" Doris cried out, and then an awful thought crept into her mind and gained strength there. A jealous man or woman is a maniac. Let that be an excuse for Doris when she cried out at last:

"Death is the only cure! Death! Death! And if God will not kill me, I must kill myself!"

At 2 o'clock Owen opened the door of his flat and went in. Things did not look as usual. The kitchen fire had gone out, and no little snack had been kept warm for him. The bed in the little bedroom was still neatly made up, and no one had slept in it that night. In the parlor the lamp was yet burning, but Doris was not there.

As he looked about him he saw doors and drawers open and things scattered about, and a nameless terror began to possess him.

"Doris?" he called aloud, but there was no answer. He walked to the table. There lay three sheets of pink paper with a weight upon them to keep them from blowing away, and beside them another letter, addressed to himself. Poor Owen could hardly command himself sufficiently to tear this open and read the contents.

I have read Fanny Ann's letters. Aunt Sarah found them in your pockets. Oh, Owen! I thought you loved me, but your heart has been stolen by that wicked woman. I was not pretty enough to keep you true, but now that you are false I do not care to live any longer. I am going to drown myself and leave you free. Your broken hearted Doris.

And this, then, was how his joke had ended. This was what he had brought about. Doris had killed herself. Then he would follow her example. But first he must find her body and pay it the last honors. He caught up his hat and left his desolate home, the tears gushing from his eyes as he remembered how happy he had been there.

When he reached the street, he stood bewildered, asking himself which way he should go, what he should do. Then it came to him that he must report the horrible facts at the station house and have an alarm sent out. The police would know what to do better than he could, and with heavy steps and reeling brain he sought the big brick building before which the great lamps hung, and entered in.

Late as it was there was a little crowd there, gathered about something that lay in the middle of the floor.

A horrible thought struck Owen—perhaps it might be his wife's body on which they gazed.

"What is it!" he gasped, with white lips that could scarcely form a sound.

"Young woman jumped into the river," said a policeman.

"My God!" cried Owen, bursting through the crowd and falling on his knees before the wet figure lying on the floor with a policeman's coat under its head.

"My God, it is my wife!"

The next instant he gave a shout of joy, for the great eyes unclosed themselves, the little, trembling hands were outstretched toward him and a faint voice said:

"Oh, Owen, take me away from this dreadful place and all these dreadful men!"

For Doris, though she had really thrown herself from the end of a wharf into the river, had been promptly fished out by the river police, and though soaked to the skin, terribly frightened and heartily ashamed of herself, was very much alive indeed, and when Owen had whispered something in her ear—the story of his joke, which he already knew—could only sob:

"Forgive me, Owen; pray forgive me!"

"She was a bit out of her mind, you see, with a sort of fever," Owen explained, "and God bless those who saved her to me."

Then he took his wife home, and whatever else has come to his humble door since that day, the green-eyed monster, jealousy, has never entered.—Dublin World.

BROUGHT TO TIME.

Jerry Sanborn wheeled his shining new tandem out of the wood shed and carefully propped it against the piazza railing. Then he strode across the yard, shading his eyes with both sunburned hands, and peered intently at a snug farmhouse nestling against the neighboring hill.

Tilly's got home from Sandport. That's her pink gown a-fittin in an out of the garden. Now if I can only wheedle her into takin a mornin ride we'll see who's master of the situation. Two years now she's been puttin me off in that bewitchin way of her'n, and I'm tired of it. I hain't been spendin my winter evenings readin up about Napoleon Bonaparte and General Taylor and all of them other determined folkers for nuthin. I've been at together too much. It's high time I put my foot down and made Tilly come to reason, and I'm a-goin to do it!"

Jerry set his jaws grimly, sprang astride the saddle, whirled rapidly down the winding road and soon presented himself, cap in hand, at the door of the Morgan homestead. Tilly herself appeared promptly, her comely face alight with dimples and her bright blue eyes dancing with mirth.

"Took a run over to show you this new machine o' mine," announced Jerry, with a sidewise wave of the hand.

"I saw you comin' up the hill," responded Tilly demurely. "You looked for all the world like a big, long legged grasshopper," with an irrefragable giggle.

"Only wish you darst try it a bit and see what an easy runnin concern it is," pursued Jerry, a sudden flush mantling his curly locks. "Bit, of course, 'twould be risky, considerin you ain't used to it," he added apologetically.

"Humph! There's never been a colt on the place that I couldn't bridle and ride, and 'tain't likely I'm afraid of a newfangled contrivance like that," replied Tilly loftily.

"Well, I s'pose you might try it, but I warn you it's dangerous business," hesitated Jerry. "You have to take in sail a bit," with a critical glance at her newly starched gingham. Tilly darted up the stairs and soon appeared in a trim walking skirt, with a jaunty Tam O'Shanter pinned securely to her shining brown braids.

After a few preliminary failures, she was securely seated and the tandem glided smoothly along the sandy country road.

Tilly sat erect, firmly grasping the handle bars with her plump fingers and thoroughly enjoying the novel experience.