

Rev Dr Leslie went to Salem today. Geo W Pickett made Junction City a visit today.

Seth McAllister returned from Newport today.

Roscoe Bryson arrived up from Corvallis today.

Mrs James McDonald of Harrisburg, spent yesterday in Eugene.

James Hemenway, of Cottage Grove, was in the city last evening.

Judge J J Cleland, of Portland, was doing business in Eugene today.

The street car company is putting in some new plank crossings on Williamette street.

F T Whitcomb, now a resident of Salinas, Cal., will return to Eugene this winter to reside.

Mrs S H Kinsey and daughter Edna, of Grants Pass, are visiting her daughter Mrs Geo F Croner.

Prof E H McAllister and family arrived home today from Newport where they have been spending the summer.

Mrs Mary McAllister, who has been a guest at the home of T M Montague, Albany, arrived home on today's 2:04 local.

Mrs Belle Smith of Boise City, Idaho, arrived in Eugene on the afternoon train and will visit relatives for a while.

Rev and Mrs Wm S Gilbert and child were among those returning today from where the breakers roll at Yaquina.

Dr C W Sharples, of Seattle, Wash., arrived in Eugene last evening, and will visit his parents at Goshen for a few days.

Mrs S Ludwigs and children, of Walla Walla, arrived today to visit with her parents, Mr and Mrs J Kaufman.

Condou R Bean, son of Justice R S Bean, of Salem, came up yesterday and went to Mapleton to visit his grandmother.

Mrs T G Hendricks and Miss Ruby returned home today from a short trip to Newport.

A N Striker and F Helenke, officers of the State Reform school, arrived here last night on a search for some runaway boys.

Mrs Lizzie Thompson and children, Herbert and Misses Ethelwynne and Ermine, were among today's resorters returning from Newport.

The California Visitor says that some orchardists there have been offered \$5 per ton for fresh prunes. Drying has already begun in a small way.

Roseburg Plaindealer: There was a strike in an Oakla d hop yard, but Judge Stearns informs us that the matter has been settled and the pickers are at work at 50 cents per box.

Medford Monitor: Mr and Mrs J J Holt, of Eugene, formerly of Talent, who have been visiting friend in Southern Oregon for several weeks, returned to Eugene last Friday.

The frame work of the new Christian church is being rapidly put up. Its completion will be rapidly hurried from now on, as the contract calls for turning it over to the trustees October 15.

Miss E Saltzman returned last night from a visit at Salem, Portland, and San Francisco, going to the latter place to lay in a stock of Fall millinery for her store. She reports a pleasant trip.

Grants Pass Courier: Hannum & Browning brought in a good lot of gold from their Greenback mine on Grave creek last week, which made a \$929 brick. This amount was secured from 12 tons of second grade ore. The boys certainly have a bonanza.

Mr and Mrs J F Wetherbee and daughters, Misses Mary and Jennie, arrived in Eugene today from Manchester, Vermont, and will make their future home here. They have leased the R M Day house on Seventh street. Jas R Wetherbee accompanied them up from Portland.

Ex-county treasurer S F Lockwood, who voluntarily gave himself up to the authorities at South Bend, Wash., Monday of last week, to face the music as he said, and answer to the indictments found against him for larceny and embezzlement of county funds, mysteriously disappeared last Friday night and has not been seen since by any one in that vicinity.

Prof I N Glen and wife arrived on the afternoon train from Dallas, where their nuptials were recently celebrated. Prof Glen will, this year, enter upon his duties as professor of elocution in the University of Oregon, of which himself and bride are alumni. Eugene's people will take great pleasure in extending to them a hearty welcome, for both are deservedly popular.

When Frank C Richen, recently killed by the cars between Wallula and Umatilla, left Oregon City for Eastern Oregon, he had \$60 sewed up in his shirt. This information was given by his wife, who recovered the money when the remains were disinterred at Umatilla. Why a man with money enough to pay his fare would risk his life by riding on the truss rods of a passenger coach is a curious question.

J G Gove, of Medford, is in the city.

J W Bristow, of Portland, is in Eugene today.

W A Teutsch, of Creswell, was in Eugene today.

Mrs Emma Thompson went to Harrisburg today.

J A Hines, of Salem, is registered at the Hotel Eugene.

Dr E D McKenney, of Monroe, was in the city today.

George Fisher is having an addition built to his residence.

F A Alexander went to Lebanon on this forenoon's train.

The Astoria railroad is to be completed by January 1st.

Miss Lena Stafford has returned from an extended visit at Halsey.

James Abrams was a passenger for Cottage Grove on the afternoon local.

Dallas Observer: Elder Bonnell's family will reside in Dallas the coming winter.

Ed McClanahan, Jr., and a companion captured 28 Chinese pheasants in the Spencer Butte neighborhood yesterday.

Miss McCallen, of Lakeview, arrived here this forenoon to visit with her aunt, Mrs Applegate.

Dow Huff returned to Port and this morning to resume his position as brakeman of the S P R R.

Brownsville Times: Bert Miller, of Eugene, came down on Tuesday's train and enjoyed a Chinese pheasant hunt with his old friend, W A Calder.

A warrant was ordered drawn today in favor of Architect Neer for \$550, services as architect of the proposed new court house. This makes a total of \$1,100 paid Mr Neer.

Tuesday's Ashland Record: Miss Mercy Applegate, the Eugene teacher, visited Mrs M L McCall of Ashland this week, and left Tuesday for Lakeview, where she will work in the public schools.

Persons who have contracted to pay their subscriptions to this paper in wood, or those who desire to do so are requested to haul it in at once as we desire to have it under cover before the rainy season arrives.

Editor Robt. J Hendricks, of the Salem Statesman passed through Eugene on today's 2:04 local for Cottage Grove, and from there will go to the Shoestring valley to look after landed interests of his in that section.

Salem Journal: Eugene City warrants are 1 per cent premium. Eugene is as far behind in payment of warrants on the general fund as Salem; yet the brokers here scalp the Salem City warrants 5 per cent and more at times.

Frank Wetherbee, J H McClung's popular clerk, is taking his vacation. Business men, only a few of them, were surprised to see Senator McClung this morning at 5:30 o'clock opening up his store. It made them think of the days when Mr McClung was considerably younger.

The Salem Journal says: The handling the many hundred hop pickers seeking transportation on boats is quite an item in seaboat business. Schedule time is being made by all the boats and a thrifty business is reported in both passenger and freight departments.

D B Murray, superintendent of the Noonday Mining Co., Bohemia, was in Eugene today. He reports that section in good condition and says the Music and Champion mines are both doing a good business and the mills of the Noonday will be started again next week. He orders the GUARD sent to his address.

E D Hager, the Modoc county, California, cattle man, started home today. Deputy Sheriff T S Frawley will remain here to take Frank Meredith back for trial. From advices received by him today it will be another week before he will receive the requisition papers to take his prisoner from this state.

JUNCTION NEWS.

Culled From the Columns of The Times.

Junction City public schools will commence September 20.

The Masons are re-arranging the rooms over W S Lee's drug store and when completed will have a very neat and comfortable hall.

C P Houston was elected representative from the K P lodge of this city to the Grand Lodge, which meets in Portland in October.

A party of hunters, consisting of Engineer White, Capt. O'Riley, Harry Eldridge, Will Washburne, J P and Harry Milliron, went out after birds Wednesday and succeeded in killing eighty-eight.

Ric'le Crow and family expect to move to eastern Washington in a few weeks. He will dispose of his personal effects by public sale. This move is made in the hope of benefiting the health of Mrs Crow. John Bunch and family expect to accompany Mr. Crow.

A PHANTOM TOE.

I am not a superstitious man, far from it, but despite all my efforts to the contrary I could not help thinking, directly I had taken a survey of my chamber, that I should never quit it without going through a strange adventure. There was something in its immense size, heaviness and gloom that seemed to annihilate at one blow all by resolute skepticism as regards supernatural visitations. It appeared to me totally impossible to go into that room and disbelieve in ghosts.

The fact is, I had incautiously partaken at supper of that favorite Dutch dish, sauerkraut, and I suppose it had disagreed with me and put strange fancies into my head. He this as it may, I only know that after parting with my friend for the night I gradually worked myself up into such a state of fidgetiness that at last I wasn't sure whether I hadn't become a ghost myself.

"Supposing," mumbled I, "supposing the landlord himself should be a practical robber and should have taken the lock and bolt from off this door for the purpose of entering here in the dead of the night, abstracting all my property, and perhaps murdering me! I thought the dog had a very cutting air about him." Now, I had never had any such idea until that moment, for my host was a fat (all Dutchmen are fat), stupid looking fellow, who I don't believe had sense enough to understand what a robbery or murder meant, but somehow or other, whenever we have anything really to annoy us (and it certainly was not pleasant to go to bed in a strange place without being able to fasten one's doors), we are sure to aggravate it by myriads of chimeras of our own brain.

So, on the present occasion, in the midst of a thousand disagreeable reveries, some of the most wild absurdity, I jumped very gloomily into bed, having first put out my candle (for total darkness was far preferable to its flickering, ghostly light, which transformed rather than revealed objects), and soon fell asleep, perfectly tired out with my day's riding.

How long I lay asleep I don't know, but I suddenly awoke from a disagreeable dream of outthroats, ghosts and long, winding passages in a haunted inn. An indescribable feeling, such as I never before experienced, hung upon me. It seemed as if every nerve in my body had a hundred spirits tickling it, and this was accompanied by so great a heat that, inwardly cursing mine host's sauerkraut and wondering how the Dutchmen could endure such a poison, I was forced to sit up in bed to cool myself. The whole of the room was profoundly dark, excepting at one place, where the moonlight, falling through a crevice in the shutters, threw a straight line of about an inch or so thick upon the floor—clear, sharp and intensely brilliant against the darkness. I leave you to conceive my horror when, upon looking at this said line of light, I saw there a naked human toe—nothing more.

For the first instant I thought the vision must be some effect of moonlight, then that I was only half awake and could not see distinctly. So I rubbed my eyes two or three times and looked again. Still there was the accursed thing—plain, distinct, immovable—marblelike in its firmness and rigidity, but in everything else horribly human.

I am not an easily frightened man. No one who has traveled so much and seen so much and been exposed to so many dangers as I can be, but there was something so mysterious and unusual in the appearance of this single toe that for a short time I could not think what to be at, so I did nothing but stare at it in a state of utter bewilderment.

At length, however, as the toe did not vanish under my steady gaze, I thought I might as well change my tactics, and remembering that all midnight invaders, be they thieves, ghosts or devils, dislike nothing so much as a good noise I shouted out in a loud voice:

"Who's there?"

The toe immediately disappeared in the darkness.

Almost simultaneously with my words I leaped out of bed and rushed toward the place where I had beheld the strange appearance. The next instant I ran against something and felt an iron grip round my body. After this I have no distant recollection of what occurred, excepting that a fearful struggle ensued between me and my unseen opponent; that every now and then we were violently hurled to the floor, from which we always rose again in an instant, looked in a dazed manner, and then we tugged and strained and pulled and pushed, I in the convulsive and frantic endeavor of a fight for life, he (for by this time I had discovered that the intruder was a human being) actuated by some passion of which I was ignorant; that we whirled round and round and round, cheek to cheek and arm to arm, in fierce contest, until the room appeared to whirl round with us, and that at last a dozen people (my fellow traveler among them, roused, I suppose, by our repeated falls, came pouring into the room with lights and showed me struggling with a man having nothing on but a shirt, whose long, tangled hair and wild, unsettled eyes told me he was insane. And then, for the first time, I became aware that I had received in the conflict several gashes from a knife, which my opponent still held in his hand.

To conclude my story in a few words (for I dare say all of you by this time are getting very tired), it turned out that my midnight visitor was a madman who was being conveyed to a lunatic asylum at The Hague, and that he and his keeper had been obliged to stop at Delft on their way. The poor fellow had contrived during the night to escape from his keeper, who had carelessly forgotten to lock the door of his chamber, and with that irresistible desire to shed blood peculiar to many insane people had possessed himself of a pocketknife belonging to the man who had charge of him, entered my room, which was most likely the only one in the house unfastened, and was probably meditating the fatal stroke when I saw his toe in the moonlight, the rest of his body being hidden in the shade.

After this terrible freak of his he was watched with much greater strictness, but I ought to observe, as some excuse for the keeper's negligence, that this was the first act of violence he had ever attempted.—Exchange.

Misunderstood.

Village Doctor.—Well, Byles, how do you get on with the new vicar?

Victor's Gardener.—Oh, I don't say nothing in him, sir, but I fancy he's a bit of a joker like me. We were looking round the hedge the other day, and presently he says, "Hello, Byles, there's a blazes here."

Well, sir, I looked as hard as I could, but I take my Bible oath there weren't nothing at all, and when I tell him so he chuckles to himself like blazes, and I desay he thought it was a wonderful good joke to see in an old chap like me.—Pick Me Up

MEETING A MERMAID

I was haally conscious of a gentle, rustling noise near me, and then something wet and cold came dab in my face. I sat up with a jerk, and there sat a mermaid! Good gracious!

You can imagine how startled I felt. She sat on the sand quite close to me, resting on one hand, and with her tail, an indisputable tail, with beautifully glistening silvery brown scales, coiled round in a graceful curve. She was fascinatingly pretty, with a sweet face, laughing now at my air of bewilderment, and with long tresses of brown hair blowing about her.

I suppose my dropped jaw and staring eyes must have struck her as very comical, for she laughed—such a musical, soothing laugh, strangely like the ripple of the waves among the groyves higher up the beach.

"Excuse me," she said, "but you look so funny."

"Funny?" I exclaimed indignantly. "What have you been up to? You've been throwing water over me."

"I haven't."

"Yes, you have. Look here, my face is all wet now, and my hair is damp."

"I didn't throw water over you. I suppose it was rather forward, but I put the end of my tail on your face. You looked so tempting, you know, lying there. I really could not resist you."

"Well, you shouldn't, then," I said. "Now you've woke me up, and some of the water has gone down my neck."

I spoke grumpily. You see, I was sorely myself yet. It was so utterly incomprehensible that I should be sitting here with an absolute mermaid, a creature I had never for a moment believed in, sitting almost close enough for me to touch.

I had wandered off that afternoon among the bowlders that lay piled up on the shining beach at the foot of the cliffs to the left of the little town. It was very hot, so hot that after skimming through the columns of the paper I had brought with me I lay back and snoozed, in blissful disregard of the glaring sun and the white rocks and the low ripple of the retreating tide. And then happened all I have described.

"Do you know you snore?" she said suddenly.

Said I, "You must be a very mischievous girl—mermaid, I mean."

"Oh, no, I'm not—not nearly so bad as some. It's lucky for you my cousin wasn't with me when I came up and found you here."

"A gentleman—a woman?" I ventured.

"Oh, no! She usually comes up here with me of an afternoon, but she's up at the other end of the bay today. Her name's Genevieve, and mine's Maud."

"Where do you get your names?" I asked.

"Out of books we pick up. Wogot mine and my cousin Imogen's out of a supplement that dropped overboard from a steamer. Pretty name, Imogen, isn't it?"

"Not half so pretty as Maud."

"Well, I don't know. We're glad to get anything to read. Is that today's paper?" pointing to The Chronicle that lay on the beach.

"Yes," I said. "Would you like it to read?"

"Thanks, awfully. No, not now, but I'll take it with me, if you don't mind. Smoke your pipe, will you?"

"With great pleasure. Sure you don't mind?"

"Not a bit. Besides I want you to let me light it."

So I pulled out my pipe and filled it, and Maud, with a shiny loop of her tail, glided up to me. She seemed highly delighted at being allowed to strike the match for me to get a light by.

"Isn't this jolly?" she said, looking up at me with wonderful eyes.

"Rather," I said, looking down into them. "Do you often go in for this sort of thing?"

"Well, now, I'll tell you," she replied. "You're the first man I ever spoke to—like this, I mean—but old Nep sent me here for trying to. You're in my nook, you know. I often come here, and yesterday it was so hot that I dropped asleep, and when you came along I only just had time to get behind that rock."

"So you've seen me before, then?"

"Oh, yes, several times! I saw you along the beach on Sunday evening."

"The deuce you did—I beg your pardon?"

"And I saw you kiss that fisher girl. Oh, yes, you did!"

"Well," I said, turning very red, "I admit it, but it was only once."

"There ain't any mermen here," she replied.

"Aren't there? I suppose it's rather lonely."

"I used to be spoons a little with one of Brighton, but we never see one here. That's old Nep's doings. I haven't been kissed for ever so long."

"Really?" I said, edging over toward her.

"Really," she sighed, looking down.

"Er—shall I—would you—shall we—that is—"

I leaned over her as she raised her face, smiling, mischievously, to mine, when, just as our lips touched, with a sudden twist of her tail she caught me a dab in the face with her wet fin.

I fell over backward, and by the time I had got the sand and wet out of my eyes the mermaid had disappeared.

No trace of her was left, but my newspaper was gone, and as I went slowly home I fancied I could catch sight of her, lying out by the big black rock that just showed itself above the sea. I stood still and called to her and distinctly saw her white arms waved to me and heard the rippling of her laugh and saw, too, her long brown hair tossing on the waves.—Exchange.

The Danger Side of Lightning Rods.

The conventional lightning rods that one sees over houses and barns in the country and small towns afford but little protection to the buildings. Small as this security is, it is wholly lost if the so called conductors are improperly constructed and not in perfect order, when they, in fact, become an absolute menace to the buildings they are reared to guard. It is essential, if the conventional rod is to be set up, that the work be entrusted to reliable and capable persons, otherwise it may become a shining invitation to dangers. It is probable, therefore, all things considered, that a building is as well if not better protected without such conductors as are in general use as with them. It is safe to assert that the great majority of buildings damaged or destroyed by lightning were provided with lightning rods, and in the majority of these cases the conductors invited the thunderbolts, and for some cause, probably improper construction, could not lead the lightning harmlessly to the earth.—Electrician J. E. Powell in Ladies Home Journal.

NO "GRUB STAKES" IN CANADA.

It may not be generally known that the American citizen who "grub stakes" a man to prospect and work mines on the shares in the Klondike country has only the personal honor of the prospector to depend upon. On the 25th day of last June the Canadian government put into effect "an act to restrict the importation and employment of aliens," and this law is applicable to the "grub staking" system. By its provisions all contracts or agreements, expressed or implied, made between any person or company and any alien to perform labor or service in Canada, previous to the arrival in Canada of the person whose labor is so contracted for, shall be void and of no effect, which means that if the grubstaked pilgrim from the United States desires to deal dishonestly with the person or persons who staked him, he can do so without fear of being overhauled by Canadian authorities.

French people are petitioning their government to abolish the duty on corn.

It is not necessary to advise the agriculturists to get their crops under shelter. Wheat and oats are practically safe from weather, and hop men are working every available picker.

With wheat climbing into seventies potatoes should advance in price. Food products usually keep on an even gauge. The dearness of our encourages the use of a cheaper food, thereby advancing its price by reason of an increased demand.

The Department of Agriculture has just issued a bulletin advocating the extension of the camphor industry in the United States in order to save the \$300,000 which is annually expended for the importation of that article.

The Democrats of Pennsylvania are true to their principles, and like their brethren elsewhere, refuse to waver after the golds the goldbugs would furnish them. At the state convention held at Reading on Tuesday the Chicago platform was endorsed, and W. F. Harry removed from his position as national committeeman by a vote of 290 to 134.

The American Wire Nail company at Anderson, Indiana, has had a slight cut in wages. The Dingley law raised the price of trust stocks but it has no such effect on wages anywhere. The favors of paternal legislation go to capital; labor can expect nothing from it. The higher capital rises, the lower wages must fall. Both ends of a teeter-board cannot be in the air at the same time.

It is a beautiful story, that of the finding, near North Cape, Lapland, of a carrier pigeon with a message from Andree saying he had passed 82 degrees north latitude and all was well. But why did Andree keep it from the newspapers before he left that he was going to take with him carrier birds and release them at different stages of his journey?

The Manufacturers Association of Oregon will give a free exhibition of the manufactured products of the state at the exposition building at Portland, commencing September 22 and concluding October 20. The Portland Mining Exchange has been given the sole privilege to exhibit ores from the miners of Oregon for exhibition. Samples not exceeding ten pounds in weight should be delivered at the nearest railroad station and the Exchange notified thereof, when it will make arrangements for transportation to Portland.

ELK KILLED.—A Mr Purkeson Monday killed a huge buck elk, weighing at least 800 lbs, in the neighborhood of the Twin Buttes, at the Bohemia district. There were twelve cows in the band, but he did not shoot at them, although he was in easy gun shot. He carried the antlers, which are magnificent, in the velvet, out for several miles on his back and then loaded them on a horse. He was in Eugene today trying to sell them for \$15.

HIGHER CHARTER RATES.

The cost of sending wheat from Portland to England by ship is now nearly twice what it was at this time last year, says the Rural Northwest. The large crop this year and the exaggerated claims as to its magnitude have led ship-owners to believe that the competition this year would be among the shippers to get ships in place of among the ships to get cargoes and accordingly they advanced their charges. Possibly they may find that they put up their rates too high, for already two steamers, with a carrying capacity of about 500,000 bushels have been chartered to carry wheat from Portland to Europe. It is quite possible that there are other tramp steamers that are ready to take wheat to Europe at present rates and if there are many such the sailing vessels will have to come down in their charges.

UNION OF SILVER FORCES.

The strength of the free silver element in Nebraska will be tested at the coming November election. Democrats, populists and free silver republicans have formed a close and harmonious union on the platform of free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1.

That state is republican, or has been on a party vote, by a majority of sixty thousand. The union of forces has been made on the single issue and there appears to be as little bitterness among the new allies as possible under such circumstances. It is a question of principle, not men or worn out old party ties.

"SARKASM."

The Salem Journal sarcastically remarks: "It is to be hoped that President Chapman will not further complicate matters by reconsidering his withdrawal of his refusal to serve. He should give the coast a fair chance to fire him if they want."

The Marion county treasurer publishes a monthly summary of county finances. A good idea. The people know next to nothing about how county affairs are usually conducted.

The courts of Idaho have decided the gambling law unconstitutional, and the knights of the green cloth are at it plying their vocation. The beauties of poker and faro can be discussed publicly instead of in dark back rooms secluded from official interference.

There is a strike among harvest hands at Oakesdale, Washington, and it is quite likely that wages will be higher than farmers anticipated. There are eight or ten headlers ready to start but they cannot do so because of lack of men. No less than 50 idle men are walking the streets of Oakesdale, but none will go to work for less than \$2 a day, and the farmers do not wish to pay the price.

The Salem Statesman gives the following well-deserved tribute to an educator of prominence in the west, who at one time held a chair in the University of Oregon: Prof. Gatch president-elect of the State Agricultural college at Corvallis, is a man for whom the people of Oregon have an especial liking. He was for many years a leading educator of this state. He is a loyal and patriotic citizen. He will have a hearty welcome back to Oregon.

Portland Telegram: Judge M G Munly, who has just returned from a trip to Alaska on legal business, says that in his opinion the Stickeen river route to the Yukon is the most feasible and practicable and is attended with the least obstacles for gold seekers. The judge is most favorably impressed with the outlook for southeastern Alaska, and he talks interestingly of the development work outlined for that wonderful land of riches of all kinds. A boom is on the tapis at Wrangle, he says, and whether Klondike proves all that is expected or not, the coast of Alaska is going to enjoy prosperity.