## FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 11.

James Sanford, of Lowell, is in Eugene.

Rev J M Dick, of Camp Creek, is in Eugene.

W W Scott, of Creswell, was in the city today.

Forty persons perished in a Colorado train wreck yesterday.

Wheat is quoted the same as yesterday—78 cents per bushel.

J H O'Neill, the O R & N traveling passenger agent, is in Eugene.

Attorney J M Williams made Junction City a professional visit today.

Miss Venia Adair has resigned her position in the Portland public schools.

Attorney J E Young, of Cottage Grove, was doing business in Eugene today.

F K Gray and W E Frazier, of Portland, were registered at the Hotel Eugene today.

C F Hurlburt returned to his home at Junction City on this forenoon's local train.

Attorney Scarborough went to Portland on this forenoon's local train on legal business.

Mr and Mrs Wm Moore arrived up from Harrisburg today and will reside in Eugene.

T S Brannon left this morning for California to look after his landed interests in that state.

Wednesday's Baker City Republican: L G Johnson of Florence, Oregon, called at this office t day.

Mrss Prof Jarvis and children left for their home in Portland on this forenoon's local train.

Prof E B McElroy and daughters returned today from Newport and his Benton county ranch.

Street Commissioner Mummey is putting in a number of new street crossings. They were badly needed.

Polk county has a young man 18 years old, who weighs 225 pounds and is six feet nine and one half inches tall.

Mrs J H McClung went to Corvallis this forenoon to attend the session of the Oregon Conference of the M E church.

Portland Tribune: Miss Inez De-Lashmutt, who taught in the State University last year, has been secured for an East Side school.

The newspaper plant and household goods of Wm Moore of Harrisburg, arrived up today, and are being put in his residence on West Fifth street.

Mr Riley passed through here en route home to Albany, this morning, with a four-horse freight team. He has been at work in Southern Oregon.

Albany Democrat: "Gilbert M Douglas, of Maxwell station registered today and will attend Albany college this winter. Last year he attended the U of O."

Judge Daly returned to his nome at Dallas this morning on the early train. He informs us that his son, Floyd, will attend Pacific University at Forest Grove this year.

Thursday's Pendleton Tribune: Miss Theresa Friendly of Eugene, who has been visiting Miss Stella Alexander for a couple of days, returned home on last evening's train.

Roseburg Plaindealer: E R Skipworth, the democratic war horse of Lane county, who came near taking the scalp of Dr Driver last year, is in the city, a lay delegate to the Methodist conference.

Portland Daily Tribune: "Miss Catherine C Coggswell, editor of the Pacific Empire, this city, has been invited to read a pa per before the visitors at the State Fair on Press day, October 4.

Mrs Hattie Bristow, formerly of Salem, now teaching in the Indian school in Nevada, is visiting her son and friends in Oregon. Years ago she resided in Eugene being the wife of the late Hon E L Bristow and a daughter of the late Henry Hill.

Roseburg Review: The new house of Judge J C Fullerton in West Roseburg is nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy by the first of next month. The building is one of the finest in the city, being attractive in design and showing throughout the best of workmanship.

Geo Hall, Jr, has rented the residence now occupied by Judge Potter and family, on East Ninth street, and will furnish it and go to house keeping. Judge Potter will board during the winter, while Mrs Potter will spend several months at Ashland for the benefit of her health.

Will E Casson, special alloting Indian agent, is in Burns, Harney county. Mr Casson is there in the interests of the Piute Indians, who are entitled to 160 acres each, men, women and children. It is estimated that there will be from 25,000 to 30,000 acres taken in that district.

Lebanon Advance: "W H Ross went to Eugene Saturday to make arrangements for attending the State University again this winter. Beside Mr Ross, four other young men of this vicinty—J C Booth, Harry Randle, F F Carleton and Arthur Gamber—will attend the State University the coming school year."

## SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 10.

A R Copple, a divinity student, returned today to enter school.

L G Hulin has resigned his position as reporter on the Register.

Mr and Mrs S A Hulin, of Creswell, came down on this morning's local.

Prof Charles Friedel was a passenger for Portland on the 10:50 local today.

Mr and Mrs H C Rice have moved from the Maxwell farm below town, to Eugene.

J M Shelley was a passenger for Boswell Springs on today's afternoon local.

Mrs G M Miller, of Portland, will arrive here tonight to visit for three or four days.

Dean E C Sanderson and family drove to Halsey today and will return on Monday.

B Lurch, J I Jones and J Hunter, of Cottage Grove, were doing business in Eugene today.

Miss Emma Tilton left for Monmouth today to attend the Monmouth normal school.

Medford Mail: Floyd White will attend the State University at Eugene the coming year.

Mr and Mrs W C Yoran and daughter returned today from a fortnight's outing at Newport.

Twenty coal miners were killed by deputy sheriffs and 40 more wounded at Hazleton, Pa, yesterday.

John Handsaker came down from Jasper today where he has been chopping wood just for exercise.

Some person killed five young turkeys for Floyd Vaughan the other day, and he is rightly quite wrathy.

Attorney A E Wheeler writes us from Maple Landing, Iowa, under date of September 9th, where he is visiting.

Mrs Ada B Millican arrived up on today's 2:04 local, and left for the home of her mother, Mrs W G Lackey, west of town.

Floyd Vaughan showed us some sorghum stalks toda, that measured seven feet in length. He raised a half acre of it.

Hon Benj Simpson, formerly a resident of Eugene, and at one time surveyor general, now resides at Selma, Alabama.

Miss Fannie Millican was a passenger for Monmouth on this morning's local where she will re-enter the normal school.

A farmer was on the streets today with two dozen nice shoats in his wagon, which he offered to exchange for two dozen big silver dollars.

Miss Rosalie Friendly returned today from an extended visit at Salem and elsewhere. Her many friends will be glad to welcome her back.

Dayton Herald: Lewis Alderman, who has been attending the State University at Eugene, and spent vacation at his home here, expects to return to the university in about a week.

Mrs C E Loomis will leave Monday, for Seattle, Wash, where she will spend a week. She will then go East and spend several months at Minneapolis and several places in Illinois.

Sterling Hill, Portland, spent last night in Eugene, going down the valley this forenoon. He is traveling for some specialties. He formerly resided here, being a brother of Rev C M Hill.

Mr W Gifford Nash has returned to Eugene, after spending the vacation in Portland, where he had been practicing hard, getting up a piano recital which will be given in the near future.

Medford Mail: Mrs Laura Bradley left Wednesday for Eugene where she will spend another year to send her children to school. Lawson and Miss Mollie attend the University and O to the public school.

Mrs Clista Wilson, of Chicago, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs D L Butler, in this city, left today for points down the valley. She will visit Philadelphia before returning to her Windy City home.

Corvallis Times: Invitations are out for the marriage of Editor B W Johnson of the Gazette to Miss Lillian Hamilton, on Wednesday, the 22nd inst The ceremony is to be performed in the Presbyterian church.

Medford Mail: Attorney and Mrs W I Vawter will leave Medford Monday evening for Springfield, Ill., to which place Mr Vawter goes as a representative from Oregon to a meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, of Odd Fellows, which convenes in that city.

C N Thompson, the Chicago stock buyer, has been purchasing cattle in Klamath county during the past two weeks. He purchased 1,019 head in that county, paying 2¼ cents per pound gross, and will drive them to Oakland and ship by railroad to Chicago.

Fossil Journal: "L L Shelley died at Condon about 10:30 Wednesday evening, 28 hours after the accident took place that caused his death. He was buried in Mayville cemetery on Thursday. A large number of people attended the funeral, and many beautiful flowers were placed on the grave." The deceased was a brother of Wes Shelley, of this county.

## HARMONICS

Dear, when my eyes told the age old story,
Tongue tied, faltering breath quick drawn,
Say, did you see where a crimson tinted glory,
Star shot, trembled to a new day's dawn?

Dear—but I saw it! And the rich light leaning,
Moon hung, marvelous, warmed by breeze,
Gave to the dim dusk a new and vibrant meaning,
World wide, scented with the soul's heart's ease.

Dear, then my lips knew no need of any telling!
Dear, then, trembling, caught I up my crown!
For, by that overglow, my own love's dwelling
Saw I, lying in your heart deep down.

—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

## A CONVICT'S YARN.

Egyptology in the days when I was at college, before I took to the profession which I followed for many years, was my chief delight, and to the fact that I was a student of the ways of ancient Egypt I owed one of the luckiest hauls of my life.

It fell out in this way: We had long turned our eyes with ardent looks toward the establishment of Mr. Pontifex, jeweler and valuer, of 2 Moore Lane, city, the contents of whose shop were said to be worth some £20,000.

Mr. Pontifex, in addition to being a jeweler and valuer, was also a bit of an enthusiast on Egyptian relics, and one often saw paragraphs in the paper regarding recent additions made to his Egyptian museum at Norwood.

One day my chum, Dick Herring, lounged into my room smoking a clay and reading a newspaper.

"Listen to this, guv'nor. Seems a waste, doesn't it?"

"Fire away," I returned, "and I'll give you my opinion afterward."

"'We understand that Mr. Christopher Pontifex, the well known jeweler of Moore Lane, E. C., has just ordered a mummy from Messrs. Wood & Sons, the curiosity dealers. The mummy is supposed to be the remains of Ptolemy II, and there is no doubt that there will be a great rush on the part of all Egyptologists to the Pontifex museum to see the new importation from the land of the Pharaohs.'" The paragraph then went on to say that £1,000 had been stated as the price of the mummy in question.

"Ain't that a waste o' money?" he said angrily, "and all on the mummy of a bloke as died thousands and thousands of years ago. Still, I shouldn't mind changin places with that cre mummy, purvidin, o' course, that it was to be lodged over the shop. What ho!" he concluded, with a wink at me.

I laughed. "I agree with you," I said. "I shouldn't have any objection at all to changing places with the mummy, say between the hours of midnight and 2 a. m., but I don't quite see how it's to be done."

"More don't I, guv'nor," returned Dick moodily.

He then relapsed into silence, blowing great clouds from his pipe, and the business passed out of my mind. It was recalled to me, however, in a very sudden manner some two months later, when, passing down a street near the Strand, I espied close to a pillar box a letter already stamped and addressed for posting, but which had evidently missed the box and fallen to the ground. Acting on the principle which has always led me to obtain as much knowledge as I can, I opened the envelope and was astonished to find that it was from Messrs. Wood & Sons and was addressed to Mr. Pontifex. This is what it said:

Dear Sir—The mummy to your esteemed order has now arrived at Southampton, and we expect it in London tomorrow. Will you kindly say if we can deliver same tomorrow afternoon? We understand the mummy is to be deposited first of all on your premises at Moore lane. Awaiting your reply, we are, yours very obediently, Wood & Sons.

As I read these words a happy thought flashed across my brain, and I resolved to put it into execution at once. Going straight to a telegraph office in the city I sent the following message to Wood & Sons:

Leaving London for a few days Retain mummy till further notice. Pontifex.

The message having been duly dispatched, I took my way at once to my lodgings, where I found my chum, Herring, sitting disconsolately on the sofa.

"Buck up, Dick, my lad!" I cried. "I think we're in luck at last. Read that letter."

I handed him the note which I had picked up near the pillar box, and he read it carefully. Then he said:

"Where's the luck in this, guv'nor?"

"What would you say if I told you that I intended to impersonate the mummy which Mr. Pontifex has ordered, and that, moreover, I intend to carry off all that I can lay my hands on during the night following my being delivered into his keeping?"

He smiled incredulously.

"How's it to be done, guv'nor? It's a knockout plan of course, but how's it to be done?"

"It will be by no means an easy task," I made answer, "and it's risky, but it may be done with care and discretion. Being extremely thin, I have the 'make up' of an ideal mummy. The first thing we have to obtain is an ancient mummy coffin, which I will go and buy at once."

I then proceeded to the establishment of the Messrs. Woods, where I bought an imitation coffin. The real article would have been exceedingly dear, and so I contented myself with a colorable imitation. Deep down in a huge recess I packed a long overcoat with capacious pockets, a few necessary tools, a lantern with matches and a few other handy appliances.

This being done, I obtained a quantity of butter cloths in which I was to be swathed. To give the same an ancient and brownish appearance I smoked them at the fire, the effect after that process being admirable.

Herring gave me valuable service, and we also enlisted the help of Jack Tovey, an ingenious youngster who had often done good work for us in days gone by.

He showed himself an apt pupil at the mummy business, and when I had rehearsed the attaching of the butter cloths to Herring's figure, as an example of the manner in which it should be done, he expressed himself as being quite able to do the same office for me when the time came.

It was a dangerous game, and only too well did I know it, but I determined to hope for the best and trust to the luck which always seemed to belong to me.

I determined to lose no time in carrying out the scheme because, although delays are dangerous everywhere, they are especially so in our profession. I therefore arranged that I should be conveyed to Mr. Pontifex's house in Moore lane arrayed as the mummy to his order on the following afternoon, Friday.

Fortunately the weather was very gloomy as the time and King Fog was over all things.

We engaged a spring cart to convey the coffin containing me to Moore lane, and at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon we set out, my two chums and I. In speaking of myself I should perhaps use the word "it," for never did any live man present so dead an appearance as I on that occasion. If it had not been for fear of bursting some of the butter cloths, I honestly think I should have broken out into hearty laughter, for the whole affair seemed to me one of the finest comedies on record.

At length the coffin was duly deposited in the room, and then I heard Pontifex tell the car men to withdraw the lid. This they did, and then I could feel that the jeweler was gazing at me fixedly, and I knew that if detection were to come it would come now. Thank heaven, it did not come! On the contrary, the worthy dealer in precious stones seemed greatly impressed with his purchase and insisted on delivering a short homily to the car men on the subject.

"See here, my good men," he said in an unctuous, satisfied voice; "see here, and admire the work which the ancient Egyptians knew so well how to perform. Think of the ages which have rolled by since Ptolemy II lived and ruled! Think of the millions who have since then turned into dust, and yet here am I able to look tonight on the intact body of that very king! Ah, a marvelous science, the science of embalming! Marvelous indeed!"

The hours went by with a slowness that tortured me. My face was on fire with perspiration, and though I could breathe through some small holes we had made in the butter cloths, my whole position was so exceedingly painful that I do not think I would go through such an ordeal again even for twice the temptation.

I heard the church clock in Cheapside strike the hours, and the interval between each hour seemed like a week. At length midnight struck, and then I knew that my awful rest was near its end. I could hear the servants locking up for the night.

I could hear Pontifex bidding them good night as he passed up stairs to bed, and half an hour later the house was as silent as the tomb.

"The time has come," I thought, "for Ptolemy to come to life. Here goes!"

I had provided myself with a ring to which a small blade was attached, and working away with the same I was able after much toil to free my arms, and afterward, of course, the work was comparatively easy, but for ten minutes or so I could not rise, my limbs being too cramped to allow of my doing so.

At the end of that time I pulled myself together, and making a mighty effort I leaped out. Seizing my lantern I lit it, and then put on the overcoat and other clothing which I had concealed in the deep receptacle.

Having put on my india rubber shoes and collected my professional instruments, I went down stairs silently, and soon found my way into the shop toward the treasures of which we had so long turned our eyes and which treasures now lay within my reach. I made a deliberate selection, filling my pockets with the precious stones in generous profusion.

A low whistle outside told me that my faithful pal, Herring, was watching to see that the coast was clear for my exit. I therefore took my way out into the passage, and using my best efforts to make no noise I slid back the great bolts and turned the key of the massive house door.

Everything went perfectly. The lane was deserted, and I walked rapidly in the direction of the Mansion House, where I was joined by Herring, who burst into a loud peal of laughter when he saw me.

"'Ow are yer, Mr. Tollermy?" he said. "Give us yer 'and. Blow me if yer ain't the coolest bloke wot I ever set eyes on."

Then he said no more, and we walked on silently till we reached our den in St. Luke's. Next morning a train from Charing Cross conveyed us to Folkestone, whence we journeyed to Paris, and from there to Brussels, where the swag was duly sold and split up into shares.

My companions, Herring and Tovey, decided that as I had had the lion's share of the work I should also have the same share of the proceeds, and the result was that I was richer by the night's transactions to the tune of something very much like £8,000.—London Tit-Bits.

### Priceless Trophies of the Hunt.

W. A. Baillie-Grohman writes of "Sports In the Seventeenth Century" for The Century. The author says:

The stag was altogether the most highly prized animal of the chase, and his antlers, if they were of great size or showed any abnormity in their growth, were the most treasured trophies of the hunt. When potentates made one another presents, these usually consisted of some famous deer head, for these nimrods not only vied with one another in the quantity of game they laid low, but also regarding their collections of antlers, upon which enormous sums were spent. For the famous 66 tined head killed in 1696 by the elector of Brandenburg and which is still preserved at the castle of Moritzburg, near Dresden, it is said that the elector of Saxony gave a company of the tallest grenadiers in his army. For an abnormal 36 point head one of the dukes of Wurtemberg gave a whole village, with its inhabitants, land, houses and church, including even the parson's prebend, as the chronicler does not forget to mention. A duke of Pomerania offered for a celebrated 32 tined head which he was anxious to have for his collection a sum which would correspond to $25,000 of our present money, and, what is more, his bid was refused. Upon the spots where great stags were killed monuments were erected, and in more than one instance monasteries and cloisters were founded in such localities as well as in those where some great nimrod had escaped mortal danger.

### North and South.

The traveler who journeys southward through William Penn's "low counties" finds himself on this line of demarcation between "the north" and "the south." Philadelphia, the last of the "northern cities," lies behind him, and when Baltimore is reached the traveler begins to feel that he has passed into a different atmosphere. A certain unmistakable difference in voice and speech and a softer manner are, more than anything else, the first southern characteristics to strike the stranger. The colored folk become more plentiful, and pickaninnies at the doors of whitewashed cabins form a not unfamiliar foreground touch in the landscape south of the city of Penn. From a car window one sees little of the change that comes over the face of nature in passing from one region to another, but to him who fares by the way, with a keen instinct for things afield, comes the knowledge of just where the subtle change takes place, for it is by the range of country that a bird inhabits or where some particular tree or wild flower grows that nature maps out the boundary lines of regions.—Spencer Trotter in Popular Science Monthly.

## FOREIGN CRITICISM.

### A Gold Standard English Authority Criticises Intolerant American Millionaires.

The London Spectator, a strict gold monometallic paper, has some very harsh words for the trustees of Brown University for dismissing Dr Andrews, the president, because of his bimetallic views. It says:

"Now we need not say that we do not find in bimetallism any solution of the economic problem of America or any other country. But we readily admit the existence of respectable authorities on that side. The present British and French cabinets contain bimetallists of standing, and in not a few of the leading European universities the professors of economics advocate the silver cause. Men like the late M de Laveleye, like the late M Cernuschi, like the late Dr F A Walker, like M Meline, Mr Balfour, Professor Foxwell, take the bimetallist view. But think of Mr Foxwell being dismissed from the chair of political economy at University college because of his views on currency! Think of Professor Marshall being dismissed from the chair of political economy at Cambridge because he favors municipal ownership of public services! The late Mr Thorold Rogers was notoriously elected to his chair at Oxford by men who avowedly disbelieved in his political, and largely disbelieved in his economic, opinions.

"It is reserved for the free West to dismiss from academic service tried and competent teachers at the bidding of kings of millionaires who will not bear one single criticism or questioning of the justice or necessity of their doings, or of the character and tendency of the trusts they have built up with the aid and at the expense of the public. The divine right of kings is to be succeeded by the divine right of millionaires, who are to run everything, including the American senate and the conscience and intellect of university professors! It is none of our duty to say how the American people should deal with the portentous growth of that money power which overshadows the institutions of the Republic. But we think that the rich men of America are revealing such a deadly plot against all genuine public freedom; that, unless we are mistaken, the opening years of the new century will witness an outburst in the West which will amaze the civilized world.

## DISCOUNT GOLD MONEY.

The editor of the Salem Journal took a run over to Vistoria the other day to see his British cousins, and this is what he writes about the money in circulation there:

"Our American money is taken freely by all classes here, but we had to be careful to take no Canadian money back to the states with us, as it is promptly discounted by the 'hoarsted Yankees.' This seems very strange, when those very money changers who discount it are constantly telling us of the necessity of having sound money, a dollar that is good the world over. They refer us with great pride to the monetary system and currency of gold standard Britain as the great model to be followed yet when any of that ideal good redeemable money is presented to them it is immediately discounted from 10 to 20 per cent."

Jacksonville Times: "The federal appointments agreed upon by Oregon's congressional delegation have caused a great deal of dissatisfaction, and many a knife will be unsheathed by the disappointed ones and their friends during the next campaign. T T Geer's partisans are highly incensed because he has been turned down for collector of customs, and it seems doubtful whether he will decide to become register of the Oregon City land office. It is thought that Senator Patterson of Marion county will get the coveted plum, although there is much opposition to him. The Times has a very friendly feeling for Mr Geer, and advises him to accept the position tendered him. A salary of $3000 a year and perquisites is not to be sneezed at nowdays. Besides, we think he will be offered nothing else. Mr Geer is too honest and inflexible to make such a collector of customs as his party's managers desire. That is the whole thing in a nutshell."

## CITY ORDINANCES SHOULD BE PUBLISHED.

Junction City Times: In answer to an inquiry we will state that no charges are made by this paper for publishing the proceedings of the city council. But few papers in the valley publish the council proceedings in full free of charge and they are not to blame for it either. Take Eugene for instance. A good healthy city with papers deserving of support but when a new ordinance is passed it is posted in some back alley and the first thing the average citizen will know that such a law is in existence, is when he is fined for its violation. The taxpayers of incorporated cities want to know what the city fathers are doing, the laws they enact, in fact all about matters pertaining to city affairs. They are also willing to pay for such knowledge. The city council of Junction publishes all ordinances and pays for them and in turn the Times publishes the full proceedings and all other matter pertaining to city affairs and therefore the tax payer is well informed as to the use made with tax money and is ready to uphold the law and adapt himself to any changes that may be made as such matters are placed before him through the Times.

## A CIVIL SERVICE FRAUD.

Civil service may be all well enough confined to certain limits, but when it is carried to such lengths as to produce a result like that which occurred in San Francisco the other day it is carried too far. When a man is elected or appointed to an office he should have the right to name his subordinates, especially those whom he must trust.

In the case in question, one of the subordinates in the San Francisco postoffice became a defaulter to the amount of nearly $10,000. The postmaster was sued on his official bond for the amount of the defalcation and Judge Morrow of the federal court has decided that he was liable. The facts are that the defaulter was placed in his position by the department under the civil service regulations. The postmaster did not appoint him and could not remove him, but still he must be responsible for his peculations.

## GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION.

The granting of injunctions expected to break the strike and force the striking Ohio coal miners into submission to the operators is a nice business for courts of justice to engage in. The coal miners organized and quit work in order to protect themselves against aggression on the part of the operators to break the strike and force the strikers to such aggressions.

It is no wonder the miners feel outraged, and call upon all those who see the great danger to our institutions and liberties in the usurpations of the judiciary, to make common cause with them in battling against the encroachments of the judiciary on the rights of labor.

## WHO PAYS THE TAX?

(Roseburg Review.)

"Marseilles, Aug 29.—An orderly demonstration, in which 3000 persons, headed by the mayor and several deputies, participated, took place here today. It was decided to send a resolution to the government in favor of the abolition of the duty on corn."

What a strange state of affairs this dispatch reveals. These people are indignant because the tariff on corn raises the price of that commodity, which they import. Here in the United States high tariff politicians tell us that the foreigner who ships in the goods pays the tariff tax on them.

The easy going Britishers are having a taste of the expensive luxury of American law. The attorneys representing the Australian government in the extradition of murderer Butler demand $30,000 for their services in the case. Of course they hail from San Francisco.