

Only to be a bird. In the primrose dark of the morning— No future, no past. Just a present, with wings For an instant cast On the green verge of things. Then to cease without warning. —Helen M. Bullis in Century.

THE UNDERSTUDY.

There is no more popular place of entertainment in London than the Queen's theater, in the Strand, and it seemed on that particular evening as if the entire theater-going public had fixed on it for its evening's amusement. It was to be a great occasion. Old Guy Ashlyn, after a retirement of 12 years, had been persuaded to appear for one night as Hamlet, the greatest of all his triumphs. Carriage after carriage rolled up to the box office, and a crowd waited at the pill entrance large enough to baffle the good tempered policemen who had charge of it. The excitement behind the scenes was almost as great. Scarcely any of the present company had enjoyed the honor—it was an honor—of acting with "dear old Guy." His success had been that of the last generation, but in spite of his seventy odd years, almost all acted in hard work, the old fellow still had the high spirits and alert figure of a young man.

About half an hour before the doors were to be opened to the public his brougham drove up to the stage entrance, and amid a little chorus of welcome from the crowd waiting for his appearance he sprang to the pavement. Everybody was delighted to see him full of vigor as he genially turned round to help his granddaughter alight. Then came his pupil, young Allen Webster, who had undertaken to look after his master and even act as "dresser," for he had understood his whims, and old Guy Ashlyn was apt to be nervous and irritable with strangers.

Everything had been done to study the convenience of the old tragedian. The greenroom had been temporarily converted into a dressing room to save him the necessity of climbing stairs between the scenes, and with his own pupil to act as "dresser" and strict orders given that no one should disturb him his strength would be spared as much as possible for the most trying part on the English stage. Mr. Ashlyn led the way to his dressing room, closely followed by Grace and Allen. "Do you feel at all nervous, dear?" asked his granddaughter. "Not a bit, my love," answered the old man cheerily. "I feel 20 years younger, and when I face the footlights I shall feel like a boy."

"That's all right," said the girl. "Now, Allen," she continued, turning to the young man, with a slight blush, "mind you look after him. I shall hold you responsible." "It strikes me," said the young fellow, with a laugh, "that Mr. Ashlyn is quite capable of taking care of himself and everybody else in the theater."

"Then I shall run away and dress. Remember, grandpa, I shall keep quite close to you on the stage, and I know every line in Hamlet, so if you forget anything I shall be able to prompt."

"Both you and your prompting!" said the old man testily. "I played Hamlet before you were born."

"Then, with a nod and a smile, Grace, who was to be one of the crowd, so that if her grandfather's strength failed him she would be close at hand, danced away to her dressing room.

"It seems to me, young fellow," said Mr. Ashlyn as soon as he and his pupil were alone, "that you and Miss Grace have commended a little sweetheating."

"The young man smiled consciously. "I hope you won't raise any objection, sir," he said. "I wasn't going to say anything about it just yet, but you are so sharp."

"Bless your soul, my dear boy," said the old man grimly, "I played lover for nearly 30 years. I ought to understand the part. What does she say about it?"

"Well, she won't say anything very definite," he answered. "Have I your permission, Mr. Ashlyn, to win her if I can?" "Win her by all means, but I won't have any marrying until you have shown us whether you can act. Personally I think you have a future if you do what I tell you."

"I intend to do well, for her sake," said Allen quietly. "At any rate no man on the stage has been better taught than I have."

The old fellow's eyes twinkled at the compliment, but the necessity for dressing and making up prevented further conversation.

At exactly a quarter past 8 the curtain was rung up, and an eager house, crowded from floor to ceiling, waited to welcome the old favorite. The first scene was finished, and in the second, a room of state in the king's palace, Hamlet makes his first appearance.

He was recognized at once, and it seemed as if one mighty shout of welcome rose from every person present.

It was a trying moment for an old gentleman, who had long since passed the ordinary years of human life. Before him were the footlights, which he had not faced for 12 years, and beyond them nearly 3,000 people, shouting, yelling, applauding—him.

He stood and bowed. Still the applause continued, and he bowed again and again. People said that he bowed a little stiffly and awkwardly, like one who is not used to it. Near him—through none of the audience noticed her—stood a girl, with a sweet but anxious face. She was dressed as one of the court ladies, and it might have been observed that she always stood as close to old Guy as the business of the stage would allow.

Even as he stood bowing, with a queer, almost bewildered, look on his face, she was whispering reassuring words.

"The moment came for Hamlet to speak, "A little more than kin and less than kind."

Every eye is riveted on the figure in black, every line is listened to with anxious, throbbing interest, but here the old man's failure was more noticeable than ever. In addition to being more or less inaudible, he had the misfortune to trip slightly as he ran down some steps, following the ghost. It seemed to upset his nerve. Perhaps it reminded him that he was an old man, that his sight, voice and hearing were all imperfect.

But the house treated him with great respect. In his movements there were still some traces of the great artist, but as scene after scene followed the tedium became almost unbearable.

The old man had lost that indescribable art, the secret of all acting—sympathy. He believed he was impressing the house, whereas in reality people were yawning. His physical strength was unequal to the task. He made long and ridiculous pauses, and people thought he had forgotten his lines.

By degrees the audience became fidgety. At last a voice in the gallery called out, not unkindly: "Hurry up, Guy. You are too long."

Oddly enough, that seemed to break the spell. It suddenly flashed across the poor old fellow that he was not a success, but a terrible failure. He tried to keep his wits about him, but the shock was too great. He began to forget his lines.

At last the curtain fell on act two amid the sound of mingled applause and hissing. It was scarcely to be wondered at. There were many in the house who had never seen Guy Ashlyn before. To them he was a tradition, not a reality, and they had no more respect for him than any other actor.

In vain the older members of the audience called "Order!" and "Shame!" There could be no doubt that the verdict was failure, and the old man went back to his dressing room leaning on Allen's arm. His head was bowed on his breast, and he trembled in every limb. He knew now that he had presumed too much on his strength; that his return was a mistake.

But the question which tormented the manager and his friends was, How would the evening end? At present only two acts had been finished. There were still three to follow. Would it end in a scene, in a fiasco?

It is not too much to say that the entire audience suffered agonies. They had come out to be amused and exhilarated. They were being tortured. Nothing but a feeling of respect and sympathy kept them in their places, but the evening still had a surprise in store for them. In the third act Guy Ashlyn seemed to recover himself. His improvement was scarcely noticeable at first, but before the difficult scene with Ophelia was over he had settled down to his work with some sort of confidence.

It was not the Guy Ashlyn of old, as the critics remarked sadly, but at least he was audible. He spoke his lines crisply and began to show something of his old decision.

As the play proceeded the improvement became more marked. Encouraged by the applause, he began to throw some of his old fire into it. What was the secret of it? How was it that an old man of nearly 80, who had shown distinct signs of collapse, had suddenly gathered up his strength so as to act almost with the finish of his young days?

The contrast between this and his feebleness in the earlier part of the play was so great that the public scarcely knew how to show its approval audibly. Every one looked and dreaded a fiasco. They were witnessing a triumph.

Some half dozen old actors, sitting in the front row of the stalls, who had been friends of Guy Ashlyn in his youth, looked at one another in puzzled amazement.

At the fall of the curtain on the fifth act, in response to a terrific cry of "Ashlyn!" the actor came slowly forward. But it seemed that he had spent his strength, for his acknowledgment was of the briefest, and he was evidently glad to retire behind the curtain, where Grace was waiting for him.

A number of friends were there eager to speak to him and full of curiosity, but the girl waved them back.

"Please don't speak to him," she said firmly. "He is quite exhausted and must get home as quickly as possible."

Then she slipped her arm through his, and with drooping head and hesitating feet, he allowed himself to be conducted to his dressing room.

There a scene presented itself which would have surprised everybody except one or two of those who had played leading parts in the performance and a few members of the profession who had known the great tragedian personally.

Guy Ashlyn was sitting by the dressing room fire in his ordinary clothes. His head was sunk on his breast, and two or three tears trickled down his cheeks and fell with a splash on to the trembling, withered hand.

When the two young people entered, he looked up with a faint smile. Grace at once locked the door, and, running across to him, threw her arms around his neck and whispered words of loving comfort.

It was Allen Webster who had finished the play. It was not for nothing that he had studied for three years under the greatest actor of the age. He knew his every manner and gesture by heart. It happened that there was a slight resemblance between the two in appearance. Indeed it was the resemblance to the tragedian which had first suggested to the young man the idea of going on the stage. It was a gigantic task, and he had undertaken it to save the reputation of his old master.

As he stood panting with excitement and exhaustion, with one elbow on the mantelpiece, Grace suddenly left her grandfather, and going up to him put her arms around him, too, and with blushing, tear stained face, whispered her thanks.—Lloyd Williams in New York Journal.

An Invisible Monkey.

There are many animals, especially birds and insects, which mimic in their colors and shapes the natural objects amid which they dwell, and thus frequently escape the eyes of their enemies, but, as Dr. Lydekker says in Knowledge, "Until quite recently no case was known where a monkey, for the sake of protection, resembled in form or coloration either some other animal or an inanimate object."

Such monkeys were discovered by Dr. J. W. Gregory during his recent journey in East Africa. Near relatives of the monkeys seen by him have long been known to naturalists, and have excited surprise by the brilliant contrast of the black fur covering their body and limbs with the snow white plumes on their tails. This contrast, Dr. Gregory found, serves to render the animals practically invisible, for the trees which they inhabit have black stems and are draped with pendent masses of gray white lichen, amid which the monkeys can hardly be distinguished.

MILITARY ROAD WORK.

The County Authorities Put it In Good Condition—New Bridges and Improved Grades.

Southern Oregon Trade.

Daily Guard Oct. 22. From Chas Williams, who left here today with two wagons loaded with supplies for Silver Lake parties, in Klamath county, we learn that the work did by Lane county, and in process of completion, is of a substantial and durable character.

Mr Gilbert, the superintendent, with a force of men have done splendid work at Crowbar and Boulder grades, a few miles this side of the summit, reducing the grades and leveling the road which had become sidling. The wagon bridges across Simpson and Swift creeks will be finished so that travel can get across them after this week. These bridges will be great conveniences for travel as the fords are rough, and a slight rise of water makes fording dangerous.

Mr Williams says Klamath county people can make big wages by coming to Eugene for supplies, and he expects to see far more travel in the future across the Military road, now that it is being put in good condition. Our business men should reach out for the Southeastern Oregon trade. The Military road has easy grades and when ranchers and stockmen know it will be kept up, they will make arrangements to come to Eugene for their supplies. They will come but once a year, but will take back groceries and dry goods by wagon loads. As soon as the weather settles next spring this road should be looked after. For a number of miles there are no settlers and the public must bear the charge of its maintenance.

RARE AUTOGRAPHS.

A Collection Which Secretary of State Kincaid Has in His Possession.

Oregon Statesman, Oct. 20, 1897: Among the personal treasures of State Secretary H. R. Kincaid, and which he kindly exhibited to a Statesman representative yesterday afternoon, is a superb collection of autographs of the famous men of America, gathered by the secretary during his thirteen years of service at the national capitol.

Many of these celebrated signatures are attached to letters and documents addressed personally to Mr. Kincaid, in a public or private capacity, and are highly valued by that gentleman, as well they may be. There are certainly few collections of the sort containing so many illustrious names and the fact that many of these distinguished people were his colleagues and friends makes the possession of their autographs doubly precious to him.

Among the great senators of the nation in this group may be found the names of John T. Morgan, Wm Pinkey White, H B Anthony, A H Garfield, F M Cockrell, Isham G Harris, S B Maxey, W Windom, S I R McMillan, Angus Cameron, A T Paddock, J S Morrill, J J Ingalls, H W Blair, Z Chandler, John A Logan, J H Slater, M H Carpenter, B K Bruce, and W B Allison.

Culled from a long list of distinguished representatives are noted the following: Thomas Ryan, Thomas Updegraff, T J Henderson, Ben Butterworth, D C Haskell, J H Ketchum, J A Garfield, Thomas H Brents, Wm Aldrich, R G Horr, Anson G McCook, Joseph R Hawley, J Warren Keifer, H H Bringham, O D Conger, L P Morton, W D Washburn, Godlove S Orth, Wm McKinley, Jr, John Mitchell, Chas O'Neill, L C Hook, Frank Hiecock, Chas H Joyce and E K Valentine.

Still another group contains the signatures of such men as John M Clayton, of Delaware; Pierre Soule, of Louisiana; J K Dooley, of Wisconsin; J W Nesmith, of Oregon; John P Hat of New Hampshire; Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine; Jefferson Davis; Salmon P Chase; H W Gore, of Massachusetts; John W Forney, Charles Sumner, Stephen R Mallory, Simon Cameron, Sam Houston, John Sherman, Schuyler Colfax, Gerret Davis, Lyman Trumbull, Daniel Webster, James Buchanan, Henry A Foster, W L Dawson, James Semple, James Shields, W P Fessenden, Robert Toombs, James Harlan, Andrew Johnson, Ben Fitzpatrick, Wm H Seward, C C Clay, Jr, S C Pomeroy, John C Ten Eyck, W Sausbury, Sidney Breese, John S Hunter, Preston King, Ben F Wade, Ben Stark, of Oregon, and others of equal fame and honored memory.

Besides the foregoing, Mr. Kincaid possesses a book of autographs of parallel importance and a large number of letters signed by many of the brilliant leaders in national affairs between the years 1866-1879; but the matters of especial value to him in the collection, are the autographs of the members of both houses of congress in 1867, signed to letters of endorsement and recommendation to the president for his appointment to a federal position. These are signed by nearly all the members of both houses in 1879, irrespective of party, and including two members of the house who have since been elected to the office of president of the United States, namely, James A. Garfield and Wm. McKinley, Jr.

Great as is the interest felt in reviewing such a collection as this for its own inherent value and the rarity of the now famous specimens of chirography, that interest is palpably deepened by the running comment by way of description or anecdote in connection with very many of these historic men, in which Secretary Kincaid indulges as he shows forth the treasurer. There is hardly a name in the collection the utterance of which does not instantly recall the high, and even glorious career, for which it stands and infinite pleasure is had from simply looking over them for one's self, but when this is supplemented by the pleasant recitals of a man who was close to these honored Americans, familiar with their habit and thought and speech and action, the privilege takes on a charm that is profoundly appreciated.

The press which is today attributing the prevalent price of wheat to the Dingley bill is too dishonest to be worthy of belief, and this being the case, it is very surprising that men of average ability and political acumen can be induced to train with such mendacity and utter disregard of common sense. It is not common sense; it is not common decency or regard for fact. Nowhere in this broad land of ours is there a man senseless enough to believe such rot, unless he be in the asylum or a fit subject for incarceration. Of course, so far as Oregon is concerned, the better price for wheat has caused better times. What caused this better price, natural causes or the Dingley bill? Of course there is but one answer.

It is a general belief that no modern Jew ever becomes a farmer. A Jewish association, however, has organized the "National Farm School," at Doylestown, Pa, with obvious intention of creating some farmers from young Jews. Of course the school is open to all, but it is distinctly a Jewish enterprise, avowedly intended for the benefit of the Jewish people. The society has purchased a good farm and erected thereon suitable buildings, and is, of course, out of debt. One would expect the financial arrangements of a Jewish benevolent enterprise to be satisfactory, and they are. To the extent of the means of the society pupils are admitted free. During the winter their time is mainly occupied in the school; during the summer their principal duty is on the farm. It is a manual-labor school at which the student, so far as possible, pays for his education by his labor. What is lacking is made up otherwise.

A thousand business men of Manchester, England, have signed a petition to the government asking it to carry out its pledges to do all possible to secure a stable par of exchange between gold and silver and suggesting a compromise between the extreme views of both parties. It is a noticeable fact that the business men and the newspapers of Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield and the other great industrial centers of England are more favorable to a practical scheme of bimetalism than is London. The London newspapers are always accepted, outside of that country, as speaking the sentiments of the nation, but it often happens that the Manchester and Birmingham journals get nearer to the real mind of the English people.

Here is a late ruling of the post office department: "Letter carriers are not required to subject themselves to the risk of being devoured by vicious dogs in delivering mail matter." One of the standing regulations of the department is that owners of vicious dogs must call at the postoffice and get their own mail unless in some way they make it entirely safe for the carrier to deliver it. A craze for dog keeping seems at present to possess city dwellers in this country, and the postoffice department takes occasion to inform owners of ugly tempered canines that it does not propose to let its servants be torn to pieces.

Roseburg Review: Congressman Tongue says nickel will be placed on the dutiable list whenever congress can be assured that Douglas county has deposits of the metal of any considerable importance. This is not likely to ever happen since the nickel monopoly wants no tariff and this "protective" tariff is only placed where it will have the effect of aiding some trust or corporation and induce a liberal subscription to a campaign fund.

The adherents of Henry George in New York are circulating the report that Wm J Bryan is supporting his candidacy. Replying to a telegram, he stated that he would positively take no part in the local fight. Ex-president Harrison declines to decide between Low and Tracy. The campaign is warming up and meetings are held throughout the city every night in numerous places.

Last night was a stormy one. Arthur Kelly, of Burns, is in Eugene. Rev Father Daly went to Monroe this morning. F P Keniston, of Los Angeles, Cal, is in the city. C P Houston, of Junction, arrived up this afternoon. Roy Crow, son of E J Crow, has gone to Arizona on a trip. J A Roach and C M Hileman, of Dallas spent last night in Eugene. Secretary Kincaid arrived up from Salem this afternoon to spend Sunday. Edwin Badreau went to Halsey today, where he will preach tomorrow. Miss Rosa Rees of Thurston is visiting her friend Miss Alice Baldwin of this city. Mrs Vina Lemley, came down today from Creswell where she is teaching school. We learn that the health of Vina Straub, who is in New Mexico, is improving. Sherwood Burr has moved his office to the Conser building up stairs, over Yorán & Son's store. Miss Jessie Livermore left for Walton this morning where she will commence a term of school Monday. A letter from Hon CK Wilkinson, who is still in New York City, says his condition remains about the same. District Attorney W E Yates arrived up from Corvallis this afternoon to attend circuit court which convenes Monday. J D Matlock & Co are selling their stock of goods at auction this afternoon. Generally speaking the articles bring low prices. Rev J R N Bell, formerly of Ashland and Roseburg, who has been pastor of the Presbyterian church at Baker City has resigned his charge and will move to California. Aurelius Armitage brings the GUARD a sample Burbank potato from his garden on the McKenzie. It is 12 inches long, 10 inches around and weighs 3 pounds. North Yamhill item: A good many hop growers have shipped to London through the Corbett & Macleay Co and received an advance of six cents per pound on the consignment. Street Commissioner Mummy is cleaning the sidewalks today. For the past two weeks he has been superintending the graveling force and has been compelled to neglect the sidewalks. Fred E Chambers, the prominent young hardware merchant of Independence, is in the city visiting his parents, Mr and Mrs J B Chambers, and his brother, F L Chambers, Eugene's well-known hardware man. Hon Nat Langell and wife, of Jacksonville, are in the city visiting their daughter, Mrs W C Hale. Mr Langell was a member of the "late lamented fare" at Salem, but evidently regrets his connection with it. Today's Albany Herald: Mr Van Wilson, who has been at Duluth, Minnesota, for a year or more, was a passenger on last night's train for Eugene, where his family went a few days ago and where they will reside. The New York steamship trade with New Orleans and Galveston is about paralyzed because of the prevalence of yellow fever at those points. The steamships of the Morgan line, one from each port, are bound back to New York with cargoes of freight intended for distribution throughout Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas, which the authorities declared would not be allowed to pass the limits of the plague-stricken ports.

IN IDAHO MINES.

L W Gay, a Former Lane County Man, Has Good Prospects. L W Gay, now of Kellogg, Idaho, but formerly a resident of this county, in writing to renew his subscription to the GUARD sends a few general items of interest. Mr Gay says that all the mines in that section are running full blast. He also reports that a good deal of outside capital is coming in there at present, and taking hold of prospects that have been lying idle for some time. Mr Gray reports that himself and three other prospectors owning adjoining claims have bonded the group for \$50,000 with very good prospects of the sale being consummated.

WILL CONSIGN PRUNES.—Norris Humphrey has made arrangements to consign his 90,000 pounds of dried prunes to Phil F Keller, of Seattle, Washington, a commission merchant. He will load them at Irving Monday in three cars. He received an advance of two cents per pound.

Is P. M. Now.—Ferry Sherwood is now postmaster at Cottage Grove, having taken possession yesterday. The retiring postmaster, J P Curran, made a most excellent official and we trust that Mr Sherwood will be as good a one.

Wheat is 69 cents a bushel here today. A dance will be given at Coburg this evening. A taste of Webfoot weather this afternoon. Today's southbound local was 20 minutes late. Thousands of wild geese passed over the city last night. "Butcher" Weyler, of Cuba, refuses to surrender his command. Eugene had four delegates at the meeting of Baptists at McMinnville this week. At Puyallup, Wash, hop buyers are offering 13 1/2 cents, but growers are holding for 15 cents. The semaphore at the S P station is now in its new position opposite the dispatcher's window. Astoria has a Push Club. It has a big field for work, and might well spread itself out over the state. An Umpqua sportsman turned loose five pair wild turkeys on the headwaters of the Umpqua river the other day. Ernest Lee has been appointed agent of the Oregon Telegraph & Telephone Co at Junction, vice C P Houston, resigned. J C Walton, of Halsey who stopped over here to visit his brother, L E Walton, left for Roseburg on today's 2:04 local. Bowling alleys and merry-go-rounds will hereafter be compelled to pay a license of \$10 per month or \$25 per quarter in Baker City. The five months baby of Wm Wallace died at Creswell Monday and was buried in the Odd Fellows cemetery at Cottage Grove yesterday. A Boston woman who died recently left \$24,000 in money stowed away in her bustle. It must have created quite a bustle among her relatives when the find was made. J B Huntly, who lives near La Grande, in Eastern Oregon, trapped a cinnamon bear in his orchard that weighed 250 pounds. The bear was stealing apples. A few handfulls of decomposed granite from the walk at the depot will fix a slippery sidewalk. The sharp grains of sand take hold preventing slipping. Geo Yerington, who is now at his Blue River mines, is expected to arrive here about November 1 and will take a position in A Yerington's Ninth street pharmacy. The Oregon intercollegiate football association meets in the St Charles hotel, Albany, tonight. The schedule for the season's games will be arranged and other business transacted. Nicholas B Sinnott, of The Dalles, for years landlord of the Umattilla House at that place, died in Portland yesterday from liver trouble and dropsy. He was 65 years of age. Hon M C George was yesterday appointed judge to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge TA Stephens, of department No 4, of the circuit court for Multnomah county, by Governor Lord. It is likely a doorway will be cut between E R Skipworth's law office and the front room in the adjoining Shelton building. This will give Mr Skipworth a fine suite of rooms, both fronting on the street. Mr J W Cook, owner of the Music mine in the Bohemia district, states that he cleaned up \$30,000 in bullion and concentrates from the middle of May to Oct 1st, with a five stamp mill. He has put in wood and provisions for an all winter's run. Minto correspondent to Salem Statesman: Mr Collins' favorable report of his trip to Alaska has caused the "gold fever" to run high in this neighborhood again, and some that had thought of going before and had given up the idea now declare they will go in the spring. The Dalles T-M: While in Baker City last Saturday Sheriff Driver attended the meeting of the Press Association, representing the Times-Mountaineer. He says he had a splendid time, and was so favorably impressed with the newspaper fraternity that he is almost persuaded to turn editor himself. The Albany Herald of the 19th inst, has the following: "Lasselle & Sons, who own a fine prune orchard near Albany, and built a large dryer this season, shipped to Portland Saturday twenty-five tons of dried prunes. J F Peebler also shipped eight tons. The price received after the fruit was graded is 3 to 4 1/2 cents per pound." Honors continue to fall on Altamont and Teocora, the latest being the mile at La Grande, which put Umahalls in the 2:20 list. No other pair of horses living or dead has produced such a remarkable family of descendants. Chehalis (2:07), Del Norte (2:08), Touchet (2:15), Lenino (2:19), three sons and one daughter, in the 2:20 list, and Walter Q (2:18), by Del Norte, and Umahalls (2:17), by Chehalis, as grandchildren.