SATURDAY NOVEMBER 27.

O P Hoff of Irving, is in the city. Kola Nels, of Albany, is in the city. Charles Griffin returned from Albany today.

Dr I D Driver was an arrival on to day's 2:04 local.

Herbert Condon of the Register, has returned from California.

Mrs A J Johnson arrived home from

Creswell on today's 10:50 local. Mrs R S Bean came up on today's

2:04 local from her Salem home. Miss Anna Oglesby of Junction,

the guests of friends in Eugene. Attorney A C Woodcock arrived home from Salem and Corvallis today.

A Wheeler returned home today from a trip to Linn and Marion countion.

Mr and Mrs W L Bristow of Pleasant Hill spent Thanksgiving in the weeks. P D Gilbert, the commercial tourist

is in the city to spend Sunday with train. his family. R A Copple of the Divinity school,

went to Cottage Grove to conduct services tomorrow. Father W A Daly went to Monroe

this morning and will conduct services there tomorrow. Miss Dell Brumley came up from Ir-

with relatives here. Miss Lulu Morris, who is teaching in Junction City, is spending Thanks-

giving holidays at home. Secretary of State Kincald is up from Salem to attend the funeral of his

step-father, M S Riddel. Mrs Wesley Shannon leaves on the

overland tonight for Ashland where she will visit for a month. Mrs EJ Frasier and child leave on

tonight's 11:28 overland for Woodland, Calif, to visit with relatives. Arthur Gardiner, of the Eugene

Divinity school went to Corvallis today, and will preach there tomorrow.

President P L Campbell, of the Monmouth normal school, was in Eugene last night, returning home today.

Miss Nettle Whitney, teacher in the Albany public schools, is spending the Thanksgiving vacation with relatives in Eugene.

Miss Flora Settlemier of Woodburn who has been visiting at the home of Mrs Wesley Shannon, in this city, returned home today.

new engineer at the State Reform school, Salem, is la the city visiting relatives and friends.

Rock Bryson, Ed McClaushan and Sig Young returned today from Cor vallis, where they witnessed the Thanksgiving football game.

Hon R M Veatch, register of the U B was kept busy during his stay here

and enterprising Cottage Grove Messenger, gave us a pleasant call today. He is publishing an excellent paper.

Cot age Grove Leader: Miss Minerva Hemenway was taken with a seyere spell of sickness, Thursday evening and considerable anxiety was at first felt over her but we are glad to state she is recovering.

Three families, relatives of Mr and Mrs M Svarverud will leave Valley City, North Dakota, for Eugene Nov 30th, to make it their permanent home. A car load of their belongings was shipped from that place to Eugene today.

Dexter Items.

Nov. 24.

The river has been too high to ferry a portion of the time during the past week, but is passable now.

We learn that a comedy is being arranged for presentation about Christ-

Howard Vincent returned Saturday from Jones' mill, being compelled to lay off for some time on account of having his foot cut.

The Upper Lost valley school has closed for the winter.

The Scrivner, Mooney and Howard hunting party returned from the neighborhood of Kitson's Springs Tuesday. They killed about 20 deer.

Henry Tilton went to Eugene Monday and brought the irons for the new bridge which is to be erected near D C Mathews'.

A social party and oyster supper was given by Ferd Parker last Friday even-

Fletcher Coffman is again abroad in the land and may be expected to visit friends here in the near future.

Bidders have ceased to rustle for bondsmen and now the question is, who will be awarded the contract for carrying the mail on the several routes in this end of the county? Time will FRIDAY NOVEMBER 26.

Rev C A Wooley visited in Eugene

Postmaster Roney, of Goehen was

J A Gwinn returned to Corvallis this A Wheeler went to Linn county

this forenoon. Postmaster J O'Brien of Leaburg,

was in Eugene yesterday. Sol Abraham, the ploneer Roseburg

merchant, is in the city, Today's Oregonian has two whole

ages devoted to football. Attorney A C Woodcock went to Ba

lem on this forenoon's local train.

Henry E Ankeny expects to return to his mine in Jackson county tonight. Miss Carrie Lauer went to Portland this forenoon to visit for a couple of

W L Houston and Mayor Oglesby of Junction came up on this afternoon's

Albert E Raleigh, a pleneer son Portland, died at his home in that city yesterday. J Vin Cook, the Portland capitalist

is in the city the guest of Henry Ankeny and family. Mastin Taylor left for his home at Meacham this forenoon after a very

ving today and will spend Sunday pleasant visit in Eugene and Lane county. Wm Cummings has bought of E B Smith the second hand store on Ninth street and will hereafter conduct the

business Geo W Pickett, who is spending a couple of months in San Francisco orders the DAILY GUARD sent to him

at Hotel Langham, 145 Ellis street. J A Gwinn and wife of Salem, spent Thanksgiving in Eugene visiting friends and relatives. Mr Gwinn is engineer on the U S snag boat Math-

loms. The Portland Daily Tribune says John Edmundson's work in the foot-ball game in that city yesterday "was de erving of special comment," and that "he frequently broke through the I'me and often tackled the runner."

Portland Commercial Review: "The Eugene, Or flour mills is one of the few mills that can say they are very busy and shipping large quantities of flour daily to all points on the Southern Pacific railroad."

A Chicago minister has outdone all competitors by introducing a full brass band into his church to take the place of the paid choir, and he also per-Fred Kinsey, an old time Eugeneite, mits "appeause from the congregation," as another attractive feature.

CONVICTED OF MANSLAUGHTER H A Harrington, Who Shot A C Me-

Kay Near Wilbur.

DAVENPORT, Wash., Nov 25 .- H A land office at Roseburg, Oregon, was in slaughter in the Lincoln county the city today on a business visit. He superior court today. He was one of a party of four men traveling on the shaking hands with his host of friends. Wilbur road in buggles at night. They Rev and Mrs P O Bonebrake arrived had been drinking. Harrington shot from Los Angeles Cal, on the 4:19 at the buggy ahead of his and one of the builets killed A C McKay. They overland this morning. He will at were friends and had started out in once enter upon his duties as pastor of the United Brethren church.

Herace Mann, editor of the lively said, resided in Eugene.

DIED .- James Moore, aged 89 years, died near Boyd, Wasco county, last week. He was born in Wabash county, Ill, and came to this coast in 12 locating in Lane county, where he resided till about eight years ago, when he went to Wasco county and took up his residence with his son-in-law, J R Hanns, where he died. Deceased leaves three sons, Henry and George of Rock Creek, Gilliam county, and William, of Camas Swail, Lane county, and two daughters, Mrs J B Han na of Boyd, and Mrs Bryant of Colfax, Wash.

DIED.—Mr and Mrs R H Shacklett will lose you. If I stay here and try to study a profession, it will take years and death of their niece, Mrs Maggie Dobbins, nee Hayden, of Los Animos, Colorado, twhich occurred Nev 20, Mrs Hayden resided two years in Eugene, with her aunt, and has many friends herejwho will be pained to learn of her death. She leaves a husand and babe one year old.

A genius in the State of Nevada has invented a road wagon which is to be operated by electric trolley wires and the Scientific American seems to think it will be an entirely practicable scheme. The elevated wires are strung somewhat differently from what they would be for a street railroad, since there are two of them side by side. It is not necessary that they should overhang the middle of the street. Instead of a trolley pole, the motor wagon or carriage is connected with the wires by flexible cables working on an automatic reel on the wagon, or to wind up a short length, thus allowing the wagon to follow the road or permitting it to turn out or do anything else that may be required to avoid obstructions in the road,

SECRET LOVE.

To Hatsuse's vale I come by night.

My love, to useak with thee.

Though the anow lay soft on the mounts height.

And the rain fell drearily.

The pheasants cry in the woodlands lone, And the cock crows on the moor.

Night flees apace; it is now half gone.

Haste, love, and open the door.

To Hatsuse's vale you have come by night,
Through the rain and snow to woo.
But my mother is aleeping at my right
And close lies my father too.
Should I move on my couch at once they
would wake.
They would hear if I opened to thee.
Bo I'll just lie still, for our dear love's sake,
For our love must secret be.

For our love must secret be.

—From the Japanese.

DOLLY'S GRIT.

When young Jack Stuart threw up his government job and left Washington last spring without telling where he was going, everybody naturally concluded that he had "gone to the devil." People are always eager to say that any man, especially if he is young and handsome and hasn't a penny in the world, has gone to the devil. In fact, it is the one way people have for accounting for a fellow who turns up missing, and then regarding each other in a greedily curious way they in-

quire, "Who's the woman?" The fact that a fellow can go "to the devil" without the help of some woman never enters the human mind, although be it noticed that when a man reache high degree of prosperity, when he makes fame and name, people never turn upon one another and ask, "Who's the woman?"

Now, as nobody could prove by which oute Jack Stuart had gone, there the matter rested, and if a newspaper reporter had followed his career where it is now he would throw down his pencil with a "Pshaw!" or something stronger, adding in tones of disappointment: "It was a in tones of disappointment: woman, but she didn't send him to the devil. The story's no good." The result would be that the newspapers wouldn't give it a paragraph, whereas, had she caused him to kill her, himself or the oth er man, we would have had an illustrated

The story as it stands has, however something besides virtue to recommend it, and maybe it is worth the telling even if the several people concerned will not like

to see it in print. It began, or at least the winter of its discontent culminated, one evening last March in the cozy little living room of a great, impressive house on Dupont circle. Jack Stuart was sitting in one of those corners which invoke flirtation at the be ginning and more serious intentions after close intimacy. His hands were stuffed deep down in his pockets, and his handbrow bore a deep, dismal frown The girl sitting on the little stool in front of him and resting an elbow familiarly on his knee looked upon him with tender anxious sympathy in her eyes. They had evidently been discussing some grave sub-ject, and the youth broke forth after his

dy silence "Hang it all, little girl, I can't much blame your mother for not liking me around

She wouldn't like you around if you had cords and cords of money, Jack. You hand across his lips and said in the deci-know mamma. She's determined I shall sive way belonging to small women: "You marry a foreign title, and I'm just as determined I shan't.

The girl closed her pretty lips in a way that showed that she had not had a father who had plowed through poverty and obscurity and dreadful hardships to a fortune for nothing. That fortune intact he had foolishly left to his foolish widow, nesse attache or something like a jack in the had foolishly left to his foolish widow. She was a "character" -a term which means one of two things, either that a woman has none of any sort or that she has too much of an objectionable description. This particular woman belonged to the latter class.

"Well, I tell you, Dolly, I do get low in spirits. You see, my prospects aren't

good. Jack took her hand and caressed it, smiling that hopeless, bitter smile that means so little and looks so much on the

face of a boy of 28. "The name of Stuart," he went on, "can't carry a chap through life. It can't make him rich or famous. It can't give him the girl he wants, and he's not go to steal her when she's a rich girl—that would look like highway robbery, grand larceny or something of the sort. Of course that's what your mother would

"Oh, mamma"-"And it what the rest of the world would say too. Here I have been on a gov-ernment salary of less than \$100 a month for two years. I came here and found lots of old friends and I went into society. I tell you I'm sick of it. It's a sawdust life, this thing of a fellow taking a room and living on sandwiches at afternoon teas and counting on the dinners he's asked to for his square meals. I wanted to stop, and then I met you and I couldn't, and here I

years, and I couldn't ask you to wait for She patted his hand tenderly. "Oh, Jack," she said, "it would be dreadful for you to go-awful for you to leave me with mamma and the count. Think of it! Why, it would be brutal!" Tears welled in her eyes. "I could be true. I wouldn't forget, and I would be brave, but think of mamma and the count!"

"Yes." said Jack, touching the soft love locks about her forehead, "but think of the hole I'm in. You see, that plantation of mine

"Oh, Jack, do you own a plantation? Why, of course you do. All southerners have plantations."

"Yes, and mine is the worst of the lot, and that's saying a great deal. I never told you about it because I get hot. Whenever I think of it I want to fight. I want to fight a woman, and that's ungallant." The scarlet mounted to his brow and his

voice was low and tense with hatred. "Well, I will tell you," he went on, "It's a fine Virginia plantation, and it's all I have in the world. It was my mother's property, and when she died my father married again—an old maid, his housekeeper-and when he died my stepmother, being a shrewd woman and as mean as the mischief, employed some tricky lawyers, who got her a widow's dower out of e rent of my mother's plantation-a widow's dower of \$2,000 a year out of my mother's property. That's all the income the plantation affords. You wouldn's think I'd stay there and work it, would

"I should think not." "It's my property, and every cent of the income goes to that old harpy."
"But, dear, she will die some day."
"Bie!" with bitter incredulity. "Never!

Never! The knotty variety of parasites

the mistletoe live forever."
"And so 70 have nothing—absolutely nothing—out of what is rightfully yours through your mother? Shameful! Shame-

said the girl. "I'm a big coward to tell you all this, he went on, "but I felt so down in my luck that I had to talk. Now, I might have made money out of the plantation if I had staid and worked it instead of leaving it to the tenants. I might have made \$500, perhaps a \$1,000, extra for myself out of it, but I couldn't do it, Dolly. I just couldn't stay there and clothe and feed that old woman with my own hands. She lives in the house, and-oh, well"-

"Yes, dear, I have mamma." "Yes, but your mother is excuse me Dolly, but your mother is fat-plump, mean to say—and portly women must be more endurable than thin ones with claws

"Jack! "Yes. "I'm thinking of that plantation. I'm

so glad you've got it "
"Well, I'm not." "Oh, but you will be. You see I didn't know you had property, and that was mak-ing it hard for me. I thought of that collection of old family miniatures of yours you showed me, and I thought that might

Do? Do for what?" he ejaculated. "Never mind. It really wouldn't anyway. What I want you to give me now is a mortgage—a genuine mortgage for \$5,-000 on that Virginia property."

What? "How much is the property worth?"
"Oh, perhaps \$15,000 I should say. But what on earth'

"Well, it's just this," said the girl ex-"I am to give you \$5,000. It is citedly. "I am to give you \$5,000. It is the income I have saved from some proper ty left me. I am to give you \$5,000, and you are to borrow it from me by fixing up a mortgage on your plantation for that amount. My lawyer will attend to it in regular form. Papa didn't leave me his business head for nothing, Jack, dear." 'And what am I to do with the money?'

asked the youth aghast.
"Now, I've been thinking out all that for months. I thought it out when I was dancing, and I had long, restful, delicious thinks over it while men were twaddling their nonsense at me. Papa made his pile mining, you know, and what have you studied mining and engineering for if you can't make yours that way too? You re member talking to me about gold possibilities in Alaskar Well, I want you to take this money and try your luck there. -oh, Jack, don't be so rude and don't kiss me while I'm talking, and don't look at me as if you'd cry with feeling if you weren't 6 feet in your stockings—your socks, I mean. You are to go to Alaska and make a fortune-a great, big fortune, Jack, big enough to make mamma quall before you and to convert the count into a poor little, black, trickling grease spot at your mighty feet."

Dolly Radnor was a little body, and she vas almost breathless and decidedly turnbled and out of order when she eme from his enthusiastic recognition of her devotion. The big fellow stood up and held her at arm's length and looked at her -oh, I can't begin to tell you how he looked at her-and then he gathered her up in his arms again, and presently they both sat down and he said, "Oh, Dolly," in a voice hushed with tender emotion,

'Oh, Dolly, I can't accept."

And then she put her little, soft, white hand across his lips and said in the deciare accepting nothing. I am making you a loan, sir. If a girl can't help a chap she loves before she gets him, she shouldn't ever have the right to do it afterward, that's all. And-well, if you don't let me, old officer with the wooden leg or a Chinese attache or something like a jack in

They both laughed, and there was much personal talk and argument and many paresses that need not be recorded here Suffice it to say that two weeks after this conversation Jack Stuart threw up his job and went to Alaska instead of to the devil. as everybody thought, his companions during his stay there being not the devil's servants-women, wine, cigarettes and cards—but instead a miniature of a very beautiful girl smiling from a frame of turquoise, a face all Washington society would ognize, and to keep its memory right in the heart of its owner there were letterslong, delicious, crossed and recrossed let-ters—scented with violets and ornamented with a modest monogram. Dolly Radnor

did not use her mother's crest. The last one of these letters was a bit

curt and impatient. It read: DEAREST JACK-You have got gold en to startle even Mark Hanna with, much less mamma and the count. Mrs. Hetty Green would—I started to say would be green with envy. I am miserable and you must come I can't stand them any longer. Mamma's bad grammar increases with her enger, and the count's broken English and oriental perfume become more unendurable as his love intensifies. I'm getting low and vulgar. You would not know me. I've tried everything to cure the count. I frequently come down when cure the count. I frequently come down when he calls me with my hair done up in curling kids and I chew gum in his presence constantly. Nothing seems to work with him, though. He is "one grande loafer" out here at our country place. He counts all my eccentricities as "ze caprice of one petite fille—charmante—gentile"—all the French epithets of approval. Come home or I will run away with him just for the pleasure of murdering him neatly on our wedding journey. Your own for eternity.

She didn't add that she was wearing all of her last summer's frocks; that she hadn't a new gown or a new hat to her name; that everything had been cut off from the first of the year-at least all the spending money her mother gate her—on account of her disobedience about the count. And, as for her own income, she had taken the whole of that for a year in advance to lend to a certain young fellow who had recently dug a fortune out of an Alaska goldfield. This young fellow has no idea of how mean even a fat mother can be when she is stupid and vain and ambitious, nor will he ever know from Dolly's lips the extent of her sacrifice, so I am determined he shall read it here.

He came home ten days ago, and there was the happiest girl in the world to greet him in a certain big country house near Washington. The count was not happy, and Mrs. Radnor is as yet barely reconcil to the situation, for she felt that he had mough money for the count as well as for the girl who may be named as one woman who did not send a missing man to the devil. - Atlanta Constitution.

Autobiographical.

The self made man was speaking. He said: "My father was a raiser of hogs. There was a large family of us." And then his voice was drowned by the applause.—

Had to Lie There. "Is he a truthful man?" "Why, yes—that is, outside oling club."—Chicago Post. HOW MANY PLANTS!

What the Naturalists Tell Us About the

Number of Species. The number of different kinds of plants that are to be found on the surface of the globe has long been a disputed question. The history of the efforts to determine it is a curious one. Those efforts began in 890 B. C. with Theophrastus, who enumerated 500 kinds of plants. This may be presumed to represent all that were then known. The botanical knowledge of King domon had, then, comparatively narrow limits, even though he discoursed on all the plants from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall. Pliny—A. D. 79 —increased the number to double that

named by Theophrastus.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century the number had increased to 6,000.

tury the number of Linneaus' great book tury the number had increased to the second edition of Linnseus' great book included no more than 8,800. Willdenow, up to 1807, had detected 17,457 species of flowering plants. From this period the increase in the number of known species increase in the number of the stimulus is very rapid, as a result of the stimulus given to botany by Linnæus and his snossors, so that, at the beginning of the present century Robert Brown had estiated the flowering plants at 37,000 and Humboldt all plants, flowering and non-

flowering, at 44,000. Progressing still further in 1820 De Candolle estimated that at least 56,000 were known. It was found that the number of species preserved in the herbarium at the Jardin des Plantes was estimated at the same figure, and that the collection of M. Delessert contained 86,000 species in 1847, although Dr. Lindley had estimated in 1835 that all the plants in the world might be included in that number.

Humboldt entered upon a series of calculations about this time to show that all these estimates fell short of the number that might be supposed to exist. considerations," he writes, "seem to verify the ancient myth of the Zend-Avesta, that the creating of primeval force called forth 180,000 vegetable forms from the sacred blood of the bull."

In 1845 R. B. Hinds estimated the phe nogamic and cryptogamic plants at 134,-000 species. The next estimate we meet with is in Henfrey in 1857, 218,000 but in 1855 De Candolle had by another process of reasoning come to the conclusion that the total could not be less than 375,000 for

lowering plants. At the present time the very lowest estimate of authentic species of cryptogamia cannot be less than 500,000, and they probably exceed that number. Here, then, we have an approximate idea of with may be regarded as a very low estimate of the number of species of plants scattered over the face of the earth. If we feel confidence in asserting that there are not less than 500,000 distinct and different species of vegetable organisms, including land and water, it is because it has been proved that the number is even in excess of that.— Philadelphia Times.

Fireboats and Burning Vessels.

Mr. Charles T. Hill contributes an arti cle on "Floating Fire Engines" Nicholas. The article describes New York' three fireboats. Mr. Hill says:

These boats serve a double purpose, for they are not only effective water throwing engines, but powerful tugs as well. When a fire is discovered on a ship lying among other vessels, a line is fastened to her, and she is towed out into midstream, where she cannot spread destruction about her. A few dashes from the powerful monitor nozzle soon put out any fire in the rigging and upper works. If the fire has spread to the hold or has eaten in among the cargo, she is towed down to the mud flats near Liberty island or to the sand bars south of Governors island and beached. Then the big lengths of hose are passed aboard, large metal connections are instened to the ends, and these are thrust into the hold or into any compartment where there is fire, and she is soon pumped full of water and the fire drowned out. If a boat like the New Yorker has charge of this work, it is

quickly accomplished This saves the hull of the vessel and less ens the damage considerably, for the owners can have her pumped out afterward, and, the bull remaining intact, there is nothing but the burned interior to repair. If she were scuttled in midstream, the hull would interfere with navigation, and it would cost a large amount to raise the vessel, so it can be seen that these boats can render other services than that of extinguishing fires.

In fires on vessels loaded with cotton (they make ugly fires to handle) a lighter is usually brought slongside, and after the worst of the fire has been subdued the bales are hoisted out one by one and extinguished as they are brought out. By this means part of the cargo is saved, for only the surfaces of the bales are on fire, and they can be picked over and rebaled and sold again, while to fill the vessel full of water and drown out the fire would destroy the whole cargo, and a cotton fire might burn for months if fought in any other way.

The Discoverer of the Gladstone Collar. I believe I am generally supposed to have invented Mr. Gladstone's collars, but as a matter of fact I merely discovered them. Many men wear collars quite as large as, and even larger than, his, but they are not so prominent in appearance for the simple reason that when Mr. Gladstone sat down it was his custom to sit well forward. His body collapsed, so to speak, and his head sank into his coat. The inevitable result was that his collar rose, and, owing to this circumstance, I have frequently seen it looking quite as conspicuous as it is depicted in my carica-

When Mr. Gladstone upon one occasion met the artist of Punch at dinner, I was chagrined to find, when he walked into the dining room, that he had discarded his usual large collar for one of the "masher" type. I felt that my reputation for ac-curacy was blighted and sought consolation from the editor of a Gladstonian organ, who happened to be present.

"Yes," he said, "he is evidently dressed up to meet the Punch artists. He is the pink of fashion and neatness now, but last night, when I met him at dinner, his shirt was frayed at the edges and his collar was pinned down behind, but the pin gave way during the evening and the collar nearly came over his head."—Harry Furniss in Century.

Helgoland. Holgoland will continue to be the Gret-

na Green of Germany till 1918, when the special privilege of the island expires. Pastor Schroder, the minister, however, requires certificates of birth, of the consent of the parents if the parties are under age, an affidavit that neither is already married nor divorced and a statement of the reasons for their coming so far to get married. Then he charges a fee of \$59. It is so difficult to get married in Germany unless everything is in perfectly formal order that 60 couples a year prefer to make the journey to Helgoland.—San Francisco MONEY AND ITS COST.

The Salem Statesman clinches the ilver question by gravely stating that in Australia enough silver is mined to make a dollar for 19 cents. Did it ever strike the Statesman man that gold is often mined at a very small percentage of the dollar value?

If the metal is a dollar, whether gold or silver, and must cost a dollar to produce it who would be so foolish as to open and develop mines.

It would be as potent an argument for the friends of silver to claim recognition for the white metal on account of mines having been developed and worked for a short time where every dollars worth of silver abtained cost \$5. Mining for the precious metals is in the nature of a gambling venture, and the failure or success of mine owners in realiring from their interests has little or no bearing on the correct determination of the money question.

THE FOREIGNERS WON.

The result of the election in Ellis county Kansas is the talk of that state. More than one half of the voting population of that county is composed of Russian Mennonites. In July last these people met in convention and nominated a full county ticket. They had discovered in previous elections that they had the power to control the county, and they decided to take the reins of govern-

ment into their own hands. The Republicans, Democrats and Populists joined forces, forgetting past fights, nominated a fusion ticket, and started in to defeat the Mennonites. The campaign waxed warm and a thorough canvass was made, but the Russians had the numbers, and when the votes were counted on election night it was found that the so called foreign ticket had won the day by an average of 100 majority.

THE RUSH FOR GOLD.

Last spring there was a great rush from all parts of Australia to the new gold diggings in British Guinea. Hundreds of men, with poor equipments, arrived at Namanby island or set out on the long journey up Mambare river to the gold fields. Both places, however, have failed to justify the hopes of their discoverers, as the yield has been insufficient to pay the heavy expenses of the pros-

pectors. Many of the adventurous miners have lost their lives through feren or native treachery, and others are waiting for Government aid toget out of the country. So one more South-sea bubble has been pricked and found to be hollow.

ALASKA GOVERNMENT.

President McKinley will urge congress to provide a more suitable system of of government for Alaska. The rush of gold miners has found the territory almost unprovided with laws suitable for handling the crowd of gold seekers that throng the territory. Our citizens can be depended on to take care of themselves with miners laws, which mete out strict justice, but that does not relieve the goverament from taking all precautions to protect property and life in those desolate regions of the ar

Russia bought \$90,000,000 of German goods last year, and only \$18,000,000 of French products The alliance is a fine thing for ere tory and osculation, but it does not pan out heavily in trade.

From telegraphic accounts the fun in the Austrian parlament the other day must have been equal to a rush of the rivel teams in a foot ball contest. It is the only comparison we have handy.

Tammany Hall gave the Cubia patrio a \$20,000 to be used "for the best possible purpose." That, so cording to Tammany ethics, would be a fair distribution among the