

Drummer Seal was in town again today.

Miss Ella Kent of Drain, is visiting in this city.

J McCurdy and child, of Roseburg, are in Eugene.

The Eugene Ice Company received a carload of beer today.

N L Cornelius returned from Southern Oregon this forenoon.

J B Harris returned last night from a short business trip to Portland.

Dr J W Harris returned this forenoon from a professional visit to Cottage Grove.

Miss E Saltzman has returned from a business trip to Brownsville, where she has a branch store.

P B Whitney, of Ashland, general traveling freight agent of the S P R R, was doing business in Eugene today.

Cottage Grove Messenger: Mrs J Haisson, of Eugene, is visiting her daughter, Mrs J S Medley, this week.

Walter Hodes left on the overland for San Francisco last night. He intends to visit Los Angeles before returning.

It is probable that Drain will have a first-class newspaper plant within the next few weeks, as negotiations are now almost complete.

The mother of President McKinley is very ill and not expected to recover. She is 80 years of age. President McKinley is at her bedside.

Two strange women were notified to leave town today by Marshal Stiles. They complied, one going to Cottage Grove and the other to Roseburg.

Miss Eva Copeland, who has been quite ill with sciatic rheumatism for several months, is worse at present, her friends will learn with regret.

Miss Nannie Ankeny, and Mr and Miss Cantrall, of Jackson county, who have been visiting Mrs Ankeny and family, went to Salem this forenoon.

Cottage Grove Messenger: Miss Minerva Hemenway, who has been quite sick for the past week, was taken to her home at Eugene Monday.

Will McQueen has taken charge of her room in the public school.

John Wilson, of this city, who, it will be remembered, had his tongue taken out about a year ago on account of a cancerous growth, is in the hospital at Portland again where another delicate operation was performed on his throat the other day.

A M Baxter returned on the overland train Wednesday night from Dickinson, Dakota, where he has been engaged in the cattle business for the past eight years. Mr Baxter reports that a considerable number of Oregon young cattle have been distributed through the Dakotas.

The Albany Democrat says the negro show took in \$305 in that town at 50 and 75 cents. They "raised" Eugene to \$1.00 for logs seats, other prices remaining the same as at Albany. We suppose the receipts were better than at Albany as the opera house was crowded to the limit.

Albany Democrat: "At a big meeting in Eugene Tuesday evening it was unanimously decided that Mr Fiske should at once order the improvement of the Willamette above Harrisburg, and he will be informed at once of the action of the people of our live neighbor. What will Mr Fiske do?"

The following states will elect governor in 1898: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Georgia, Idaho, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

#### Married.

In San Francisco, California, Dec 2, 1897, at the Hotel Grand, occurred the marriage of Mr Eldon M Brattain to Miss Myrtle E B-st, both of Lakeview, Oregon. John A B Wilson, D D, pastor of the Howard street M E church officiating. Mr and Mrs Brattain will return to Lakeview to make their future home after a short sight-seeing tour through California.

Mr Brattain is a prominent attorney of Southern Oregon, and is well known in Eugene, having graduated from the University of Oregon. He has many friends who join the GUARD in extending to him most hearty congratulations and well wishes for a most felicitous married life.

CORRECT. — Eugene Guard: "The 'South Before the War' troupe gave a short parade today. At Albany the prices of admission were 75 and 50 cents. In Eugene they are \$1 and 50 cents. Why the difference?" The Albany Democrat says: "This is what such shows should be in the valley towns also."

A PECULIAR STONE.—Referring to the Junction City stone with its life like face, the Albany Democrat says: "Mr R W Moses of Crawfordville, has a stone which is an odd affair. Instead of one it has four heads or faces, in silhouette form. The stone is white

Dr E D McKenney of Monroe, was in Eugene today.

Hon C H Baker, of Waltherville, was in Eugene today.

F J Bachelier, of San Francisco, was in the city today.

M O Warner returned today from a trip to Southern Oregon.

Secretary of State Kincaid arrived up from Salem this afternoon.

Mrs Frank Alley arrived from Roseburg on this morning's overland.

Johnny Stewart, we understand, is working at Baker City at present.

Joel Ware, Jr, who has been quite ill for several days is reported better.

Ten people left Albany yesterday for the Alaska Klondike gold fields.

Mr and Mrs P N Laird, of Pleasant Hill, spent last night in the city.

Mrs F S Dunn and child returned to their home at Salem this morning.

Attorney A C Woodcock went to Cottage Grove on business this afternoon.

Mrs E F Chapman writes from Gilroy that they are having white frosts at that place.

Cashier J M Abrams, of the Lane County bank, went to Cottage Grove this afternoon.

G W Griffin returned on today's 1050 local from a short business trip to Cottage Grove.

Misses Mollie and Myrtle Baker went to Drain this afternoon to visit relatives and friends.

Ed Bangs is still visiting relatives in Kansas. He does not mention anything about returning yet.

Chas Collier arrived home this morning from a surveying trip to the southern end of the county.

Ed Bangs arrived home last night. He had been working in Eastern Oregon for the past few months.

Mrs B A Washburn and Miss Ethel Stewart, of Springfield, went to Dayton, Oregon, today to visit friends.

R A Copley of the Divinity school, went to Corvallis today, where he will conduct religious services tomorrow.

W F Bryant, of Richardson precinct, returned on the overland this morning from northern California, where he had been residing for the past three years.

Lee M Travis went to Corvallis today to umpire the Oregon-Washington intercollegiate championship football game.

A B Seal, the well known drummer, informed us yesterday that this was probably his last trip "on the road" for some time. He is talking of going to Skaguay, Alaska.

Advices received today from S W Condon at Oakland, Calif, state that the condition of Miss Fannie Condon is slightly better today. This is cheering news to her many friends.

Harrisburg item: The members of the M E church of this city are taking steps to erect a new church building in the near future. Something over \$1200 has been raised up to the present time.

Archbishop Wm Gross and Father Daly, accompanied by a number of the members of the Catholic church, went to Cottage Grove this afternoon to attend the dedication of the new Catholic church at that place tomorrow.

From E O: W S Mayberry, formerly of Coburg, writing from Moro, says: "Old winter" is here in full blast; plenty of snow; lots of wheat in the fields not marketed; wood \$9 a cord; coal \$12 a ton; school progressing nicely and everything moving smoothly.

Albany Democrat: Mack Wiley and Miss Dollie Fields were married Wednesday of last week, at the home of the bride near Eugene. They came to Tillman Friday and visited with Mr Wiley's parents until Monday.

They then left for Portland, where Mr Wiley holds a position as telegrapher.

Roseburg Plaindealer: Governor Lord has granted a pardon to J E Sutherland, sent to the penitentiary about a year ago from this county, on a sentence of two years for manslaughter. Sutherland killed a half-breed, in defense of a friend and companion, and executive clemency is exercised in the case at the instance of the trial judge, Hon J C Fullerton.

Eugene Journal: One of Eugene's young bloods took his little duckling home from the show Thursday night, and when parting at the gate stole a kiss. He hesitated, hummed, hawed, hitched up his trousers, and whistled. "Tell me dear, am I the first man you ever kissed?" She answered: "You are the first one who was mean and suspicious enough to ask me that question."

Hon A G Hovey has just received the sad news of the death of another brother-in-law, Hon J S Sprague, a retired newspaper man at Marietta, Ohio, aged 66 years. Mr Hovey has lost by death in the last two years a brother, two sisters and two brothers-in-law, leaving him now living only two brothers out of a family of six sons and two daughters.

## TAD'S PULPIT.

Farrish Brown put a dry goods box outside of his store door at Wichita 14 years ago. It was not a common dry goods box, fragile and made of pine. Not at all. It was a noble box of ash, which had held a consignment of little shell trinkets, made by a man up in the Superior country. When Farrish Brown put the box out, he had an idea that it would be a good place to display his goods, but before the merchant had selected the goods he was to arrange there Tad Hunt came along and set down

"Nice box," said Hunt.

"Yes," said Brown.

There was silence for a few moments. Hunt sat still and looked pensive. It seemed as if he were thinking. He was a peculiar man and had wandered about the streets for several years in a lost sort of fashion as if he were seeking for something. He had never been able to get a job. His wife kept a boarding house, and it was said that Tad was her man of affairs—that is to say, her steward. But, as a matter of fact, Mrs Hunt could not trust Tad. She had commissioned him to purchase the meat, but he had made such bad selections and brought home such dejected looking cuts that she had been obliged to attend to that herself in addition to her other duties. Then she put him carrying at table, but he couldn't remember which way the grain of the meat ran. So she had to take that off his hands too. Then it occurred to her that he might split the kindling wood, but after a week or two of that he took to buying patent kindling wood, and then she gave it up.

The day he found this box in front of Brown's he appeared to have attained satisfaction. After a happy and pensive silence he began to talk to a man who stood near.

"It's a queer world," he said, drawing a knife from his pocket and opening it. "men and women everywhere and nothing but men and women, and nearly all of 'em making one another miserable and nothing to show for it but the grave at last. The places that knew them once know them no more forever and the sun rises each morn and sets each night and none of the questions of man is answered. Talk of the phlox! Why, every blade of grass is asphixiated and holds a secret. There is a star in heaven that we are not obliged to question. And what answer have we? Silence. Silence."

He was tracing a little border on the box, made of an intertwining of figure 8's, and the man who stood near watched him and was much interested; so much so that another man who wasn't doing much either stopped, too, and watched the making of the border. Tad looked up and nodded to him.

"It is astonishing," went on Tad, "to see how men tell and tell. This man has one scheme and the next man has another. Yet talk with any man over 40 and you find him to be a graveyard of blasted hopes. The struggle has been in vain. Even success proves to be failure, for no man makes a success which satisfies him."

Farrish Brown, having no customers at that moment, came out and leaned against the framework of the door and listened.

"And yet," said Tad, "it is the destiny of man to aspire. Some great power beyond himself drives him on to hope. He must rise. He is a part of the scheme of evolution and cannot help himself any more than as if he were a mollusk in the sea. He is driven to settle America, invent machines, to make laws adapted to wider ideas of liberty. He congratulates himself on his improvement, but he has really no call to congratulate himself. He is driven by the winds of destiny."

He did quite a strip of the border in silence, wiped his forehead on his shirt sleeve—for he was no coat—and repeated with pensive accent:

"Driven by the winds of destiny."

These remarks were repeated about town by those who listened to them.

"Tad Hunt is quite a philosopher in his way," they said. Tad had staid on the box the first day till noon and returned at 2, after which he left the spot till 5:45. The next morning he was on hand at 8. Brown thought it looked rather businesslike to have a crowd about his doors and didn't object much. Besides, he enjoyed Hunt's reflections, which came nearer being thought than anything Brown had met with for some time. He almost thought himself as he listened to them, and summoned from that unused chamber politely denominated his mind sentiments of approval or disapproval. As time went on Hunt improved in appearance. To be sure he was no more particular about buttoning his cuffs, nor was he more addicted to the wearing of coats, but a certain look of fire and enthusiasm came to his eyes, such as may be seen in the glance of a popular actor or preacher. He walked down the street in his box mornings with a dourlest step. He became eager for his audience. Sometimes he returned in the evening and talked till time for shutting up shop.

As the years rolled by his audience changed, but he seemed to always be able to secure a hearing from some one. Thus it came about that he sat perched on his place of preaching for 14 years and differed from the East Indian mystics who do similar things principally in the facts that he went home to his meals and that he desired to disseminate his views.

One morning Hunt came swinging down from his house leisurely, but with a look of self satisfaction, and made his way as usual to the store. There he stopped as if paralyzed. A cold perspiration crept out on his forehead. He grew red and then white. For the box was gone! The pulpit was destroyed. The high place was overthrown. There was a crowd about him, presently, chaffing him and roaring, but Hunt seemed to hear nothing. He looked about in utter dismay. It was as if a man with all his vineyard on a mountain side had gone to till his vines and found the mountain gone.

Then something remarkable happened. Tad brought a suit for damages against Brown. The court had to actually consider the case, and Tad Hunt was his own counsel and put up an eloquent argument. So the court granted him the suit and gave him a penny. In a way Hunt felt himself vindicated, but that didn't restore his box, for he had been unable to secure a mandamus for its return. So he walked about sadly for a few days, looking detached—like a protoplasm cut off from its own particular stony ooze—and at last staid indoors at home. After that the borders began to leave, and one day Mrs Hunt broke up house and took Tad away with her on the train. They didn't say where they were going. The ticket agent might have told, but he didn't.—Ella W. Peattie in Chicago News

#### Taking His Life In His Hands.

"Will you let me have 25 cents on a copy of my autobiography?" anxiously whispered the struggling author.

"Not on your life!" replied the unfeeling pawnbroker.—Chicago Tribune.

## THE PHANTOM HAG.

The other evening in an old castle the conversation turned upon apparitions, each one of the party telling a story. As the accounts grew more horrible the young ladies drew closer together.

"Have you ever had an adventure with a ghost?" said they to me. "Do you not know a story to make us shiver? Come, tell us something."

"I am quite willing to do so," I replied. "I will tell you of an incident that happened to myself."

"Toward the close of the autumn of 1888 I visited one of my friends, subprefect of a little city in the center of France. Albert was an old companion of my youth, and I had been present at his wedding. His charming wife was full of goodness and grace. My friend wished to show me his happy home, and, moreover, to introduce me to his two pretty little daughters. I was fated and taken great care of. Three days after my arrival I knew the entire city, curiosities, old castles, ruins, etc. Every day about 4 o'clock Albert would order the phaeton, and we would take a long ride, returning home in the evening. One evening my friend said to me:

"Tomorrow we will go farther than usual. I want to take you to the Black rocks. They are curious old Druidical stones on a wild and desolate plain. They will interest you. My wife has not seen them yet. So we will take her."

"The following day we drove out at the usual hour. Albert's wife sat by his side. I occupied the back seat alone. The weather was gray and somber that afternoon, and the journey was not very pleasant. When we arrived at the Black rocks, the sun was setting. We got out of the phaeton, and Albert took care of the horses.

"We walked some little distance through the fields before reaching the giant remains of the old Druid religion. Albert's wife wished to climb to the summit of the altar, and I assisted her. I can still see her graceful figure as she stood draped in a red shawl, her veil floating around her."

"How beautiful it is! But does it not make you feel a little melancholy?" said she, extending her hand toward the dark horizon, which was lighted a little by the last rays of the sun.

"The afternoon wind blew violently and sighed through the stunted trees that grew around the stone cromlechs; not a dwelling or a human being was in sight. We hastened to get down, and silently retraced our steps to the carriage."

"We must hurry," said Albert. "The sky is threatening, and we shall have scarcely time to reach home before night."

"We carefully wrapped the robes around his wife. She tied the veil around her face, and the horses started into a rapid trot. It was growing dark; the scenery around us was bare and desolate; clumps of fir trees here and there and bare bushes formed the only vegetation. We began to feel the cold, for the wind blew with fury. The only sound we heard was the steady trot of the horses and the sharp, clear tinkle of their bells."

"Suddenly I felt the heavy grasp of a hand upon my shoulder. I turned my head quickly. A horrible apparition presented itself before my eyes. In the empty place at my side sat a hideous woman. I tried to cry out. The phantom placed her fingers upon her lips to impose silence upon me. I could not utter a sound. The woman was clothed in white linen. Her head was bowed. Her face was overspread with a corpse-like pallor, and in place of eyes were ghastly black cavities."

"I sat motionless, overcome by terror. The ghost suddenly stood up and leaned over the young wife. She encircled her with her arms and lowered her hideous head as if to kiss her forehead."

"What a wind!" cried Mme. Albert, turning precipitately toward me. "My veil is torn."

"As she turned I felt the same infernal pressure on my shoulder, and the place occupied by the phantom was empty. I looked out to the right and left—the road was deserted; not an object in sight."

"What a dreadful fall!" said Mme. Albert. "Did you feel it? I cannot explain the terror that seized me. My veil was torn by the wind as if by an invisible hand. I am trembling still."

"Never mind," said Albert, smiling. "Wrap yourself up, my dear. We will soon be warming ourselves by a good fire at home. I am starving."

"A cold perspiration covered my forehead, a shiver ran through me, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I could not articulate a sound. A sharp pain in my shoulder was the only sensible evidence that I was not the victim of a hallucination. Putting my hand upon my aching shoulder I felt a rent in the cloak that was wrapped around me. I looked at it. Five perfectly distinct holes—visible traces of the grip of the horrible phantom. I thought for a moment that I should die or that my reason should leave me. It was, I think, the most dreadful moment of my life."

"Finally I became more calm. This nameless agony had lasted for some minutes, and I do not think it is possible for a human being to suffer more than I did during that time. As soon as I had recovered my senses I thought at first I would tell my friends all that had passed, but hesitated, and finally did not, fearing that my story would frighten Mme. Albert and feeling sure my friend would not believe me. The lights of the little city revived me, and gradually the oppression of terror that overwhelmed me became lighter."

"So soon as we reached home Mme. Albert untied her veil. It was literally in shreds. I hoped to find my clothes whole and prove to myself that it was all imagination. But no, the cloth was torn in five places, just where the fingers had seized my shoulder. There was no mark, however, upon my flesh, only a dull pain."

"I returned to Paris the next day, where I endeavored to forget the strange adventure, or at least when I thought of it I would force myself to think it a hallucination."

"The day after my return I received a letter from my friend Albert. It was edged with black. I opened it with a vague fear."

"His wife had died the day of my return."—Exchange.

#### A Story of Scott.

Sir Walter Scott once told, with every sign of belief, an extraordinary story of the supernatural which he had received from his grandmother. "But how," asked his astonished and incredulous hearer, "do you possibly account for it?" "Ablins," replied Sir Walter, "my grandmother was a liar."—Argonaut.

#### A New York Musician Now.

A Lawrence (Kan.) man, writing from this city to the Lawrence Journal, says: "The greatest thing I saw here was a former student of the music department of the Kansas university playing a hand organ in Central park."—New York Tribune.

## RELIGIOUS CENSUS.

### Members of the Christian Church

#### Classifying the City.

#### Will Prove of Interest.

Pastor Morton L. Rose, of the First Christian church, of this city, is having a religious census of the city taken. Jno. Handsaker is acting as superintendent of the work and has under him 20 assistants. The city has been systematically divided into districts and the major portion of the field work will be done today, and the rest Monday.

Primarily, it was the object of Rev Rose to take simply a religious census of the town as an aid to the revival meetings shortly to be started by the church, but this plan has been modified and an effort will be made to make the census as general and complete as possible. This will make the census of considerable interest to citizens generally, and as soon as the work can be completed, the results will be made known.

#### AN OREGONIAN ABROAD.

Saw a Klondike \$450 Nugget—Observations Along the Road From Eugene to Whittier, Calif.

Climbing the Sisikyouas at 11:30 a m Dec 2, while seated in the elegant sleeper Albany, we chanced to fall in with a party from Klondike on their way to San Francisco. The specimens of gold brought from the famous Alaska gold fields were simply immense. Captain C W Gates showed me a large collection of nuggets ranging in value from 50 cents up to \$450, and there were hundreds of them.

I have been more or less incredulous as to the reports from that country, but find in conversation with Gates and his Indian guide that there are gold deposits in Alaska far exceeding in richness any other mines in the world. The \$450 nugget possessed by Gates was the finest specimen I ever saw. The nuggets ranging in value from \$10 to \$75 were splendid specimens of molten ore, as they were evidently thrown up by some volcanic pressure.

The party had on board the train a band of dogs which they are collecting for training to work in transporting freight to the mines. Their famous guide was much interested in the sights witnessed in crossing the Sisikyouas, and seemed a little nervous when going right through a mountain in place of going over it as he was wont to do with his snow sled and dogs.

Beautiful sunshine on the California side of the mountains, giving new life and vigor to the whole system. Stock ranges adjacent to the line of the railroad, covered with thousands of cattle, showing that the people of the Pacific slope are awakening to the fact that Eastern markets must be supplied to a great extent from these pastures. We have argued for years that the interests of farmers through the Willamette valley could be greatly enhanced by a more diversified farming. At the present time there is more money in stock-raising than any other farming industry. It is all wrong for the whole farming community to center on one commodity and raise nothing else. For a time it was all hops. Now it is all prunes. Do a regular Yankee farming by producing something of all the staple articles, and let these be produced to perfection, so that consumers will always be assured of first-class products.

#### Junction News.

Times, Dec. 4.

Virgil White left for Cottage Grove Thursday where he has secured a position in the Saginaw mill.

Dr Oglesby has moved into his new offices in the Ehrman building. He has neat and attractive rooms.

J M Moore and S Robinson will apply for saloon licenses at the next meeting of the city council for a term of twelve months.

J J E Butler passed his 62d mile stone last Tuesday. He hadn't thought very much about it, but Mrs Butler had and arranged a surprise by inviting a number of his friends to dinner.

Mrs Grant Farley was taken to the hospital at Portland Monday for treatment. She has been in very poor health for several months.

MARRIAGE PERMITS.—The following marriage licenses have been filed since our last report: Bruce Walker, 26 years, and Miss Ada Bingle, 20 years; Leon Smith, 25 years, and Gracie P Hays, 17 years. Consent of parents filed in last named case.

REVIVAL MEETINGS.—Rev J C Richardson and J F Day are holding revival meetings at the Coon Range school house, just north of Eugene. Already three conversions have occurred.

#### A WARNING NOTE.

Oregon May Become a "Silver" State in 1898.

The Salem Journal, an independent Republican paper, had this note of warning to its party managers in a late issue:

"It would be too bad if Oregon was to become a 'silver state' like Washington where state taxes have been reduced, state warrants are at a premium, and legislative expenses and appropriations were reduced nearly one-third. Oregon politicians could never stand that, but the people would not shed tears to have just such a dose administered and kept up for about ten years until the producer got caught up with the tax-gatherer and warrant scaler."

"It may be that Republicans of Oregon are giving the people the best state, county and city administration and financing of which they are capable. It may be that the Union Silver party in Oregon that supported Bryan would not be capable of doing better. But could they do any worse? Not easily. We would ask any fair minded, intelligent Republican, whether Salem city, Marion county or the state of Oregon has had creditable financial management, honest administration, and economical government? Is there not a disposition to throw overboard the Republican state officials, Lord and Kincaid, who have sought to comply with the party pledges of 1894, to introduce business methods and stop stealing?"

"If these are facts, as we believe they are, and as the people are beginning to see them, how futile to threaten the people that Oregon may become a silver state! Have the cities of Washington ceased to grow because that state went into the hands of the silver people? They are flourishing today. Has the credit of Marion county suffered because we have a Bryan silver man for treasurer? No. He deals openly with the people and is an object lesson as a model official. We believe he will never disgrace his office by making it a side show for some bank or warrant scalping firm, and at the end of his term will not require his bondsmen to put up coin for his deficits. Can the people of Salem or the state ever expect an honest financial management from a Republican treasury official elected by the machine now in control of the Oregon Republican party?"

"A great many good honest taxpayers are beginning to doubt it. The cry that Oregon may become a silver state in June 1898 will not deter the people from demanding honest administration, progress and reform, and they are not going to get very much of that article at the hands of any but the Silver party. Are the Republicans going to correct, condemn and punish their own defaulters, wrongdoers and corruptionists? Where shall they begin? It is out of the question. They show a disposition rather to throw cold water on those who will not stand in with jobbery and ring rule. But it will take more than the fear that Oregon may become a silver state to gain the confidence of the people for the Oregon Republican machine."

Governor Lord is said to be figuring on renomination and is making combinations to that end remarks the Corvallis Gazette. It is also said that he has made a trade with a Benton republican for Benton county support. As if a dozen men could be found in Benton county, goldite or silverite, Mitchell or anti-Mitchell, Oregonian or anti-Oregonian, who would favor or "stand in" on any trade made with Lord. Benton county people have memories and good sense.

#### Mortgages Satisfied

We take the following dispatch from today's Oregonian:

EUGENE, Or., Dec. 2.—The amount of real estate mortgages satisfied in this county between November 1, 1896, and November 1, 1897, according to the records, is \$201,540.