

Wills Owen, of Monroe is in the city Governor Whitaker is improving slowly.

Miss Belle Keeney of Jasper is visiting in the city.

Wm. Gonsals is visiting his brother Charles, in Salem.

Ben Lureb, the Lemait merchant was in Eugene today.

Julian McFadden, of Corvallis, arrived up this afternoon.

Attorney Wilkins transacted legal business in Irving today.

Miss Lida Norris came up from Junction this afternoon.

J. J. Wilkinson, the blacksmith, has returned from California.

Mrs. W. H. Calkins returned to her home at Salem this forenoon.

Chas. Sylvester and M. G. Kenney drove down from Jasper today.

Mrs. W. W. Haines arrived home on today's 2:04 local from Corvallis.

Mrs. Alice Calkins and Mrs. M. A. Smith returned to Portland today.

T. R. Sheridan, a Roseburg banker, was doing business in the city today.

Attorney Geo. B. Dorris and wife have gone to Jacksonville on a visit.

Delos D. Nier, the court house architect, returned to his home in Portland this forenoon.

Mrs. A. Sharples left this morning for an extended visit to her son and daughter at Seattle.

Miss Ella Orh of Jacksonville, who has been visiting the Misses Ankeny, went to Salem today.

Mrs. Beckwith and daughter Miss Nellie, of near Jefferson, are visiting H. E. Ankeny and family of this city.

Pres. Anderson is now a Pullman conductor on the Northern Pacific, having a regular run from Portland to St. Paul.

Rev. Mr. Brooks, who has been visiting with his son Rev. R. C. Brooks, in this city, left for his home in Iowa, this forenoon.

Grandma Reid, of Springfield, is quite low and not expected to live. She is grandmother of ex-County Clerk Wm. R. Walker.

J. P. Van Houten, of Prineville, well known in Eugene, visited here over last night. He was a resident of this city at one time.

Yesterday's Salem Journal: Miss Kate Patterson, who has been visiting at the home of C. P. Bishop, returned to Eugene this morning.

Miss Estella Learned arrived home last night from a two weeks trip to San Francisco where she went to purchase spring and summer millinery.

Arthur Redwood and wife, of New York, arrived on today's 2:04 local. Mr. Redwood gives one of his popular entertainments at the Christian church tonight.

Salem Journal Feb 23: Miss Helen Clow, who has been visiting at the home of her uncle, S. A. Riggs, went to Junction City today to spend a few weeks with her parents.

Independence West Side: "C. E. Lockwood, of Portland, has been canvassing the town in the interests of the Morning Tribune, the anti-Simon republican paper of Portland."

The Cottage Grove Messenger is now one year old. It is a bright new paper and is deserving of the large patronage it receives. May it celebrate many more prosperous birthdays.

Oregon City Courier: Miss Lena Goldsmith arrived from Eugene Monday and will make her home with her sister in this city. Miss Celia Goldsmith is expected home from San Francisco in about five weeks.

Corvallis Times, Feb 23: A. J. Pickard, the stockman of Eugene, was in town the latter part of the week and came to an understanding with Mr. Hyde, of this county, who will buy cattle for him in this locality.

Salem Journal: Mr. Ed Lyne of Jefferson, butchered four pigs that were just six months and four days old, after being dressed their weight separately was: 200, 182, 181 and 174 pounds. They were Poland China breed and fattened on corn.

Miss Jessie Park, who has been in San Jose, Calif, the past two months, the guest of Mrs. James Holt, leaves in a few days for Carson, City, Nevada, where she has accepted a position as head trimmer in a millinery store. Miss Park has been in San Francisco the past two weeks studying the latest designs.

Married 70 Years.

Solo Press: Uncle Johnny Crabtree and Melinda Crabtree, the father and mother of Newton and James Crabtree, who live near Solo, were married just 70 years ago Washington's birthday, last Tuesday. Uncle Johnny passed away several years ago at the ripe old age of 92; he was born in 1800. Mrs. Crabtree is still living and with her son James at present. She is 90 years old, hearty and strong for one of her age. The family consisted of 15 children. Five were born in Virginia, five in Missouri and five in Oregon. Two of the boys, Newton and James, were born on a raft as the party came down the Columbia river on their way to this country.

Dr. B. F. Russell was in Eugene today.

H. N. Cockerline arrived home on today's 10:50 local.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Logan arrived home from Portland today.

J. G. Gray shipped a car load of produce to Omsa today.

A large number of teachers are in the city to attend the institute.

Arthur Redwood and wife went to Roseburg on the afternoon local.

Miss Lotta Clark Johnson went to Turner today to visit with friends.

Grandma Reed, 92 years of age, is confined to her room at Springfield.

Dr. B. F. Russell, superintendent of the post farm was in Eugene today.

John Patterson, son of County Treasurer A. S. Patton, left today for La Grange.

Arthur McAlister went to Cottage G. over this afternoon to visit his brother Frank.

Miss Rebecca Haines, arrived home today from Corvallis, where she had been attending school.

Corvallis Times: Julian McFadden left yesterday for Eugene. It is supposed to be an affair of the heart.

President P. L. Campbell of the Monmouth normal school, is in the city in attendance upon the teachers' institute.

Mrs. Katherine Patterson arrived home on today's 2:04 local from Salem where she had been the guest of Mrs. C. P. Bishop.

W. C. Hawley, of Salem, president of Willamette University, came up this afternoon and will address the institute tonight.

Messrs. Patterson and Hager of the Divinity school went to Corvallis and Harrisburg today to conduct religious services tomorrow.

John Culver, of Burns, Oregon, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Clayton, in this city, left today for Portland, enroute for Klondike.

Friday's Corvallis Gazette: E. M. Patterson, Eugene, will occupy the pulpit at the Christian church next Sunday morning and evening.

Mr. Humphrey, of North Yakima, Wash, formerly in the employ of Washburne & Sons of Springfield, arrived this afternoon to visit his family.

Mrs. S. C. Flint and W. R. Williams of Roseburg, came down on today's 10:50 local and will be the guests of Mrs. L. N. Roney and Mrs. L. G. Adair for a few days.

D. V. Kuykendall and Leslie Scott of the U. of O., went to Salem today to attend a meeting of the executive committee of the Intercollegiate Field Day Association.

G. W. Jones, superintendent of Marion county's schools in this state, is in attendance upon the institute. Geo. is an alumnus of the U. of O. and has many warm personal friends in Eugene.

Albany College item in the Daily Democrat of that city: Rev. E. C. Sanderson, D. D., dean of the Eugene Divinity School, was with us in our chapel exercises recently. We are glad to receive such visits from our friends at all times.

E. Turpening and family returned this morning from a two months' visit to relatives and friends at Richmondville, N. Y. They report having had a very pleasant trip. Mr. T. says the Klondike excitement is intense all over the East.

Thursday's Jacksonville Times: Hon. Geo. B. Dorris, of Eugene, one of the prominent attorneys of the Willamette valley, and his wife arrived in Jacksonville this morning for a short visit. They were residents of our town 30 years ago.

The University of Oregon Monthly for February has an article on "Hypnotism" by Prof. J. B. Hawthorne, which closes with this expression: "We may conclude that there is a power in hypnotism that can be used, and will be used, for the good of mankind."

A Good Suggestion.

Oregon City Enterprise: "Why would it not be well for the government to place a fog signal on the falls of the Willamette at Oregon City. Scarcely a year passes that there is not the loss of life by going over these falls and the same could be prevented by the use of a small amount of money invested in a signal station which could be operated by electricity from some of the mills at small cost. The falls not only endangers the lives of those in small boats but stands a constant menace to river steamers which ply the Willamette. If a fog signal should be placed at any point along the falls these navigating the stream above would be able to take their bearings from the sound of the fog bell and guide themselves into safety."

To CALIFORNIA.—Mrs. Frank Rees and three daughters, of Thurston, left on the overland last night for their future home at Santa Paula, California. Mr. Rees, now at Petaluma in that state, will join them at once.

BORN.—To the wife of John Price at Thurston, Feb 22, a son.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

The husbandman of human hearts am I—
O'er all the tillers of the soil,
I've seen the hopes of proudest men recede
And expectation pale as I passed by.
All lands are mine! Of people low and high
I gather tribute. Of his daily toil
Not one refuses when I take the spoil,
Though breaking hearts are vainly wondering
Why.

Yet, when I've plowed about the roofs of pride,
Lined with my cold winds till weak faith was strong,
Drenched till the heart was moistened through
and through
And all its powers of fruitfulness were tried,
The hearts of men from sighing turn to song,
For life gains meaning that they never knew!
—Christian Register.

THE BOY ORATOR.

"If the weather keeps up, I'm afraid Jack can't get here," said Albert Halsted. He was sitting in the window of his room in "Junior hall" and staring out on the campus, where the rain was pouring on the muddy pools and patches of sodden grass. "The ticket agent says trains can't cross if the Macoupin rises much more."

"Rise or no rise, Jack Duckles 'll be here on hand when there's a debate on foot," Dick Arlington spoke from the bed. He was buried in pillows and a dog-eared copy of Horace.

"He'd come through fire, to say nothing of water, to save our noble Philo from defeat at the hands of the base, craven Linophilans! The very mention of the hated name stirs me heart's berlood!" and Dick sat up and looked oratorically warlike.

"Well, he'll have plenty of water to come through! Our chances are pretty slim without him. Gardiner can never hold up against Brooks and Guthridge, with all the Linos back of them. I don't see why Jack couldn't have put off going to St. Louis till next week."

"My child," said Dick, throwing the much abused Horace on the center table, where it bumped its venerable head against a solid geometry and fell to the floor, "how often must I tell you that business is business? Even a contest debate must stand aside where business—"

"Shut up! The thing is we don't want those fellows crowding over us. They're going to have a great spread if they do win, and Guthridge has promised to ride Gardiner around the campus if they don't, and you know how heavy Gardiner is. I saw Brooks—Come in. Hello, Gardiner; what's the news?"

Gardiner stood in the doorway, letting the rain drop from the ferrule of his umbrella in a pool on the carpet. "I've just been down to the station. The Macoupin is over the long bridge and is still rising—no more trains this evening."

"Jove! Dick was walking up and down, hands in pockets. "That looks bad for us Philo. I s'pose there is no news from Jack?"

"Yes—telegram. He says he'll leave St. Louis on the 4 o'clock train."

"Then he's at Macoupin station now," said Albert. "Two miles from school and no way to cross a miserable little brook that is dried up most of the year! Can't postpone the debate, can we?"

"No. Guthridge and Brooks have to leave tomorrow, and the fellows from Springfield are going home tonight."

"Well, perhaps Jack'll come. If he doesn't, we'll stand by you, Gardiner, and do our best."

It was raining when Jack left St. Louis. East St. Louis looked more forlorn than ever, and the country beyond was fairly drenched. He was deep in his speech for the evening's debate when the train reached Macoupin station. He finished the argument and looked up.

"What are you stopping so long for?" he asked of no one in particular.

"The conductor says the creek is up over the bridge and the train cannot cross. He has wired for orders," answered a man who had just entered the car.

All but the first few words fell on deaf ears, for Jack had dashed from the car, and was holding an excited parley with the conductor on the platform of the station.

"The water's high enough to put out the fires, and the bridge isn't safe," said the blue-capped official.

Jack fairly danced with excitement.

"But I must cross! Why, I have to—oh, I just must get over to the college even if I have to swim! Can't you try to cross?"

"No. And here's orders to pull back to East St. Louis. And, young fellow, take my advice and don't try swimmin' when ole Macoupin is a-boomin'. All aboard!"

But Jack didn't go aboard. He watched the train out of sight down the long, wet perspective of the rails. Then he went into the station.

"Say," he said to the man in charge, "can I get a hand car or a boat or something here? I have to get across to Carlinville tonight."

The station agent looked at him meditatively.

"Hand car?" he queried. "There's a nary hand car on the place, an ole man Dorsey, he's got the only boat on the creek."

"Where can I find him?" asked Jack.

"Who? 'Lige Dorsey? Waal, now; kain't say. Like's not in bed. Broke his leg last week."

"Where is the boat?" Jack was growing impatient. The man was so provokingly deliberate.

"Boat! Waal, now, you've got me. Last I heard tell of it, a man five miles up this here creek hid it, ole Dorsey swopped it to a man over in Jersey county, an I don't jist remember which."

"Can't you suggest something?" asked Jack.

"Oh, yes! I reckon the best thing you kin do's to wait till tomorrow. Ef it don't rain no more, the creek's mighty likely to go down so's you kin cross on the train."

"I s'pose I couldn't walk across?"

"Waal? Waal, not unless you've got a power of spunk an muscle. I wouldn't go a-tryin' it, 'less I wanted to git myself drowned."

Jack walked up and down for a moment in silence, suddenly he passed

"See here," he said, "I'm going to try it. There's my card and"—

"Waal? Waal, now?"

But Jack was gone.

The rain had slackened to a cold steady drizzle, and as he walked down the track Jack could hear the creek rushing and roaring along far beyond its banks, booming and eddying nearly a mile wide. The water near the edge was comparatively calm, but out in the channel the current, marked by driftwood, was dashing and foaming furiously.

The trestle work of the bridge was out of sight.

Jack stopped. It was growing dark. Through a rift in the clouds the sun had set red, and the reflection made the creek more horrible. Here and there a tall sycamore trembled in the water, white in the rapidly deepening dusk.

Of course to attempt to cross was folly. Suppose the Philo did lose—what then? What did it really matter? Then he seemed to hear the shouts of the victorious Linos—Guthridge's triumphant cheer—and to see his own society sitting crushed and silent.

He would try it.

He looked back for a moment at the station and the light dying in the west behind it. Then he tightened his grasp on his cane, the pride of his junior's heart, and stepping upon the stringers at the side of the track he began.

The water was an inch, then ankle deep and icy cold. He could scarcely see the ties, but he felt with his cane along the edge of the beam.

Farther out the track sloped and the water deepened. Jack could not see the stringer, but he felt for each step carefully. It was growing so dark he could not see the farther shore. He did not dare look up or down the creek, and the whirl of the water made him dizzy.

Suddenly the water became knee deep with the sagging of the old bridge, and he entered the channel. The current nearly swept him off his feet. He stood still, heartily repenting the foolhardy undertaking. To return was impossible.

Two steps more. The roar of the black water grew deafening; took possession of him. Jack looked up stream. A huge dim mass was floating swiftly down the creek. It was a section of a covered bridge. It swayed toward one shore, then toward the other, with a horrible drunken reel. The boy reeled, too, stumbled, and the cane was swept beyond his reach instantly. He fell on his hands and knees, and there clung to the beam, the water surging to his neck.

He got his head again presently. He caught a glimpse of a few lights here and there in the town. The roar of the river dashed on into the night drowned his voice. He closed his eyes and waited. The floating section of the bridge seemed hours coming. He thought of the warm dining room at home and his mother's face above the toupous. He could see the debating hall through a luminous mist. He wondered if Halsted would speak in his place.

He was growing numb with the chill of the water. The river seemed to whirl and rock about him. Then there was a noise like thunder. The bridge had struck the trestle. A wave swept over him. The trestle trembled, swayed, the bridge floated broadside, then struck again. The trestle tottered, wavered, then the bridge settled against it and was stationary, and as Jack mechanically crawled on again he knew that the trestle would hold.

Meantime in the debating hall the debate on "Resolved, That strikes are justifiable," had begun. Guthridge had mounted the rostrum amid the cheers of his society, while the Philo was giving Gardiner advice enough to have driven 10 men mad.

Guthridge had demolished one by one the hopes of the opposition. Every Philo was silent. Gardiner went hot, then cold, by turns. It was in vain for him to answer Guthridge.

"The brilliant speech drew to a close.

"Strike till the last armed foe expires," shouted Guthridge, waving his arms madly. "Strike for your altars and your fires. Strike for the green graves of your sires! There are strikes!"

He broke off silently. Every Philo was on his feet cheering like mad. Four times the college yell rang out like a battlecry. Four times, and then the crowd parted. There in their midst, crawling with the quick run from the bridge, his eyes ablaze with excitement and his figure disguised in a suit of Halsted's old clothes, stood Jack.

Of course the Philo won, and everybody remembers how all the class cheered when the class historian on class day, a fortnight later, told what Jack dared and did for the glory of the Philo—Ruth Prescott in Washington News.

The Worship of Ugliness.

The worship of ugliness in material things explains a great deal in shop windows that would otherwise be puzzling. Hundreds of tasteless so-called art objects are displayed, because it has been discovered that they will sell. One of the richest shops in New York, and indeed in all the world, includes, among a multitude of beautiful things, many large and costly objects that, tried by any known canons of taste, are ugly. The salesmen who have these things in charge apologize for them to persons of taste, but there are people in New York and elsewhere who give hundreds and sometimes thousands of dollars for those confessedly ugly things.—New York Sun.

Mistake Made by Mothers.

A woman is out of her element unless she is acquainted to a certain extent with the sciences of bacteriology, botany, entomology, zoology, and menology. How often we see mothers busily engaged in domestic duties like a slave, in order that the girl may enjoy every luxury and do nothing. Indeed many hardly let their daughters sell their hands, says a quiet observer. There never was a greater blunder than to substitute good looks for good qualities. Every girl ought to be brought up to have regular domestic duties. Idleness should be forbidden her. The only dignified life is a useful life.—Exchange.

A CONCISE ARGUMENT FOR UNION

Made by the Albany Peoples Press. Populist Newspaper—cannot be Refuted.

February 25, 1906.

"The question of union of the Populist party with the Democrats and Silver Republicans at the coming June election, is one of active agitation in every county and prominent in the state. It is said by some of our Republican opponents, that the union of silver forces is for the purpose of securing the offices. This accusation is unjust, for in nearly every instance the leaders of the party in Oregon are opposed to the union of reform forces. The demand for union comes up from the people and not the Populist office seeker. Yet if the principles which we as Populists advocate, ever become the law of the land, it is necessary that reformers shall fill the offices, for our Republican brethren would never favor a law that a despised Populist advocates.

"It was to secure the adoption of measures tending towards populism that the People's party supported Mr. Bryan for president in 1896. The People's party supported Mr. Bryan because they had no faith in the promises of bimetalism as made by the Republicans.

"They believed the bimetallic plank was placed in the Republican platform for the purpose of deceiving the people and now they know that it was placed there for that purpose. Republican orators and newspapers who preached bimetalism in stentorian tones during that campaign, are now shouting gold until they make themselves hoarse. Populists, if there was just cause for the People's party to unite with the Democrats in '96 in the endeavor to elect Mr. Bryan, it seems to us that the cause is now intensified. If we thought the Republican party with its promises of international bimetalism, was unsafe to conduct the destinies of the American people, that party certainly is getting further away from the Populist idea of government, when it pronounces uncompromisingly for gold, and the president who holds the office by virtue of that party's vote, unblushingly states that he will violate the contract made with the bond holders.

"NOT ONE OF THE REFORMS ADVOCATED BY THE POPULIST PARTY CAN OR WILL BE ENACTED INTO LAW, UNTIL THIS PARTY THAT WORSHIPS AT THE SHRINE OF GOLD IS DEPOSED FROM POWER. We may theorize and preach reform as long as life may last and be as earnest and steadfast as it is possible for us to be, yet if we do not secure accessions to our ranks more rapidly than we have in the past, none of us will probably live long enough to see the measures we advocate enacted into law. So long as the Democratic party was dominated by Clevelandism, our hopes were bright; for we were then the only political party that advocated the free coinage of silver. After the Chicago convention with its adoption of a free silver, 16 to 1 platform, not a single Democrat has joined the Populist ranks. Our only accessions come from the free silver Republicans, and should we secure all of the Republicans, that believe in the free coinage of silver, either old party would yet be much stronger numerically, than we can ever hope to be without one of the old parties should go to pieces. The Republican party is now in power. It has the offices. No political party ever goes to pieces while it has charge of the pie counter. It must meet with a crushing defeat before disintegration begins. So we can hope for but few accessions from the ranks of the gold standard Republicans. Bryan Democrats take nearly as advanced grounds in the line of reform as do the Populists; and as that party has about double the strength that we have, we can hope for no accessions from such party. Indeed it is far more likely that advocates of reform who are now acting with the Populist party, will leave our ranks and go to the Democrats, than for Democratic reformers to come to us.

What then shall the future of the Populist party be?

"It seems to us that, seeing the Democrats do not feel disposed to abandon their party organization nor do we as Populists see fit to abandon the field, as being the pioneer reformers, under the name 'People's Party,' that wisdom would teach us to form an alliance with them, providing we can find a common ground on which to stand.

"There are many questions of reform upon which the Populist, Democratic and Silver Republican parties agree. Mr. Bryan, in a late article in the New York Journal enumerates them as follows:

First. They are unalterably opposed to gold monometallism.

Second. They demand immediate restoration of bimetalism at the present ratio by the independent action of this country.

Third. They oppose the retirement of greenbacks.

Fourth. They oppose the issue of paper money by national banks.

Fifth. They oppose the issue of interest bearing bonds in time of peace.

Sixth. They favor the income tax as a means of raising a part of the revenue necessary to administer the federal government.

Seventh. They favor the abolition of trusts.

Eighth. They are opposed to government by injunction.

Ninth. They are in favor of arbitration as a means of settling disputes between labor and capital.

"Are not these nine propositions sufficient grounds for co-operative action? To these we may add that of direct legislation, for we believe the Democratic party of Oregon in its platform of principles in the coming campaign will have a direct legislation plank.

"Unless we co-operate to bring about the enactment of these principles into law, we never will have them. The division of the spoils (offices) should exercise but little influence, when arranging the terms of co-operation. Democrats would prefer the election of Populists to Republicans for office, and Populists would prefer Democrats to Republicans; therefore, there should be but little contention as to who should be selected as candidates for office, further than that they must be good, true, and capable men. The chronic office-seeker in either party should not be selected as a candidate by it. Let the office seek the man, rather than the man seek the office."

GREENBACKS AND BONDS.

Both Equally Sustained by the Country's Property Wealth.—The Difference: One Bears Interest; the Other Does Not.

The advocates of the scheme to retire greenbacks by issuing interest bearing bonds seem to ignore the fact that greenbacks are the notes of a government which has not issued in excess of its taxing power on the property of the people. They were as good before the speculators were invited to carry them to the counter of the United States subtreasury in New York and get gold for them, as they are now. They would not depreciate if the gold reserve in the treasury should be dispensed with.

What about the United States bonds?

There is one conclusive argument on this subject which has been many times preented, but is always ignored by the writers and politicians who argue for exclusive gold redemption. Is there gold behind the bonds? Is there money of any sort in support of them? If the government had the money it would of course not issue the bonds just as a man having plenty of cash to meet his necessities would not borrow and pay interest.

Why isn't somebody demanding that there shall be a gold reserve against the bonds? The greenbacks and bonds are both sustained by the property wealth of the country, the only substantial difference between them being that the one bears no interest and the other does. It is like a game of battle-dore to issue bonds to get gold to put behind the greenbacks.

When during the war, the greenbacks were worth less than 100 cents to the dollar by the specie standard, there was no fiat in them. The government was promising to pay so much, but there was a little doubt about it ever being able to redeem its promise. To that extent there was a temporary depreciation. That was all.