

COMPARISON OF VOTES.

An Astonishing Decrease in Lane County from State and Presidential Elections of 1896.

This is an off year and accordingly a light vote was cast, many voters neglecting to register their choice. We make a few comparisons with 1896, taking the vote cast for state senator, clerk, and sheriff as a basis.

Table with 2 columns: Office and Vote. Rows include State Senator (4,414), Clerk (4,414), State Senator (3,885), Sheriff (3,910), Clerk (3,913).

Total 11,708

Average vote 1898 on State Senator, Sheriff and Clerk 3,902

Decrease from 1896 512

In 1896 the vote for Governor was 4388. In 1898 it was 4047, a decrease of 341.

PRESIDENTIAL VOTE 1896.

Table with 2 columns: Candidate and Vote. Rows include Bryan (2598), McKinley (2215), Prohibition (45), Gold Standard Democratic (75).

Total 4933

Decrease of 1898 vote from November 1896 presidential vote 1031

THE YUKON RUSH.

The ice-choked Yukon will be open for traffic, from present indications, about the middle or last of June, and considerable preparation is being made by steamship companies and others to participate in the expected rush.

How much has been washed out along the Yukon this spring no one knows, and no one will until the first treasure ship brings out the glittering metal. It has been reckoned into millions; but all this is simply speculation.

A great many people are already in Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and San Francisco outfitting for the North and they say floods of inquiry are pouring in upon the transportation companies. The U S government will purchase most of its supplies at Portland.

The navigation companies are all anxious to land the first passengers in the Yukon, and one company in particular will stop at nothing in order to make the first trip.

A BRITISH COMPLIMENT.

Our naval men are liable to be puffed up with pride if the commendations of the performance at Manila go on. Vice Admiral Colomb, of the British Navy, author of naval works, says:

"I doubt if there ever was such an extraordinary demonstration of the influence of sea power. The boldness of the American commander is beyond question. Henceforth he must be placed in the Valhalla of great naval commanders. Nothing can detract from the dash and vigor of the American exploit or dim the glory which Dewey has shed upon the American navy. It may be bad for the world, for assuredly the American navy will never accept a subordinate place after this exhibition of what it can do."

THE LOSS FROM BRYAN VOTE

The Union party should have elected the entire Lane county ticket. But a union of different political forces, although essentially the same on political issues, cannot be accomplished without some friction and loss of strength. Thus it came about that the splendid majority of 377 for Bryan was displaced by a counter majority of about 50. But all these votes were not lost by changes. What we consider trustworthy reports show that a considerable majority of the stay at home vote was union in sentiment.

Probably the first thing we hear of Sampson will be the last thing Spain will hear of her fleet.

OUR ESTIMATE.

Lane county at the election Monday went Republican, according to the best estimate that may be made, by 50 votes. No county office can be taken as a basis on which to figure a political vote, but the state ticket has several offices the nominees for which were not known in Lane county and likely carried practically a party vote.

Geer for governor has 44 plurality, Ackerman for superintendent of public instruction 52, Leeds for state printer 53. All Republicans. We accept those figures as conclusive as to the political status of the county.

WAR AND WINE.

A Santiago de Cuba dispatch of June 9 has this novel illustration of one of the amenities of war consequent on negotiations for exchange of prisoners:

Two curious pictures of war were presented yesterday. In the afternoon, the Spanish chief-of-staff was sitting amicably in Admiral Sampson's cabin and saying over a glass of wine, "You know there is nothing personal in this," and a few hours later his torpedo-boat comes out and apparently tries to blow the admiral and his ship out of the water.

COMPLIMENTARY OR NOT?

Portland Dispatch.

Our populist friends of Washington take great pride in making comparisons between their present fusion and former republican administration in the state. That is hardly a fair thing. The republicans had stolen about everything there was before the fusionists got a chance.

The North Pacific Rural Spirit advises its readers to protect the woodpeckers. They rarely leave any serious mark on a healthy tree, but when a tree is effected by wood boring larvae, the insects are accurately located, dislodged and devoured. These birds are great conservators of forests, and to them more than to other agency is due the preservation of timber from hordes of destructive insects.

Portland, not the State of Oregon, elects the Republican state ticket. The union of Jo Simon and the Oregonian was too solid and compact to be broken. Portland boodle politics is a disgrace to the state. It is a matter of bargain and sale. We nominate Jo Simon for United States senator. It may be a bitter pill but the cow county republicans will have to take their medicine, grin and call it delicious.

President McKinley is right in refusing to listen to the councils of excitable and ambitious men who would have him send troops to Cuba at once. Maybe this war will be settled by the navy. If so many lives will be saved, for though there is little to fear from the Spanish, climatic conditions of Cuba are dangerous to northern men.

Those owners of the Pacific steamers who want to charge Uncle Sam \$1,000 a day for carrying troops to Manila come pretty near being what the Spaniards are pleased to call all Americans—hogs.

The Portland Telegram has an account of a divorce suit the parties to which were married in 1838 and lived together until 1894. Those people were a long time finding out their incompatibility.

The Wall street regiment has disbanded, but it probably can be reorganized when the battle for \$500,000,000 of government bonds is to be found.

A grandson of the great soldier, Grant, has been appointed to the staff of the nephew of his chief opponent, Robert E Lee. Truly the war is over.

Especially in European countries the number of horses used in cities and towns increases every year in a more rapid proportion than the population of the same. This is doubtless due to the greater number of public conveyances and the traffic steam and electricity bring.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10

Geer's plurality now is 10,371.

Attorney Kinsey arrived home today.

A A Mathews came up from Salem today.

Al Kuykendall returned to Salem today.

Major Forest went to Leaburg this morning.

W B Fenton, of Lake county was in Eugene today.

A L Peter went to Portland on today, Ackerman for superintendent of public instruction 52, Leeds for state printer 53. All Republicans.

Attorney Kinsey was doing business in Junction City today.

Fred Bean returned to Lower Blue-law on this morning's stage.

Mrs J W Huff is up from San Francisco for a visit with relatives.

The annual conductors picnic will be held at Seaside, June 19th.

Dr Prentice went to Junction this forenoon on a professional visit.

A O Funke, a Florence business man, left Eugene this morning for home.

Mr Eddie Wise and Grant Barker of Drain Oregon are visiting relatives here this week.

Mayor J R Yates, of Irving, was in Eugene today. He says the grain is looking splendid.

President Chapman went to Corvallis today and will lecture to teachers at that place tonight.

Miss Joyce Brownell of Albany, came up today to assist at the concert at Villard Hall tomorrow night.

Hyde Stalker, one of the seniors of the U of O has been elected principal of the Baker City public school.

Miss Eva Adair of Salem, and Miss Hill of The Dalles, arrived today to attend commencement at the U of O.

James Ebbert has returned from the Palouse country. He says the grain is looking better than he ever saw it before.

J W Owen, of Monroe, has been granted a six months extension of his license by the court of Benton county.

A and Bouno Vitus went to Portland today to inspect threshing outfits. They will purchase a new and complete outfit.

Mr Watson, the dairyman, gave a party to his Sunday school class this afternoon at his home near the city. It was an enjoyable affair.

H J Burnett, of Portland, the noted sportsman of the northwest, went to McKenzie Bridge on today's stage on a hunting and fishing trip.

Misses Marion White and Mabel Simmons arrived home today from Monmouth, where they have been attending the Normal school.

County Clerk Jennings has already mailed the election returns to the Secretary of State's office at Salem, as required by law. This is quick work.

Word has been received here that Rev C G Le Masters, pastor of the First Christian church at Dallas and a former Divinity school student, will be married to Miss Myrtle Hamilton, of Amity soon.

Roseburg Review: Rev Father Daly, of Eugene, will hold services at the Catholic church Sunday, June 12th, and will leave on Tuesday, June 14th for Gardiner and Smith river to visit the coast missions.

Real Estate Transfers.

D V S Reid to F W Osburn his former residence on Fifth street Eugene \$1050.

Johnathan Carmon and wife to E Terpening lot on east Seventh St in Eugene \$250

Louis D Rauch and wife to Daniel Hinton all interest in heirs of Emery Rauch in 306 acres in sec 8 tp 18 S w \$100.

William E Griffin and wife to Etta Potts lot 1 blk 16 Long & Landes add to Cottage Grove \$50.

J B Mosby and wife to J B Stewart 160 acres in sec 18 tp 21 S w.

Geo W McCoy and wife to Portland Land Irrigation Timber & Fuel Co 160 acres in sec 18 tp 20 S w.

Geo A Yarnell and wife to A L Yarnell interest as heir of Jeremiah Yarnell dec'd in 839 a in tp 17 S w

Jesse Cox and wife to C H Mathew lots 5 and 8 blk 1 Goshen \$250.

A H Lajole and wife to J H Jackson 63 1/2 acres in sec 4 tp 20 S w \$760.

A H Lajole and wife to John Tunell Jr 38 acres in sec 4 tp 20 S w \$837.

Compliments of The Season.

Register—"Pa" got there for commissioner" Cottage Grove Messenger—"Correct brother by a margin of one vote. He can thank his stars for that vote and the fact he didn't have but one son in the newspaper business, as a millstone about his neck. With two he would have been the hindmost man on the tiebe."

No MORE TAX RECEIPTS—Sheriff Johnson announces that after Saturday June 11 no more tax receipts will be issued as it will be necessary to close the books to arrange the delinquent roll as required by law.

WHEN MOTHER DIED.

We folded tenderly those quiet hands When mother died, And softly smoothed the silken, silver bands On either side, And as so often she her vigils kept Our own dear mother slept That evening.

We rained ourselves on that placid brow When mother died, And kissed the lips that never until now Our own dear mother.

We talked of patience and of all her care We now sat watching while our mother slept That evening.

We idly moaned, "Were she but back again Our heart beside How much unhappiness, how much of pain, We'd scatter wide!"

"How lovingly!" Ah, me, that it is ever so! How gleam our jewels as we watch them go Adown the tide!

Why speak we not of longing, listening ears So close beside, The love that brokenly, above their lids, We all have cried!

Why to so many must that cry of fate Come drifting earthward with its "Late, too late! Thou art denied!"

Go, clasp thy mother in thy strong young arms, Dear boy, her pride! Cast from thy life each folly that alarms That trusty guide!

Know that her prayers, her love, thy mother's faith in thee, Thy glory is, a richer legacy Than scatter heedless!

—Linnie Hawley Drake in Atlanta Journal.

END OF A STORY.

Dorothy Bacton rose from her writing table and walked to the window. The gloom of the November day had begun early. In the square bare trees were dimly discernible through a yellow mist, and from the houses around lamps and gaslights shone markedly.

An hour ago she had taken up her pen to write the most difficult chapter of her story. An hour ago she had an idea for the chapter's development; its initial sentence sounded in her ears; splendid solid paragraphs shaped themselves to the number of words necessary for its completion. That was before the Friday organ unwound itself on her side of the square, before opera, balls and after dinner drawings floated before her through the mist in remorseless succession. The blank chapter lay in numbered pages upon her table. Its heading had been treated decoratively. "Chapter XXIX" stood out boldly in original and picturesque lettering. But this simple device for stimulating the fancy had failed as completely as had the story teller's journeys up and down the tall house and her prolonged observations of the fog from its different windows.

She had no ideas for this last chapter but one. The preceding chapters she bore vividly in mind. She could have repeated many of them word by word, so carefully had she worked at their making, but her brain refused now to travel along the same lines. The whole point of the story eluded her. To what climax had those completed 28 chapters been leading? She could not clearly remember, and the little she could recall seemed lamentably weak and unsatisfactory.

The fog was thickening, the lights round the square were growing redder and smaller and those blank, prenumbered pages lay dimly upon the table. She stirred the fire vigorously and stared at the liberated flames as they danced joyfully in the grate.

Dorothy Bacton had been married six years. Why she married Hugh Bacton no one knew. He wasn't clever, he wasn't beautiful, he wasn't good, he wasn't even rich, while she herself had generously supplied all these requisites for a happy home. And, excepting a slight falling off perhaps in the matter of goodness, she had for six years faithfully maintained her contribution to the union. Hugh was something in the city. Of the precise nature of his professional duties in that mysterious place she was unaware. The only fact which was kept clearly before her was that her husband was a very important person, and was urgently engaged every evening of the week upon extraordinary business committees.

She had married Hugh because she had loved him; it was a simple explanation, so simple that it took but a few minutes of retrospection to recall it. She had loved him with all her heart, and now she did not love him any more. This second fact was as clear to her as the first, and those which covered the months between the two epochs. She had gone through them again from the beginning; through the first few weeks of radiant happiness, when she had walked about the world with a halo round her head; through the terrible months of undefined doubt and misery; through the acute realization that it had all been a mistake, that Hugh had never loved her, even in the beginning. And, after this survey of the past, she made a resolve for the future. Personal joys and sorrows should, for her, be at an end. She had a pretty pen; that should save her; with it she would keep her hold on life. But a pretty pen is not of great avail in a case like Dorothy's; perhaps a great one hardly suffices to cure a ruined life. However that may be, Dorothy Bacton, in spite of a strenuous effort to the contrary, pined for affection and sympathy.

Her loneliness was beginning to wear her out to paralyze her brain, enervate her will. She had not many friends; unhappiness is not attractive, on the whole, and she realized early in her struggle to be good and patient that the world prefers to make its observation of domestic infidelity at a distance. So long as her husband did not beat her, or turn her out of doors, or leave her, it would sit outside in the outer ring and watch the performance politely to the end. Perhaps she was embittered unreasonably, perhaps she did not remember the sacrificial aspect of the married state. Be this as it may, the fact remains that on this dreary November afternoon she sat in her lonely room and said there was no one for whom she could send, no one in all the world who would come to her unquestionably and understand the desolation she could not express. "No one—no one in all the world," she said, and then she poked her fire once more and looked out at the thickening fog, for, deep down in her heart, she knew there was one who would come if she sent him but the faintest whisper of appeal. She looked far away through the fog—far away to a sunny land, to roses and blue seas, to vague, unspendable happiness and out in the square the organ still rolled off its endless supply of opera.

Down stairs on the house door the knocker sounded vigorously. "He wants money, no wonder!" She took out her purse to find a coin adequate to the interruption the musician had occasioned.

"I think he should be killed," she said as her door opened.

"Indeed! Who is it? Tell me, and I'll do it at once!" Dorothy turned quickly and laughed, while a tall figure groped its way through a sea of furniture to her side. "I thought you were the organ man, and I was telling the maid to have him killed. He has played all the afternoon and ruined my story."

"I've come for the story." "It isn't finished." "How much have you done?" "I've come to the last chapter but one." "The most difficult?" "Yes, the most difficult of all. There it is on the table."

She pointed to the unwritten chapter. Lawrence Harvey was editor of The New Magazine. He believed in Dorothy Bacton's pen. He looked disappointed as he saw the blank pages. Then he smiled as he sat down beside her.

"I wanted it today, but you can finish it by the end of the week?" She shook her head. "I don't know how to finish it."

"I turned to her in surprise. "But—but—oh, this is the fog! You will go on as easily again when the air clears. I must have the last chapters, you know, in this number."

"But I'm afraid you can't." The editor of The New Magazine looked uneasy. "What is the difficulty?" "I don't in the least know what my heroine is going to do."

"Didn't you think the story out as a whole?" "Yes, but she won't do the things I planned she should do. She has suddenly developed into a new creature, over whom I have no control."

"What has happened to make her so unmanageable?" "She has realized that—that—" Dorothy did not finish her sentence. "What has she realized?"

The editor leaned forward and looked earnestly at his contributor, but she did not answer his question. "What has she realized?" he asked again. "We are old friends."

Dorothy picked up a bundle of neatly typed manuscripts which lay on the table beside the rebellious chapter. "Through all these pages," she said slowly, as she ran her finger across the edges of the paper, "my heroine has suffered patiently, but she has decided now that she will suffer no more, and, if she does not suffer, she will have to act—as I did not wish her to act—in my original plan."

"Well?" "I do not know what form to let her rebellion take. There are, of course, several sorts of tragedy open to her. She might easily die—oh, very, very easily—that would be a nice, safe ending for her."

Dorothy smiled softly as she spoke. "But, somehow," she added quickly, "I can't help wanting to make her happy."

"Of course you can't." Lawrence Harvey leaned back in his chair. "It will be a better story if you make her happy," he said quietly.

Dorothy put the manuscript upon the table again. "Yes, yes, but it is too difficult, too hard a thing to do."

"Would it be very hard? Can you think of no happy ending? Let it have a happy ending," he pleaded. "How can happiness follow on such chapters as these?"

She folded her hands miserably. "There might be a friend," he began, "a man"—

But she interrupted him—"No, no; there is no friend!"— Lawrence Harvey stood in front of her. "No friend, at least, who can come into the story now."

"Why?" "Why—why," she said passionately, "because he would have to be so wise and so strong! He would have to know everything without being told; her loneliness and her longing, her weakness and her strength, her failures and her strivings—he would have to realize them all. And he would have to be so tender and so patient, to find and care for her very self in the gloom her unhappiness has cast upon her. And he would have to give so much, oh, so much, so generously, so extravagantly, so recklessly, to make up for the starved time before, and—and—"

"I cannot bring such a friend into the end of my story. He should have a triumphant one of his own—happy from the beginning."

He dropped on his knees beside her. "Dorothy, Dorothy, I am not as good as that fellow, but you know how I love you. Let me try to make you happy."

She bent down and lightly kissed his hair. He looked up at her touch. His face was eager and young and strong—a face to be trusted forever and ever. He held both her hands. "You are tired—so tired! Rest in my arms. Let me take care of you. Let me be happy too."

She rose quickly. He was so faithful, this friend who must not come into her story, and she longed so greatly for the love and rest he held out to her. For many minutes she did not speak; then she turned to him gently and said:—"It would not be fair. I care so much for—that friend—I dare not. I could not make a happy ending for him with so much misery behind. He might some time regret—regret." She broke off with a ghostly little laugh. "Besides," she went on with trembling lips, "your readers must be considered. I am sure they would not approve."

The editor of The New Magazine had forgotten his readers. "I shall wait," he said simply, "until you believe that you only can bring me happiness, that you only make the world for me, that nothing else matters. So near or so far, as you wish, I will stay, but I shall be ready and waiting always. Dorothy, some day you will have enough faith in me?"

"Please go now," was all she said, and he kissed her hand and left her.

A SONG TO THE MEN WHO LOSE.

Here's to the men who lose! What though their work be e'er so nobly planned, And watched with regions care, No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand, Contempt is failure's share.

Here's to the men who lose! If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet, Courage is easy then, The king is he who after fierce defeat Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose! The ready plaudits of a fawning world Ring sweet in victor's ears, The vanquished banners never are unfurled— For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose! It is the vanquished's praises that I sing, And this is the toast I choose: "A hard fought failure is a noble thing, Here's to the men who lose!" —Boston Traveler.

TITLE BY DIGESTION.

A New Zealand Native Custom in Regard to Land Transfers.

Mr. Hugh Craig of San Francisco tells some interesting stories about New Zealand and the native customs. He was born in that island, where his father, who was a native of Scotland, lived for a number of years. Mr. Craig says that the title to all land is vested in the natives, according to the agreement made with England, and that when land is to be transferred the determination of any question of ownership comes before a court constituted for that purpose. On one occasion, when a hearing in a case was in progress, a young native informed the court that his father owned the land, and in consequence it now belonged to him. When some of the natives were asked if he spoke the truth, they replied that he did.

At this point an old native who was sitting in the rear of the courtroom arose to his feet, and, throwing aside his mantle, stood forth stark naked and, coming forward, addressed the court. This mode of dress, or rather undress, Mr. Craig said, was by no means uncommon when natives appeared before the land court. He proceeded to tell the court that the young man was mistaken in claiming the ownership of the land. He himself held the title to the property. He said years ago he went to war against the owner of the property in question, and that not only was the proprietor of the land killed, but every member of the family except the young man who had just claimed the land.

"He was then a babe," continued the old man, "and I had seized him by one of his feet and was about to dash his brains out against a rock, when my wife interceded on behalf of the boy and begged that his life be spared, and that he be given to her."

He went on to say that he granted her request and gave her the boy, who had ever since lived in his family. "Now he claims the land," he added, "because his father owned it. But I fought his father and killed him and all the members of his family. What is more, I ate all of his body that was edible, so that all that remained of his father passed into me."

The old man continued that, under these circumstances, he thought he had proved a good title to the land.

When the natives who had heard this statement were questioned, they said that what the old man had stated was true and that, according to their customs, the title to the land in question had passed to him. The court so decided, and so, concluded Mr. Craig, there is in New Zealand, in addition to the other usual forms of getting title to realty, such as for money consideration, for love and affection, etc., title by digestion.—Washington Star.

The Romance of the Great Lakes.

In St. Nicholas W. S. Harwood writes of "The Great Lakes." Mr. Harwood says:

There is much of thrilling interest, much of romance and much of daring surrounding the shores of these lakes, such in a study of the early periods of their history for the historian or the novelist. A long time ago—so long it seems like ancient history to us—the first white man, probably about the middle of the sixteenth century, saw those lakes. It is not so easy to fix a date for this event, but we know that as early as 1530 to 1540 the French priests, the voyageurs and the coureurs de bois, the trappers and adventurers of the day, visited the eastern lake region on the north. They came with two messages. One bore tidings of the commerce and proved that the French nation was alive to the value of the new country. The other told the story of the Christian religion. It were well perhaps to mention another message—a more or less baleful one—brought by the adventurers, for there were adventurers among these early discoverers—men who had no other motive than to seek the strange and the exciting, and to spend their days in the alluring and profitless occupation of seeing how many hair-breadth escapes they could enjoy and in how many scenes of pillage and robbery they could take part.

Those who have written so gracefully and elegantly of the early history of the regions surrounding the northern portions of the great lakes have but begun to tell the tales which will be told with more and more freedom of invention as the writers of the future come to appreciate more and more what a splendid storehouse of material lies in this northland.

Told Her Story in Six Words.

Aunt Cherry Mallory was recently put on the witness stand at Adams Station to tell what she knew about the amputation of a hog by a Louisville and Nashville passenger locomotive. After being sworn she was asked by the wise lawyer if she saw the train kill this hog. "Yes," she said. "I seed it."

"Well," said the lawyer, "tell the court in as few words as possible all you know about it."

"I kin do dat in a mighty few words," said Aunt C., clearing her throat and, with one eye on the judge and one on the lawyer, she said, "Hit jus' tooted and tuck 'im."—Clarksville (Tenn.) Leaf Chronicle.

Described If Not Defined.

Teacher—What is velocity? Pupil—Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with.—Philadelphia Call.

In France there are on the average seven dogs to every hundred inhabitants. Paris, however, has only four to the hundred—134,000 in all.

At present Canada supplies one-fourth of the imported food of Great Britain.