

TO CORRESPONDENTS. The business department of THE WEEKLY GUARD is caused considerable trouble by correspondents addressing the proprietors personally. Address all letters referring to the newspaper or business connected therewith to THE GUARD, Eugene, Oregon.

JUDGE EAKIN FOR SENATOR.

Baker City Democrat: "Among the Oregonians who are mentioned as being suitable to serve this great state in the United States senate, there is not one who is cleaner, more frank or more frankly honest in both public and private life than Judge Eakin, of Union, circuit judge of the eighth judicial district. Judge Eakin is not only an able man, of sound common sense, but also a jurist against the purity of whose judicial ermine there has never rested even the shadow of the slightest speck of dust. While Judge Eakin is an unswerving republican, he is personally entirely objectionable to his political opponents, who will be in such a minority in the state legislature as to have little voice in the choosing of Oregon's senator. As Judge Eakin is a modest self-made man, and obeys no strings of the ring-masters and machine men of his party in this state, it is very unlikely the wishes of East Oregonians will carry much weight in the state's convention of lawmakers. When a Democrat reporter, who met the judge at the Hotel Warshawer, yesterday, mentioned the desire of many of his friends that he should assume the senatorial dignity, his honor remarked: 'I have never assumed to aspire for the office; besides, it is highly improbable that any Eastern Oregon man will be chosen as it appears to be a foregone conclusion that some Portland man will be elected.'

OUR PRUNES IN THE EAST.

Corvallis Times: Yesterday Mr and Mrs J B Horner returned from the East, where they have been since the later part of June. In speaking of our fruit Professor Horner says we live in the prune belt of the world, and when our market is as good as our fruitage everybody will believe it. Dried prunes retail in the East at from 10 to 15 cents per pound, whereas the producer would be glad to sell them at 3 cents; besides the prune is a popular table fruit, hence there is something radically wrong somewhere. He says that while wholesale dealers make considerable ado about the size of the article it is popular with consumers. He also mentioned the fact that our prunes are rated as California fruit, which does our industry a great injustice, for various reasons: Our people are made to advertise California instead of Oregon; and as a result frequently do not command a price that justifies the shipping. The size and quality of the California prune does an injustice to our state, and thus weakens our market. At the present time California, which has become known as a fruit producing state, has a monopoly of the prune market, and, therefore, regulates the price of our prunes, when, in fact, we should be in a position to regulate not only the price of our prunes but the price of California prunes also. To accomplish this our fruit growers should do by the prune what our manufacturers have done by woolen fabrics—go abroad and find a market; and in course of time California will find it more convenient and profitable to ship their prunes via Portland than it now is for Oregon to sell to a market regulated by her more sagacious sister state.

THE OREGON BOYS IN IT.

The New York Sun's cable dispatches from Manila tell of the important part in the capture of that city that was performed by the

Oregon volunteers:

Gen Merritt landed with an Oregon company as his escort. All saluted when the flag was raised. An Oregon regiment policed the city all night and Oregon men received the surrender of the Spanish arms. The Spaniards surrendered with the honors of war. The officers retained their side arms. No arrangement has been made concerning the transfer of the Bank of Spain. This question has been referred to the government at Washington.

Throughout Saturday night men kept coming in from the Spanish lines. When the Oregon troops reached the Captain-General's palace, where General Merritt has made his headquarters, they found the plaza packed with Spaniards. Between 6,000 and 7,000 soldiers gave up their arms, which consisted mostly of Mauser rifles. Twelve thousand stands of arms were taken and millions of rounds of ammunition were captured to arm most of our regiments. Three magazines were found full of powder.

McMinnville Telephone: A new system of lighting of business, dwelling and street use is being inaugurated here and already several have engaged to take the lights and others are contemplating. They are known as Helios Carbide lamps, and the light is from Acetylene gas. Its use and manipulation is said to be as safe and harmless as coal oil. Joe Fellner, who formerly did bicycle repairing, is agent, with headquarters at Hembree's book store. Hembree, S D Guant, and Rogers Bros will use the lights while many other firms are contemplating putting them in. Mr Fellner will pipe the entire south side of the block from Hudson's to the First National Bank and light the street at a nominal figure. This is done to advertise the light in an effectual manner, showing its superior lighting capacity and cheap cost. The effect of the general use of this light to the exclusion of the incandescents, will not have a beneficial effect on the financial condition of the city lighting system, and will emphasize the need of more competent management of the same which could and would make a satisfactory and paying service.

The horrible accident at Franklin accentuates the demand for a stringent law requiring engineers to pass examinations as to their competency to handle the dangerous steam machinery. The loss of life and worse, in the mutilation of innocent persons, is an object lesson that should bear fruit in the shape of proper legislation. As it is now any man that knows enough to build a fire in a furnace, or turn a throttle valve, may be trusted with control of a boiler and engine. In this case the desire to save a few dollars in wages resulted in a fearful accident. The machinery was all right if it had been handled by a competent man.

It is intimated that Governor Lord will call a special session of the legislature for the sole purpose of electing a senator. There is no public demand for another senator. In fact most of our people are hardly aware that we have even one senator. No state was ever represented at the National capitol men of such small caliber as Oregon at present.

That was a very petty spirit that prompted the German war vessels at Manila to slip their moorings on the dawn of July 4 and go to sea, to remain throughout the day, to avoid saluting the United States flag. It was a childish act comparable to ugly tempered children making faces.

Secretary of War Alger noticed a sick soldier and a half column of telegraphic rot followed. If he had exercised good judgment in preparing suitable supplies and accommodations for the troops there would have been thousands less of sick, and hundreds of lives saved.

WELSH POETRY.

Some Specimens of the Ballads Written by Dafydd ap Gwilym. A glimpse of the form of Welsh verse, Triban, may be found in a translation of some stanzas from Mr. Riba's book of "Welsh Ballads." These stanzas are from "The Song of the Graves," written by Dafydd ap Gwilym.

In graves where drips the winter rain Lie those that loved me most of men—Ceryd, Cyryd, Cew, lie slain.

In graves where the grass grows rank and wild Lie, well averaged ere they did fall—Gwern, Morien, Morial.

In graves where drips the rain the dead Lie, that not lightly bowed the head—Gwern, Gwen and Gwried.

Reithen's last mind sleeps by the shore 'Twixt Cinran and the gray sea's roar, Where Cae'r Cendri starts up before.

In Aberceth lies Rhyther' Hael, Beneath the earth of Llan Morvael, But Owein ab Urten in lonelie soil.

Mid the dreary moor by the one oak tree, The grave of stately Blawn may be—Stately, traucheron and bitter was he.

Mid the salt sea marsh where the tides have been Lie the sweet maid Sanau, the warrior Rhyn And Henni's daughter, the pale Eryva.

And this may the grave of Gwylher be, But who the world's great mystery? The grave of Arthur, shall ever see?

The translation lacks, however, the chief feature of the original composition, for it was written by Dafydd ap Gwilym in fettered verse, called in the vernacular "synghedd," an ingenious form of consonancy peculiar to the four and twenty meters of Welsh prosody—a feature that the translator found unconvertible even if he understood the secret of such intricate metrical construction. Dafydd ap Gwilym's best productions were his elegies—cywyddau—and his lyrics and love songs, which are standards of excellence in Welsh poetry to this day.—New York Tribune.

GOLD AND CRIMSON TROUT.

A Unique Variety That Has a Secluded Abode In a Creek In Kansas. "There are trout in Whitney creek, a tributary of Kern river, in Kansas," said a veteran New York angler, "the like of which don't exist in any other water on the face of the globe. These trout have their abode in the upper waters of the creek, and it is not invaded by any other breeds of trout that swarm in the waters below simply because they cannot get at it. About six miles from the head of Whitney creek there is a waterfall 150 feet high. The rock down the face of which the water tumbles is solid and smooth from base to summit. There are no protruding ledges nor any hollows by means of which the other trout, with leap after leap from ledge to ledge and hollow to hollow, could scale this precipice, as they do at thousands of high waterfalls elsewhere. Consequently the trout above the falls have never been disturbed by interlopers of a different variety, and they live by themselves in the pure, cold water, a most splendid family of fresh water fish.

Some Theatrical Jokes.

In a performance of "The Lady of the Lake" the actor who took the part of Roderick Dhu was known to be in pecuniary difficulties. When Roderick took the line, "I am Roderick Dhu," Fitzjames responded, "Yes, and your rent's due too." On the production of a piece called "The Spy" the early acts showed that it was going to prove a failure. So when at a certain point a character had to rush on and shout, "Five hundred pounds for the spy!" the author-actor, who was concealed behind a rock, arose and cried, "It's yours—copyright, manuscript and parts!" That was the end of the performance.

When eating takes place on the stage, the temptations to play tricks with the food are naturally great. In "Henry V" the jock which which that imitable braggart Pistol has to eat is usually made from an apple. But on one occasion at Sadler's Wells the fuelien of the evening gave him a real onion, and he had no choice but to struggle through it, though the tears coursed down his fat cheeks.—Cornhill Magazine.

The No Grog Law.

In July, 1902, congress revolutionized the American navy by passing the historic law providing: "That from and after the 1st day of September, 1902, the spirit ration in the navy of the United States shall forever cease, and therefor no distilled spirituous liquors shall be admitted on board of vessels of war except as medicinal stores and upon the order and under the control of the medical officers of such vessels and to be used only for medicinal purposes." "From and after the 1st day of September next there shall be allowed and paid to each person in the navy now entitled to spirit ration 5 cents per day in commutation and lieu thereof, which shall be in addition to the present pay."

A Shirt Washing General.

I have seen a private letter from General Gatacre to a friend in a high place, in which the general describes himself as perfectly happy in the Sudan. He had only one shirt to his back, which he washed for himself from time to time. He lived on tinned meat and occupied a straw shelter without furniture and with nothing more than a blanket to cover him, but he was in ruder health and the best spirits, and all his men were the same.—Allahabad Pioneer.

Her Credentials.

"Who is that stilly looking little curly headed blond in the pink frock with blue ribbons?" "Silly looking? She's going to marry the richest young man in town."—Chicago Record.

The average weekly loss of vessels on the sea throughout the world is 12.

MONEY AND MUSIC.

Why We Have More Women Vocalists Than Men.

In preparing a list of American concert singers it was curious to note that the number of tenors just exactly equalled the combined number of baritone and basses. It is probably true that there are just about two cultivated tenors to each baritone or bass. There are similarly about twice as many sopranos as there are mezzo sopranos or contraltos, and there are probably two trained sopranos to every tenor.

The reasons for these ratios are probably these: A higher voice, being the more unusual, attracts to its owner the more attention. The natural tenor and soprano are accordingly encouraged to cultivate what may, after all, be only a mediocre ability. The mezzo soprano or baritone, however, is thought of as only an ordinary mortal, and a voice of the utmost possibilities may be left to waste its fragrance in the dark, unfathomed caves of its owner's throat.

A village church is the epitome of the world in this respect. The women "sing alto" or keep quiet, or strain and squeal at the top notes; the men drone out a bagpipish bass. The good voices are lost in the lugubrious average, but if there is a girl who takes the high notes flutily or a boy who can interpolate the tenor part without danger of scurlet fever these voices sing out above the grumbling chorus. Every one pricks ear to listen, and the word is passed that Snaky Smith or Jakey Jones "has a voice." It may be that that voice ought to be cultivated, it may be that it ought to be confiscated, but to the teacher it must go. The steps from this first discovery to a career of public weal or woe are easy.

So much for the disproportion of high and low professional singing. The fact that more women than men study song is doubtless to be accounted for by the superstition that flourishes in many districts that selling dry goods or keeping books is a more manly career than singing. This public creed keeps many a man from developing the gold mine in his larynx. Besides, there is, especially in America, a sentiment that a man should not depend on his father after he has reached his majority.

It is a wholesome sentiment on some accounts, a pernicious sentiment on others, but many a father will set his son up in business with a sum of money which if devoted to paying his artistic tuition a few years on in his twenties might give him a capital of unlimited possibilities.—Godey's Magazine.

FOOLED THE PREMIER.

An Experiment Which Made Matters Worse Than They Had Been.

A story, the truth of which is vouchsafed for in high quarters, is told concerning the "manners" of the political members of a small country renowned for its ancient courage. The prime minister gave a reception to meet some distinguished Englishmen. The assemblage consisted solely of the strangers, the members of the parliament and the prime minister. During the course of the evening one of the more distinguished of the English guests discovered that his watch had been taken. He went to his host and informed him of his loss, adding that he especially prized the watch, as it was a present to him from the king of the country whose guest he had the honor to be at that moment.

The prime minister saw at once that there was only one thing to be done, and, asking for silence, explained the situation to the company. He said that no doubt some one had yielded to the temptation of the moment, but that when they learned that the missing article was the gift of their king he was sure their loyalty, if nothing else, would prompt them to restore it to its owner. In order that the culprit's honor might be preserved and the country saved from a scandal, he said, the lights would be lowered for five minutes and the guests would deduce past the writing table, which would give an opportunity for the delinquent to place the watch there.

Upon this the room was darkened for the stipulated time. On the lights being turned up it was found that the watch had not been placed on the writing table, but that a valuable silver instant, also a gift of the king to his prime minister, was missing as well.—London Telegraph.

Economics.

Frantz Poesing could not understand why he should not be allowed to leave the barge office. His card bore the inscription, "Not money enough," but he thought he had something as good as money besides the cash he had shown. He was a healthy young German, his accent fresh from Unter den Linden, his suit and his boots spick and span, his manner full of dignity and method.

"They say I have not money enough," he argued, "but I have a brand new suit in my trunk, for which I paid 64 marks, and I have not worn it more than four or five times. You wish to see it? Well, anyhow, it is worth at least 55 marks now. I assure you it is as good as new. Then I have a lot of new books, for which I paid 50 marks. They are all about business, and one is entitled 'The Merchant on the Height of His Success, and How to Follow Him.' I bought all these books before leaving because I had made up my mind to go into business in this country and I wanted to prepare for it. So, you see, I have 50 marks' worth of books and a suit of clothes worth 55 marks. This makes together 105 marks, and yet they say I have not money enough."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Chivalry and Commercialism.

The Colonel—Yes, sah; that feud, stabled, sah, ovan a gallon of cildah—sweet cildah at that—has cost the lives of 20 of Kaintucky's bravest sons, sah. The Yankee—Huh, that is nothing. We had a lawsuit over a calf in our neighborhood that cost over \$11,000.—Indianapolis Journal.

STUMPY CELEBRITIES.

Many Notable Characters Have Been Short In Stature.

Scarcely was stumpy, also St. Paul and Alexander the Great, great only as a warrior. In stature both he and his far more intellectual father, Philip of Macedon, scarcely reached middle height. In this regard we may rank them with the famous Spartan general, Agesilaus; with Attila, the "scourge of God"—broad shouldered, thickset, sinewy, short; with Theodoros II, king of the Goths, of whom Cassiodorus writes, "He is rather short than tall, somewhat stout, with shapely limbs alike lithic and strong."

Actius, too, commander in chief of the Roman troops and prop of the tottering Roman empire in the days of Valentinian, was a man of low stature, therein resembling Timour the Tartar, self described as a "puny, lame, decrepit little wight, though lord of Asia and terror of the world;" also the great Conde and his pygmy contemporary, Marshal Luxembourg, nicknamed "The Little" by those who admired him for making Louis XIV Louis the Great, who, by the bye, less his high heeled shoes and towering wig, dwindles to about 5 feet 6 inches.

But even thus pared down to the inches nature gave him he was a giant compared with Sir Francis Drake and with Admiral Koppel—"Little Koppel," as every sailor in the fleet fondly dubbed him from pure love and admiration. When Koppel—a commodore at 24—was sent to demand an apology from the dey of Algiers for an insult to the British flag, he took so high a tone that the dey exclaimed against the insolence of the British king for charging a "beardless boy" with such a message to him. Replied the beardless boy, "Were my master wont to take length of beard for a test of wisdom he'd have sent your deyshap a he goat."

Oliver Cromwell, Claverhouse and Mehmet Ali must be content to take it out in brains, for they all lacked inches. Two of those great names naturally suggest that of another famous soldier and usurper, Napoleon Bonaparte, "Le Petit Caporal," as his men lovingly called him, stood about 5 feet (French) in his stockings, say 5 feet 6 inches (English).

In stature the Iron Duke beat him about six inches, while the 5 feet 4 inches of Nelson place him midway or thereabouts between the victor and the victim of Waterloo.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE VALUE OF FRESH AIR.

Something Which Should Not Be Taken In Little Daily Doses.

The admitted advantage of an outdoor life in many morbid conditions and notably in consumption seems to point to the conclusion that there is something definitely injurious in the indoor life which is now the common mode of existence among civilized people. It is a striking and startling thing that the mere removal of a patient into the open air should lower his fever, should remove his night sweats and take away his hectic, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that if these symptoms are removed by the purity of the air outside they must have been largely caused by the impurity of the air within the house.

Not have we any right to assume that it is the consumptive only who suffers. Doubtless the healthy struggle against and overcome evil influences before which those who are tuberculous succumb, but that is not to say that in the struggle we do not suffer, and, indeed, the facts recently brought forward are sufficient to show that the stuffy life of warmth and comfort which civilized man now "enjoys" is bad for the health even of the healthiest. We make our windows fit, we pad our doors, we shiver at a draft, we surround ourselves with woolen curtains, dusty carpets and fluff, luxurious upholstery, we breathe the same air over and over again, and then we wonder that we are not strong and vigorous.

The fact is we are daily using up the exuberant vitality with which nature has provided us in struggling against artificial conditions. How powerful for evil, how deteriorating these conditions are, is shown by the fact that their mere removal gives back to the consumptive that vitality which enables him to overcome the seeds of disease within him. Fresh air is not a thing to be taken in little doses once a day, but a thing to live on.—London Hospital.

The Eskimo's "Huskie."

The wild dog, uninfluenced at all by association with man, is typical of nothing but the wolf, and in the circumpolar ice he is found in numbers roving over the fields of snow and ice, frequently in company with the wolves. The Eskimos have taken their wild creatures and by a rude process of selection and training they have developed the "huskie," a colloquial abbreviation of the word Eskimo. These animals represent a type of dog but little removed from the wolf—hardy, vicious, swift of foot and keen of eye. They have been trained to haul sledge loads of goods across the snow and ice, and this comes as natural to them now as for a pointer to point. They possess the blood of the wolf, however, in their veins—the taint of the jackal. At the first opportunity they will run away and join the wild dogs and deteriorate rapidly in their company.—George E. Walsh in North American Review.

Can Afford to Have a Cow.

"Just after President McKinley's inauguration he had his relatives who were in the city at a family dinner at the White House," says The Ladies' Home Journal. "It was a large company and a very good dinner. Dear old Mother McKinley was there, but she was not very talkative. She was too happy for words. But she kept a sharp eye on the dinner, and no detail of it escaped her. She was impressed by the quantity of cream served with the fruit and coffee, for she looked up at her son in her sweet way and said: 'William, you must keep a cow now.' 'Some of the younger members of the family party found it difficult to suppress a smile, but the president, with his usual tact and graciousness, replied: 'Yes, mother, we can afford to have a cow now and have all the cream we can possibly use.'"

Funny Elisha.

Elisha (inclined to be facetious)—I'm getting to be pretty bald, aren't I? S'pose you'll have to cut my hair for about half price hereafter, eh? Tonsorial Artist—Oh, no, sir! We always charge double when we have to hunt for the hair!—Boston Traveler.

Some years ago W. H. Brown, chief engineer of the Pennsylvania railroad, was introduced to a clergyman as the greatest bridge builder in the country. "Can you build a bridge to eternity?" asked the clergyman. "Yes, if you can furnish the abutments," was the prompt reply.

PROF JOHNSON RESIGNS

His Health Will Not Permit His Continuing at Work.

A LEARNED GENTLEMAN

It will be learned with great regret that J W Johnson, professor of latin in the University of Oregon, has resigned, on account of his poor health. In the letter he expressed his regret in leaving the University and wishes it success in the future.

Prof Johnson came to Eugene from Portland in 1876, having been elected President of the University. He opened the school on Oct 16, 1876. The only member of the original faculty left in the school is Prof Thos Condon.

He held the position of President until he resigned a few years ago. Prof Johnson built up one of the leading educational institutions in the northwest. He was a success not only as a teacher of latin but also as an executive officer. We trust the Professor will live long among his friends. He is a man that can be trusted in every walk of life.

The GUARD regrets to see him leave the institution in which he has worked so faithfully and intelligently for the past twenty-two years. We will have more to say about his connection with the institution at a future time.

SATURDAY AUGUST 27.

GOOD HUNTING.—Marshal Stiles, Johnny Hunt and Andy Taylor returned last night from a hunting trip to Blue river. They went to that place Monday and Wednesday while out hunting Marshal Stiles came across three fine deer and a spotted fawn. He killed the three deer at three shots, breaking two of their necks and shooting the other one through the shoulders. He could have killed the spotted fawn but that is against the law and being a peace officer and a good citizen, he desisted. It would seem that Marshal Stiles is the boss hunter that has gone out from Eugene this season. Some are inclined to think our popular marshal is joking but the GUARD is satisfied that he killed the deer as detailed.

INSANE.—This forenoon Charles Alexander Tennessee Goforth, was examined at Junction on the charge of insanity before the Justice and Medical Examiners Dis N L Lee and E P Geary, and was ordered committed. He is 58 years old; had been married and had two children but they are dead. The cause of his insanity is the over use of alcohol. He arrived in Junction a day or two ago from California. Sheriff Withers brought the man here this afternoon and will take him to the asylum on the early train tomorrow. Deputy Sheriff Day says he arrested the man here for drunkenness two years ago, while marshal. He bore the same name at that time as he does now.

WAR OF RATES.—Marshfield News: "There is war between opposition companies on the Drain route, and cut rates are in order. Word was brought to town Friday, that through tickets from Jarvis landing to Drain are selling at \$1.50." Roseburg Review: And we are informed that one may pay fare or not, just as he pleases. It is a good time to go to the beach for recreation.

MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENT.

McMinnville Transcript: "The engagement of Pres H L Boardman and Miss Alice Dorris is announced, the wedding to occur about Sept 1st. A truly worthy couple." THE GUARD desires to extend congratulations even this far in advance.

A LARGE PEACH.—Col S P Shadd yesterday evening presented this office with a peach from in his orchard that measured 11 1/2 inches in circumference. Who can beat it? What does Editor Mitchell, of Jacksonville, say about this?

SALMON FISHING.—Wm Kyle and the other cannerymen that operate on the lower Siuslaw river are now getting ready for active work. It is expected that the cannery at that place will soon start up.

The wheat market is lifeless. On account of the prospects of big crops all over the world the price is down and the outlook is not good for its getting up very much.

McMinnville Transcript: "Our old friend N S DuBols arrived home from Foley Springs Saturday last, looking as if the trip had agreed with him. It looks natural to see him at his station outside the hotel after an absence of a month or more."

Portland Telegram: Professor D W Jarvis, principal of the Atkinson school, has just returned from a six weeks' absence in Georgia and South Carolina, where he found times very good and everybody elated over the results of our rub with Spain.