

# SIMON CHOSEN

## He Will Represent Oregon In The Senate For Four Years.

GOP 65 VOTES

### A Short Sketch of His Life.

#### KUYKENDALL ABSENT.

SALEM, Oregon, October 8—Joseph Simon, of Portland, the well known politician and lawyer, was elected United States Senator at noon today to succeed John H. Mitchell, for a four years' term.

The vote was as follows:

|                     |    |
|---------------------|----|
| Simon               | 65 |
| Kincaid             | 22 |
| Beaumont            | 2  |
| Absent (Kuykendall) | 1  |
| Total               | 90 |

#### CAUCUS LAST NIGHT.

SALEM, Oct 8—In the republican Senatorial Caucus of 63 members Simon received 41 votes; rest scattering. On motion of Senator Fulton the nomination was made unanimous.

SALEM, Ore., Oct 8—The senatorial question is settled. An immense crowd witnessed the election of Hon. Joseph Simon as United States Senator, at noon today in the hall of representatives. By this election Mr. Simon realizes the hopes and ambitions of his life.

This election creates a vacancy in the state senate. Senator Mitchell, of Wasco, made the official announcement that Corbett had withdrawn and Senator Brownell, of Clackamas, placed Mr. Simon in nomination. The nominating speech was a splendid effort. In his delivery Mr. Simon was referred to as "the little Napoleon of the republican party in Oregon."

Both houses have adjourned until 2 p.m. Monday. A dozen unimportant bills were introduced in the house today and several in the senate.

The cost of the house calendar, so much talked of through the state as a great extravagance, is found to be only \$20 per day.

No bills can be introduced in either house after noon Tuesday, the time expiring by limitation.

Hon. Joseph Simon, was born in Germany on February 7, 1851, coming with his father, David Simon and family to Portland in 1857, where his father for many years was successfully engaged as a merchant. There were four children, the eldest the subject of this sketch, having been born in Germany, one born in California, and the two youngest in Portland, where all have been reared and educated.

Our subject was sent to the public schools in Portland, and reported to have been studious and a good scholar, in the meantime receiving, while assisting his father, a practical knowledge of business, which has since been of much value to him in his profession of law. In 1870 he entered the office of Mitchell & Dolph, then the leading law firm of the city, where he read law for two years, when he was admitted to the bar, soon after becoming a member of the firm with which he had studied, since when his career has been one of continued success. In 1877, he was elected a member of the City Council from the second ward, which position he held for three years, declining a re-election, which was tendered to him without opposition.

In 1885 he was appointed by the Governor a member of the Board of Police Commissioners, in which capacity he served until July, 1892. In politics, he is a staunch and active republican. He was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee in 1880, 1884 and 1886, rendering his par-

ty and the state valuable service in these years. In 1880 he was elected a member of the State Senate, and for seven successive times, viz: 1880, 1884, 1888, 1892, 1896, 1898 and 1900, he has been re-elected to that office. In the sessions of 1889, 1891, 1893, 1897 and 1898, he was elected president of the Senate, and presided over that body. While senator, he was an indefatigable worker, and served on various committees. As sufficient evidence of the general satisfaction experienced as to his manner of executing the duties devolving upon him, we have only to refer to his seven several elections to the Senate, and his election as president of that body for five sessions, the highest possible endorsement for his integrity and ability as a politician. In 1890 he was a delegate to the National Republican Convention held at Minneapolis in June, 1892, and was elected a member of the Republican National Committee from the State of Oregon.

In fraternal matters, Mr. Simon is a Past Master of Portland Lodge, No. 53, A. F. & M., and a member of Portland Chapter, No. 5; he has organized the city's first orchestra in Seattle, Wash. The only former legislator in the U. S. Senate was John P. 1899 (name of Dutton and Senator Yale from Florida).

Senator-elect Simon received several congratulatory telegrams from Eugene.

#### GOOD FOR HIM.

Blue River is to Have a 10-Stamp Mill.

Brownsville Times of yesterday: "Nate Standish returned yesterday from Portland, where, in company with Mr. G. A. Dyson, he had been on business matters in connection with the Lucky Boy mine on Blue River. The reporter failed to get an interview with Mr. Standish, but the air is full of rumors to the effect that the gentlemen were successful in their mission, and a deal was closed whereby Portland parties will at once put in a 10-stamp mill and commence active operations. If this is correct, it means active developments in the Blue River district."

#### A GRACIOUS TRIBUTE.

An Incident at a Concert That Completely Captivated the Audience.

So much is said about the ill feeling and jealousy of musicians that it is a pleasure to record an instance of the opposite sort. Two or three years ago a concert was given in one of our large cities for the assistance of some charity. The programme was long, and repeated encores had drawn it out to a wearisome length, when a colored woman came forward to sing. She sang well—not better nor worse than her predecessor—and the management, thinking to hurry matters a little, sent the next performer on as she left the stage.

This was a man who plays the organ with masterly skill and whose name is sufficient to give distinction to any programme. He took his seat at the first fall in the enthusiastic applause which followed the singer's withdrawal began to play.

It appeared that the audience felt that a slight had been put upon the singer, and the applause became uproarious. The woman came forward and bowed her thanks, and the organist began again, but the people would have none of him. They clapped and pounded and stamped, apparently bent on drowning out the organ.

At last the singer came out again and with a half apologetic glance toward the organist stepped to the front of the stage. An accompanist behind the scene struck the preceding notes of "Auld Lang Syne."

An instantaneous hush fell upon the great throng. The house was as quiet as it had been noisy a moment before. Then the singer began, and as she sang there came, so soft as hardly to be heard, an exquisite accompaniment from the organ—a beautiful, wondrous song breathing through the sweet old melody, uplifting and sustaining the singer's voice.

It was a gracious tribute, and the audience was not slow to recognize it. When the music ceased, there was another tremendous outburst of applause, but this time it was by way of reparation as well as reward.—Youth's Companion.

#### Wilhelm II as Art Patron.

Wilhelm earnestly desires to make the fine arts flourish in Prussia and in this respect, as in all others, to set the pace for the German empire. He is generous in exhorting cities to raise monuments and helps all he can. He is indefatigable in visits to studios and in encouragement to sculptors, painters and other artists whom he regards as able. It is, however, only under great disadvantages that a man on a throne encourages the arts. His very power stands in his way. The importance of what he says is such that a criticism exercises a crushing effect. The fact that he is so impetuous and self-confident if not exactly disconcerting a nature puts him at this disadvantage. He admires greatly certain artists and their works and almost violently dislikes the works of others. He is a petty partisan, and what is worse, he cannot help it, because he gets it by inheritance from some old Slesic prince of an ancestor who in his own day probably caused the artists of the wrong camp to be sacrificed to the grim gods of paganism.—Century.

#### The Sausage.

The sausage dates back to the year 807. It has been asserted that the Greeks in the days of Homer manufactured sausages, but this prehistoric mixture had nothing in common with our modern product. The ancient so-called materials which entered into the make-up of the boudin of the French market and the blood pudding of the French Canadian. The ancient sausage was enveloped in the stomachs of geese. It was not until the tenth century that sausage made of hashed pork became known. It was in or near the year 1200 known, thanks to the introduction into Germany of cinnamon and saffron, the sausage of Frankfurt and of Strasbourg acquired a universal reputation.—Brooklyn Eagle.

#### Distinction.

"Nobody ought ever to undertake to teach school who doesn't love children." "Oh, but I did love children until after I began to teach school!"—Chicago Tribune.

## A MARRIED PATRIOT.

The telegraph operator declared that a special train loaded with United States "regulars" was coming from the west. Most of the men hurried home to carry news to their families. But "Hokey" Crane was not of this number. Instead he sought the musty seclusion of his "courtroom" and there began the preparation of the impromptu speech which he felt sure he would be called upon to deliver on behalf of the patriotic citizens of Gray Willow.

In 40 minutes the depot platform was packed with girls in white, their cheeks flushed with the excitement of anticipation, with sober faced women, awkwardly expectant men and hilariously youngsters. The shout which went up from this waiting throng as the train loaded with troops rushed into the station was the first intimation of the actual presence of war that reached the ears of the orator's wife, who straightened up from the devotional attitude which she had taken beside her husband, who was so pale, but it had an ominous, forbidding sound. She could not clearly identify it as she pushed back her pink checked sunbonnet and listened. Then came the insistent clanging of the locomotive bell, followed by the puffing of the engine as it pulled out. Intuitively the thought of war came to her mind, and she was not surprised as the train came into view to see that the platforms and windows were crowded with young men in douch hats, blue uniforms and leggings. The four young Cranes occupied positions of perilous vantage on the top stringer of the back picket fence, where they were cheering as only the American boy can cheer at his first sight of real soldiers. But their mother did not even call to them. Her mind was ringing with the one word in the window. The creak of the front gate aroused her, and a moment later she was unhooking the screen door to admit Mrs. Frink, who blessed her with unusual fervor and exclaimed: "Ain't it just dretful, Miss Crane—this terrible war! I ain't had no real sense of it before. But it's comin' home t' all of us now. You'd ought t' have heard the speech your husband made t' them heroes at the train. It was just splendid. I'd be set right up if any of my men folks could talk like he did. I never heard such patriotism—not in all my born days, an' he's got t' hold a big war meetin' in the o'ry house tonight an' raise a company. I expect my boys'll enlist, but I shan't put a straw in the way of their layin' their lives on the altar of their country."

Mrs. Crane was generally referred to by her neighbors as "such a timid little thing." It was only under stress of greatest conviction that she was ever able to muster sufficient courage to speak in revival meetings. She was shy and gentle and was generally classed in the "cling-vine" category of wives. Although she was still a young woman, she had put on the badge of meek femininity maturity—a small purple bonnet with broad strings and purple flowers. It was the outward token that she recognized the shortness of human life and was awaiting the Master's call in a proper spirit of faith and resignation. The frivolity of hats had been put behind her, as became the mother of four children.

The remainder of that afternoon she spent in her bedroom, the door tightly locked. When she came out, there were dark circles under her eyes and her lips were uncharacteristically white. Her husband did not come home to supper, and the children were allowed to eat bread and milk from the kitchen table without pausing to wash their faces. Shortly after dusk they were marching toward the hall with the afternoon's accumulation of soil still undisturbed on their plump little faces. They were clad in their tattered play clothes, and their mother wore the most unseemly work dress she possessed. In this condition they took a seat in the war meeting just as the husband and father began his eloquent plea for volunteers. She heard the young men in front of her say: "Of course we're goin' to elect Hokey captain of the company. That goes without sayin'."

After the orator had poured forth a stream of martial eloquence for 30 minutes he raised his hand impressively and exclaimed:

"But, my friends, talk is cheap. Deeds are the things that speak. I have asked but little at the hands of my fellow citizens, but tonight I crave one privilege—and that is that I may be the first man in Gray Willow to put my name on the enlistment roll of the company which shall go forth from this village to fight for that glorious banner." By previous arrangement the village band struck into the march of the "Star Spangled Banner," while the audience yelled and stamped. It was the proudest moment in Hokey Crane's life.

He signed the roll during the playing of the national hymn, and then called upon all who were willing to lay their lives on the altar of their country to come forward. The audience—the largest Gray Willow had ever seen—gasped as the mild, timid wife of the patriot orator arose and walked forward to the enlistment table, her unwashed quartet of children following. After writing her name she turned to the audience and, in a voice louder than she had ever been able to command in prayer meeting, defiantly exclaimed:

"I'd rather do it than stay at home and take in washing. I want to lay a company of Gray Willow women who depend upon their husbands for support, who haven't paid for their homes and can leave behind a family of small children for the unmarried young men to care for."

What more she would have said had not her pastor hastened to her side and led her gently away can only be guessed. Not a family man in Gray Willow has offered his services to his country since Hokey Crane began the formation of a company.

In the vernacular of the little group at the lively stable that prominent citizen had ever since "been lookin' for an alibi when a man to take him out behind the barn an' kick him good an' plenty!"—Chicago Post.

#### Jaunty Lord Playfair.

Lord Playfair retained to the end of his life, says a London paper, a certain jaunty manner which well expressed the inner buoyancy of his mind. He thoroughly enjoyed his own success and was never blasé about the privileges it brought. "It was my lot," writes a correspondent, "to occupy the seat next to him in Westminster abbey at the memorial service of Lord Coleridge. Lord Playfair apparently supposed me to be a stranger, not only to himself, but to all around me, for, as one of the invited mourners took a place near to him, my neighbor turned to me with communicative good nature and whispered: "That is Lord Roseberry." At his reply, "And you are Lord Playfair," he seemed to be greatly gratified, but he religiously observed the silence which was thus enjoined."

## FOILED THE WOODPECKERS.

Legitimate Business to Save the Poles and Its Peculiar Health.

"Speaking of modern ingenuity," remarked Assistant Superintendent of Telegraph Rooms the other day, "it will remind the happy idea of Superintendent Joseph Donner, now located with the Southern Pacific company at San Francisco, when he was on this end. You may remember his experience in painting the telegraph poles of the Arizona desert with asphalt, and from the sand sticking to them gradually simulating stone. Well, what I am about to relate equaled this proceeding both as to efficiency and conception. In western Texas, west of Spofford Junction and for many miles, it was almost impossible to make a telegraph pole last more than six months, owing to the many woodpeckers in that section. The birds constantly attacked the posts and actually perforated the wood in divers places until the poles bore the appearance of having been well bored, soon becoming useless. Realizing that something must be done, Mr. Donner put on his thinking cap, and at the end of a week he had solved the problem."

"A month later he journeyed to Spofford Junction, and attached to the train was a carload of hollow iron poles, each painted to resemble ordinary rough red cedar. These he set up at intervals of five miles, covering the territory attacked by the woodpeckers. A skilled eye could not determine the difference between the iron poles and the wooden ones. Convinced within the top of each of the metal poles Mr. Donner attached a very small 'buzzer,' similar to those used in lieu of call bells, and these he attached to the telegraph wires, they keeping up a constant humming. Here is where the woodpeckers were foiled. They imagined the 'buzzers' were insects in the poles, and then began a desperate sortie of the birds upon the metal. They looked to the anticipated harvest by scores, and the foolish things never realized their error until the bill of each was worn down to a frazzle. A month's time found every woodpecker in the state in this awkward predicament, and being unable to penetrate the iron they gave up and went to eating gravel. The poles of wood were saved."

"A peculiar result was that the progeny of the mutilated birds showed bills without points, and consequently these latter are unable to do any damage. Every woodpecker along the line now wears his bill as rounded as a baseball, and we experience no more trouble. Mr. Donner was thinking of patenting the idea, but did not, however, preferring that other lines should have the benefit of his ingenuity free."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

#### TELEPHONE WIRE.

In Each Apparatus There is Over Half a Mile of It.

"When you say 'Hello' to 'central' did you know that you talk over 2,000 feet, or one half mile, of copper wire before the sound of your voice is transmitted through the telephone box?" asked the superintendent of the Missouri and Kansas Telephone company of a reporter for The Times recently. It is a fact that in each telephone there is 2,500 feet of fine wire. You see, the phone is composed of three parts.

"First the ringing apparatus, then the transmitter and last the ear trumpet or receiver. In the first are two small coils about the size of a No. 40 screw of thread immediately behind the bells, each containing 500 feet of wire in the magnet or ringing machine in another coil, containing 1,200 feet, making in all 2,500 feet. In the second part is a coil of the same size of wire, No. 36, about the size of No. 40 thread, which contains 500 feet. In the receiver is 200 feet more, making in all 3,000 feet.

"In the telephone exchange we have 3,000 instruments. With 2,000 feet in each the total would be 6,000,000 feet of very fine wire in the telephones of the city alone. Placing 5,280 feet to the mile, it would make slightly over 181 miles of wire as in the thread.

"This wire is insulated or shielded with two thicknesses of extremely fine silk thread and is an item of considerable expense, as the spools or coils are easily burned out. They are equal amount of wire contained in 25 back of the switchboard at 'central' which makes 700 miles, or enough to reach from here to St. Louis, with a good many miles to spare."—Kansas City Times.

#### The Causes of Cancer.

There are few diseases that afflict the human family that are more bedeviled than those of a cancerous nature. The cancer proper is a most appalling foe to life. Whether it can be cured is and always has been a debatable question. Cases are cited where alleged marvelous cures have been effected, but this does not to any appreciable extent alter the facts in the case, that the cancer is practically incurable once it gets any sort of headway in the system. The cause of this disease has been so imperfectly understood that very effort at prevention was worse than useless. A French scientist claims to have discovered cancer germs in wood, and that artisans who work in wood are much more subject to this disease, all things considered, than those who handle most other materials. Having once started on this line of research, he found cancer germs in wood and vegetation of various kinds. Elm and willow trees showed a greater proportion of these germs than other woods. In high altitudes or where trees are not common very few cancer germs were found. From all of which it appears that we may be at last on the highroad to some reliable and conclusive knowledge upon a subject which has baffled the skill of medical scientists for many years.—New York Ledger.

#### Not Without Guilt.

They need to say of Senator Perkins of California that he subtly flattered those whom he desired to court among his constituents by asking each man of them, not singly, what time it was by his watch, and setting his own timepiece accordingly. It was an exceedingly good way of advancing his own cause, but a young physician here in town unobtrusively confessed to a piece of diplomatic duplicity just as clever and just as successful. Whenever practice lags, he buys a number of clinical thermometers and presents them to all mothers of young children he knows. Of course as soon as a mother begins to take the temperature of her children she is bound to discover fluctuations never dreamed of before, and as not one woman in 20 can read a clinical thermometer correctly or tell what it means when she has read it—well, you can see for yourself that that crafty physician man is going to be that crafty a man in his own way, but personally I think any man who trades on the anxiety of a mother for her babies is a heartless villain.—Washington Post.

## HEAVY LAND SALES.

The Meek Estate Disposes of Some Valuable Property.

The estate of Sarah M. Meek has sold to F. H. Miller 103.29 acres, about eight miles north of this city, for the sum of \$7,916.10.

The same estate has also sold to W. E. Brown, 100 acres for the sum of \$5,000.

This would indicate that farming lands are advancing in Lane county.

#### Legislative Notes.

The senate has repealed the state equalization law.

A bill creating the office of game and forestry warden in each county caused lively discussion, but was passed by a vote of 38 to 20. Many were opposed to it by reason of the expense to the state, claiming the wardens would cost the state \$30,000 annually in salaries alone. Some claimed their counties did not need such wardens at all. Flagg of Marion made a good talk against the bill, but to no purpose.

#### SATURDAY, OCT. 8.

HOUSE BURNED.—A small residence on Patterson island owned by Dr. A. W. Patterson, and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Claude Campbell, caught fire about 9 o'clock this morning from a defective flue and burned to the ground. P. Chesler discovered the flames while enroute to this city, and went to the assistance of Mrs. Campbell who was alone at the time. Together they saved nearly all the household goods. Mr. Chesler said that had water been easy of access he could have stopped the fire. There was no insurance.

PASSAGE.—Today's Salem Statesman: Senator Kuykendall of Lane, does not sit still under defeat. His bill prescribing qualifications for electors at school meetings and school elections, voted down in the senate Thursday afternoon, re-appeared yesterday morning as "senate bill No. 68" containing the same provisions slightly amended. The amendments were sufficient however to engage the good will of the senators who voted the first bill out of existence, and No. 68 went through in good shape, 25 to 4.

TURTLE SHIPMENTS.—Junction City Times: "The Howard expects to ship about 200 dozen turtles to the San Francisco market about November 1st. All told he has on the ranch about 4000 turtles, all sizes from a four bit piece to a cow boy hat. The turtle industry is a new thing for this neighborhood and we hope Mr. Howard will strike a good market." THE GUARD had a full account of this novel industry a few weeks ago.

EUGENE DIVINITY SCHOOL.—Salem Statesman legislative report October 6: There was a snappy little debate on the bill to confer charter privileges upon the Christian church divinity school at Eugene, several of the senators deeming the text of the bill too sweeping, and the motion to refer it for specific restrictions, as to the scope and character of the diploma it was to issue, came very near carrying, but its sponsors saved it.

ORGANIZED.—Cottage Grove Messenger: Last Saturday evening citizens met in the office of J. E. Young and organized a local branch of the Aetna Building & Loan Association, Butte Montana. J. P. Curran was chosen president; D. G. McFarland, vice-president; J. E. Young, secretary; G. W. McQueen, Sr., treasurer; Dr. Snapp, H. Churchill, F. B. Phillips, I. H. Veatch and A. Nelson, directors.

WILL WED.—Cottage Grove Messenger Oct 7: "Cards are out announcing the wedding of Dr. Geo. Wall and Mrs. Ella Whipple, at Eugene, on Wednesday next, the 12th. We suppose the doctor and Mrs. Whipple are slipping off to Eugene for a quiet wedding, for they have so many friends here that no building would hold them if all were to attend."

SUMMIT STOCK RANGE.—E. J. Crow and son Ray and Mart Doyle returned Thursday from a trip to the summit of the mountains on the line of the Military road. They secured plenty of game. Mr. Crow says there is a magnificent summer range for stock on the summit.

DIED.—Junction City Times: Monday, October 3d, 1898, at the residence of G. C. Millett, near this city, Mr. Vandersier Millett, aged 74 years, 7 months and 13 days. Funeral services were held Tuesday after which the remains were interred in the Odd Fellows cemetery.

MARRIED.—Junction City Times: At the residence of the brides parents in this city, Sunday, October 2, 1898, Mr. Oren Gould and Miss Nellie Uttinger, Justice Clark officiating.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.—County Clerk Lee today issued a marriage license to William Weiss and Etie M. Draper.

## ON BEAR ISLAND.

Bacon and His Band Are Still Alive.

LATHROP, Minn., Oct 6—This afternoon at 3:20 o'clock, it was learned that General Bacon and his small band of 70 or 72 men were still fighting on Bear Island but it cannot be learned what the outcome of their fighting has been up to this hour.

An attempt was made to land on the island this afternoon, and rescue the wounded soldiers and get the bodies of the unfortunate bluecoats who were killed. This attempt was partly successful, as four bodies were recovered and nine soldiers who were wounded were rescued, but the citizens were driven to the boat, and the boat driven from the shore by the skulking redskins.

A general uprising of Indians is feared.

Major M. C. Wilkinson, formerly of Portland, was killed in the fight yesterday.

#### EXCELLENT HOP MARKET.

This Product of Oregon in Great Demand.

The hop market has reached a far better tone and the price is now much higher than the most sanguine of the growers expected it to become before and during the harvest of this crop, and those who have a choice article, and who are not tied up by contracts and chattel mortgages are consequently jubilant, in the knowledge of the fact that this year the crop will pay them handsomely.

The price for choice hops for several days past, as offered by a number of local brokers, is 15 cents, and the market was reported as being strong at that figure yesterday. Many sales have been made at 14 to 15 cents, and in some instances offers of 15 cents and even a shade more have been declined by growers holding a strictly choice article.

Reports from New York and London show that the completion of the harvest in the various countries shows a decided shortage in the world's crop and the rising market is practical proof of this state of affairs. Eastern and foreign speculators and brewers have small stocks and are anxious to increase their holdings, and the report is current that orders are now in the hands of local brokers and dealers, from these sources, sufficient to absorb the entire crop of 1898, of Oregon hops, which accounts for the active demand apparent here.

The Salem dealers are scouring the purchases, one well known broker having already purchased and shipped over 3,000 bales. This is but a sample of what is being done.

Many, if not all, of the contracted crops will be delivered (and accepted by the dealers holding the contracts) in the course of another week, as the contracts in nearly all cases call for delivery by October 15th, and as the contract price in no case exceeds 10 cents per pound, and in many cases is below that figure even down to 7 cents per pound, it is evident that the dealer will be well compensated for the risks taken in advancing money on the growing crop.

Growers, who were financially able to take care of their own crops, without being forced to involve them for the purpose of securing money for harvest, and who are not compelled, in consequence of this, to dispose of their crops now are in a position to hold on, and possibly secure a better price, although they run some risk in holding on, by reason of a possible decline as soon as the present demands of the brewers are satisfied from the contract hops. The shortage in the world's supply is sufficient, however, in warranting the assumption that prices can not decline much, in fact, that a further advance in the price is not only possible but very probable.

WILL RESIST.—Cottage Grove Messenger: "The Lemati city council will not, we understand, call an election to vote on consolidation, but will fight the mandamus in the next term of court."

CIRCUIT COURT CASE.—The Griffin Hardware Co. has instituted a suit in the Lane county circuit court against A. J. Brumbaugh. Judgment is asked for \$50.44.

HOPS SOLD.—Joseph Smith today sold thirty-three bales of hops to Al Holden for 14 cents per pound.

POSTS FOR SALE.—The GUARD has a large number of first class cedar fence posts for sale. For further information call at the office.

Oregon City Enterprise: Mrs. J. Goldsmith and two children, of Eugene, are visiting Mrs. M. Bollack and the Misses Goldsmith, of this city.