

SEVEN KILLED.

Frightful Accident on Torpedo-Boat.

DEAD.

Daily Guard, Oct. 23.
Charles Mancey, fireman, married,
Paul Luthile, fireman, unmarried,
Harry Wood, married,
William Wood, fireman boiler shop
married,
James Ryan, married,
Axel Johnson, married,
Albert Buchi, unmarried.

The bursting of one of the steam
tubes in the forward boiler of the tor-
pedo boat Davis while on her official
trip yesterday fatally scalded
seven firemen.

The accident occurred at 11:40 a. m.,
while the boat was westward bound,
off Tenas Illies, near Calhoun,
Wash. She had run one of the re-
quired two hours at full speed, and
was making about 23 knots per hour
under a steam pressure of 230 pounds.

Until a careful examination of the
boilers is made the precise nature of
the accident cannot be learned, but
enough is known to show that it was
one of those mishaps which no man
can foresee, and for which no one can
be justly blamed.

Large cattle sale.

Mr W. A. Lane and family, of Harris-
burg, who have been spending some
time at Silver Lake, returned home
last Friday.

Mr Lane and his brother, Andrew
Lane, who died about two years ago,
were partners in the stock business,
and the trip was made for the purpose
of settling up the estate. 1135 head of
stock cattle were sold at \$20 each, and
20 head of beef cattle were sold to an
Eastern buyer at a good figure. Mr
Lane brought 30 head of young heifers
across the mountains with which he
will stock one of his farms in Linn
county.

Mr Lane reports 11 miles of snow on
the mountain of a depth of 12 inches.

Married.

Daily Guard, Oct. 23.

Last evening at the home of the
bride's mother, Rev J. T. Abbott, pastor
of the M. E. church, united in marriage
N. E. Markley and Miss Tressa Drew.
Only intimate friends and a few re-
latives were present. The bride is a well
known young lady of Eugene, and
the groom is the junior member of the
law firm of Walton & Markley.

Mr and Mrs Markley will reside for
the present with the bride's mother,
Mrs Drew, on East Eighth street. The
GUARD joins their friends in well
wishes for a happy union.

JUNCTION CITY NEWS.

Clipped from The Times of Octo-
ber 22.

Miss Anna Oglesby has returned
from Eastern Oregon.

Wm. Driskill of Harmony district,
has purchased Ed Rudy's farm.

Mrs Frank Harvey returned Wed-
nesday from an extended visit in
Eastern Washington.

D. Beatty has rented the Kirk black-
smith shop and has moved into the
cottage adjoining.

Bushnell & Mahon are paying 15
cents per bushel for apples, delivered
at the dryer.

R. F. Baker made the sale this week
of part of the Lee ranch at Lancaster,
consisting of 33 acres, to Rev. Self of
Irving.

Died, Tuesday, October 18, 1898,
James Cox, aged 26 years, of typhoid
fever. Deceased was a nephew of Jeff
Cox, who resides west of here.

Pipes have been extended from E. U.
Lee & Co's drug store to the farmers
and mechanics bank. The acetylene
gas will be turned on in a few days.

Frank Wilkison was down town
Wednesday, the first time since his
accident in August. He is on crutches
and will hobble all over the country
since he has got started.

JUNCTION ELECTION.—Times: A
city election will be held November 7th.
The councilmen to retire are Nichols,
Washburn and Saylor. A marshal,
recorder and treasurer will also be elec-
ted. As usual the office of marshal
is the one occasioning the most exertion
on part of candidates for city honors.
The woods are full of 'em and more are
expected to develop within the next
three weeks.

SETTLED.—The livery stable of J. H.
Miller at Junction City, attached
yesterday, is again open for business,
Mr Miller having settled all demands
in full.

INCOMPLETENESS.

Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have security, beauty, but alone
Becomes it leads and tends to further sweet-
ness.
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's great glory dwells not in the morning.
Gracious though it be, of her blue hours,
But is hidden in her tender loaming
To the summer's richer wealth of flowers.

Down it falls because the white face slowly
Into day, which floods the world with light
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy
Just because it ends in starry night.

Childhood's smiles unconscious grace borrow
From strife that in a faroff future lies,
And angel glances, veiled now by life's sor-
row.

Draw our hearts to some beloved eyes.
Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Toward a truer, deeper life above.
Human love is sweetest when it lendeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

Lends the mystery of progression duly.
Do not call each glorious change decay,
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they passed away.

Not due to blame God's gifts for incompleteness.
In that want their beauty lies. They roll
Toward some infinite depth of love and sweet-
ness.
Hearing onward man's reluctant soul.
—Adelaide A. Procter.

CHAMBER OF CATS.

"There's only one reason I hate to
have him come," said Mrs. Blackstone.
"Only one, and that's enough, goodness
knows."

"The cats?" inquired Mr. Blackstone.
"The darned cats!" rejoined his wife,
with vindictive emphasis.

"I'll tell him about the cats when I
write," said Mr. Blackstone. He did.
Here is the letter:

DEAR REGULUS—Of course we want you
to come, and of course there is plenty of room,
though it isn't the best kind of room, the good
wife knows. You must know our flat is as nar-
row and long as the lane between your own
mansion and that where you house your own.
Our guest chamber is the last room of all at
the rear. It is the biggest and the lightest, but
we don't use it to sleep in because of the cats.
The international cat-dancing ground for the
borough of Manhattan is under the windows.
Why don't we kill 'em? When one dies, six
more and breed! His death. So we evacuated
the room for night use and live in the place
the landlord calls the guest chamber. There
isn't time before you come to take the bed-
room and to rearrange them. It takes ten
days to do that, including the time spent in
hospital.

So, if you can stand the cats, come, and we
hope you will win your case. Sincerely,
WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.
To the Hon. Regulus Blackstone, District At-
torney's Office, County, N. Y.

The Hon. Regulus Blackstone arrived
on a Saturday evening, and was con-
ducted to his room. There were win-
dows on two sides of the room. The
bed ran obliquely into the room between
them. On each of the unwindowed sides
was a closet door. One closet ran through
to the bedroom of the Blackstones. It
contained a fixed washstand and the
family medicine shelves. The shelves
of the other closet were piled high with
discarded shoes, empty mineral water
bottles and fragments of broken furni-
ture.

"There!" said Mr. Blackstone, as he
opened the door of this closet and pointed
with pride to the display on the
shelves. "That is your only relief from
cats. That is your only relief from
cats. That is your only relief from
cats. When they begin to howl, bombard them. Use the
Spanish method. Don't hit. If you do,
they'll only make twice as much noise."

The district attorney smiled grimly.
"I rather think I'll stay awake for
fear I shouldn't wake up when they
begin to sing."

"Don't you think, my dear," her
husband said, "don't you think it is
time to let the weary traveler within
our flat go to the chamber of cats? You
trout to bed and I'll take Regulus and
show him what beautiful decorations
there are inside the refrigerator."

She went her way and they went
theirs. So well did the up country digni-
taries appreciate the refrigerator that
it was near midnight when he parted
with his host at the door of the chamber
of cats. As they passed her door, Mrs.
Blackstone noticed that the district at-
torney's feet seemed to drag a little.

"Poor thing," she said to herself, as
she walked solemnly at her pillow.
"He is tired. Perhaps he can't help
dragging his feet, the responsibility of
carrying those lovely shoes is heavy—
heavy."

As she dozed, she heard her husband
saying:
"If you can, old man, you better un-
dress in the dark. The mosquitoes are
awful up here. We would have put in
screens, but if we had you couldn't
have got at the cats."

It was perhaps an hour later when
Mrs. Blackstone awoke. The night was
very still. She wondered what had
waked her. In a moment she knew.
"Pr-r-r-ow-vow!" came the chal-
lenge from a half black away. "Pr-r-r-
ow!"

"Er-vow!" came the answer from
under the back window.

"Will," said Mrs. Blackstone hoarse-
ly to the next pillow, "Will, wake up.
They're coming." She sat up and clapped
her hands softly in her glee.

"Lemme know when they get here,"
mumbled Blackstone as he dug his head
into the pillow again. Mrs. Blackstone
sat up and listened.

"Pr-r-r-ow-vow!" The challenger
was drawing nearer. Not one, but three
voices answered him. For a moment,
as they converged, all was silent. Then
came a masterly butterfly. It was like
that of a 6-month-old infant who has
swallowed his tin pin.

"Will," said Mrs. Blackstone, "wake
up! They're come." He sat up and
rubbed his eyes.

In the next room they heard the
trump and pounding of bare feet on the
floor. They heard a door open and the
clinking of glass.

"Goodness, Will," whispered Mrs.
Blackstone, "I'd forgotten that you
could hear things in that room so clearly."

face of the yard. This noise had not
died away before there arose the long
wall of the overture to cat battle.
"W-o-o-o-o-o-o. wow-wow!"

Softly and cautiously the footsteps
crossed the room again. Again a bottle
broke and scattered. Again rose the
wall of war.

There was nothing cautious about the
footsteps this time. Instead of the clink
of bottles heavy boot soles clattered to-
gether. The time consumed in gather-
ing ammunition indicated that an ar-
mal was being collected.

Swat—bang—biff—swat—boom!
"T-f-f-t, wickok!" yowled a victim.
"Thank the Lord!" shouted the Hon.
Mr. McShane. "Whoop!"

Boom—slam—smash—slap—biff!
"There, by damn!" they heard Mr.
McShane mutter. The silence of Sun-
day morning settled down again.

The Blackstones slept righteously in-
to daylight, but not so late as they had
intended. At about the time folks up
the state go out to feed the stock before
preparing for church there came a rap-
ping at their bedroom door.

"Bill! Say, Bill!" said a worried
voice.

"Wassermat?" asked Mr. Blackstone.
"Did you send anybody into my
room to take my shoes out to clean
them?" asked Mr. McShane.

"No," responded Mr. Blackstone.
"What's up?"

"They're gone, that's all," was the
melancholy answer. "I put them in the
closet when I went to bed—the one that
isn't the magazine, you know—so that
in the excitement of battle I wouldn't
get mixed up and throw them, and now
they're gone."

Mrs. Blackstone slipped out of bed
and gingerly opened the door of the
narrow closet that connected the two
rooms.

"If he put them in here," she said,
peering in the darkness, "they certainly
must be here."

She opened the door a little wider
and shrieked. Her husband was beside
her in an instant.

"Look!" she cried, pointing into the
closet. "Look!"

"For goodness' sake, you people,"
said a wondering voice in the hall,
"what's the matter?"

The voice of Blackstone answered
him, enunciating slowly and solemnly
recapitulating a catalogue of things.

"One quart bottle of muckage, one
quart bottle of red ink, one quart bottle
of green ink, one-half gallon jug of
whisky, one bottle of Pond's extract,
one box of dry plates, two bottles of de-
veloper, one large bottle of lime wa-
ter."

"One pair of muskets, one pair bicycle
shoes," Mr. Blackstone took up the
list. "The shirt frame, Your big shoes,
your patent leathers, your winter
shoes."

"Gone, all gone!" they said in chor-
us.

"Have you found my shoes, yet?"
asked a voice from the hall.

"Your shoes!" bawled Mr. Black-
stone. "You good for nothing but shark
bait, steam snowflakes. Oh, you!"

"William!" said Mrs. Blackstone.
Her husband strode out into the hall.
He took his guest by the scruff of the
neck and led him to the window. There
in the area they looked down upon such
an ink bespattered gummy wreck as sel-
dom man is privileged to look upon.

On the stone steps lay one dead cat,
and by his side a huge, yellow, gore
stained Syracuse boot. The other rested
under the largest fragment of the ink
bottle.

"I must have got into the wrong
closet, after all," said the Hon. Mr.
McShane after awhile. "And they cost
\$8.50."

His case went against him by default
the next day because he had to wait for
Blackstone to go down town, his own
feet clad in tennis shoes, and order a
full assortment of shoes sent to the
house. For a gentleman with the big-
gest feet on earth. But Mr. Black-
stone was unfeeling enough to say he
didn't much care.—New York Sun.

Clay Casting.

A new process of clay casting, or
porcelain products, termed "Thongans,"
has been introduced in Germany, says
The Neueste Erfindungen. It consists in
this case the mass is not, as heretofore,
worked cold upon the potter's lathe or
pressed into a mold, but is finely
ground after careful drying, then
melted at a prescribed heat in an elec-
tric furnace and poured into a heated,
fireproof casting mold. (Casting becomes
necessary in most cases if the walls of
the mold are sufficiently smooth, other-
wise it is allowed to cool off after the
solidification of the cast to a certain
temperature, and finely powdered glass
is thrown on in a uniform, thin layer.)

The advantage of the new process, as
set forth, consists—aside from a consid-
erably reduced cost—in an almost com-
plete prevention of the unforgotten
shrinking of the mass on cooling, and
thus it follows that henceforth instru-
ments of precision and absolutely divi-
ded measuring vessels of every descrip-
tion can also be made from porcelain.

By means of a full and developed process
—viz, the admixture of a suitable sub-
stance to the melted clay—it is expected
to render the cooled mass pliable—mal-
leable—and also to make the operation
of a remodeling considerably more dif-
cult.

The Gulf Stream.

Recent investigations have shown
that the principal source of the gulf
stream is not the Florida channel, but
the region between and beside the is-
lands of the West Indies. At Bimini
the volume of this warm water is 60
times as great as the combined volume
of all the rivers in the world at their
mouths.

The Retort Courtroom.

Farmer (to young thief)—What are
you doing under the tree with that ap-
ple?

Bright Boy—I was just going to
climb up the tree to put back this ap-
ple, which, I see, has fallen down.—
Pittsburg Bulletin.

CRITICISM.

The critic eyed the sunset as the number turned
to gray.
Slow fading in the somewhat foggy west.
To the color cultured critic 'twas a very dull
display.
"Isn't half so good a sunset as was offered
yesterday."
I wonder why," he murmured as he sadly
turned away.
"The sunsets can't be always at their best!"
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson in Chap Book.

BREAKING THE NEWS

"Do you think he'll take it very bad-
ly, Nora?" Nora Helmsley shrugged
her shoulders.

"My dear Betty, you ought to know
more about Mr. Markham's powers of
endurance than I."

"But what do you think he'll do?
What do you suppose?"

"Why waste our time in supposition?
He'll be here most likely this afternoon,
and you will be able to judge for your-
self."

Betty Oakhurst sprang to her feet.
"Ted is coming here this afternoon?
Why on earth didn't you tell me be-
fore?" And she fled nervously with
her hat before the glass as she spoke.

"But you knew, Betty, where are
you going?"

"Anywhere out of this," cried the
girl, laughing nervously as she stooped
to kiss her friend.

Nora, however, caught her arm.
"Nonsense, Betty! You'd much better
tell him straight out now and get it
over. It will be ever so much more
awkward for you if the news reaches
him from outside."

"I don't see that at all," returned
Betty quietly as she drew away from
her companion. "I am sure that if—if
you—"

She paused tentatively.

"You don't mean to say that you ex-
pect me to tell Ned Markham that
you've jilted him?"

"I certainly don't expect you to put
it in that way," replied Miss Oakhurst,
with a little laugh, "but I am quite
certain that you would explain it to
the poor fellow much better than any
one else."

"Explain!" exclaimed Nora, im-
patiently. "I don't know that there's
anything to explain except that you've
put yourself and me in a most ridicu-
lous position."

"Nora!"

"I wish I'd never had anything to do
with it. I never felt so uncomfortable
in my life as I have done since you
dragged me into this precious scheme of
yours."

"Poor old Nora," murmured Betty
sympathetically while she cast furtive
glances at the clock.

"You came here and shed any num-
ber of tears; declared that you adored
Ted Markham; that your father would
not hear of an engagement, but that if
you only had a little time before you
were sure everything would come
right."

"So it has," remarked Betty sotto
voce. "It's only a question of point of
view."

Nora flashed an indignant look at her.
"I think you might be serious now,
and at least pretend that you're ashamed
of yourself. You begged me to help you
to get my aunt to ask him here, to act
as screen in fact, so that your people
might imagine it was all over and that
you had both changed your minds, and
now—now—"

The sound of a bell broke in upon
Miss Helmsley's eloquence, and Betty
caught up her gloves.

"I'm awfully sorry, Nora. Abuse me
as much as you like. Goodbye."

And before Nora could stop her she
had darted through the door and was
on her way down stairs. She let her go.
After all, it never was of any use to ar-
gue with Betty. She was one of those
delightfully irresponsible creatures who
always manage to shift the blame of
their shortcomings on to other people's
shoulders and whom no one—no man,
at any rate—ever dreams of judging by
ordinary standards. Nora wondered, as
she stood there idly looking into the
street, how she could ever have been
foolish enough to take Betty's love trou-
bles seriously.

Meantime that same folly of hers was
going to bear some very unpleasant
fruit. In less than ten minutes young
Markham would be there. He had ar-
ranged to call for Miss Helmsley and
her aunt, Lady Hewitt, to escort them
to an afternoon concert. The elder lady
had declared at luncheon that the
weather was far too depressing for it
not to be madness to risk the probability
of a further fall in one's moral charac-
ter by a couple of hours of orchestral
music and that Nora must also give him
some tea and her excuses.

Nora was conscious that this was a
neat pretext for giving the young man
the chance of a tete-a-tete with herself.
Lady Hewitt was too indolent natu-
rally not to be heartily weary of her
duties as chaperon to her niece.

An attractive heiress was a responsi-
bility little to her taste, and the girl
felt that, ineligible as most mothers
and responsible people would have
termed Ted Markham, with his post in
the foreign office and his meager per-
sonal fortune, Lady Hewitt would open
her arms to him gladly if he would but
relieve her of her onerous duties of
watchdog and would declare that Nora
had money enough for them both.

Nora sighed as she stood at the win-
dow. It was a topsy turvy world, and
the wrong people were always being
thrown together. If only—

"Am I disturbing you? I was told to
come in here."

Nora started, and the color rushed to
her face.

"Oh, I hadn't heard you come in.
Do sit down. Aunt isn't well. I am so
sorry you should have had the trouble
of calling for nothing, but she hoped to
be able to go until the last moment.
Won't you let me give you some tea?"
She spoke with nervous hurry, scarcely
pausing for an answer.

Ted Markham took the chair she of-

fered him and listened in silence while
she rattled on. Suddenly she stopped,
conscious of his fixed glance.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked
in a slightly alarmed voice. It was sur-
prisingly not possible that he could already
have learned Betty's treachery.

"Yes. We can't go on like this, Miss
Helmsley."

"No?" Nora felt the color go out of
her face.

"It isn't fair to you, and besides I—
things have changed."

"You mean that Betty?"

"Miss Oakhurst is going to be mar-
ried." Nora gasped, but did not speak.

"She is engaged to Lord Barthorpe. I
met Lady Oakhurst just now, and she
was overflowing with loving kindness
to the world in general."

"Betty has behaved abominably,"
put in Nora indignantly.

Ted Markham smiled.

"I think, on the contrary, that she
has shown remarkably good sense. I am
going to leave London. I really came
this afternoon to say goodbye."

Nora bit her lips.

"I am very sorry," she began hesi-
tantly. "I am afraid I was rather to
blame, but I thought Betty really
cared, and—"

She left the sentence unfinished. Ted
Markham's demeanor puzzled her. He
was quite white, and there was a look
in his eyes which troubled her. What
was there in her fluff-haired, blue-eyed
little friend to move a man so? That
her companion had taken some great
resolution, and that a singularly diffi-
cult one, it was easy enough to perceive.
"Are you going to be away long?"
she asked awkwardly. "I mean, are
you going far?"

"I think of going to have a look at
the antipodes. My father has some in-
terest, and I hope to get sent off to Mel-
bourne."

"But haven't you made up your mind
rather hurriedly?" she objected timidly.

"Hurriedly? Why, I put things in
train weeks ago!"

"Weeks ago?" she exclaimed. "But
Betty's engagement is quite fresh. Did
you suspect?"

"I suspected nothing. I knew."

"You knew!" she exclaimed indig-
nantly. "Then why didn't you speak?
Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you?" She stared at him, his
tone was so vehement. "Oh, about Bet-
ty, you mean?"

"Of course. What else could I mean?"

"Nothing, of course."

"Really, I don't understand you."

He laughed drowsily as he rose. "No,
I must not explain. Goodbye."

She looked up at him with startled
eyes.

"You are too hard on Betty. She—"

"On Betty? Don't you know that I
haven't thought of her for weeks—that
I found out long ago that we had made
a mistake?"

"Then why are you going?"

She managed to keep her eyes upon
his face, though her cheeks burned and
she felt almost choked.

"Don't you know that I am almost a
pauper?" he said bitterly, as he turned
away.

Nora took a step after him. "Are
you going," she asked in a trembling
voice, "because you want to make your
fortune or because—because I am too
rich?"

"Nora!"

She covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, if you were not in love with
Betty, didn't you see—didn't you guess
weeks ago?"

The voices of the chaperones were
loud in condemnation when the engage-
ment was announced, and the mother
of younger sons and ungit titles de-
clared that Lady Hewitt had allowed
her niece to throw herself away, while
Betty Oakhurst shook her pretty head
and reflected sadly that men were fickle
creatures and that feminine friendship
was but a broken reed.—London World.

The Considerate Mules.

General Banks was besieging Port
Hudson, La., the southern gateway to
the control of the Mississippi river. A
body of troops had marched into the
back country to look for hovering Con-
federate cavalry and were sleeping on
moonless night behind stacked rifles in
readiness for a night attack. The attack
came in an unexpected form. Some six
or eight army mules, getting somehow
detached from the wagon wheels to
which they were tied at night, were
seized by a panic and came charging
down almost the entire line of the Fifty-
second Massachusetts volunteers. Every
man lay covered with a "shelter tent,"
a piece of white cotton cloth about five
feet square.

As the mules rushed over each one of
us he woke suddenly with a cry and
sprang up, raising his shelter tent in
one hand or upon his front, so that he
seemed like a sheeted and gibbering
ghost. This successive rising of over 400
apparitions added wildness to the panic
of the mules, and they fairly flew down
the line. Now, the remarkable thing is
that while many a man had his side
rubbed hard or his scalp abraded by
the hoof or the leg of a mule not a man
was really stepped on or badly hurt. It
was for months a subject of comment
with us that the mules in their intensi-
fied panic should nevertheless have been
able to see where to step, should have
cared where they stepped and in their
speed should have been able always to
step on the ground.—Spectator.

A Knocker That Meant Life.