

Red Hot Shot Thrown at Them in Earnest.

SOMETHING WRONG.

The veteran editor of the Portland Dispatch, A. Nolter, who has a son in the army at Manila, has this in the last edition of his paper: The Walla Walla Statesman says that "there has been considerable discussion in the Oregon newspapers of late regarding the misappropriation of the funds sent to the troops by the Emergency Corps and the Red Cross society, by the officers of the regiments who appear to imagine the supplies and money was sent for their personal private use instead of being held in trust and used for the executive benefit of the privates for whom it was intended. It has gone so far that in the future everything will be sent to the boys direct instead of their officers. Charges have been boldly made in the public prints that money sent by the patriotic ladies of Oregon has been gambled away by the officers who received it. This man recently made a statement in the papers as to the disposition of \$100 he received and was charged with having gambled off. "His statement is about as miserable as any we ever studied. He accounts for about \$37 and in his itemized statement there is not a word of any sick soldier having been benefited to the extent of a cent. The Red Cross Society of Oregon, intends to follow this business up and will demand a full account of the money and supplies sent by them. It is well known that the officers live in luxury and a great proportion of the supplies on their table are from the goods sent to the privates. This was never intended and it is as shame and a disgrace why officers with salaries from \$125 a month up should be so lost to all sense of decency as to virtually steal what was sent to them as officers and gentlemen for the use of privates. That it has been done, supplies used and the money unaccounted for, is well known and will prevent any more being sent in the future. "They, by their greed, have killed the goose that laid the golden egg. As a matter of honor every officer who has received things, and especially money for their own credit, should make a statement that can be published. There can be no objection to this if the money has been properly used and it will satisfy and please everybody. It is greatly to the credit of the officers of the Washington volunteers that no such charges have been made against them."

COMMITTED SUICIDE

Aberdeen, Wash., Dec. 2.—George Vanduyn blew his brains out last night at the Pioneer house in this city. He was about 38 years old and unmarried. He came here from Eugene, Or. He was last seen alive about 4 o'clock in the morning. He was slightly under the influence of liquor, and evidently committed the deed as soon as he entered the room, but his body was not discovered until noon today, when the chambermaid entered the room. [George Vanduyn was well known in Eugene and Lane county and was well liked. He was a step son of H C Owen.]

SOME DAMAGE.—The recent high water did considerable damage to the revetment work put in along the river last year by the government engineers. About two miles below here, where a revetment was built across the river to close one channel at the head of an island, nearly the whole work was washed out, and a large hole was cut through a similar one about four miles down the river.

Friday's Salem Journal: The afternoon local had a special car attached bearing the Eugene football team who are going to meet the Multnomah team at Portland on Saturday. All the usual noise and color of a university crowd was there and several familiar faces were seen, notably Prof. F S Dunn, Clarence Bishop and Condon Bean.

There are 242 students enrolled in the state normal school at Monmouth, of which Linn county has the largest number of any county in the state outside of Polk. There are 28 names on the roll from Linn county. Lane county comes second with 15, and Multnomah third with 13 names.

MARRIED.—At the residence of Henry L. Neff, in Lane county, Oregon, Nov. 30, 1898, Henry L. Neff and Eliza Scherler, Rev. W. H. McLain officiating.

Salem Journal: Miss Stella Dorris of Eugene, has gone to Portland after a visit with Miss Jessie Breyman.

LIFE.

A kissing of the lips of dawn, And then we wake; A dash for someone on the lawn, Our way we take; A kissing of the lips of fate, A kissing of the lips of strife, Struggling while the day grows late, And this is life; A broken sword placed back in sheath, A flashing back to nature's breast, A kissing of the lips of death, And then we rest. —William Willard Campbell in Sketch.

A BOOK HEROINE.

If the woman who gave the ball counted for little socially, the world counted itself with leaving a card and muttering, "What a bore to have to go out of one's way for that!" If, on the contrary, she was a leader, the duty of a call on her reception day became a pleasure. Today, for example, everybody was there. What a coming and going! Meetings in the vestibule, at the coupe door; handshakings on the stairs; smiles and salutations from opposite ends of the salon. Among the groups around the tea tables were heard hasty little conversations like these: "My dear, I cannot wait for you!"—looking at the bracelet watch. "I have been here already 13 minutes."

"Lend me your pencil. I have lost mine from my list. I must cross off the Thursday visits I have made today. I have made three and have three more. I am heroic!"

"Look at Angelo Gelo! He is the only young man I know who always pays his visits. Who?"

"Always? You mean since he is in love with Louise Valdiri. Calls are his only opportunity of seeing her. He is in love."

"She is a flirt!"

"Are you going to the dinner Monday?"

"Yes. Who else will be there—Flavia?"

"No, but she expected an invitation. She is furious!"

"It is amusing to watch Angelo Gelo passing milk and sugar and marmos glaces."

"What scheming just to be with Louise Valdiri! A minute ago there was a fine chance—an empty chair at her side, but he was too late. Somebody else has it. Look at him! Stuck between two old witches whom he detests. Obligated to do the polite. He isn't listening to them. His eyes are always in the same direction."

Among all these embryonic conversations one only seemed to have form and comparative continuity. It was the following: "How are you, Louise?"

"Well. How are you?"

"Very well. I want to present my cousin here from Pisa this week—La Marchesa Valdiri."

"Will you be with us for any length of time?"

"I say, Louise, I never saw your husband about. What fine thing is he doing now?"

"Writing."

"To whom?"

"Writing a novel."

"Writing a novel?"

The ladies were convulsed with laughter. What an extraordinary thing. Not that a gentleman could not do such a thing. There was nothing dishonorable in it, but still it was comical. For men of position there were always races, clubs, theaters, flirtations, balls, the county politics—so many things, in fact. But to tie oneself to a table like a professor! There are people made for that—people whom no one knows nor receives. But a literary dilettante—a gentleman writer—what an innovation! Exclamations, jokes, questions flew about. No one asked if he had real ability.

"Has he shown you any of it?"

"No," said the marchesa. "I found it in his writing desk. He hides it and does not wish me to see a line."

"Tell us all about it. How amusing it will be! Roberto is so attractive, rides so well, is so witty, and then he is observing, a rare thing in a man. He notices and remembers what we wear."

"I am crazy to know about it," said Louise, "but you know how men are at times—impossible to make them talk. When Roberto went to serve as second for Theodore in his duel, do you fancy he breathed a syllable to me about it? Not a word."

"And when will it be published?"

"I tell you I do not know a thing about it."

Angelo Gelo approached the group. The women melted away unostentatiously. There was in them a tacit desire to be repaid under similar circumstances with like consideration. This is what they call being women of the world—being intelligent. The Marchesa Valdiri, being somewhat ingenious, had a terror of making a mistake; of not being in every point like other fashionable women. Therefore she asked anxiously of Angelo:

"Tell me, like a good friend—upon your honor—is it a ridiculous thing for a man to write a novel?"

"Oh, no; not exactly," said he, laughing; "it is simply a bore for the person who writes it—sometimes for those who read."

Two weeks later, Roberto Valdiri having gone to the country, his wife profited by his absence to rummage in his desk. In the first drawer, exactly on top, in the most conspicuous place, was the manuscript. Louise looked at the cover, established herself in the great armchair and settled herself to enjoy the reading of an unpublished forbidden book. There were not more than 40 pages, neatly written in the large and manly hand of one who hates to write a letter, but succeeds in filling an entire line with a single adverb. No title; no

chapters. In the first four pages the marchesa was doubtful. Would she be proud of the author or not? Printed, what effect would it have? At present it lacked the indescribable something of her yellow-rench novels; was less attractive. The real story seemed never to begin. But, continuing, a coquettish young woman appeared on the scene who interested Louise. She liked her at once; understood her. The writer made a sort of searching analysis of a young man; impudent and frivolous, a reflection of her friends in good or in bad. From vanity, perhaps rather out of stupidity, she allowed a most popular young man to pay court to her; danced with him often; than she should; met him in her daily visits almost by appointment and was charmed that her world observed her.

La Marchesa, all eyes, breathless, continued reading with increasing curiosity. The heroine had a decidedly familiar air, did that and last the same things she herself did, might have been her cousin brought up with her, could almost have been herself.

Frighened, her heart in her mouth, feeling herself pale, she dared not explore further. What other revelations awaited her? Suddenly Louise asked herself if her husband to a graceful body of 25 did not conceal the soul of an observer of 50 years, and she shuddered.

After an instant of hesitation, terror itself, mixed with a consuming desire to know, induced her to devour other pages and still others, until finally she reached an expression which the author had left unfinished, and there was nothing more. She was horribly alarmed. It was as if she heard Roberto speaking to her from the skylight. Here were a hundred follies clearly described which she had not believed any man capable of perpetrating. The judgment, almost indifferent, compassion had transformed himself into a severe critic, who understood, admonished and condemned. She read it, hoping to have been mistaken; but, no, it was herself.

She became serious, gazed at the ceiling, vaguely pruned some superior being above never to do it again.

Then she reflected: "If in society I change my name suddenly, people will notice it, Roberto especially. I must proceed slowly, with great tact, today omitting certain things tomorrow changing others. But, above all, she must tell Angelo Gelo that he must not write every possible pretext for sending her magnificent flowers and costly bouquets. He is a lover, and she must not let him be found in any calendar, but with her on loving horses, lost philippic purposely. She would beg him not to fix his glasses upon her in the theater for the entire evening in that little way he had which was so impudent and—so pleasing. All this gradually without explanations and without scenes, but at present, most important consideration, Roberto was still observing her."

Nevertheless the weaknesses the author ascribed to his heroine could apply to a dozen of Louise's friends. Perhaps, after all, Roberto's observations were general. Therefore courage, silence and apparent indifference. The marchesa, however, continued to anticipate with horror the day in which the book would appear and her acquaintances would say after the first few pages, "It is clearly his wife!" and point her out. Heaven! it was as if Roberto had given her a reading, his during a promenade when the greatest number of carriages were passing or forced her to go to court in a house dress with her hair uncurled.

An uneventful week passed, and one morning Louise Valdiri, pretty and frightened, awaited the arrival of Tullio Tullio.

This small man and still smaller literature was just beginning to frequent a few salons of good standing after having all his life described them in commonplace novels. He had with a few friends established an ambitious review in which psychological sonnets alternated with histories of clothes appropos of local dances, and at present in the anteroom of all fashionable houses one saw the well known blue cover, with the wrapper still uncut.

"Signor Tullio Tullio," announced the servant.

"How kind of you to take the trouble to come to me!" exclaimed the marchesa, going quickly toward him. "You will forgive me, will you not? I was in such a hurry, and you are the only writer I know."

Tullio Tullio at this last remark swallowed with difficulty, and his monocle dropped. The signora talked a little hastily, without reflecting whether she wounded or not. The writer nervously smoothed his silk hat. This silk hat and his monocle had recently succeeded his cloth cap and his glasses. He was not thoroughly accustomed to them as yet.

"How can I serve you, madame?" he asked in a hilterswept voice. It annoyed him to be treated simply professionally.

"First of all, it is a secret. Not even my husband knows it."

"Ah, a secret," echoed Tullio, flattered, and the monocle fell again.

"Yes, Roberto is writing a novel that he doesn't wish me to see, but without his knowing it I have read several pages—do not betray me. You must help me to find a good publisher and write a good article yourself to recommend it. I assure you it is very interesting, and you must speak well of it to all your friends who write for newspapers, because I want to surprise Roberto and to save him all the annoying part of the publication. I think he will be delighted."

Tullio took on a doubtful air—almost an important one.

"We will see," he murmured. "It is rather difficult. Publishers are publishers, you know. At all events, I shall be charmed to lend a hand, or give an opinion. I could come here some morning to look over the manuscript with the signor, marchesa. I would correct

the proofs—in fact, use me as you will." When the carriage of the marchesa was announced, he took his leave.

Louise Valdiri congratulated herself, admired herself. The idea of seeing Tullio was truly a happy and a daring one. She clapped her hands like the baby she was and examined herself in the glass, rosy and blond, to be able to better enjoy her own joy. Roberto would pardon at once the indiscretion in view of the literary advantages that the support of a critic would give him. And then such zeal for its publication would prove to him that she had not read anything between the lines of that which the writer intentionally and for reasons had put there. All this showed her spirit. The most adroit woman, if she had known her case, would have roared her with praise.

Ten days later the Valdiri couple were in the writing room waiting for dinner.

La Marchesa, with trembling voice, had just made her confession, which the husband had received with surprising magnanimity. One would almost say that he had foreseen it, even that, with difficulty, restrained a smile, such a one as comes irresistibly when a plan succeeds, when a problem solves itself.

"All you women are alike—personal curiosity."

"True," she said.

Roberto, pleased, pinched her cheek. Louise, somewhat reassured, was silent a moment, then weakly, not sure how the thing would be taken, but still full of rosy anticipation, told the story of Tullio-Tullio, the publisher, the illustrator, the binder, the reporter who would be pleased to be asked to breakfast. Roberto, astonished, exclaimed:

"But are you crazy? I do not want all those people in my house, and, above all, I forbid you to receive that good for nothing Tullio. What right have you to talk to strangers of what I am doing? What a foolish idea; childish and useless!"

"Why useless?" said she frightened.

"Because I have never had the smallest intention of publishing what I have written."

"Well, what then?"

"Can't I amuse myself by writing a romance for my own benefit, just as I practice with folks in my chamber without an audience? Your friends who study the piano do not intend to give concerts. Do you send your embroidery to an exposition of woman's work?"

Louise, relieved of an enormous weight, could not easily conceal her satisfaction. Heavy mountains of black clouds melted from her inner vision.

"I am sorry," she said. "I thought I was doing right."

"Like all weak women, her eyes filled easily with tears."

"I know! I know! You needn't cry!" said he, calming himself. "But why did you not consult me first?"

"I do not know. I wanted to surprise you, show myself interested."

"Well, now, without losing time, you must arrange all this. Sit here and write quickly to Tullio-Tullio politely—it is best to keep friends with that sort of people. Say that you have talked with me of the romance, which unfortunately is not for publication; that it was a joke; that you regret exceedingly."

The little marchesa seated herself at the big table like a schoolgirl to write her examination. While she wrote and scratched out her lips were smiling in contrast with her wrinkled brows.

Roberto looked at her tenderly. He was proud of the perfect success of his stratagem.

To make a thing known without direct explanation and without an intermediary was the first secret of a quiet life. The more one comprehends, the less one says, the better. Otherwise one risks spoiling everything. Certain things resemble Venetian glass.

The servant announced dinner.

"I have not finished," cried the marchesa; "there is a sentence here I don't like."

"Never mind. Let us go to dinner. I am hungry. I will help you afterward. Francesco, open a bottle of champagne. Louise, give me a kiss."—From the Indian For Chicago Times-Herald.

Got His Reward.

"Just as I'd shut the gates one day," said a guard on the elevated, "a man came running down the aisle of one of the cars wanting to get off."

"Let me off," he said. "Two minutes is important to me."

"The train had only just started, the man looked as though he meant what he said, and I swung the gate back and let him off. As he stopped on to the platform he turned and looked at the number on my cap. I could see that he'd got it, and he said to me: 'I won't forget you!'"

"Well, I never saw or heard anything more of him for two years, and then one day he walked into the car. I knew him as soon as I saw him, and it seems that he remembered me. When he came along to the door at the station where he was going to get off, he said to me: 'Aren't you the man that let me off a train once about two years ago?'"

"And I said yes I was, and with that he handed me over a cigar."

"I lighted it up that night after I'd got home, but it was so bad I couldn't smoke it, and I had to throw it away." —New York Sun.

Incapacitated.

"I'm sorry," said Meandering Mike, "but I can't take that job you offer me in the factory."

"Why not?"

"Whenever I get a cold I'm slightly deaf. I mightn't hear the whistle blow at quitting time."—Washington Star.

PRELIMINARY SPARRING

Peace Commission Working Slowly-- Instructions Asked by Americans.

MEET AGAIN TODAY.

Paris, Dec. 2.—The joint session of the peace commission today lasted two hours. No real progress was made. The Spaniards are awaiting instructions.

Spain's proposition for commercial privileges in the West Indies was not settled, and was scarcely mentioned today.

The Americans have also asked for instructions on certain matters. The Caroline Islands question was not considered. The joint commission adjourned until Saturday.

RESULT OF PARIMONY.

Corvallis & Eastern Railroad Offices Go to Albany.

Corvallis mourns and the Gazette pours its oil. It says: "While it is true that Benton county, including Corvallis, contributed \$5,000 in the inception of the enterprise, to-day's getting it started, yet when the road was to be built eastward from here an offer to cross the river here and leave Albany off the line was rejected by our citizens because it involved the expenditure of three thousand dollars. In itself a mere bagatelle, but that was the time Corvallis missed its opportunity, and now the removal of the company's offices is a sequel, or the result of the parsimonious spirit at that time manifested by our capitalists and business men."

Wm Hogue, the manager of the company, told the writer of this, that this lack of appreciation by our people of the great advantage to be gained by bridging the river here and the retention of the offices would some day result in just what is now about to take place. These are not pleasant things to recall, but never-the-less Mr Hogue's words have come true, and in the years to come Corvallis will have ample time to reflect upon its lack of foresight and business sagacity."

Springfield Items.

December 1, '98.

Messrs Trine and Bissell have opened up the butcher shop.

The Springfield-Eugene stage is doing considerable business under the management of Geo Larimer.

The social given by Juanita Rebekah lodge one week ago tonight was a decided success, netting the lodge over \$20.00.

Rev Mullen closed a protracted meeting at the Baptist church on Tuesday evening. He left for Oakland today.

Messrs J A Roberts, B A Washburn and W W Chessman with their wives attended "The South Before the War" at Eugene last night.

Our public school has just finished its first examination, which occurs every two months, which proved very satisfactory to both teachers and patrons.

Harshbarger & Anders are making the old mill hum every day, having many more orders than they can fill. They will start a logging crew after more logs in a few days.

I O O F Lodge No 79 elected the following officers on Saturday night: N G, John Lodge; V G, C M Dority; Rec Secy, E C Martin; Fin Secy, T O Maxwell; Treas, A S Walker.

Juanita Rebekah Lodge elected officers as follows: N G, Alice Klutzley; V G, Mrs Belle Sutton; Rec Secy, Mary A Martin; Fin Secy, Mary A Chessman; Treas, Mary Roberts.

F B Beatty, former partner of W W Chessman, was married at Los Angeles, Calif, on November 9th, to Miss Laura Ralston. Mr and Mrs Beatty will spend the winter in Denver, Colorado.

BUILDING RENTED.—The brick building owned by Mrs P Bausch of Portland has been rented. The south room will be occupied by a bowling alley owned by a Portland gentleman while Mr Potts will move his cigar store into the north one.

Pendleton E G; Miss Katherine E Hanna, of Eugene, has accepted the position of primary teacher in the Pendleton academy. Miss Hanna is an alumnus of the University of Oregon, has a state teacher's diploma and has had considerable experience in primary teaching. The academy is still growing, a number of students having registered this week, and more are expected soon.

Salem Journal: Miss Nannie Starr, of Dallas, has returned to her home, after a visit in this city and Eugene.

NEWS OF EXPLORER ANDREE

Papers Purporting to Have Come From the North Pole Seeker, Found in a Bottle in Ural Mountains.

PAPERS WITHOUT DATES.

STOCKHOLM, Dec. 2.—An engineer, named Delke, has reported to the Swedish Norwegian minister at St Petersburg that he has found in the vicinity of the Ural mountains a bottle containing two papers, one of which bore the following, written in French:

"Andree's balloon has crossed the Ural mountains. ANDREE."

The other paper, inserted in Russian, read:

"Give the letter to the consul of Moscow."

AND IT WAS SO

That Barker Grew, Flourished and Got Together an Incomparable Holiday Stock.

In the course of human events there was a son born into the world and to what purpose the parent knew not. However, he grew in the sunshine and rain as other things grow, became a man, worked, studied and learned something, went west, got clear to Oregon, started a business, is still running it. This season has been his greatest effort. He has gathered a wonderful stock of gifts, toys and holiday goods from Germany, France, Japan and China, and also all of the latest Yankee inventions. The stock of these goods found in this store is larger than that of all other stores in Lane county put together so you can see that it is wonderful to behold. It is worth anyone's time to go and look this wonderful stock over. You will surely see something you want.

It consists of an immense stock of celluloid goods of every kind known to the fine arts, pictures in great variety, albums, photo cases, knives, forks, spoons, fine china ware, doll buggies and push carts, musical instruments of all kinds except pianos, carpet sweepers, kicking mules, bell monkeys, air guns, harmless guns, accordions, violins, guitars, blow and bellows pipes, whistles, horns, tops, fancy silver ware, such as nut crack picks, books, calendars, pin cushions, work baskets, Xmas candles, candle holders, Chinese lanterns for Xmas trees, cups, saucers, mugs, fancy dishes, vases, blowouts, violin cases, mandolin cases, guitar cases, drums, all kinds of iron and toy wagons, hobby horses, whisk broom holders, baby carriages, toy dishes, toy furniture, toy candles, toy beds, tea and dinner bells, paints, paint boxes, stereoscopes and views, balls of all kinds.

A wonderful stock of guns from 5 cents up. You will have to see this wonderful stock of guns to appreciate it. Toy trunks, toy tool chests, I can't mention all the varieties of goods in this line but we have nearly everything you can think of to please from the smallest babe to the old grandpa or ma. Please cut this out and save for reference. It will not appear again and by referring to this you will know where this big stock of goods is kept.

BARKER GUN WORKS, 9th St. Eugene, Oregon.

JUNCTION NEWS.

Clipped From the Times of December 3.

Born to Mr and Mrs Oscar Golden, Nov 29, 1898, a son.

Frank Wilkinson is making preparations to move to Eastern Oregon. He expects to leave in about two weeks.

B F Minert brought in a load of hogs for Frank Wilkinson the other day that attracted a good deal of attention. One hog dressed 427 pounds.

The revival still continues at the Christian church and a good deal of interest is manifested. Quite a number of additions have been made to the church through the efforts of Rev Kellems.

Mr and Mrs J E Butler surprised their many friends by returning home from California Wednesday, where they had been for several months past. They expect to remain here and will remove to their place below town as soon as the lease with Fred Cox expires, which will be next spring.

Says the Lincoln, Ill, Courier: Geo L Hutchin, editor of the Bloomington Eye, has been called to the state of Oregon to assume charge of a democratic newspaper at Portland, for which \$200.00 has been raised. Mr Hutchin is one of the brightest newspaper men in the state, and can issue an interesting paper from a hardware store or a blacksmith shop. He is a 16 to 1 democrat, and the politicians of the Pacific coast will discover that he is among them before his chair is warmed.