

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The business department of the WEEKLY GUARD is caused considerable trouble by correspondents addressing the proprietors personally.

THE GUARD, Eugene, Oregon.

EUROPEAN WAR BURDENS.

Germany will add 40,000 men to her standing army by 1903, says the East Oregonian. While the armies of Europe are being strengthened the women of Europe have more and more of the work of daily bread making to do.

Governments which admit of such conditions deserve to be wiped out of existence, if by no other hand than by the hand of anarchy. Justice cries out against such governments and the law of nature, working through the sufferings of an outraged people, never fails to answer.

LANE, FAY AND HERMANN

Prediction Made That Hermann Would Fight His Way to Greatness By His Industry.

Portland Daily Times: "The statement that Binger Hermann may be the successor of Secretary Bliss in the interior department recalls a memory of La Fayette Lane and James D Fay."

Way back in the 60's Fay was the democratic candidate for congressman and Lane was his associate on the ticket, having been nominated for secretary of state. They are two men destined to fill a niche in Oregon history.

DOCTORS AND MONEY GONE.

Traveling doctors are the worst kind of the traveling hilk species. They make all sorts of specious promises, get the money into their pockets, and are gone.

"The Quakers have come and gone, likewise several hundred dollars of our people's hard earned cash have gone. We are poorer but wiser. See?"

Multnomah county had to foot a \$3,000 election expense bill in getting a successor to Senator Simon. Hardly worth it.

The law for the collection of taxes should be so amended that county treasurers should collect all taxes, says the Salem Sentinel. They are the custodians of their county funds and are the only persons who should in any way be connected with the collection of taxes.

There is not liable to be any difficulty over the possession of church property, used as such, in the Philippines. All church possessions under Spanish rule were held by the crown, the church being an integral part of the kingdom. Our laws do not tolerate any union of church and state, and while the church will be allowed to retain possession of all property used directly for church purposes any lands that may be attached as revenue producers will escheat to the government to be disposed of as Congress may see fit.

The depths of human depravity would appear to have been reached in the line of commercial deceit. It is asserted on an excellent authority that the life preservers on the steamer Portland, wrecked a week ago at Cape Cod, were not filled with cork, but with grass, which when wet became a dead weight of sixteen pounds.

It is a good indication of an improving condition of affairs that few young men are applying at different recruiting stations throughout the country for enlistment in the army for foreign service. It is proposed that the pay be increased as an inducement for enlistment.

Tacoma burglars understand their business. The other night they went through a store in that city and got \$2,000 worth of goods. Old time burglars took nothing but money, or jewelry that could be converted into bullion, but it seems the fraternity has got down to a hard time proposition and takes all there is in sight.

Chicago Hebrews gave a charity ball that netted \$100,000. They had the proper spirit which prompted them to attend for the pleasure of giving rather than for gratification of their own senses.

Struck a Slog.

Only a month ago John Minto was appointed to succeed M M Harris as chief deputy in the collector of customs office here.

Today comes the announcement that the collector had received a few days ago a letter from headquarters stating that John Minto, chief deputy, was in fact no deputy at all, and according to the civil service regulations could not be, as he had not passed any civil service examination.

Mr Minto is not only amazed over the loss of his place, but is trying to guess where the pay for his month's work is to come from. He gave up his place Saturday night, not wishing to impose his services upon an ungrateful government that didn't appreciate them.

Collector Patterson says the vacancy will be filled by promotion, and that several changes will be made in the office, but that there is no room for outsiders, as the civil service regulations must be adhered to.

George W McGowan of Monmouth, a few days ago received a check from Alaska in settlement of an old bill amounting to \$175, which has been due some 12 years. What distinguishes this bill more widely from the general run of accounts, is that it was contracted at Burns, Harney county, Oregon, by Jack Miller, who murdered a man there and then skipped out. When next heard of was in Alaska, going under the name of "Jack Dalton," who has become rich and celebrated.

THE VETERAN TALKS.

TELLS THE BOYS A POKER STORY THAT IS DECIDEDLY INTERESTING.

And is Rendered All the More So by the Way He Tells It—A Good, Stiff Game and Some Very Remarkable Hands.

There was a party of four sitting at a small table in the rear of a prominent saloon in Walnut street. Spell that saloon with one o, please, for it sounds eminently French and aristocratic.

"Yes, I've been in some patty stiff games, and it was when we played with the stuff, the long green; ante what you please and raise what you please and go for all in sight after the draw with the money right there on the table; no ivories, no nothing, 'cept money."

"If I remember rightly, there was a lumberman from Sandy here, and a sawmill man from Ironton, and a grocer from Portsmouth, and a liquor man from Maysville and me in the game. It was down at the Spencer House."

"I can't tell you how we got mixed in the game, for that would spoil the story. But we were in it, and I remember the money was on the table in heaps until the hands came out that broke up the sitting. Boys, I never saw such hands before nor since. I never did, and if I live to be a million I'll never see the like again."

"It just went around in the usual way with nothing peculiar about the ante or the raises till after the draw. Then every son of a gun about the table kicked hunched up a little closer and looked pointer than ever. I knowed there was trouble coming. Every feller raised, and when it got around to the starter he saw all of 'em and raised with about half his pile. Never mind the amounts. Hundred dollar bills were laying around on that table like white chips now, only more plenty, and every man in the crowd had his roll in his inside pocket besides. And before it went very far they came out and some bigger bills than centuries ago common, too, but every one of the crowd seemed to think it was all his when the show down come. I knowed I had 'em, for four kings was handed to beat when you had an ace in the discard. Straight flushes? Not on your life. They weren't played then."

"It's getting interesting," said the Maysville man. "Let's take an account of stock."

"There was \$27,000 on the table, not counting the odd bills of a hundred and under, and every one of the five was about equally interested in the pot. Of course, we could have gone along for awhile by making checks or markers, but checks on out of town banks are a dead give away when they get home, and the men from up the river didn't want anything of that kind. So we just made an agreement to show down and let the thing go."

"What do you think was the end? You couldn't guess. Now, remember, every man was a straightforward business man, and during the game there wasn't an outsider in the room and the cards had never been changed during the whole game."

"Every feller laid down four kings and every one swore he had discarded an ace."

"Just then my wife pushed me in my back with her knee and waked me up and said I was all in a cold sweat and wanted to know whether I had a chill, as I was shaking like a scared dog. And after that I never eat one of them Welsh rabbits with mince pie and went to bed right afterward."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

He Knows Her.

She—Who is that frightful looking woman behind you who is talking with a man?  
He—It's my wife.  
She—But you haven't looked around to see whom I mean!  
He—Oh, your description is enough!—Das Kleine Witzblatt.

Atmosphere.

Friend (criticising picture)—Your winter effect is excellent. It fairly makes one shiver to look at it.  
Artist—No wonder, old man. I began that picture in December and had to pawn my overcoat to buy the canvas.—Town Topics.

No Cause For Alarm.

"Look here," said the barber to the restless man in the chair, "if you don't keep still I'm liable to cut your throat."  
"Oh, I'm not afraid of that," replied the helpless victim, "as long as you continue to use that razor."—Chicago News.

The Sequence of Events.

"The doctors had a consultation yesterday."  
"What was the result?"  
"I understand that the family lawyers are now in secret session."—Brooklyn Life.

Another Instance.

"Maud says she is madly in love with her new wheel."  
"Huh! Another case where man is displaced by machinery!" Indianapolis Journal.

Breaking Records.

Mr. Flatt—It doesn't take Delia half as long to wash the dishes as it used to.  
Mrs. Flatt (wearily)—There isn't half as many now.—New York Journal.

Crowded Out.

When first they wed, she gives him half The clothes hooks for his share, But it isn't long till he has to hang His pants on the back of a chair. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

ALSO A HERO.

Vence Presents Opportunities No Less Than War.

The sharp October air had brought the crimson to the leaves and had brought back to the city again the fair maid that Algernon George Towne had paid court to on Valentine's day ere she had flown to Old Point, there to preen her wings for northern flight when summer had come.

"Thank you," he said, with a wild beating at his heart. "What is a delight to you is an ecstasy, a rhapsody, to me."

"How lovely of you to say so, Mr. Towne! Of course you have been heaping up glory all summer for yourself in the war. I do so wish I were a man, to go forth at my country's call and shed my blood gloriously on her altars. Every person owes it to his land to do at least that much, and how grand you must have felt as you swept up the hill at San Juan and drove the foe to his lair!"

"Pardon me," he said proudly. "You are mistaken in your location. I was not at San Juan Hill."

"Not at San Juan?" she exclaimed in dismay.

"No." "At Manila, then?" "No." She could not speak. "No," he went on; "no, but I lived all summer in a Washington boarding house, and, what is more, I rooted unflatteringly for the Washington baseball team." As he stood before her she realized there are things in this life that call for more courage and self denial even than war, and she bowed her head and pleaded for forgiveness.—Washington Star.

Trouble Ahead.

"I will now give you some cold facts," shouted the campaign orator, fumbling among the newspaper clippings and memoranda that lay on the stand before him and finding some trouble in laying his hands on the desired documents, "some cold facts," he went on, somewhat flustered, "with which you can roast the life out of the flimsy arguments that will dribble through the press that opposes the election of our candidates. Ah, here they are! Listen!"—Chicago Tribune.

She Thinks They Did It All.

"Of course, I don't wish to have you think that I doubt your word," she said, "but I can't understand how you can look me in the eye and tell me that you took any part in whipping those Spaniards in Santiago."

"And why," he asked, "should you find that so hard to believe?"

"Haven't you told me yourself that you were not one of the rough riders?"—Chicago News.

Johannie's Moral Lesson.

"Ma, Johannie kicked me."  
"What did you do to him?"  
"I just bit him."  
"Well, he wouldn't have kicked you if you hadn't bitten him first. You ought to feel sorry."

"I do."  
"Sorry for what?"  
"Sorry I didn't bite him after he kicked me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

At a Disadvantage.

"I wonder what made that Indian chief give up and run. It's something unusual with him."

"I suppose," answered the man who never acknowledges that he doesn't know, "he has been so used to sneering at the 'palefaces' that he got rattled when they sent a detachment of colored troops after him."—Washington Star.

'Tis Ever Thus.

"At last," murmured the suburbanite, "I can lay aside the lawn mower!"

"The snow shovel needs mending, Charles!" shouted his wife from the cellar steps.

A dark and grewsome scowl moved in to occupy the place where the smile had dwelt for one brief moment.—New York Journal.

Couldn't Afford It.

"I hear that Jorkins flatly refused the nomination for sheriff."  
"Yes, he says his wife and children thoroughly respect him now, and he doesn't believe the office pays enough to make it an object for him to be looked upon with scorn by the members of his family."—Chicago News.

Upholding His Reputation.

Detective Well, you are a guilt edged one.  
Burglar—It's false. I've always had enough pride in my work never to take anything that was plated.—Philadelphia North American.

Courage.

Mrs. Hatterson—Didn't you tremble all over when you aimed the revolver at the burglar?  
Mrs. Catterson—Not a bit. I knew it wasn't loaded.—Detroit Free Press.

Modernity.

Big Head—What are you going to call your new paper—Home and Fire-side?  
Jumpuppe—No—Flat and Steam Heater. Town Topics.

Autumn Sentiment.

"Does the fall of the leaves make you sad?"  
"Not when I have money to pay for having them raked up."—Chicago Record.

It Depends.

"What is home without a mother?"  
"Well, it depends a little on whether it is your mother or your wife's."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Matches.

The man who was old enough to know better was chasing up and down a Sixteenth street boarding house, trying to find a match to light a cigarette with.

"Did it ever occur to you," he said to the man who finally found a light for him, "what a boon and a benison the cigarette manufacturer has been to the match manufacturer? Think of it a moment. First, however, give me another match for this cigarette. I don't know how many cigarettes are made in this country, but let us, for the sake of argument, say there are a thousand carloads a year. Well, it takes on an average—another light, please—four matches to the cigarette, and the manufacturer of matches must therefore make 4,000 carloads of matches just to meet the cigarette demand. You may not think 4,000 carloads is a great quantity, but if you knew how hard it was to get one match when your cigarette is out, you would think 4,000 carloads wasn't a few if you had to go around begging them. I have never given serious study to the matter, but, looking at it casually, I should say the match manufacturers owe an inestimable debt of gratitude to the cigarette makers."—New York Sun.

Cash Versus Glory.

An ordinary service to mankind is usually paid for at current rates in legal tender. An extraordinary service, not involving the element of heroism, is rewarded by both legal tender and more or less fame. The highest of all services, rendered at the risk of life, is supposed to receive its full compensation in glory, unaccompanied by more sordid considerations. If, however, the hero of the service last mentioned should not be contented with his need of glory, but should demand more substantial reward, he may receive it indeed, but at a large discount from the other (and in sentimental estimation more valuable) consideration.

Unlike the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, who receive their quid pro quo without a thought of humiliation, either in their own minds or yours, the man who saves your life at the risk of his own is looked upon as almost if not quite disgracing himself by accepting your proffered pecuniary reward, although he may, in fact, be in far sorer need than any one of the worthy trio who simply contribute to your necessities or comforts.—Edward P. Jackson in North American Review.

The Glowworm's X Ray.

The glowworm's light is said to have been shown to be due to the emission of rays similar to Roentgen's. Three hundred glowworms were caught near Koto and placed before photographic plates screened from the light by several thicknesses of black paper, together with plates of brass, copper and aluminum. A piece of cardboard with a hole in it was placed between the metal and the photographic plate, and for two days the arrangement was kept in a dark chamber, sheltered from all foreign lights. On developing the plate it was found to be blackened, except the part opposite the hole in the cardboard. The rays of the glowworm would appear therefore to penetrate metal and excite luminosity in cardboard. When there is nothing between the sensitive plate and the glowworm, the rays are said to behave like ordinary light, but in traversing some metals and cardboard they seem to acquire properties like that of X rays, or it may be that the ordinary glowworm emits X as well as ordinary rays.—Revue Scientifique.

A Mean Trick.

Absentmindedly Brooks stepped up to the cashier's desk and paid for his luncheon. Then, accompanied by Rivers, he went out into the open air.

"Brooks," said Rivers, "you'd better go back and settle for your dinner if you don't want the proprietor to follow you out and dun you right here on the street."

"Great Scott! Didn't I pay for it?" ejaculated Brooks. "Where's my check? I haven't got it."  
"I picked it up as we left the table," said Rivers. "Here it is."  
"Ah, you have come back to pay the other gentleman's check," said the cashier as Brooks went back, stepped up to the desk a second time and handed out a half dollar.

When Brooks went outside again, a moment later, Rivers was nowhere in sight, and there is another unsettled account between them.—Chicago Tribune.

Causes of Death.

An Austrian professor estimates that only 900 persons out of 1,000,000 die from old age, while 1,200 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 2,700 to apoplexy, 7,000 to erysipelas, 7,500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus and 7,000 to rheumatism. These averages of course vary according to locality. Smallpox does not even get a place in the list. Was this Austrian professor an antivaccinator?—London Globe.

Ways and Means.

Home Seeker (inspecting a flat)—How in the world are people to live in such little cubby holes as these?  
Agent—Easy enough, mum. All you need is folding beds and camp chairs and self doubling up tables and a few things like that.

"Humph! I can hardly turn around in these rooms myself."  
"I see, mum. It's too bad to be so afflicted, mum. You should take anti-fat."—New York Weekly.

The Syrians regarded the rose as an emblem of immortality, the Chinese planted it over graves, and in the Tyrol it is said to produce sleep. Rose leaves are sometimes thrown on the fire for good luck. In France and Italy it is believed that rosy cheeks will come to the lass that buries a drop of her blood under a rosebush.

BEST FISHERMAN.—John Mason of Point Terrace, on the Siuslaw river, has proved himself to be the best fisherman in Lane county. He was awarded 'high boat' this season. The award of 'high boat' is usually a watch or some other article of like value to the boat catching the largest number of fish during the season. Mr. Mason is certainly deserving of his award having turned in to the county this season over 400 salmon.

ARTISANS ENTERTAIN.—The Eugene Lodge, United Artisans, last night entertained their friends in their hall on Ninth street. A well selected program was rendered. Horatio Nelson, organizing deputy, was among the guests. After the program had been concluded, the remainder of the evening was spent in social amusement. The present report an enjoyable time.

THE FRUIT MAN.—The case in Justice Wintermeier's court yesterday against W O Randolph, charged with being an absconding debtor, is still hanging fire. Through his attorneys, Messrs Dorris & Stevens, a motion was filed to vacate the writ of arrest, but this was overruled. What further action will be taken remains to be seen.

MAN FOUND.—Albany Democrat: The body of an unknown man was found Wednesday on one of the bars of the Willamette, three miles east of Monroe. The head and feet were missing. There was no means of identification. As the body was found on the Linn county side of the river Coroner Norman was sent for and will go to Harrisburg on the next train.

NEXT SEASON'S LOGS.—W W Davis, J N B Fuller and J B Hopkins of the Eugene Mill and Lumber Company returned at noon today from a trip up Fall Creek where they had been since Tuesday making arrangements for logs with which to run their mill next season. This company gets a fine class of logs from that section. No better lumber in any market.

GOOD PRICE FOR PRUNES.—H M Stone and F P Sbergsreen, of Oakville, Linn county, who shipped a car load of prunes to Des Moines, have received returns from the same. They were 30-60 pounds, for which they received 4 1/10 cents net. An offer of 7 cents for boxed prunes has been made at Corvallis.

WILL RETURN.—Three South Dakota people who have been here looking at the country, left for their homes this forenoon. They are greatly pleased with Lane county and will return here in June with their families and other relatives to make permanent homes near Eugene.

DUCK HUNTING.—During the last week Mr Gibson, of Richardson precinct has purchased 2,100 shot gun shells from one of our dealers. In one day he killed 160 ducks by himself. During the week he has shipped between 600 and 700 ducks to the Portland and San Francisco markets.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—Farmers express considerable difference of opinion as to what injury the frost has done the wheat. A good warm rain is needed to settle the soil in the fields.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.—County Clerk Lee today issued a marriage license to Luther A Sutherland, 25 years and Abbie E Churchill, 18 years.

BORN.—In Eugene, Oregon, last Monday, to the wife of Glas L. Scott, a daughter.

Died.

December 2nd, 1898, at her home near Lowell, Lane county, Oregon, after a short illness, Mrs Mary L. wife of Thomas J Blakely. She deceased was born at Union Point, St Clair county, Mo. She came to Lane county, Oregon, with her parents, Mr and Mrs E Sprague, in the spring of 1833; was married to Thomas J Blakely, Feb 2nd, 1861, and resided near Lowell until the time of her death. She leaves two sons, Walter and Lester, to mourn her death.

She was a lady loved and respected by all who knew her, and leaves many friends who join the mourners in their grief.

Be still sad heart and cease repining, Behind the clouds is the sun still shining; Thy fate is the common fate of all, Into each life some rain must fall; Some days must be dark and dreary.

A letter received in this city from Mrs John Wilson, Trail, B C, stated that she and her husband were well and getting along nicely. This will be pleasing news to Mr Wilson's friends as a rumor had gained ground that he died about one month since.