

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

ROCKEFELLER WILL BECOME AMERICA'S BILLIONAIRE.

John D Rockefeller is expected to be a billionaire before he dies. He is worth about a third of a billion already, and his fortune is growing by leaps and bounds.

He is the Standard Oil Trust. He has associates, of course, but the extent of their partnership depends on him.

The market value of Standard Oil stock jumped \$25,000,000.

John D Rockefeller said before some investigators not long ago that he could not tell whether or a dozen millions was much to him.

The billionnaire is a new character in the world. Rockefeller could buy and sell Croesus a dozen times over. The Vanderbilts and Goulds are as foothills to the mountain of wealth this man has heaped up.

The destinies of thousands of men, with their families, are in his hands. They are prosperous or penniless as he dictates.

THE WAR ANTI-PATHETIC.

State papers show that the administration was courting as long ago as January that war with Spain was inevitable. A dispatch to Dewey at Manila a couple of weeks before the declaration of war was to "land all woodwork stores etc it is not considered necessary to have for operation."

After receiving such a dispatch it is not likely Dewey lost one moment in getting his warships ready for action on the shortest notice as woodwork on fighting ships is really more dangerous than the shells of the enemy.

SPANISH INTOLERANCE AND CRUELTY.

The Spanish are evacuating Cuba, and press accounts of the condition of their soldiers are pitiful in the extreme. Castles Morro and Cabanas, where hundreds of thousands of men have been imprisoned for political offences are being made ready for delivery to United States authorities.

TWO MODERN SONS OF MARS.

The spectacle of General Shafter, commander of the land forces at the capture of Santiago de Cuba, mourning his war charger from an improvised platform was a most ludicrous spectacle.

CARELESS JUSTICE COURTS.

The recent case in the Cottage Grove Justice court is an excellent illustration of how carelessness is made in criminal cases at the expense of taxpayers.

A KEBUKE.

The Portland Dispatch burles the following well deserved rebuke at one of the pie counter gangs: "The Eugene Register is making a caseless war on Sheriff Withers, the animus behind it being that the sheriff gives his patronage to a paper which did all it could to elect him to office."

The republicans generally are disgusted with the senseless and unneeded for abuse of a worthy official by their organ.

CONTROL THE GREAT PACIFIC.

The government is thoroughly alive to the importance and necessity of holding and fortifying resting and strategic points that lie between the Philippines and our shores in the vast Pacific ocean.

FIGHTING THEIR WAY WEST.

The annexation of Hawaii and the Philippines has created a fever in railroad building. Eastern and Mississippi Valley lines foresee an immense increase in trans continental railroad traffic through our acquisition of the new territory almost on the Asiatic shore.

The Junction Times says it expects to "settle up with everybody the first of the year." That is easy, but for a hard job the Times should try to get everybody to settle up with it.

NO THEATRE HATS.

Salem City Council Legislates Against Them.

At a meeting of the city council at Salem, held Tuesday evening, an ordinance was passed providing that no person shall wear any hat, bonnet or head covering within any licensed theatre or place of amusement in Salem during the rendition of any program on the stage or platforms.

The Poultry Show has been a success.

SPEECH.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough without your woe. No path is wholly straight. Look for the places that are smooth and clear. Don't speak of those to rest the weary ear of faith, so hurt by the continuous strain of human discontent and grief and pain.

END OF A ROMANCE.

November's raw air warmed negligent householders that it was time to lay in their winter's supply of coal, and everywhere up and down the wind swept length of the city's residence streets rattling coal troughs barred the pedestrian's path and discharged their black torrents into insatiable sidewalk scuttles.

"Mr. Coal Man!" cried Mrs. Matthews from the top stairs bay window. "Be sure you close the coal scuttle when you go. Don't leave it open. It is so large somebody might fall in."

"Yes, mum," assented the driver, raising his grimy face and smiling in the dazzling way that distinguishes coal heavers and negroes. Then, with a perversity as sublimely unconscious as that of inanimate objects themselves he went away when he had finished his task, leaving the iron lid of the scuttle leaning against the side of the house.

Three or four minutes later a small, dapper, nicely dressed young man stepped out of the street door next to the Matthews' and turned to make his final adieu to a lady, slightly faded, but still young, who had accompanied him to the threshold.

Miss Minerva Matthews had stopped for a moment at the little table in the bay window to get a book of verse, from which she wished to make a quotation. At the precise moment, when she laid her hand upon the volume, her eyes, carelessly lifted after the unobtrusive manner of one in deep thought, had beheld a young man sink apparently into the earth, directly in front of the quiet, respectable house in which she and her mother and her maiden aunt kept themselves aloof from the world.

"Mother! A man has just fallen into our coal scuttle!" Mrs. Matthews gasped convulsively and collapsed into a chair. Twice she tried to frame articulate words, but the shock had been too great. She could only choke and clench and clutch her slender, transparent hands. If those same delicate hands could have closed just then upon the brawny throat of Mr. Dennis Murphy, they would have left him little breath indeed for protestation.

Minerva saw that her mother was practically helpless for the time being, and that whatever was to be done in the emergency must be done by herself. Even at the height of the second story she could hear the unwilling and unwelcome intruder blundering and stumbling and rattling about in the dark coal bin as he aimlessly sought some egress.

"I will go down to him, mother. I will explain!" she cried. "Oh, the carelessness of that detestable coal man!" Miss Minerva Matthews fled down stairs as fast as she could go. But as she opened the door at the head of the cellar stairway she stopped for a moment and shuddered from head to foot. It was like the initial plunge of the swimmer into cold water. After that the worst of the terrible shrinking was over. She picked up her skirts and darted down into the twilight of the cellar.

be a young man of the best breeding to confine himself as considerably to un-demonstrative excursions around the coal heap!

The young lady flew to the bin and removed the top section of the door. As she did so she found herself face to face with a most woebegone, smooched, demoralized and bewildered young man. For a moment the two young people stared at each other speechlessly. Then, as if moved by a simultaneous impulse, both spoke:

"Oh, I am so sorry!" "I beg your pardon most humbly for my carelessness."

Then they both laughed weakly. Minerva snatched the remaining section of the door away, and the young man slid totteringly out upon the cellar floor, with a small avalanche of released coal.

"It was all our fault!" cried Minerva. "We ought to have watched that wretched coal man and seen that he put the cover over the scuttle."

"No, it was my fault," objected the young man. "I ought to have had my eyes about me. I had no business to be walking backward on the street. I—but, really, Miss!"

"Matthews," interposed Minerva, noting his questioning hesitation. "Really, Miss Matthews," looking at his grimy hands and besmudged linen. "I feel so disgustingly dirty that I am going to ask you for the love of humanity to get me an old pan or basin to wash this stuff off in."

"Come right upstairs," said Minerva pityingly. "No, no; I might encounter somebody—beg your pardon for the seeming insinuation. But, you know, I had to encounter you, and I feel toward you a sense of gratitude for my deliverance that overrides all other feeling. Isn't there a laundry tub or something where I could make a preliminary toilet?"

Minerva led the way into the basement laundry, where there were set tubs, running water and plenty of soap. "I'll run up stairs for towels," she said, and so made a timely escape with the gayer of laughter that was gushing up in her throat. She fled into the kitchen closet, shut the door tight and collapsed, with the cook's old wrapper pressed against her face. "Oh, I'm so glad auntie isn't home today, or Katherine!" she gasped. "What would they do, the hysterical dears!" She writhed in a fit of suppressed laughter for a minute or two, and then broke forth and darted up stairs for the towels. Mrs. Matthews met her at the head of the stairs.

"Don't speak a word to me, mother," panted Minerva. "Don't; I shall explode!" She dashed into the bathroom, caught up a couple of towels and sped down cellar again. The laundry was empty. The outside basement door, standing ajar into the little back yard, told the story. The young man had fled.

Minerva mechanically gathered up a pair of mournful cuffs that had rolled under the shadow of the tubs. Their jewelry was of the most modern kind—smoked pearl—but the linen was fine in texture and quality. "I guess he must have been a gentleman as far as he went," mused the girl. She turned the cuffs this way and that and peered inside, but there was no name, no clow.

Then, with that wonderfully swift, prophetic intuition of a woman, Minerva Matthews sighed and exclaimed under her breath: "Poor Miss Atherton!" It was Miss Atherton who lived next door.—Portland Transcript.

Wildcat on Toast.

There is no accounting for tastes. What suits the palate of one may be little esteemed by another. An English traveler and sportsman had recommended to him when he was in Morocco a variety of game which he would not be very keen for at home.

He began telling marvelous stories of the game in the neighborhood of the sultan's army and of his own importance. One remark on cooking—for he was a gourmand—is worth repeating. "There is," he said, "only one kind of game worth eating in Morocco—wildcat. Its taste is as the taste of all other varieties of game mixed. When once you have tasted wildcat, never will you eat anything again with pleasure."

Probably not. I should think it enough to poison most people, but I dared not say so. I merely proposed in a weak voice that I preferred owl stewed with mustard and sand. He said that ought to be good, too, but he had never tried it.

Why He Didn't Swear.

On the night of the "harbor fete" at Newport John Kendrick Bangs and his little boy stood near a group of army officers and ladies. One of the torches illuminating the parapet went out during the evening. A girl in the group said the light next to the darkened one should be put out, too, as it looked lonely without its mate. One of the young officers at once acted upon her suggestion, but in extinguishing the torch burned his finger. He bit his lips and said nothing. Mr. Bangs' small son looked on in astonishment. "Papa," he said, "isn't that man an officer?" "Yes."

"Then, papa, why didn't he swear?" "Because, my son," said the father, "he is either a chaplain or a second lieutenant. If a chaplain, it would not be proper for him to do so, and if a second lieutenant he does not know how."—Argonaut.

Wanted Results.

"H'm!" said the policeman. "I guess well have to investigate this." "No, sir," exclaimed the cynical citizen whose house had been broken into, "I don't want any investigation. What I want is for you to jump in and find out in a hurry who did it."—Washington Star.

NORMAL SCHOOL. Teachers—The Portland Train in his late to give a concert at the Woodson Normal school of which D V S Kell, is president. The 11 services who left the normal school six weeks ago are: Misses R S Wills, Nye, Woodson, W B Brown, and the Misses Staley, J. J. Kell, Mary Kess and Del Shannon. The three young ladies will become students at the Portland normal, and the young men will study at the law. The remaining five, Misses Gertrude Preston, Elizabeth McGraw, Stella Morgan, Cecile Galloway, and Bernice Evans. The three last mentioned have already received their diplomas.

TO BE MARRIED. Miss Mary Young, daughter of Hon O W Young, who resides just north of this city, will be married at Kansas City, Mo., tomorrow to Mr B Ross. After spending a few days at Little Rock, Ark., they will go to Winnipeg, Canada, their future home. The bride is well known in this county, and is one of the most popular of the county's daughters. The groom is a retail stock man, sea-food, and prominent in business affairs. The many friends of the bride will join the GUARD in extending to her best wishes, as well as desiring to express congratulations to the groom on his most fortunate selection of a life mate.

THE JUNCTION ENGINE. Times Dec 24: A coal impromptu was made in the city hall this week. This has been put in the building several times connected with the engine. This will keep the water warm, which will also reduce the time necessary to get up steam to a few minutes. It will also prevent the pipes from freezing in cold weather. Now for an inspector or engineer on the engine will be ready for the march at any moment.

STRANGE ACTION.—The nature of the female sex is hard to understand. Friday a man named Warner, of Sycamore street, went before the justice of the peace at Cottage Grove for abusing his wife. He was fined \$10 and costs, which he paid. The abused wife said she would never live with her husband another day. However, after a little persuasion, she concluded to try it over again and they left for home apparently happy.

SPRINGFIELD SAW MILL.—E. Gilstrap of this city has received a letter from H A Skel, of Kingston, Idaho, stating it is very probable he would conclude a lease on the Springfield saw mill plant, and it so will come down in a couple of months.

GLORY TICKETS.—The following marriage licenses were issued today by County Clerk Lee: Edmund Violante, 36 years, and Linnie Latunde, 24 years; J R Liles, 30 years, and Lucy Mulvey 21 years.

WHEAT PURCHASED.—S H Friendly today purchased from A Viles & Sons 10,000 bushels of wheat at 40 cents per bushel.

A Good One.

McMinnville Transcript.—Glen O Holman was invited to address the Progress Literary Society, Friday evening, and accepted. At the proper time he appeared, dressed as "Uncle Sam." His attire is the usual stiff hat, with grey locks protruding beneath, and long white whiskers of the same color; swallow-tailed coat, low cut vest, and pantaloons of red, white and blue. He gave the young folks extracts from his "Columbia and Me." He had told them about the war of 1812, the Mexican war, the Civil war, and was proceeding to talk about his boys and girls. After telling about American girls marrying European Counts, etc, he began to tell how good the American boys are; and, when at a climax of this dramatic part his whiskers came off. Imagine what followed. This ended the address.

One Hanging Enough.

Albany Democrat Dec 23: This is the day that Claude Branton was to be hanged at Eugene, but which event will occur later. The morbid taste of the people is illustrated in the fact that the sheriff of Lane county has received six hundred requests from people for the privilege of seeing him hanged. The Democrat's one hanging experience is enough for a life time. Hanging should be in the state penitentiary and no more people should be permitted to see it than necessary to satisfy the law.

Remembering the Children.

Daily Guard Dec 21: The ladies of the Episcopal church entertained the Sunday school this afternoon with a turkey dinner, and everything good to eat. The church and Sunday school room are handsomely decorated with evergreens, Oregon grape, and holly. A fine Christmas tree, in addition to the dinner, is arranged for the children.

XMAS CHARITY

The Distribution Made During This Forenoon.

A STATEMENT OF THE GIFTS.

Daily Guard, Dec 21: This forenoon, the annual Christmas charity donations were made, 39 families in all being assisted. Following is the statement of supplies furnished and distributed: 40 fifty-pound sacks of flour, 100 pounds granulated sugar, 60 pounds bacon, 100 pounds beans, 40 pounds coffee, 10 quarts canned fruit, 40 small boxes candy, 10 bushels apples, 15 bushels potatoes, 1 box soap, 30 pounds dried fruit, 3 bushels onions, 40 pounds meal, Cabbage, squashes, pumpkins, Small quantities of miscellaneous groceries. A large supply of clothing. In cash, \$34.64 was used in the purchase of groceries and payment of incidental bills incurred.

Obit.

Daily Guard Dec 21

Robert H Patterson died at the residence of his sister, Mrs M A Brunley, in this city, this morning at 8:30 o'clock from heart failure, aged 65 years, 10 months and 5 days. He had not been confined to his room but had been complaining for several days, and when death came it was painless.

He was born in Dearborn county, Indiana, Feb 14, 1833. In 1853 he emigrated to Oregon and settled in Lane county, and since that time had resided in the county and Eugene.

He was never married. He leaves a brother and sister in this city, Mrs M A Brunley and County Treasurer A S Patterson, besides other relatives and numerous friends. During his first ten years residence in this county he was one of its business factors.

He was elected city marshal of Eugene four times—1870, 1871, 1872 and 1873—and made an efficient officer. He was also an exempt fireman, but never joined the Exempt Firemen Association.

The funeral will be held from Mrs Brunley's residence on West Eighth street to the Masonic cemetery, tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Friends respect fully invited.

GUILTY.

P. J Strahan's Husband Finally Convicted.

New York, Dec 21.—In the second trial against Moore preceding that of his wife the jury brought in the verdict: "We find the defendant, Wm A E Moore, guilty of robbery in the first degree and recommend him to the mercy of the court." Moore stood before Recorder Giff a convicted felon. After deliberating for two hours and a half the verdict had been reached. Moore bit his lips and clenched his fists. He stared at the recorder and at Mr McIntyre and the jurors, fully realizing his position. He knew the maximum penalty for the offense is twenty years in the state prison.

ASSESSMENT WORK.

Roll sent to Salem—Will Be Ready for Tax Collections in February.

The copy of the assessment roll for this year has been sent to the office of the secretary of state as required by law.

The law permits school districts and cities until in February to make their levies. Immediately after this the rolls can be extended and the work of collection of taxes begun. This early work is the result of appealing the State Board of Equalization.

At present the assessor is making a roll for his office as required by law. The legislature should repeal the law compelling the assessors to make copy of their rolls for secretary of state and for their own officers. It is an useless expense.

Kellogg, Idaho, Mines.

I W Gray, an old time Lane county boy, writes us from Kellogg, Idaho: "Times are very good and mines are working full time. We have more capital looking for mines in this camp than for several years past. Several rich strikes have been made lately. One was made on the hillside right in front of my store last month that is something wonderful."

"We have fine sleighing and fine weather so far, but we are sad and blue for our dear old Webfoot home so near, yet so far away."

Lane county had four mutes at the last term of the state mute school.