

COUNCIL MEETING

Tax Levy Will Be Made at A- Journal Meeting Tonight.

THE CURFEW ORDINANCE.

The Eugene city council will meet to adjourned session tonight, Mayor Kuykendall having arrived on the afternoon boat.

The principal object of tonight's session is to make the tax levy. The work entailed in making a careful estimate of the municipal expenses during the current year, and making a levy that will satisfactorily meet the same, will consume some time.

The county court has agreed to loan the city the old court house bell for a time and it will be erected near the fire bell tower, and used to call wandering vagabonds home.

This is a good resolution. As worthy a law as this one should be enforced.

SARAH S. McCLURE.

The pioneer woman whose name heads this notice died at her home, her son-in-law, Palmer Ayres, across the river from Eugene, Friday January 23, 1899, aged 79 years 4 months and 24 days.

Mrs. McClure was born in Kentucky August 27, 1819 and with her parents moved to Missouri in the early settlement of that state. In 1859 the pioneer fever caused her people to move westward, and in 1860-1 she spent with them in Salt Lake City.

The interment will take place at the residence of Palmer Ayres, two and one-half miles north of Eugene, in the Gillespie cemetery Sunday noon, January 22, at 1 o'clock.

In Memoriam.

Wis. at Hawthorne: Our little daughter, and school mate, died at far-away Manila, January 16, 1899.

Student, patriot, and soldier! Possessing all the real qualities that form the true type of genuine American manhood; he left his home, his friends, his all, and quickly responded to that fervent war-call of his country.

An honored son, of our honored teacher, he inherited that ready patriotism which always answered to the call of public duty, that never marked by strong courage, never faltering in any, and, above all, true loyalty to friend and country.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest, By all their country's wishes blessed! Where Spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their beloved mold. See there shall dress a sweeter sod Than Fancy's feet have ever trod."

"By fairy hands their knell is rung; By forms unseen their dirge is sung; There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay; And Freedom shall awhile repair, To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."

Resolved, That we, the members of the class of 1903, deeply sympathize with the father, mother, brother and sisters of our departed friend, and strive with them the hope of a revelation that better world, where there are no more partings.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of our deceased fellow student, trusting that they may indicate, in some degree, our respect, esteem and memory of their beloved son and brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be handed to the city papers for publication.

E. N. ELY, SEYMOUR KUYKENDALL, COLLEGE MEN, Class Comm. 1903-1904.

University of Oregon, Jan 19, 1899.

The Leuten sent on begins on the 1st of February, earlier than ever known in the history of the country elsewhere. This indicates an early spring. As Wednesday, the day of the commencement of Lent, being regulated by the phases of the moon.

LORIS JOHNSON HOME

Arrived From Manila on This Morning's Overland.

Thirty-Three Days in Route.

Loris Johnson arrived at his home in Eugene yesterday from Manila, having completed his services as a U. S. soldier. His discharge was received on account of the boy's age. Loris is at present only a little over 16 years old.

When hostilities began between the United States and Spain, Loris determined to enlist, in obedience to the desire of his parents, and to come to do so. Now that peace has been declared, he was well pleased with the successful effort made by his father, Rev. H. H. St. Johnson, to secure a discharge and when the same was called to Manila, Loris was able to return to Eugene.

Mr. Johnson returned on the transport Ocho, and was en route 33 days. He lost 8 cans which he had intended giving to friends as mementoes. They contained aboard soap, and although young Johnson gave the ship's officer \$38 to have a thorough search made, no missing cases could be located.

Loris is laden with two pet monkeys, one belonging to Charles Griffin and the other to himself. Griffin's monkey died the third day out and the other before they reached Yokohama. At this place Johnson purchased a Japanese pug dog, which survived the trip and reached Eugene safely. It is very small, with long curly hair, and is a decided curiosity.

The monkey owned by Griffin, which died en route, had quite a history. It was named Admiral Deary's flagship, the Olympia, during the time the Spanish fleet was sent to the bottom of Pasigay, and was afterwards presented by the owner to Mr. Griffin, who prized the little pet very highly.

Loris brought home an endless amount of trinkets, silks and satins, etc. He has made a rare collection of pens, and exhibits one of the "terrible" Manser rifles with which the Spanish soldiers were armed.

In the cigar line he brought a large quantity. The most expensive being purchased for 3 cents and the ordinary quality secured at a quarter of a cent each. The present condition of the soldiers, Mr. Johnson says, is very satisfactory, and is quite agreeable compared with some of their experiences during the war, and the three succeeding until the commissary department could get things to running smoothly. The general health of the soldiers is reported good also.

Loris will be kept busy for a time answering the innumerable questions with which he will be confronted. Most of all he expresses his pleasure at again being home.

An Oveganian Abroad.

Riverside, California, Jan 13, 1899. EDGEE GUARD:—Nearly three weeks ago the writer and his better half left Eugene for this place, hoping that a few months visit with kind friends in this climate would be of benefit to one who had been confined to his room for months past with rheumatism.

Fine rains have fallen all over this drought stricken state, and to say that the people are rejoicing thereat is but a faint expression. But little rain had fallen for more than a year previous. For more than a week after our arrival we were visited every night with sharp frosts, and ice, and cold winds during the day. Then came the welcome rain, and now the surrounding mountains are covered with snow, and the air is damp and chilly for an invalid.

We had often heard of the extensive manner in which farming is conducted in this part of the state. Speeding down the Sacramento valley we counted in one field nine ten horse (or mule) teams. The fields are of immense size, and mostly with no fences. The tropical fruit's grown here are splendid. Between Riverside and Los Angeles, sixty miles away, are hundreds of acres of orange groves which, if it was not for the color of the fruit, would remind us of the big red apples in Oregon.

In conclusion I cannot refrain from giving a sentiment of an old Oregonian, at this place, in writing to friends: "We need your sympathy, and need it bad. Just to think we can eat a hearty breakfast at 8 a. m., a good dinner at noon, with an excellent supper at 6 p. m., with nothing but nice oranges to eat between meals! If such a person had a piece of land on the outside on which he could graze a cow. At least such is the opinion of 'UNCLE SAM'."

D. Compton is booked for a lecture on "Calle Harold's Pittsburg" at the Union chapel, Portland, this evening.

FAIRYLAND

You need not travel to a star; The way is easy and not far— An hour's walk, a mile from town. The heroes of the old legend Load you along the path; for sign Are arrowhead blossoms, fruit and fine. Beside the water; then the wood Takes you, but only by the blood Leaping, and by the sudden start Of the overfall and thrilling heart. You know you see it face to face. The greenwood bowers a sunny space For song sparrow tinkling, and below July's green lap is full of snow. Is drifted rich with white and pink. Of bounding feet from brink to brink; The haunted air resounds between With humming birds, obscure and keen. Like burnt out stars that dart and float. With but a last fire to the throat. You see but common names? How best Heard but a hum that drowsed the hour? Your blood leaped not nor shook your heart? Ah, well, I know no other chart! The path is for your feet as for mine. As that which lingers to a star.

—J. Russell Lester in Century.

BERLIN APPETITES.

Restaurant Men Who Cater to Them Soon Become Rich.

That the restaurant business in Berlin is a paying one, if the location chosen be a good one, the restaurant of the zoological gardens here shows. For a number of years it was leased by a man who understood about as much of the business as the man in the moon. Yet he became wealthy within a few years and retired for good to live on the interest of his money. There were days in summer when he sold 1,000 kegs of beer, besides some 20,000 cups of coffee and 50,000 sandwiches, and as prices are high there he must have made thousands of dollars in a single day.

Fortunately for the public, another caterer now supplies the hungry and thirty sightseers at the zoological gardens, a man with a good reputation, and he pays twice the rent for the restaurant buildings, too—viz, 100,000 marks per annum, besides spending by the terms of his contract a matter of almost 500,000 marks for improvements. Yet it is probable that he, too, will retire at the end of his term with a fortune.

There are many instances of this kind in Berlin. One of the finest and most highly priced restaurants on Unter den Linden recently sold its good will for a matter of 1,000,000 marks. The owner of a cafe on Friedrichstrasse who started the place but a couple of years ago is reputed already to have cleared about 2,000,000 marks. His lead waiter is himself rapidly growing rich from the "trinkgeld" received from the guests and is said to be in receipt of monthly stipends amounting to some \$3,000 in American money.—Berlin Letter in Chicago Record.

Borrowing a Horse.

In his interesting book, "The Lawyers of Maine," Willis relates an anecdote of Judge George Thatcher, who was noted for his humor.

Solicitor Davis and Judge Thatcher, when boys, were neighbors in Barnstable and Yarmouth, Mass. The day after the battle of Bunker Hill the militia of these towns set off for Boston. The boys accompanied the soldiers, Davis acting as sifter. A few miles out from Barnstable an order came directing the military to return home.

In their retreat Thatcher and Davis, tired of their march, mounted an old horse they met on the road, without saddle or bridle. After riding some miles they dismounted and abandoned their steed in the highway.

Many years after Davis, as solicitor general, was prosecuting a horse thief before Judge Thatcher in the county of Kennebec, Me. In the course of the trial the judge leaned over the bench and said in an undertone to the solicitor: "Davis, this reminds me of the horse you and I stole in Barnstable."

Thunder in Various Regions.

Java is said to be the region of the globe where it thunders ofttest, having thunderstorms 97 days in the year. After it are Sumatra, with 86 days; Hindustan, with 58; Borneo, with 54; the Gold Coast, with 53; and Rio de Janeiro, with 51. In Europe, Italy occupies the first place, with 38 days of thunder, while France and southern Russia have 16 days. Great Britain and Switzerland have each 7 days, and Norway has 4. Thunder is rare at Cairo, being heard only 3 days in the year, and extremely rare in northern Turkestan and the polar regions.—London Standard.

A Talking Crow.

The latest curiosity in Bethel, Me., is a talking crow which entertains the boys and girls. The bird was found in the woods over a year ago, when young, having fallen from its nest and broken a wing. It was taken home and cared for, but showed no inclination to talk until a few months ago. It talks as well as parrots, but favors words containing "o," and "hello, hello, Moses, Oral Whoa there!" cause the passers-by to turn quickly at times.

Explained.

Mrs. Bliffers—Your old friend has such a sad face. Why is it? Mr. Bliffers—Years ago he proposed to a very beautiful girl, and— Mrs. Bliffers—And she refused him? Mr. Bliffers—No. She married him.—London Answers.

St. George's Bay, Newfoundland, contains an immense coalfield fully 20 miles in length and 10 in breadth. It has been estimated that if the output were to reach 250,000 tons per annum, the coal bed would not be exhausted in a century.

Some old hawking gloves have the hands and thumbs made in red velvet, the outside of the hand covered with the finest embroidery in many tones of silk, mixed with metal threads. They are pertinent to the days of good Queen Bess.

Paris sends £750,000 worth of toys to England every year.

WAGNER'S METHOD

When Possessed with a Poetic Idea, He Wrote It in Music.

"In one of his writings Wagner tells us that he never felt any musical inspiration unless a dramatic idea had taken complete possession of him," writes Houston Stewart Chamberlain on "How Richard Wagner Wrote His Operas," in The Ladies' Home Journal. "When this was the case, the different personages would, one after another, obtrude upon his fancy, gaining gradually in bodily consistency. Then, all of a sudden, in the dusk of evening, one of these creatures of his fancy would rise up before him, gazing at him with eyes wide open. Fascinated and almost trembling, Wagner would remain with eyes fixed on those of his guest from dreamland. But, lo, the shadow's lips tremble and open! What issues from them is neither words nor song. It is a superhuman language, but the poet understands it, and it remains ringing in his ears when the apparition has vanished. This is the precise moment of inspiration. All that follows is more or less mechanical, more or less fortuitous. Whether a work be written out and completed sooner or later will depend upon all sorts of circumstances—time, health, etc.

"This, then, is the essential thing to remember—that Wagner never could compose unless driven to do so by a poetical idea prompantly demanding the language of music for its full and adequate expression, and that, once this poetical and dramatic idea clearly and permanently ingrained in his mind, it included"—if I may so say—the music, which came of itself whenever the author could find time for the business of writing out the score."

THE SIX HUNDRED.

Some Incidents of That Mad Ride to Death at Hataklava.

Of that mad but heroic charge a hundred incidents are preserved—thrilling, humorous, shocking. The Cornhill Magazine tells of a man of the Seventeenth lancers who was heard to shout, just as they raced in upon the guns, a quotation from Shakespeare, "Who is there here would ask more men from England?"

The regimental butcher of the Seventeenth lancers was engaged in killing a sheep when he heard the trumpets sound for the charge. He leaped on a horse. In short sleeves, with bare arms and pipe in mouth, he rode through the whole charge, slew, it is said, six men with his own hand, and came back again, pipe still in mouth!

A private of the Eleventh was under arrest for drunkenness when the charge began, but he broke out, followed his troop on a spare horse, picked up a sword as he rode, and shared in the capture and perils of the charge. The charge lasted 30 minutes, and was over before such daring or such suffering packed into a space so brief? The squadrons rode into the fight numbering 678 horsemen; their mounted strength when the fight was over was exactly 195.

It was all a blunder, but it evoked a heroism which made the blunder itself magnificent. And as long as brave deeds can thrill the imagination of men the story will be remembered of how— Stormed at with shot and shell, Boldly they rode and well Into the jaws of death, Into the mouth of hell— Noble six hundred!

Farming in Older Times.

The Romans were the first people to practice plowing between the rows of wheat as we do between corn. The idea was suggested in a singular manner. A warlike tribe, having ravished a section of land at the base of the Alps, undertook to destroy the growing crops by plowing them up, but instead it was found that the rows accidentally killed were twice as large as those that were not. The harrow or hoe used by the Chinese farmer is of the rudest construction. The plow is usually drawn by women of the lowest classes.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, when the corn stolen from the Indians by our Puritan ancestors was planted in the sand of Cape Cod, the only instrument used was a ponderous and ill shaped Dutch hoe, which required a heavy man to handle at all. Our first processes were not much in advance of those of the barbarians of central Europe. Today we number several hundred tools, from the most delicate to the splendid specimen of the combined reaper and thrasher, which cuts, thrashes, winnows and bags grain at the rate of hundreds of bushels per day.

English as Written in Norway.

Here is a good specimen of English as she is written abroad. We find it in St. Martin's-le-Grand, the postoffice magazine: "The hotel for tourists on Turgetro (owner, Mr. Igar Olsen), is laying by the foot of the eminent 'Skagastatinder,' the largest field in Jotunheimen for topographers. The best leaders are to be had. It is the best place for country layers. Different interesting places for summer trips. Nearest stopping place for steamers—Skjolden. Recommended as station for passage to Lom—Gudbrandsdalen."

"Topographers," as a description of the climbing fraternity, is decidedly good. But what is a "country layer?"—London News.

Deserved It.

"Sheriff," remarked the condemned murderer, as that functionary proceeded to put the black cap over his head, "I seem to be the sinner, sure, of all eyes."

Without any further delay the trap was sprung and the hardened wretch went to his doom.—Chicago Tribune.

A Natural Sequence.

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

IN GOOD SHAPE.

Colonel John H. Wood, President of the Eugene Company.

Colonel John H. Wood, President of the Eugene Company, is in good shape. He is a well known and respected citizen of Eugene, and has been active in many of the city's enterprises. He is a member of the Eugene Club, and has been instrumental in many of the city's improvements.

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MONDAY, JAN 22

DEATH.—In Eugene, Friday, Jan 20, 1899, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Emma Pritchett, on W. T. Seventh street, Mrs. Mary E. Robinson, aged 71 years, 7 months and 14 days. Mrs. E. Robinson was born in Buckingham county, Virginia, June 6, 1827, being a daughter of J. and Mary Skill. She united with the Ep. ch. church at the age of 15. In 1854 she moved with her parents to Missouri and was married to Wm. E. Robinson, a Baptist minister, in 1855. Deceased was the mother of seven children, two of whom are now living, namely E. McCown and Anne E. Skok of Rock, Missouri, and Emma Pritchett of Eugene. Deceased moved to Kansas in 1875, and came to Oregon in 1881 with her daughter, a woman whose name is omitted. The funeral will be held at the residence of Mrs. Pritchett, Sunday at 2:30 p. m., in connection with the services of the Ep. ch. church. The family are respectfully advised.

CLATSOP COUNTY FANGERS.—The Portland Farmer has its concerning two of Lane county's exhibitors at the State Fair show: "Of the Black Minors, there has probably never been a better raised than those exhibited by T. F. Bennett. They were almost like Langshans. He is also a leader and exhibitor of the Whites of the same breed. Ames Wilkins, the well known breeder of Clatsop, was out in full force with his Barred Plymouth Rock and Buff Leghorns. Among the Bolls was a famous cock that is now taken four first at far second in this year."

THE NEW PAPER.—A new weekly paper is to be established in Portland by an experienced newspaper publisher from Illinois, with a splendid mechanical equipment, consisting of linotypes, perfecting press and engraving plant. The telegraphic report of the New York Sun, Journal and San Francisco Examiner will be used, together with specials from Washington and from points in the state of the Northwest. The new paper will be "independent with a democratic leaning."

PROMPT.—Saturday's Salem Statesman: "Senators Mulkey and Selling yesterday morning each received a telegram from United States Senator Joseph Simon informing them he had secured an order directing the discharge of John A. Armstrong from the veteran army. This is characteristic of the promptness with which Senator Simon attends to matters of business that may be referred to him. The telegram soliciting Senator Simon's services in securing the young man's discharge was only dispatched in the afternoon of the preceding day."

OF GOOD WORK.—The music loving people of Eugene will be glad to know that word has been received from Albany promising cooperation in a musical festival to be held in Eugene in the coming year. This makes especially desirable that our local orator society be given every possible encouragement. The society will meet to organize next Wednesday evening at the Baptist church at 8 o'clock. Let every singer whether a member or not, be present.

A NEW LAW.—The Grove Lumber Co. have the receipts of the \$3,000,000 Cottage Grove mill per month for the past year has been about \$100,000. This is a marked increase over that of a year ago, showing that the lumber trade at this place is steadily on the increase.

COURT CASE.—The United States Savings and Loan Co. has filed suit in the circuit court of Lane county against Anna C. David W., and Lucile Eaves to foreclose a mortgage. Judgment is asked for \$467.

FOR ELLI.—From Friday's leg slature of Eugene: "Lang, from committee on unrolled bills, reported house bill 169, incorporation of Cottage Grove, correctly enrolled and the same was signed by the speaker. This is the first enrolled bill of the session."

PERSONAL COMMENT

The Editor of the Junction City Times Writes From the Legislature of Public Men.

DR. KUYKENDALL.

"It is no more than just that I speak a complimentary word for our new senator, Dr. Kuykendall, for he certainly merits it. The practical and sensible way in which he deals with legislative matters has been remarked upon by members and others. He does not pose as a great statesman nor make long-winded speeches, but he quickly gets at the kernel of a subject and in his plain, lucid and candid way carries conviction to the senators and almost universally carries his point. He has taken a lively and intelligent interest in educational matters and has diligently looked after them beside several on some other very important committees.

H. R. KINCAID.

"I do not endorse the vile and vindictive assault upon H. R. Kincaid, ex-secretary of state, by 'A. H.' (Alfred Holman, a nephew of Senator McBride.) No doubt Mr. Kincaid, like other members of the human family, has his short comings, but dishonesty and theft are not among them. He has remained in office for four years a fine member of the McBride family and was severely criticized by his political friends for keeping them so contented 'continually in office.' Those in position to know claim that Mr. Kincaid's administration has resulted to the state's profit thousands of dollars above any of his predecessors in recent years. 'Man's ingratitude to man' is beautifully illustrated in this case.

"I have the profoundest respect for those who differ with me politically, religiously or otherwise, but I have the utmost contempt for the ungrate. I have stated heretofore that that gratitude is a word of the syllabary, found in the dictionary and no where else. This is certainly held in vogue in Mr. Kincaid's place."

MOTOR L.S.E.

Junction City Wants It to Touch That Race.

Junction City Times of yesterday: "A new man has now been held for building a motor line from Corvallis to Eugene via Junction City. A meeting of a number of our citizens was held in the city hall Thursday for the purpose of taking some action in regard to the matter. A committee was appointed to confer with the committee from Eugene, Monroe and Corvallis to decide upon a plan of action in regard to raising a subsidy and discuss other matters pertaining to the proposed road. C. W. Washburne, J. P. Geary and H. S. Wallace were appointed as the committee. The scheme in detail is yet in embryo and for that reason we cannot present all the facts to our readers. There is so much to be considered in connection with the building of this road that it has not assumed a positive form. However, we have great faith in the enterprise and hope to see it succeed.

"The completion of this road would mean a great deal for this vicinity and every man interested in the welfare of the city should lend his moral and financial aid. This is an opportunity that should not be allowed to pass without an effort on our part. If we do not have the road built through Junction City, and if we do not make an effort, a golden opportunity is lost. We have got to have our own."

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE

Resolved by the Eugene Fire Department on the Death of E. A. Anderson.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Divine Ruler to call from our midst our esteemed brother, E. A. Anderson, and WHEREAS, We submit to his will, while deeply regretting the loss of companionship, and association with our late brother. Therefore: It

Resolved, That in appreciation of the manly and noble life of him who has gone, our banner be draped in mourning for the period of 30 days, and be it further

Resolved, That this expression of our love and sympathy, be printed upon the minutes of the department, a copy handed to the relatives, and that the same be ordered published in the city press.

F. I. POINDEXTER, C. E., W. T. CAMPBELL, P. O. S., CAPSON MATHews, Secy.

Grant's Past Courier: William Darrow came up from Eugene last week, and went out to the Morning Star mine, on Williams creek, to make some improvements. Mr. D represents the owners, Messrs Gray and Edlis.