

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The business department of the WEEKLY GUARD is caused considerable trouble by correspondents addressing the proprietors personally. Address all letters referring to the newspaper or business connected therewith to THE GUARD, Eugene, Oregon.

VERY UNPOPULAR IN OREGON.

Sam Jones' remarks on free public schools, which aroused the indignation of so many who heard them at Oregon City Chautauqua, last week, are reported by the Oregonian as follows:

"Now it is no more the business of the nation to educate kids than it is to feed them or spank them. If you can't educate your own kids you ought to go out of the business of raising them. No more unpopular remark has ever been made from this platform; but it's a fact. Now, I'm not in favor of free schools and never went to one in my life. And, don't you know, if you had an education for which every one had to pay, you'd dry up the saloons in a month, for the old bums would say: 'See here, I can't spend money in saloons, I've got to educate my children.' If a man can't educate his own children, the best thing they can do is to get up and hang their daddy before breakfast. I'm not like the man who said: 'I wasn't afraid of the skunk, but if I fit it I couldn't go home to my family.' Burn down every tree schoolhouse and kill every teacher in the land, and it's a fact that every boy and girl that wants an education will get it. We stuff the kids now with a curriculum and get them fixed up properly for the chain gang. You unman a fellow by your system of education, and then kick him because he isn't a man. Why, now, we have free schools, free books, and free soap, and Bryan and free silver, and the next thing we'll be doing will be to have free boarding places and clotheshouses. Why, before long some lazy, old devil will say to his children: 'The government will have to take care of you kids. About all I can do for you is to let you call me dad.'

BRYAN ON THE PHILIPPINES.

Wm J Bryan attended a democratic meeting in Chicago, and when called upon to express his views on our obligations in the Philippines said:

- First—There are but two sources of government—force and consent. The monarchies are founded upon force; republics upon consent.
Second—The Declaration of Independence asserts that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.
Third—If the Declaration of Independence is correct, we cannot rightfully acquire title to the Philippine Islands by conquest or by purchase from an alien monarch to whose rebellious subjects we ourselves furnished arms.
Fourth—If the Filipinos are and of right ought to be free, they should be immediately assured of our nation's intention to give them independence as soon as a stable government can be established.
Fifth—The Filipinos having fallen into our hands by accident of war, should be dealt with according to American principles and not only be given independence, but protected from outside interference while they work out their own destiny.—Ex.

COPPERHEADISM.

Editorial from the Portland Oregonian: "As a result of his support of the Alger-Corbish ring in the army during so long a period, President McKinley is not in good plight. No man of high character will now take the office of secretary of war, unless assured that the old gang and its influence are to be set aside. And a man of high character is indispensable. The president has brought this humiliation on himself. He had no right to ap-

point Alger, who was known just as well before his appointment as he is now. Because he had helped pay McKinley's debts had contributed to the campaign fund and brazenly demanded high office as his reward, he was given his appointment. Mr McKinley, with his characteristic weakness, was unable to refuse his 'claim.' He now pays the penalty."

Salem Sentinel Rep: "A glance over the congressional situation in the first district of Oregon would indicate to the observer just now that there will be a scramble for nomination at the republican convention. First and foremost is Congressman Tongue, who seeks re-nomination. State Senator Brownell, of Clackamas, has his eyes laid to capture the nomination. State Senator Mulkey, of Polk, is also casting covetous glances at the nomination. President H B Miller, of the state board of horticulture, is likewise said to be in training. It has been said that Hon Timon Ford, of Marion, might try for nomination. But nothing of a positive nature is known relative to the ambitions of the two last named to succeed Mr Tongue, against whom considerable opposition is developing in certain quarters owing to the distribution of the federal patronage. The anti-Mitchell element declare that Mr Tongue, with Senator McBride, is playing right into the hands of Ex-Senator Mitchell. The fight next spring will be over the congressional nomination and the legislative ticket. Senator McBride is interested in the latter, while Senator Simon has interests in the senators only. The senators to be elected in 1900 are hold overs and will cast a ballot for Simon's successor as well as for the successor of McBride, who is a candidate to succeed himself. Aside from one supreme judge to succeed Wolverton no state officer is to be chosen next year."

The government should own the locks at Oregon City and should make them free. This is the policy of the government in all states the single exception being at the Willamette falls. She is building locks today on the Yamhill river and has completed a very expensive one at the Cascades on the Columbia river. The tolls charged on our products at Oregon City are outrageous. Let the people never desist until they have a free river.

NATRON.

July 27, 1899.

Mr Fred Talafero started yesterday on his wheel, for Burns, Oregon. Mr Myron Wallace and family have moved here from Brownsville. Miss Marie Masterson of Eugene, is the guest of her cousins, the Misses Withers. Mr Castleman has moved his family to Eastern Oregon. Two editors, one from Salem, the other from Silverton, spent Sunday at the McKenzie, the favorite resort of the season. Miss Mable Conley of Davis entertained a few of her young lady friends very pleasantly Wednesday afternoon. After delving into the mysteries of fortune telling the guests were ushered into the dining room, prettily decorated with sweet peas, where a delicious lunch was served. Those present were Misses Pearl Russell, Lottie Garrod, Rose Edmondson, Emma and Jessie Withers, Anna Harnes (Cottage Grove), Mary Masterson (Eugene), Elta Hubbard, Mable and Ethel Conley. CASSIO.

A LAWFUL FENCE.—The statutes of Oregon provide that all fences composed of posts and rails, poles or planks shall be at least 4 feet high, and a "woven" rail fence shall be at least five feet high to the top of the rider; if not ridged shall be five feet to the top rail, and the corners shall be locked with strong rails, poles or stakes. All barbed wire fences west of the Cascade mountains shall have a board six inches wide, or a pole four inches in diameter securely fastened not more than eight inches below the top barbed wire.

DEED.—Mrs Rachel Campbell died at Roseburg, Oregon, July 27, 1899. Mrs Campbell has for many years resided in Eugene, and at the time of her death was visiting her sister, Mrs H W Whitsett in Douglas county. She leaves two sons, Guss and William Bullard, and two daughters, Kate and Grace Campbell. The funeral took place at Roseburg this afternoon.

LOVE AT PLAY.

There has been a new piece of jewelry in the jewelry store for some time. It is a black pearl of extraordinary size and rare luster. It is difficult to express its value in figures. And this is the story: It is just about 20 years ago when one morning a young woman entered a large jewelry store in Budapest. Every inch of her dress bespoke the backward; her bonnet was a composition of glaringly disharmonious colors; in one hand she held a parasol of old, large flowered, faded silk. Every one of her motions betrayed the country girl. Any salesman of experience who had watched her entrance into the store would have thought at once, "Ah, she wants a cheap plated bracelet, with the word 'Solevenir' engraved on it, as a memento of her first visit to the city." And under ordinary circumstances he would have been about right in his conjecture; but this time he wasn't. She appeared so simple and artless, in spite of her handsome, vivacious black eyes and the dimples in her red cheeks, that the salesman attending to her omitted offering her a seat. The young girl, however, did not seem to notice this slight, and uninvited dropped down on a small red plush furniture, principally used by the noble customers of the store. She opened the reticule hanging on her arm and drew out a small package carefully wrapped in tissue paper. After she had peeled off layer after layer of the envelope she took out the jewels, beckoned to the owner of the establishment and exhibited to him something she held between her thumb and index finger. "What is the value of this?" she asked in a melancholy voice. The jeweler started visibly and took the object from her hand. It was the above mentioned pearl, of such beauty and size that he hardly trusted his eyes. At one place it had a barely noticeable flaw, which might have been done by a former setting. "The pearl has one defect," the jeweler said. "Indeed!" the stranger answered, bending forward to inspect the small spot. The jeweler "sized up" the girl. Her astonishment was genuine, artless. It was not tinged with the shadow of hypocrisy. "Where did you get that pearl?" he asked. "That is perhaps an irrelevant question," she answered smilingly. "But to give you some sort of satisfactory answer I will say I carry on a little pawnbroker business out in the country, inherited from my father. A nobleman desires to pawn his pearl with me, but demands much money. Please tell me what it is worth, and I will pay for the trouble."

THE BLACK PEARL.

"The heroine of my story," said the dealer in precious stones, lighting a cigarette, "is a pearl, a beautiful full black pearl of extraordinary size and rare luster. It is difficult to express its value in figures. And this is the story: It is just about 20 years ago when one morning a young woman entered a large jewelry store in Budapest. Every inch of her dress bespoke the backward; her bonnet was a composition of glaringly disharmonious colors; in one hand she held a parasol of old, large flowered, faded silk. Every one of her motions betrayed the country girl. Any salesman of experience who had watched her entrance into the store would have thought at once, "Ah, she wants a cheap plated bracelet, with the word 'Solevenir' engraved on it, as a memento of her first visit to the city." And under ordinary circumstances he would have been about right in his conjecture; but this time he wasn't. She appeared so simple and artless, in spite of her handsome, vivacious black eyes and the dimples in her red cheeks, that the salesman attending to her omitted offering her a seat. The young girl, however, did not seem to notice this slight, and uninvited dropped down on a small red plush furniture, principally used by the noble customers of the store. She opened the reticule hanging on her arm and drew out a small package carefully wrapped in tissue paper. After she had peeled off layer after layer of the envelope she took out the jewels, beckoned to the owner of the establishment and exhibited to him something she held between her thumb and index finger. "What is the value of this?" she asked in a melancholy voice. The jeweler started visibly and took the object from her hand. It was the above mentioned pearl, of such beauty and size that he hardly trusted his eyes. At one place it had a barely noticeable flaw, which might have been done by a former setting. "The pearl has one defect," the jeweler said. "Indeed!" the stranger answered, bending forward to inspect the small spot. The jeweler "sized up" the girl. Her astonishment was genuine, artless. It was not tinged with the shadow of hypocrisy. "Where did you get that pearl?" he asked. "That is perhaps an irrelevant question," she answered smilingly. "But to give you some sort of satisfactory answer I will say I carry on a little pawnbroker business out in the country, inherited from my father. A nobleman desires to pawn his pearl with me, but demands much money. Please tell me what it is worth, and I will pay for the trouble."

"I cannot appraise it," said the jeweler, regarding it with an admiring eye. "Why not? Why can you not fix its value?" the girl rejoined in a vexed tone. "Well, well," the man said appeasingly. "I only desired to express thereby that the pearl is beyond appraisement because of its great rarity. Its value belongs among the 'fancy' prices." The young girl pondered a moment; then, regarding the jeweler attentively, she asked: "Can I advance 2,000 florins on it?" "Most certainly." "And 5,000?" "And 5,000." "And 10,000?" "And 10,000." The jeweler smilingly repeated, "And 10,000." The country beauty evidently became feverish. Her face flushed in her face, and her youthful black eyes glittered with a fire superior to that of the costliest diamonds in the store. She asked for a glass of water. The former inattentive salesman rushed to get it. "And will you pay me 10,000 florins for the pearl if I feel disposed to sell it?" she said with a certain show of suspicion, fearful lest the jeweler was simply lusting her. "No," he exclaimed. "I divined you were hoarding me!" "Oh, no! God forbid!" the jeweler responded evasively. "It is simply because I have no use for the pearl. There is only one firm in Austria that would buy it—the jeweler for the court."

"Would you please furnish me with his address?" "Certainly." He wrote the address on a piece of paper, which he handed to her. She enclosed it in her reticule, drank the glass of water courteously offered by the salesman, and, in spite of protests, placed a 5 florin piece on the counter to pay for the appraisement and went out. Twenty-four hours later the same young woman, dressed, if possible, in a more glaring suit, entered the store of the jeweler for the court. The exit of stores are situated. An den Graben, the most fashionable street of the capital. Vienna. I (the reporter of this occurrence) received her. I was the principal business manager. She showed me the pearl. The attire of the woman was

out of keeping with the value of the jewel entirely. "Before taking any other steps, unless it will be necessary for you to go with me to the chief of police and explain in what manner this pearl came into your possession." Her eyes darted fire. "And if I refuse to do it?" she exclaimed passionately. "Your refusal would compel me to call in a policeman," I rejoined dryly. "All right," she said. "I'll go along with you. If this is the custom in Vienna when storekeepers are dealing with their customers. Please call a carriage." "You must pardon me," I said apologetically. "but this is really an extraordinary case. A jewel of such value..." "All right, but whatever you do you do at your risk." The girl appeared to me entirely above suspicion and to be quick witted. A long acquaintance with crooks of all kinds permits me to quickly distinguish between the hypocrite and the honorable, and I was indeed not mistaken in my diagnosis. Arriving at police headquarters she was asked who she was, whence she came and whence the pearl. She gave her name and residence. Her father, she stated, had at his death bequeathed her a modest pawnbroker shop in a small country town, which had often been visited by a young farmer, who had pawned various articles with her. He was very poor, she said. One day she accidentally passed near his miserable hut and heard a noise in the yard. Well knowing the man, she entered and learned that all his possessions were being distrained for a debt of 18 florins. The young man called her aside, secretly showed her the pearl and asked for a loan of 20 florins on it to pay the debt. He said the pearl was an old keepsake with which he parted most unwillingly. Moved rather by pity than by the value of the collateral, she advanced the sum desired, although she knew from general experience that if the pearl was genuine it must be quite valuable, but she thought it to be an imitation only. It is barely worth while to add other data. The telegraph was called into requisition and the truth of her statement established.

The history of the pearl was as follows: The father of the young farmer had been a chamber valet of Count Louis Batthyany, the minister-president of the revolutionary government of Hungary, in 1848. The count wore the pearl as a cravat pin, and a few hours before his death—as is known he was shot in Pest by order of a military court-martial—he presented it to his faithful valet, who under no circumstances ever parted with it. At his death his son took the pearl out of the setting, which he sold, keeping the pearl and parting from it as recited. The pearl itself had been stolen about 150 years ago out of the English crown, which had contained three of them. Two large diamonds went with it at the same time. The English government had been looking for it for 150 years, but to no avail. Nothing was ever heard of it until this accident. In what manner it drifted into Count Batthyany's possession will doubtless remain a secret forever. He had most probably bought it of some antiquarian. The English government redeemed the pearl, paying for it the offered reward of £2,500, a handsome sum, which the girl divided with the farmer—but not divided, because the history of the pearl says that the two concluded to keep the money together—best done by getting married. "Yes," added my gray haired informant, "many jewels and pearls have had their eventful history, and during the many years that I have been engaged in dealing in precious stones a good many of their ups and downs and mishaps— theft, arson, murder and all the crimes on the statute books—have come to my knowledge. I propose to write a book about these adventures sooner or later, and I assure you it will contain entertaining and startling reading matter."—Jeweler's Circular.

Walking sticks. The sixteenth century is that in which the walking stick became not merely a useful implement, but an article of fashion, dignity and luxury. In the seventeenth century it was gold headed and made of rare woods. It was a sign of leadership. For a long period there was little variety among Englishmen in the material used for the majority of walking sticks. The "golden head," as it was pleasantly termed when an enemy was to be "rubbled down," shared popularity with the crab tree angled, which, among rural folk especially, was much valued, and classic from the conflict in "Hudibras," when:

With many a stiff shank, many a bang, Hard crab tree on old iron bang. Classic, too, is that stout caken stick which sturdy Dr. Johnson, who, like Knox, "never feared the face of living man," provided himself with when he went to the pit of the little theater in the Haymarket in full view of Foote, who had announced his intention of "taking him off" on the stage—an intention which, in view of the stick, he did not carry into effect.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Our Coal Production. "Not many people," says a coal miner quoted by the Washington Star, "are probably aware that the coal mined in the United States annually is worth more than three times as much as the gold mined here. The product of the anthracite fields alone exceeds in value the output of the gold mines of this country, Canada and Alaska, which last year amounted to over \$50,000,000. East of the Rocky mountains there are 192,000 square miles of coal lands, and the yearly output is nearly 200,000,000 tons."

In the Paris morgue 695 bodies were exposed last year. Of these 347 had been fished out of the Seine.

CONTRACT LET STEAMER EUGENE

New University Building Will Be Constructed by Pugh & Gray of Salem. Brought Around From the Sound to Portland.

SOME WORK OMITTED. Portland, July 29.—The Board of Regents of the University of Oregon let a contract last evening to Pugh & Gray, of Salem, to construct the new Science Hall, on the campus between the dormitory and gymnasium, for the sum of \$13,538. This does not include planting nur lockers or wash boxes. It is expected the contractors will commence work at once. The lowest plumbing bid was \$736.

"AT PORTLAND." BY SAM L. SIMPSON. Beside the meiotic river At holy even fall, Where golden lilies quiver And reeds murmur all, We pause, dear heart, at starting, Of love on his ear, And never knew till parting How beautiful the shore.

Touch hands with love, Trunk lips with roses, The golden lilies chime, And call us to the river And down the tide of time. The stars march on the gleaming Of every diamond crest, And white plumes dingly stream, Above the world's unrest, Tell us the martial story That rules the realm of space, The comfort and the glory, Heretic lives may face. The last word must be spoken, The last song must be sung, Yet, oh, we give no token Of love on hearts are wrong, As here beside the river We lean and look and sigh, And on our pale lips quiver The long, long words "good bye!"

SAURDAY, JUNE 29. DRAWER MUST STAMP CHECKS.—G Wilson, commissioner of internal revenues, has handed down an opinion governing the matter of stamping checks. It leaves the banks no discretion whatsoever about receiving a check that is not properly stamped. He says: "You are advised that a bank must not affix stamps to unstamped checks presented, and must return to the drawer any unstamped checks presented for payment. In other words, the person drawing a check must affix and cancel revenue stamp. Furthermore, banks violating this law will be reported to the U S Dist Atty, for prosecution."

GOOD CROP.—Junction City Bulletin: "Prof McElroy of Eugene was in town Tuesday. He was on his way to his fruit ranch in Benton county. There is not a better bearing orchard in the Willamette valley. The finest lot of Royal Ann cherries that was ever exhibited in this part of the county, came from his orchard. Mr McElroy states that he will have a good crop of prunes this year and that the outlook at this time is much more encouraging than he had expected."

COMING TO EUGENE.—Lebanon Express: C O Peterson and family will remove to Eugene in a few weeks. The excelsior factory is to be moved from this place to Eugene some time next year, and Mr Peterson is going ahead for the purpose of having a building erected and getting everything ready to begin work as soon as the machinery is taken there. Mr and Mrs Peterson have many friends here who will be very sorry to see them leave.

NEEDS LOOKING AFTER.—Junction City Times: Mrs E U Lee, of Eugene, is visiting home friends in this city and Wednesday she received a letter from her husband addressed to Miss Bertha K Washburn. When a man forgets the name of his own wife, he certainly needs looking after. In justice to Mr Lee, however, we will state that this is the first time his wife has been away from home.

THE RUSH IS ON.—Cottage Grove Leader: During the first four days of last week, 88 persons passed the warehouse on Row River for Bohemia, while during the same time some 20 or 25 passed over the Sharp's Creek road, making an average of about 30 persons per day going into the district.

DEED.—Friday's Roseburg Review: Mrs Rachel Campbell, of Eugene, died suddenly at the residence of her sister, Mrs J M Whitsett, on Roberts Creek, aged 52 years. The funeral and interment was conducted by Rev S A Douglas, was held at the Roberts Creek cemetery this afternoon. Mrs Campbell has two grown daughters who were with her at the time of her death.

BORN.—In Roseburg, July 28, 1899, to Mr and Mrs Frank E Alley, a daughter. Grandpa Alley of this city, wears a huge smile today.

"FLOATING SAW MILL." (Friday's Portland Telegram.) At 11:30 this morning the Willamette river steamer Eugene arrived at the foot of Oak street, completing her long voyage around from Seattle. The six men who brought her around were still aboard. They are Captain E Lall, Mate William Jones, son of Captain James, Chief Engineer Walter Modge and three firemen, Henry Lewis, E Fisher and J M Brown. The Eugene left Seattle Wednesday, July 19, and reached New Denigness the first day. She reached Port Angeles the next day, and laid over one day. The following day she started again, and reached Nehalem, where she stopped. She crossed out at 6 o'clock that evening, and continued on the coast until 5 o'clock the following afternoon, when she put in at Gray's harbor for fuel, which was running low. The Eugene reached Astoria Wednesday evening.

With the exception of one drawback, which was all the way, conditions were excellent for the trip. There was something of a head wind, but not enough to make the sea rough. Only one or two seas were shipped on the entire voyage, most of those coming aboard when crossing out at the straits of Juan de Fuca. Only six men were aboard, and Captain Lall served a 20-hour watch at the wheel. Land was not sighted from the time the vessel crossed out at the straits until she headed for Gray's harbor. The fog was so thick most of the time that it was impossible to see more than half a length, and as it was thought to be far less dangerous to keep out in the open sea than to approach the shore, she was kept well out. Allowing for the heavy of a vessel of that class she was kept a point further off shore than might have been the case had the weather been clear.

None of the men became seasick in the least, although the boat pitched and rolled terribly. When they started out from the front of the harbor was boarded to keep out the water, but it became so hot in the engine room the boarding was torn down to admit air. Salt water was used in the boilers, and all about the gauges salt is caked an inch thick. The fronts of the boilers look like they were covered with ice.

The Eugene is a curious looking craft. She is covered over by boarding, and is braced and strengthened to withstand the sea. "I thought she was a floating sawmill," said a dock loungee at Gray's harbor, speaking of the appearance of the Eugene when she was first seen coming in at that place. At Nehalem when the boat stopped the Indians gave her the "horse laugh." They had just captured a whale and were engaged curing the blubber for winter use. Captain Lall secured a fine specimen of whale-bone from the creature's mouth.

Coming in at Astoria the boat received a great reception, and every boat she met coming up the river saluted her noisily. Captain Jones has not decided when he will go to work to fit the Eugene up for river trade, but about two weeks' time will be needed to put her in shape.

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Curt of Thanks. We desire to give our heartfelt thanks to our many friends who so nobly and so kindly came to our assistance during our late bereavement in the death of our beloved wife and mother. C WIMMER AND FAMILY.

APPOINTED ADMINISTRATOR.—J P Millers has been appointed administrator of the estate of W G Pickett, deceased. Probable value of estate \$6000. The heirs are Mrs Kate White, of California, a daughter, and Mrs Jennie Pickett, his wife, of Prineville, Oregon. Bonds, \$1200.

JUNCTION PICNIC.—Junction City Bulletin: Sheriff F W Withers and Deputy Sheriff H J Day were among the Native Sons that attended from Eugene. The Eugene people were all well satisfied, and on leaving said to always count them in on a picnic at Junction.