

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.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT.

James S Stewart, the newly elected president of the Oregon State Press Association, was born in Ra'tray, Scotland, in 1839. At the age of 19 he came to America with Oregon as his destination. Mr Stewart worked hard, and, strengthened by principles of truth and integrity, gained the confidence and respect of those around him. In 1890 he purchased and took charge of the Fossil Journal, which has been steadily coming to the front, and is now recognized as one of the leading weekly newspapers of the state, being widely quoted by the press of the Northwest.

Mr Stewart is a great favorite among members of the newspaper fraternity of the state. In 1897 he was elected second vice-president of the state association; in 1898 first vice-president, and this year at Astoria, president. In 1891 Mr Stewart was married to Miss Clara Knox, who was a teacher in the public schools of Fossil. Her parents are Thomas Knox and wife, two highly respected pioneers, who reside near Grant's Pass. The Fossil Journal, which Mr Stewart edits, is the only paper published in the new county of Wheeler. This county was created at the last legislature.

THE OUTLOOK IN LANE COUNTY.

State Journal. Good workmen are scarce in Lane county at present and the wages are rapidly on the increase. When the agent for the contractors of the government work at Lane county's sea coast was through here a short time ago he was desirous of men at \$1.75 a day for those works. But owing to exposure to the inclement weather and the dangerous character of this work good men were loath to accept an offer of this kind. Then the agent hinted that \$2.25 per day might be paid for experienced men, but none were to be found at that price. The agent is reported as saying men would be brought from Portland, but we think that there will be work for all who desire from Lane county.

The Booth Kelly Lumber Company are advertising for men at \$1.75 and \$2.50 per day in their logging camps, and these works will continue indefinitely, besides the number required in harvest and hop-picking. Taking all this into consideration it is hard to see where Mr want-work gets off at in Lane county just at present. If he is weak and can't do heavy work, why! then there is the hop-picking, and the fruit gathering, and the straw-stacking at the threshers, and then there is the choring on the farms, milking etc, and in-door work in the towns.

And if he is strong then there is the heavy work in the woods, at the machine in the fields, and on the government work, and the pay is certain; but if he is strong and lazy then there is nothing for him to do but to sit by his back-woods fireside or lounge about the street corners and howl calamity while the good people feed him; and this costs him nothing and he gets no pay.

A MODERN SOLOMON.

A Washington justice emulates the wisdom of Solomon. Here is how the modern edition of the great Hebrew settled one of the knottiest questions known to law, a chicken dispute:

"Two Monteseano men went to law over the ownership of some chickens, and the justice did a discreet thing by waiting until roost-

ing time and then taking the chickens to the house of the plaintiff. As they showed no disposition to go to bed, they were restored to the other man."

Oregon Agriculturist: We have many times suggested that the state of Oregon should make some provision for the expenses of holding farmers' institutes. There are now but few states which do not do this. In Oregon the farmers' institutes which are held under the auspices of the Agricultural College are necessarily limited in number because the expense connected with holding these institutes is taken from funds provided for other purposes. Oregon is certainly able to do as much as Utah in this line of work, and Utah gives its agricultural college \$1500 a year to cover the expense of holding farmers' institutes.

August 1899 is a record breaker for the Port of Portland wheat shipments. Five cargoes of 550,000 bushels valued at \$329,000 were put afloat. In former years August shipments were very light, sometimes none being put afloat.

Eastern builders of ships and buildings where structural iron is used hardly know where to find themselves. The steel trust keeps advancing prices, the third advance having just been made in as many months.

William J Bryan's definition of what we got from Spain in the Philippines for \$20,000,000 is about the best yet. We got "an option on the fight" which she had waged for 300 years.

The total displacement of ships now under construction for the British navy amount to no less than 488,000 tons.

Oregon is doing herself proud with this weather. There is every promise of a splendid Fall.

Oregon Medicines.

Lebanon Criterion: Dr J A Lamber-son, of this city, has during the past few months bought for shipment 340 tons of casahuate bark, for which he has paid \$60 per ton, or a total of \$20,400. He has also bought 20 tons of Oregon grape root, paying therefor \$1200. The doctor is also investigating the market for fir balsam, having bought 66 barrels of that article, paying \$12.50 per barrel. The doctor is now convinced that the collection of medicinal barks, etc, will prove a permanent industry in this section of the country.

FIRST-CLASS.—Corvallis Times of Sept 2: "The problem of whether or not the wheat is damaged appears to be solved. Yesterday the Corvallis flouring mills purchased about 2500 hundred bushels of grain that had been through the late rain as first-class wheat. The price paid was 52 cents per bushel and the mill quotes the new crop in good condition at that figure. The mill has received in all about ten thousand bushels of the new crop as first-class, six carloads having arrived from Grainger last night. At the Benton Mills a quantity of the new wheat brought from the James Stewart place was ground into flour late yesterday afternoon, with what result was not learned."

CAN ACCOMMODATE MORE.—In a recent article regarding the University the GUARD stated that the matron of the dormitory was compelled to turn away prospective boarders. This is not so. While Miss Lewis has every room engaged, two students can occupy one room, and about 30 more students can be accommodated. As before stated, however, this showing is remarkably good, this far in advance of the school opening.

STRAYED.—Phil Crawford and Roscoe Wilson, two urchins of tender age, who wandered away from their homes in this city, were brought to a halt by the police of Roseburg. As a result of this and other misdeeds young Wilson may be sent to the reform school, while the other youngster will be forced to return the best way he can find.

REPAIRS.—Portland Telegram: "Repairs on the steamer City of Eugene are proceeding at the yard of the Portland Shipbuilding company. New hog posts are being put in, the cabin is being lengthened by about 20 feet, and some painting done. The boat will be out and ready to run by Monday."

FINE GRASS.—James Ebbert, of Springfield, brought to the GUARD office today some musquit grass that measured 7 1/2 feet, a single bunch of 60 stalks grown from one seed. He also exhibited some tall oat stalks.

AN IDOL OF CLAY.

What did she give for her wedding ring? What did she give for the great ring? Only a bit of clay. All the great dreams of her girlhood years. All that a heart could hold. All of her hopes and all of her fears. All of her smiles and all of her tears. For one little circle of gold.

Tell me the world of the bitter chest? Ah, my! With a smiling face she clothed her lid from head to foot. With the garments of her grace. And in one look of the tears she wept. Her griefs they were never quenched. For laid in her heart of hearts she kept Her throne of woe. And so she slept With her hands across her breast. —Nixon Waterman in L. A. W. Bulletin.

BROUGHT BACK.

Dr. Thorne Gave Up the Girl on the Return of Her Former Lover, but she Would Not Give Up the Doctor.

"Excuse me disturbin' you so early, sir, but there's a gentleman 'ere with a cut 'ead, sir, an' Mrs. Tressider thought perhaps you wouldn't mind attendin' to it, sir."

"A gentleman with a cut head," Dr. Thorne repeated as he watched the gray haired old water draw up the blind. "What's he doing with a cut head?"

"There's been a wreck durin' the night, sir, off the point; a schooner—she's gone to pieces, but they saved the crew. This gent was the only passenger, an' they brought 'im on 'ere. Didn't you 'ear it blow, sir?"

"Why, no," the doctor answered. "I dropped off to sleep at once, and I never woke until you knocked. Is the gentleman badly hurt?"

"No, I shouldn't say 'e is; at any rate, 'e made a capital breakfast, an' 'e's smokin' 'is cigar in the parlor now, sir. 'E seems one of the 'ard sort, sir. Why, 'e drunk as much brandy as they brought 'im in as would 'ave killed many a one."

"Well, tell him I'll be down in a few minutes," Dr. Thorne said as he prepared to rise, and with a word of assent the old water withdrew.

The window overlooked the sea, and the masses of seaweed and heaps of wreckage with which the beach was strewn testified to the violence of the storm.

Having completed his toilet, he at once descended to the sitting room. The door was partly ajar, and he entered without knocking, only to stagger back with a loud cry as his eyes rested on the man who was sitting smoking by the fire. This man, a broad shouldered young fellow, with a handsome, reckless face, dropped his cigar in astonishment.

"The d-e-v-i-l!" he ejaculated slowly; then with a grim laugh: "Come in, man. I'm not a ghost, though perhaps you think it."

Thorne, his face as gray as the morning sky, dropped into the nearest chair. He seemed to be aging rapidly.

"Here, have a pill at the brandy," the other said roughly. "I dare say it does give a chap the funk when he sees a man he thought had gone to Davy Jones and the one man in the world he wanted there, eh? Gad, it's a rum go, is this. I suppose you'd given me up long ago, eh?"

"Ye-es," Thorne stammered, wiping his brow. "News reached us that the Kangaroo had gone down with all hands on board."

"Ah, well, all hands didn't go down," the other replied, with a malicious grin that the bandages round his temples rendered hideous. "Though it was a near shave. I got hold of a spar and lashed myself to it. Then I was chucked up on a desert island, a regular Robinson Crusoe. I lived there six months, principally on shellfish and sea birds' eggs. Then this Spanish chap picked me up, and last night I was shipwrecked a second time. However, I'm none the worse for my adventures, with the exception of a crack on the skull. A falling spar did that. That's my tale in a nutshell. Now let's hear about you! You're not spliced to her yet, I hope?"

"No, no."

"But you are going to be, I'll lay a dollar."

"We are engaged," Thorne said in a low voice.

"Gad, I knew it." And he laughed hysterically.

"You see," the other went on in an explanatory tone. "I thought you were dead, and she cared for me before you took—before she met you. But of course our engagement is at an end now."

"I should think so indeed."

"Yes, I shall leave here at once. You will explain perhaps?"

"With pleasure. She is staying down here, eh?"

"Yes; they have a cottage."

"Good! I'll try and toddle over when I've had my head seen to. It'll be a surprise for 'em."

"Wouldn't it be better if you gave them a little warning?" Thorne suggested. "The shock might prove"—

love her, but several months passed before he dared speak of his love. Even then he had to wait long by suspense. Who had yielded to his passion, however, and they had planned their retreat in the sequestered garden. She was only a child, and he was a man—12 years her senior and rendered gray beyond his years by a long struggle against adverse circumstances.

After that she had gone to London to visit some friends. They were fashionable folk, and they had laughed also at her big, awkward lover. They brought her "out." She met many men, among them her cousin. He had made love to her—in a fashion that was the direct opposite of her lover's undemonstrative way—and she had been dazzled, as a moth is dazzled by a bright light.

So she had chosen. He had accepted his fate without a word. It was natural that she should care for this younger man.

Then Craven's friends found him an easy berth in one of the colonies. He was to proceed there at once, and at the end of a year he was to return home and marry her. He had suffered shipwreck, however, and he had been given up as dead. In due course Thorne, whose love had not abated a jot, had renewed his suit. She had told him that her heart was with the dead, but that she could never love again, but that if he liked to take her knowing that—well, once again they had become engaged, and once again fate had intervened.

With a heart full of bitterness he waited for the London train. It was late, and he strode the narrow platform impatiently. He was meant to go away. He would leave the country if he would travel in a fresh land, among fresh people, perhaps he might forget.

Would it never come? He looked at his watch for the twentieth time. He seemed to be the only passenger. Yet steps—a trail of smoke—descended the platform in breathless haste. It was a girl, a pretty girl, but evidently suffering from great agitation. She gave a hurried glance up and down the platform, and as she caught sight of his motionless figure she went straight to him.

"Ah, thank heaven I am in time!" she gasped.

At the sound of her voice he fell back and his bag dropped.

"Less, you?" he cried. "How did you? What do you?"

"What do I want?" she said. "I want you."

He stared at her in round-eyed amazement.

"But—that you do not know," he cried.

"I know everything."

"You—you have seen him?"

"Yes."

There was a pause. A porter hurried up.

"Glad, sir?"

"No," she answered quickly, and, taking his arm, she drew him aside.

"Oh, John, it was all a mistake!" she said. "I was a silly girl, but it is different now. You had my heart all the time, but I did not know it. But I know it now, and—and I have come to tell you, only I can't tell you very well here. See, the train has gone. Come back with me."

And he came.—Chicago News.

The Wearing of Gloves. Originally the wearing of gloves was conducted on the same sound principle that inspires a miller to wear a white hat, but long ago the custom departed from the primitive idea of usefulness. According to the encyclopedia, Leartes was the first to wear a glove. The farmer king was not fashionable, but it is set forth in the "Odyssey" that in his capacity of farmer he had to deal with certain braubandy bushes, and he must also keep his hands in a kindly condition hence the introduction of gloves.

Since that time gloves have had many and strange significances, from a seal of the transfer of property to a challenge to single combat. Not until centuries later did they begin to take on class significance. It was when they were adopted by royalty that the wearing of gloves was first regarded as a mark of station. Some of the early English kings were buried with gloves on, and when the manufacture of gloves was introduced in Great Britain it was considered as a craft of great dignity and importance. During the reign of King Robert III of Scotland the incorporation of the Glovers of Perth, a wealthy guild which still exists, was chartered and received armorial bearings.

But, although gloves were started on their career through the centuries by men, it has fallen to the women to bring them into universal popularity.

Animals at Play. Cats delight in racing about, but not so often, I think, in circles, as dogs do. They prefer straight lines and sharp turns with the genuine goat jump. This sudden flight into the air, which appears to take place without the animal's knowledge or intention, cannot here be preparatory to life in the mountains, but the cat finds the high jump very useful, not only in pouncing on its prey, but in escaping its hereditary enemy.

Breath records a movement play of young chamois. When in summer the young chamois climb up to the perpetual snow, they delight to play on it. They throw themselves in a crouching position on the upper end of a steep, snow-covered incline, work all four legs with a swimming motion to get a start, and then slide down on the surface of the snow, often traversing a distance of from 100 to 150 meters in this way, while the snow flies up and covers them with a fine powder. Arrived at the bottom, they spring to their feet and slowly climb up again the distance they have slid down.—"The Play of Animals," by Karl Groos.

FIRST HOP YARD

The Leisure Yard, Adjoining Eugene, Produced the First Crop.

PLANTED 30 YEARS AGO.

August Oregon Native Son.

"Many stories have gone the rounds of the press relative to the beginning of this industry in Oregon, and The Native Son has taken upon itself the task of publishing historical data regarding early industries of the Pacific coast, a word may not be amiss regarding the beginning of this great industry in the state.

"In 1867, Adam Weisner emigrated from the state of Wisconsin to Oregon and settled at Buena Vista, Polk county. He rented five acres of ground on the upland and planted it in hops, having brought the roots with him from Wisconsin. The upland chosen was well for hop culture, and the experiment resulted in a failure, although Mr Weisner had gone to considerable expense in preparing ground, hop house, etc.

"George Leasure, then a resident of Polk county, purchased from Mr Weisner sufficient roots for a five acre tract, and planted the same in the spring of 1869 on a choice piece of bottom land in a suburb of Eugene. This yard was a success and is still being successfully cultivated. The Leisure hop yard was the first in the state to yield a harvest and the Weisner yard the first planted. The two hop houses built by Weisner and Leasure at Buena Vista and Eugene are still standing and photographs ought to be taken of them and preserved along with photographs of other fast-passing landmarks."

[Originally there were about five acres in the Leisure hop yard, but a change in the Willamette river channel made during the flood of 1891, has caused one corner to be washed away, and every winter sees some loss of the yard through cutting of the bank, which stands almost perpendicular about eight feet above low water. Along the bank the rich river loam is four to six feet deep, resting on fine gravel. About three and one half acres of the yard remains. This yard has produced three thousand pounds to the acre, and is still a splendid producer after thirty years of cultivation during which time nothing in the way of fertilizers has been added to the soil. However, hardly a year passes that an overflow does not cover the yard and leave one or more inches of fresh soil.—ED. GUARD.]

STRIKE IN BOHEMIA.

Free Gold Found at Twenty Feet Depth on Adams Mountain.

Cottage Grove, Or, Aug. 31.—A B Farrier arrived today from Bohemia with news of another rich strike on the claims of Adams mountain, belonging to himself and F Jordan. Free gold was struck 20 feet from the surface. This group consists of four claims, and has two veins, one running east and west the other north and south. One vein is about nine feet wide and the other from three to five feet. Wherever the ledge has been tapped free gold is shown.

W P E y, of the Mayflower Mining Company, Bohemia, reached here today. He reports a very rich find on their property of free gold, that will go from \$500 to \$500 per ton. This was struck in a tunnel at a distance of 40 feet. The vein is seven feet wide, and has well-defined walls of porphyry. The company contemplates extending the tunnel all winter.

NEW KIND OF HOOP.—S H Moore who recently purchased the Hunter farm, eight miles north of Corvallis, for \$5500, has arrived with his family from Illinois. He is accompanied by his father, who is looking for a desirable property in Corvallis, and by another man who is looking for a farm to purchase. The latter has a family of eight. In all there are about 18 persons in Mr Moore's party of newcomers. Mr Moore brings hogs of a breed unknown in Oregon. The hogs are sold like the hogs of a horse. The breed originally ran wild in the mountains of Mexico.—Ex.

MARRIED.—This afternoon at the rectory of St Mary's Episcopal church, by Dr D E Loveridge, Mr Duncan Scott and Miss Stella Page. These two young people are well known in Eugene and the GUARD joins in extending congratulations.

DELINQUENT TAX MONEY.—Sheriff Withers today turned over to Treasurer Patterson the sum of \$5,472.49 delinquent tax money. The delinquent roll is very small.

Drain Watchman August 31: W B Haines and family, formerly of Eugene, have taken up their residence in the Miles cottage.

Senator Elkins' Great Scheme.

During the presidential campaign of 1892 Senator Quay and Senator Elkins, who were managing the Republican interests, and ex-Senator Brice and Henry Watterson, who were in charge of the Democratic headquarters, used to live at the same hotel and frequently dined together. One evening, as they were sitting at the same table, Mr. Brice looked over to Senator Quay and asked:

"How are you folks off for money?"

"We are very hard up," replied the Republican chairman. "How are you getting along?"

"Well," said Brice, "whenever we want money I go down into my own pocket for it. I have not been able to get much anywhere else."

"You are lucky to have a pocket to go into," said Senator Quay. "If I had money of my own, I would not grumble."

"But," said Brice, "I have to borrow it."

"Gentlemen," said Senator Elkins, "I have a suggestion to make. Suppose we four go down town tomorrow and borrow \$1,000,000 upon our joint indorsement and divide it between the two parties and then let whichever one wins pay the notes?"—Chicago Record.

Gladstone's Peculiar Eyes.

There is an anecdote in Blackwood's of Gladstone and Professor Blackie which confirms the story of the statesman's eaglelike eyes. At a dinner the two men were opposite, and when Gladstone gave in a forcible way his idea that Homer was no longer recited but chanted, the professor cried out: "Mr. Gladstone, do not believe a word of it!" Then he rose to argue the matter and said one sentence, but got no further. He had met Gladstone's gaze and seen his outer eyelids widened to their fullness in a steady glare, and his tongue stumbled and he sank back into his chair in confusion. The writer concludes:

"Go to the zoo for it. Take your umbrella. Make your way to the place where the eagles, vultures, falcons and such like creatures blink on their perches. Select a bird. Stare at him with insult, and you will see the outer lids expand as Mr. Gladstone's did. Poke at him with your umbrella. The filmy vertical lids through which he looks at the sun and opens to paralyze his prey will part, and then you will see what Blackie saw and understand his feelings."

Not the Advice Expected.

After spending more than a quarter of a century in active business life in the city a certain merchant purchased a ranch which he considers to be admirably adapted for dairy farming. Having had no practical training in agricultural pursuits, he is dependent for his knowledge of the art upon those books which purport to tell the urban bred how to do the trick. He desires to learn all he can concerning dairying and for advice betook himself to his friend and pastor, Rev. Dr. Stebbins, in whose omniscience and wide reading he has absolute confidence.

"Do you know anything good on milk, doctor?" he asked the venerable man of God.

The jovial pulpiteer, who knows more of the "wincere milk of the word" than of any other lactical fluid, answered solemnly:

"Yes, my dear sir, I believe I am familiar with the best thing on milk that can be found anywhere."

"What is it, doctor?" eagerly and unsuspectingly asked the budding rancher.

"Cream," ejaculated the preacher as he hurried round the corner.—San Francisco News Letter.

An Interesting Experiment.

That the earth revolves on its axis can be proved by a simple experiment. Fill a medium sized bowl nearly full of water and place it upon the floor of a room that is not exposed to jarring from the street. Upon the surface of the water sprinkle a coating ofycopodium powder. Then take powdered charcoal and draw a straight black line two inches long upon the coating—the line should be north and south.

After this is done lay upon the floor a stick so that it will be exactly parallel with the charcoal line. Any stationary object in the room will answer as well, provided it is parallel with the line. If the bowl is left undisturbed for several hours, it will be seen that the black mark has turned toward the parallel object and has moved from east to west, in a direction opposite to the movement of the earth on its axis.

This proves that the earth in revolving has carried the water with it, but the powder on the surface has been left a little behind.

To Extract a Splinter.

The easiest way to extract a splinter deep in the flesh of the hand or foot is by means of steam. A rather wide mouthed bottle is filled two-thirds full of boiling water, and the injured spot is held close over the opening. The suction draws the flesh down, and a little additional pressure is used to assist the exit of the intruder. In a few moments the steam extracts the splinter, and the inflammation rapidly subsides.

Glove Silver.

Glove silver was the strange name given to a custom which prevailed in England during the middle ages—namely, the granting of a certain sum of money to servants to buy gloves with on Lanthmas day, or, as it is called now, Bank holiday.

Hindoo Carpenters.

In India the carpenters have an almost universal objection to sharpening their tools. They never set their saws, and when they get a grindstone they cut it into pieces and use the fragments for anything except to put an edge on chisel or ax.