

SOUTH AFRICA.

Boers Still Bombarding the Town of Kimberly.

BRITISH TRANSPORTS ARRIVE. Special to the Guard. LONDON, Nov. 11.—The Boers are still bombarding the town of Kimberly, with some effect daily.

EXPEDITION LEFT DURBAN. LONDON, Nov. 11.—An expedition of British soldiers has left the cruiser Terrible, at Durban, for the interior.

TRANSPORT AT CAPE TOWN. CAPE TOWN, Nov. 11.—The British transports loaded with soldiers have arrived here safely.

FROM CAPE NOME. Captain H. Hatch Writes an Interesting Letter.

H. L. Hatch, formerly captain of the U. S. Snagboat, Mathloma, but for the past two years captain of a boat belonging to the Alaska Exploration Co., running from St. Michael to Dawson, writes W. M. Renshaw an interesting letter regarding the Cape Nome country, from which the following extracts are taken.

"I have quit the A. E. Co. for the present, and am going to Cape Nome to live this winter, and hope to do so well over there that I will not want to steamboat any more in this country; was over there a few days about two weeks ago, and think that the country is all right and that Nome is going to be the best town on earth for the next few years at least.

"What impressed me most favorably was the fact that there is some gold to be found everywhere that prospecting has been done. Some of the reports which come in are no doubt exaggerated, but I saw enough to satisfy me that it would be hard to make up a lie that would beat the truth.

"I saw hundreds of men working on the beach, and not one of them was making less than \$10.00 a day, and some had averaged from three to ten times that amount. Steve Allison, our old cook on the Corvallis, had been working on the beach about six weeks, and told me that he had cleaned up a little over \$300 a week.

"The stretch of beach, which is known to be rich enough to pay at least \$10 per day to the man, is estimated to be rich from 50 to 100 miles. I think that there is about 30 miles of the beach being worked now.

"Prospecting back on the creeks is difficult, for the whole country is a quagmire; it takes a strong man to pack 50 pounds from Nome to the claims on Anvil Creek, six miles.

"Ed. Hutchins, of Salem, is working at his old trade, or was when I was over there, and was getting \$17.50 a day. Common laborers get \$1.00 per hour and were hard to find when I was over there. My brother and I built a little house, 18x20 feet, and did as much of the work as possible ourselves, and the shack cost us over \$800. Lumber is from \$100 to \$150 per thousand.

"Some people who are now here think that prices will be much more reasonable next spring, but I do not think that there will be much difference unless, perhaps, in the one item of lumber.

"Provisions were selling about as follows when I was over there, with a prospect of being higher before next spring: Flour \$2.50 per sack; bacon 20 to 25 cents per pound; sugar 20 cents; tea 40 to 60 cents; fresh beef and reindeer meat, 50 cents to \$1.25 per pound, and other things in proportion. I got a fairly good bunk in a big bunk house for \$1.00 per night, and meals from \$1.00 to \$3.00, according to the state of my appetite."

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—Robt. Hutchinson, of Eastern Oregon, who arrived this afternoon with a band of horses, had a painful accident this afternoon. After doing some trading at the stores, Mr. Hutchinson went to get his saddle horse hitched near the court house square, when the animal kicked him severely on both knees. The injured man was carried to the Hoffman House, and a physician called, who states no bones are broken. The injuries are very painful.

Wood Wanted. 30 cords body fir. Inquire of County Judge or Commissioners.

THE DEAD BEE.

Dead amid the dewy clover Lies a bonny little rover Who could shape his course afar Without compass, without star.

Nevermore across the azure Shall he sail in search of treasure; Nevermore, when day is gone, Home shall his his galleon

From the jingling's golden chalice, And the lily's ivory palace, And the violet's divine Cup of white and purple wine.

Smile, smile on, thou faithless summer, To forget this early comer, Say, if thou hadst first departed, Had he still been merry hearted?

On the boughs in rapture swinging Gleefully the birds are singing, I, who mourn thee, little bee, Will pronounce thee elegy.

Be it meanness or unmetness, Thou didst garner up life's sweetest, Wiser than the sages wit; Earth has one less optimist.

—Alice Lena Cole in Century.

HIS WIFE'S ICY STARE.

Why It Was Taken on and How It Was Banished. He is a prominent lawyer in this city. His daughter is 7 years of age and walked to the gate with him one day last week.

"Golden Eagle" claim, Blue River district; H C Huddleston, locator. Notice of location of water right and mill site; Blue River district; H C Huddleston, locator

CIRCUIT COURT MATTERS. Marie Peplot et al vs L Wagner, to recover premises; summons served. Blue River Mining Co. vs Frank Mengoz; ejectment; summons served. M Wilkins et al vs H B Greve; ejectment; summons served.

PROBATE COURT. In the matter of the estate of Wm Fisk, deceased; order proving will and appointing Z T Fisk executor. Appraisers appointed: Donk Zamwalt, W I Coleman and I N Doak. Oath of executor filed.

Becoming Prominent as An Actor. Bert P. Van Cleve, a former Albany boy, is meeting with great success as an actor. A recent issue of the Evening Telegram, speaking of Mr. Van Cleve, says:

"Among the members of 'The Electrician' company, now playing at Corday's theatre, known to almost every Portlander, is Bert P. Van Cleve, son of Coll Van Cleve, the veteran newspaper man of Yaquina bay.

"Bert is a native Oregonian and began his professional career as a supe in Corday's theatre, in his city, receiving the magnificent sum of \$3 a week for his first efforts. He worked his way up, however, to such an extent while here that he was given a minor part with the Essie Tuttle company, which left Portland about four years ago.

"Since his return to the stage he has risen so rapidly in his profession that he is today one of the highest salaried comedians with stock companies. In 'The Electrician' Mr Van Cleve appears as Barney Martin, which, although a minor role, shows that he is not misused in light comedy. His specialty work with Misa Blanche La Mar, who sings thecoon song, 'You Ain't One Two Three,' is one of the hits of the performance.

"Mr Van Cleve is accompanied by his wife, Eva Leslie Van Cleve, the comedienne of the company, who essays the role of Mary Toper, and a 20-pound son, whom he announces the youngest comedian in the profession."

\$100 REWARD \$100 The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

STAGE FRIGHT FATAL

MANY CASES WHERE IT BROUGHT DEATH TO THE VICTIM. The Affliction is Not Confined to Beginners Before the Footlights, but Has Been Known to Attack Players of Experience.

"Of all the many ills to which theatrical flesh is heir," said an old physician who has a large clientele of actors, "the worst is stage fright. This is nothing less than a species of heart disease, induced by the nervous dread that one's performance may not be successful. This naturally attacks beginners more often than old stagers, and yet instances are by no means isolated where death has been brought about through its evils, even in the case of old timers.

"Perhaps, however, the most peculiar instance of all was that of the veteran performer who had gone through 30 years of stage work without experiencing this malady. One night, however, he confided to a fellow player that a quite unaccountable nervousness had suddenly taken hold of him and that he did not think he could ever act again.

"His comrade laughed at the notion and urged him to go on, as usual, but his astonishment may well be conceived when the poor old player went on the stage and, after making several vain efforts to speak, fell back and expired. The doctor who made the post mortem examination stated that death was due to failure of the heart's action, evidently induced by the presence of an attack of stage fright.

"Death is by no means an infrequent end to the trouble, and more than one case in my own practice has ended fatally. It is not always the person whose heart is already affected who suffers the most, either, for I recall one case some years ago where a young woman whose heart I knew to be perfectly normal made her professional debut in this city. While standing in the wings awaiting her first cue she was seized with an attack of stage fright and trembled violently.

"Not till she heard the line spoken which was her signal for entrance did she make any effort at recovery, and then, to the surprise of those who were trying to get her in shape, she braced up and went on the stage as though she had been on the boards for years. She went through her part mechanically and without apparent consciousness of her actions, but she played the scene better than she had done at rehearsals.

"At the close of her scene she came off the stage, staggered to her dressing room and sank unconscious to the floor. She never recovered from her coma, and an autopsy developed the fact that she had died of heart disease, though I had examined her shortly before and could find no trace of cardiac affection.

"Several standard authorities quote the case of a young English aspirant who came to the theater on the night of his debut in a state bordering on nervous prostration. He was braced up on brandy and given encouragement by those on the stage with him, but no sooner had he stepped upon the stage than he clapped his hand upon his heart and fell dead. The excitement had ruptured the valves of his heart, and he had ended his career as he was about to begin it.

"One curious case was told me not long ago by one of the physicians at Bloomingdale. A young man, a member of a college dramatic club, was brought there for treatment. He had been cast for a part in the spring production, and this extra study, added to the regular studies imposed by the collegiate course, caused something to give way. On the occasion of the dress rehearsal it was found that he could not remember a line of his part, and this so worried him that he broke down and was brought here.

"For several weeks he could not speak an intelligent sentence, and then suddenly his part came back to him, and he could go through it, cues and all, without a break. For another full week he kept going through the lines of his part, and then developed a severe attack of brain fever, from which he came out perfectly rational, but, oddly enough, with absolutely no memory of the lines of the play in question.

"The excitement caused by stage fright is a most curious thing, and did the opportunity present, I should like to write a treatise on the subject, for it is a fascinating one, but I am kept too busy patching up the troubles that exist to write of the troubles which have existed."—New York Telegraph.

Why Women Fight Semiticness. "Are women more subject to semiticness than men?" An Atlantic captain replies: "Yes; but, on the other hand, they stand it better. A woman struggles up to the point of despair against the what I might call the impropriety of the thing. She is not so much tortured by the pangs as she is worried by the prospect of becoming disheveled, haggard and dragged. She fights against it, to the last and keeps up appearances as long as she can hold up her head."

What Broke Him Up. "What broke him up in business?" "Slow collections." "I thought he sold goods for cash only." "He did. It was the firms he owed that had the trouble in making the collections, and they closed him out."—Chicago Tribune.

When the snake sheds his skin, which occurs frequently—as often as every four or five weeks—the skin of the eye comes off with the rest. Transparent in most parts, the skin over the snake's eye is perfectly transparent.

Charmel Mulligan.

We are informed that a move is on foot to secure the erection of a monument to the memory of Charmel Mulligan, the old pioneer, who gave Lane county forty acres of ground for county seat purposes. The land comprises that part of the present city of Eugene lying between Eighth and Eleventh and Pearl and Olive streets.

This donation, together with an equal amount of land north of Eighth street, donated by Eugene F Skinner, was plotted into lots and sold at public sale, and otherwise, the proceeds being used for building the old courthouse.

Charmel Mulligan died a poor man, and no stone marks his last resting place. It would be a graceful act of recognition for the people to provide some suitable monument for the old pioneer.

Advice to Girls The following advice to girls is worth perusing: Don't hang around the depot unless you are going away or meeting friends. Don't go to church and take a back seat with your escort and then whisper and giggle during the service. Don't be loud, boisterous or slangy. Stand on your dignity. Don't form acquaintances quickly. Don't carry your heart on your sleeve and don't throw yourself into the arms of every good-looking drummer or dressed stranger who comes to town. Be womanly, be modest, be thoughtful and serious at times. Don't unsex yourself and thus lose woman's sweetest charm. Don't regard your long-legged brother as a nuisance. Don't turn up your nose at your old father and poor grammar, and above all don't play "A Hot Time" on the piano when your good old mother is having a hot time in the washub. It is too suggestive.—Ex.

The Transportation War. The Portland Telegram states that the rate war started on the Portland-Astoria route between the O R & N and the Hammond railroad, and in a lengthy article gives the following, indicating that the steamer Eugene may mix up in the affair:

"The C. & E. Company in the past received the principal part of their revenue from the Corvallis Flouring Mills and the mills at Monroe, owned by Wilhelm & Son. This year the City of Eugene gave a reasonable rate and a reliable service during the low water and for these reasons has secured a preference. Under the circumstances, all that the C. & E. Company could secure would be local business, and there is not enough to pay the expenses of such large boats as the Albany and Hoag."

Sale of Hops at 12 Cents. Forest Grove, Or., Nov. 10.—John Briabine, of this place, sold today 15,000 pounds of hops at 12 cents per pound.

"I had dyspepsia fifty-seven years and never found permanent relief till I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Now I am well and feel like a new man," writes S J Fleming, Murray, Neb. It is the best digestant known. Cures all forms of indigestion. Physicians everywhere prescribe it. Vincent & Co, Corner Drug Store.

Trade your old stove off for an air-tight and save half the trouble of carrying the wood. F L Chambers trades.

KENTUCKY

Republicans Claim 3,000 Plurality--Democrats Concede Nothing. OFFICIAL COUNT NECESSARY. Special to the Guard.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 11.—The republicans now claim three thousand plurality for Taylor, their candidate for governor. The democrats claim Goebel is elected. The official count is necessary to determine the matter.

HEAVY BOER LOSSES. Boers Have Crossed Frontier Into Cape Colony. Special to the GUARD.

LONDON, Nov. 11.—General Buller reports that British forces in an engagement near Hamont today defeated the Boers whose loss in killed was 400.

BOERS IN CAPE COLONY. LONDON, Nov. 11.—Boer forces have crossed the frontier into Cape Colony at Pathule.

Changed Her Mind Too. A young couple in a Lancashire village had been courting for several years. The young man one day said to the woman:

"Sall, I canna marry thee." "How's that?" asked she. "I've changed my mind," said he. "Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," said she. "If folk know that it's thee as has given me up, I shanna be able to get another chap, but if they think that I've given you up then I can get another chap. So we'll have banns published, and when the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' and thou must say, 'I will.' And when he says to me, 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I shall say, 'I winna.'"

The day came, and when the minister said, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the man answered: "I will." Then the parson said to the woman: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" And she said: "I will." "Why," said the young man furiously, "you said you would say, 'I winna.'"

"I know that," said the young woman, "but I've changed my mind since."—London Answers.

He Didn't Bite. "I never can tell a story and have it come out all right," said a little woman plaintively the other day. "I thought I had such a good one not long ago. I was walking along and heard one street boy say to another, 'Oh, you go buy 10 cents' worth of potash.' 'What for?' says No. 2. 'For 10 cents,' yelled the other, and ran off giggling. 'I thought it was pretty good, and I'd try it on Charlie at supper. But when I told him to go buy 10 cents' worth of potash he never said a word, and I knew another joke had fallen flat and kept still. But the worst was later. He put on his hat and vanished after supper, coming back in a minute with a little parcel that he handed to me.

"What's that?" asked I. "Why, the potash you said you wanted," answered he, and I nearly had hysterics on the spot. Did you ever hear anything so perfectly awful? I won't ever try to get off anything funny again."

And the little woman sighed as she walked away.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tells Its Own Story. In a pretty Wisconsin town not far from Milwaukee there is a "spite fence" which tells its own story to all the world. It is a high, upright board affair and cuts off a view across a number of beautiful lawns. The man who lives on one side of it evidently feared that the fence would bring down on his head the condemnation of his neighbors. Not wishing to be unjustly blamed, he has therefore painted on his side of the fence in letters that can be read a block away these words: "He built this fence. I didn't do it." The man on the other side also had no idea of letting a false impression get out. Accordingly he has painted on the other side of the high barrier: "I had to do it."

Sharpness of Lunatics. Having an appointment to preach at an insane asylum for the first time, the editor of The Christian Register asked the medical director for some points. He said the most important thing was to avoid any attempt on the part of the preacher to accommodate himself to his audience as if they were different from other people. He said: "If you attempt to adapt yourself to their condition, they will instantly discover it, and they will hate you."

For Sale. I hereby offer for sale at my residence on the old Materson place, one mile southwest of Eugene: A road cart and two-seated hack, both nearly new, 2 walking plows, riding plow, disc harrow, mower and rake, new self binder, 11-foot harrow, wagon and harness, 3 horses. Also miscellaneous lot of farm tools.

Will take approved notes on eight months time, WITHOUT INTEREST, on payment if desired. Nov 8, 1896. W. AMES.