SAFURDAY ..... DEC 9

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The business department of the WEEKLY GUARD is caused considerable trouble by corre-snondents addressing the pro-prietors personally. Address all letters referring to the newsoa per or business connected there with to THE GUARD, Eugene, Oregon.

INDIAN WAR VETERANS OF '55-'56.

It does seem that the veterans of the Oregon Indian war of '55-'56 are treated yery shabbily by this government in the matter of pensions. The excuse that the men who fought bloodthirsty Indians to protect women and children against massacre were never in the service of the United States is fine spun and puerile.

The territory of Oregon was under control of the general government; the executive officers of the territorial government were appointed by the president, and congress had the authority to legislate as it pleased concerning the dependent territory. The attempt to shift the responsibility to a defunct dependency is unworthy of a government that makes the proud boast that no soldier who fought in her service shall go unrewarded and uncared for when sickness, infirmity, or old age makes it impossible for him to fill an active place in the affairs of life.

These veterans deserve a pension. They fought for this country nearl half a century ago. They are bowed with the weight of years; thei: numbers are few. They ask but justice.

## A LANDSLIDE IN COUNT.

The veteran editor of the State Journal was in Portland last week and visited the circuit court roop where the case of property owners against the City of Portland for damages on account of landslidewas being tried. He thus sum marizes the proceedings:

"We visited the court room last week where this extraordinary case had been running for several weeks. Ex-County Judge Moreland was asking all sorts of questions of Tom, Dick and Harry as to their opinions les. The jury was looking on, but of course could not remember one question out of a hundred, and would not pay any attention to it if they could. City Attorney Long and Lawyer Duniway werobjecting to nearly every question as irrelevant--they might have objected to the whole proceeding on the same ground-and Ex-Gover nor Lord, of counsel of the city, was sitting there saying nothing, as he had been doing for several weeks. Perhaps he was thinking a good deal about the inequalities of life said Portland people practice and the absurdities and inconsistencies of lawmakers and lawexpounders as well as lawbreakers."

Sugene City Guard with which she climbed the shallow tiffles between Portland and Salem during the summer when nearly all the river boats were compelled to tie up. The City of Eugene is a good

freight equalizer. The stock is owned by home people, and they should be loyally supported in their efforts to give us fair comthe petition in carrier business.

KIND TO ITSOWN.

The Olympic football team of

San Francisco got caught in a genuine Oregon mist at the Thanksgiving game at Portland with the Multnomah's. Neither side scored. "The Telegram report says: Throughout the contest the rain came down in torrents and eyen the grandstand was not proof against dampness."

The Olympics claim the better team. If their claim is founded on fact Webfoot climate was kind to its own, and saved the Portland delivered his orders and turned to go. The captain stopped him. boys from defeat on their own grounds. Geese saved Rome from the barbarians. Rain saved Port- the query. Then he thought. At last he answered: land's football reputation.

The official vote of Uhio shows the vote cast for candidates who opposed the President's policy to be a majority of 73,771 of the total vote of the state, and that the combined vote of McLean and Jones is 57,692 greater than the Republican vole. In view of the pathetic ap of the day. New recruits were being peals of Hanna and McKinley for drilled, singly and in squads. Now and an indorsement such a verdict from the President's own state cannot but make him fear the result next

year.

A man is under arrest at Portand charged with insanity because he jumps about in most fantastic manners and calls it dancing. The authorities had better be careful in establishing a precedent by sending this man, who supposes himself a dancer, to the asylum. The woods are full of men who have similar ideas though they may not carry them out in extravagant the manner of the Portland dancer.

The Daily Register appeals to party prejudice for supdort. A few people may be found who will be influenced by politics, but the great majority buy daily papers as they buy groceries, drygoods, etc-where before the officers' quarters. The sight they get the most and best for the maney. The people want all the local news The paper that gives it will not lack support.

Silence, a Fiero

There was a shimmer of crimson light in the sky as he rode along. Sitting square and deep in the saddle, with an attitude that changed little as his horse's gait varied from lope to trot, from trot to walk or from walk to lope, his eyes fixed straight ahead, the scout role, absolutely alone. Solitude and sllence had been his por-

tion so much that language was to him a curio, a rarity, a lawary. He seldom heard the sound of human voice, and when he did he listened deeply and answered deliberately, for his supply of speech was not great. As he rode there came a scream from afar overhead-a shrick, a screech. But he did not look upward.

He knew the voice was the voice of Springfield ball, high in the air. Man and horse lay down and waited. Neither loved, but both watched.

On the brow of a little knoll, far away, he saw a bush wave too fast. It was far way, but he leveled his rifle and fired. Then horse and man arose as if by mutual understanding, and turning from

the knoll he rode, the report of the guns behind him merely urging him to hasten. He was not afraid. He was not ex-

cited. He did not expect to die. He did not

expect to live. Late that night he reached the post,

"Meet anybody on the way over?" he asked.

The scout looked hard, as if digesting

"Only some Indians."

"How many?" "Was seven," said the scout. "Now ir. "On the warpath?" asked the captain

scout looked troubled, as though The bored by the questions. "They fired"- was all he said.

Now, then, the war was on in earnest. But the scout ever after avoided the cap-

tain as a man who talked too much. In the grounds noncommissioned officers passed to and fro, bent on the duties again a stiff young lientenant crossed to the officers' quarters or, bent on inspection, went through the form of examin ing quarters to see whether the dust had been properly brushed away and the floor duly swept. Presently a soldier entered, walked to where the scout lay, and said: 'Colonel wants you!

The scout remained immovable for a few seconds. Then he turned to the mes-

senger and looked him squarely in the eye. Then he arose, deliberately dressed, drew on his long boots, buckled his belt with the ammunition and revolvers in place, and stalked to quarters. The orierly halted him at the door.

"Colonel wants me," he said. He passed in. The colonel ignored the lack of a salute, for the keen eyed man before him was not a soldier, but a civilian employee. Then he said:

"There is a woman here, the wife of Licutenant Jasper, who is wounded at the ferry. She wants to join her hus band. You must guide her over."

The scout looked half terrified. "Woman?" he asked. The question

had a world of meaning, for the colonel knew of the hostiles on the road, the dan-gers of the trail itself, its double dangers r a woman. He nodded. "Bad." said the scout. "Can't be helped." said the colonel.

The scout stood still a moment. Then he turned and walked out. As he reach-

Tim Julip was a benedict. That is to any, he was married up to the standard. Tim was rather a fine looking fellow and knew it. He had married a woman a few years more ancient than he was

FLIRTING.

He had a mother-in-law. She was a slight, well preserved old hedy of the period, and under almost any light she looked quite as young as her daughter. Mrs. Julip.

because she had a few more dollars than

into her head to pass for a sweet 16 she

could do it-at a distance. She was a dutiful mother-in-law to Tim and made it quite as animated for him as mothers-in-law are apt to do. She suspected that Tim was fond of other ladies-that he was inclined to pass himself off as a single man, and her heart

yearned to prove it. Her surmises had already awakened the jealousy of her daughter, and it had of late been so "warm" at his house that they didn't have to burn half as much coal as they formerly did.

But Tim was a persevering cuss, and whenever he felt himself at a safe distance from home he would unbend him-self and be happy, for happy he was when he could find somebody to flirt with

The park was his favorite resort, and how lucky it was that his "family" did not know of all his pleasant cadidoes in that beautiful resort.

One pleasant afternoon Tim and a party of boon companions, dressed in the height of fashion, were meandering through the winding and devious ways of the park, when a gay and dashing creature swept past them, casting back a coquettish smile that might easily have been interpreted into an invitation if either of them saw fit to take it up. Tim was the first to speak, for he wa

in ardent youth.

"By jingces, but she's a stunner! I say, fellows, just see me sail in and cap-ture that charmer." They agreed to wait and see him do it.

He turned and followed her. She didn't appear to be extra anxious to escape him, and so it was not long before he overtook her. Raising his hat he saluted

She replied artfully, and in a few m ments he seemed to have captured the fair creature for sure. His friends followed slowly behind to see how it would eventuate.

They reached a shady seat, and, rest ing there, they kept up the same ani-mated conversation that they started. Tim was somewhat taken. Exactly how she looked, or how old she was, he could not tell, for she had one of those illusionary veils over her face, and they are such assistants to fraud that many a man has been taken in without going behind them.

The result was an appointment for the next day in the same place. Then they parted, and Tim joined his companions in high glee. They were disposed to doubt his complete conquest, and so it was ar-ranged that they should be on hand the

next day to see for themselves. The next day found him on the spot dressed with exceeding care. His beautiful unknown was also on hand, and ere long they were engaged in earnest and

loving conversation again. "Oh, you naughty men!" sighed she. "You are always capturing the hearts of us poor, trusting women, and we are al-ways the sufferers. How do I know but that you are a married man-belong to another? "What! Can you think me guilty of so

much deceit? "You know we

# ------My Husbana's Umbrella;

It is seven years since the following adventure took place, but even now I cannot recall the weary, heartrending trouble without a feeling of profound thankfulness to Providence for shaping he end to our benefit.

My husband was then, as now, a collector for the Safety Insurance company and he had gone down to Birmingham collect the sums gathered by the agents in that town.

He had already been away a week and had telegraphed me that morning to the effect that he intended returning that same afternoon, but it was 10 o'clock p. m. before I heard the welcome click of his latchkey. As we crossed the hall he stopped and took down his overcoat from the peg, at the same time taking his umbrella in his other hand and saying:

'Rhoda, my dear, you may as well put this in the lumber room; it is smashed en-tirely now." And he laughingly opened his old "gamp," which was indeed a com-plete wreck. I took it from him when he had closed it, and while he went to kiss our little ones I flung the umbrella into a distant corner of a dark closet under the attic stairs.

Next morning Edward kissed us as usual and set off, looking bright, strong and happy. About 11 o'clock I was busy making a pudding for an early dinner, when an unusually peremptory knock at the hall door startled me.

I hastened to open it, and was surprised to confront two strangers, my husband-looking pale and troubled-and Mr. Snell, the director of the company by which my husband was employed.

They walked in, and Mr. Snell at once addressed me. "Mrs. Falkner, forgive this intrusion, but your huseand has lost his pocket-

book-or at least he says so-containing bills to the value of \$3,500." "Lost! Oh, Edward, how could it happen?" I cried. "I don't know," he said mournfully. "I

had it in my overcoat pocket last night after I came home, and as you know. I took my coat into our bedroom, and it there (the coat) this morning, for nobody went into our room except our-

selves. "Are you sure you brought it home?" I asked.

'Sure! Yes, of course, I'm sure!" he

said impatiently. "Then in that case we must search the house," said one of the strangers. "Oh, do; oh, do," I said engerly. "It must be somewhere about."

"In the meantime I must ask you to stay in this room," he responded, and they went out of the room, leaving us alone with Mr. Snell.

The book could not be found in the house, and though all was done that could be in the way of advertising and offering rewards, all our efforts were unavailing

Edward was discharged from his situation, and many of the people of the town did not scruple to say he had appropriated the money to his own use. However, the directors were not among these, and as they quite believed them lost, prosecution was of no avail; still, they could not keep in their employ a man guilty of such culpable carelessness.

The house we lived in was our own, having been presented to me as a wed-ding gift, so we decided to stay in it, but to sell the better part of the furniture. This we did, and Edward went to America, where he succeeded in obtaining a post as clerk in New York.

Time went on, and more than two years had passed since our trouble. I had let my unfurnished rooms to a nice quiet family and undertook to attend to them, which enabled me to keep the wolf My two little girls were now growing up and would soon require to go to school, an expense which I was not as yet prepared to meet. For two years I had not seen my husband and I felt the separation keenly, and I could not help the yearnings of my heart creeping into my letters. Edward noticed this, and in March, 1880, he wrote, telling me to prepare and come out to him next month. He would forward me the requisite funds. We were greatly excited and began packing at once. I sold the house for \$1,000 and paid the money to Mr. Snell as part payment of the missing \$3,500, and also sold the larger articles of furniture. The latter sum helped me to pro-vide a few necessaries for our wardrobes. The money came from Edward, and all was now prepared when I remember-ed the lumber in the stairs closet and told the charwoman to bring it out. She did so, my little girls helping her. I had gone down stairs for something when I heard a cry of surprise, and Mrs. Egan, the charwoman, came running down stairs, bearing in one hand a dusty old umbrella of my husband's and in the other the long lost pocketbook. She had found it in the umbrells, she explained. Instantly it was clear to my mind. As my husband closed the old "gamp" that night, now three years ago, and flung his coat over his arm the pocketbook must have slipped down into the umbrella! In less than an hour I had handed it to Mr. Snell and wired my husband the joyful DOWS.

approache the carbo He had a simple demeanor and a kind, patient face. Nothing great was known of him, no chronicle has preserved his name, for he led a retired life, away from the noise of the world. With hands crossed over the knob of his walking stick he contemplated the drawing. "What a noble forehead!" he thought. What lofty humanity that bent figure suggests! Oh, if only one could be like that! But why wish for the impossi-As he stood there, sllent and humble, the likeness to the drawing was so strik-ing that everybody fell back, pointing to him in whispers. Startled and ashamed he slipped away, unable to understand why they should stare at him.

SHADOW

Hans Allenus lived in a humble cottage in Jerusalem. One evening he stood long before the open window shutter. How difficult it was to get at closing it! The air was cool, the city still. Below in the narrow, hilly street came a muleteer astride, stooping forward over the back of the ass, whose little hoofs clicked and slipped on the big, smooth stones. He sang a monotonous song in the customary sang a monotonous song in the customary plaintive drawling, nasal tones of the easterner, and as he passed along the sound of his voice reminded one of the bagpipe. On the window sill lay a manuscript

dissertation, and so clear and brilliant was the February moonlight that Hans could read the fine writing without difficulty. It was a defense of the established order of things, of standstill conserva-

tism, admitting of no exception. And as he stood there in the city where the idea of human brotherhood was born and had gone forth over the earth, as has glanced over the pages of the document, he said to himself: "No, no; we young people are natural foces to conservation We are the ones who now, in all ages, have broken ground for the truths which have proceeded from this city." As he As be spoke he made an unconscious movement with his hand. At the same time in glance fell upon his own shadow on the

wall, outlined by the moon. He could not restrain his laughter Was not that the shadow of an actor, the head thrown back, the hand extended as if he were declaiming some stirring

passage? A feeling of shame swept over him as he considered for the first time that,

among the ideas transmitted from that city to the western world as a cargo of precious jewels, was a tiny pearl, humanity. He closed his eyes and pressed his

hands over his face, and a thousand little stars seemed to flash before his sight. To be sure, it was merely the pulsations of his own blood which produced this sensation, and yet, little by little, those tiny lights ceased to revolve and looked for all the world like the pale stars which he had just been watching in the firma-ment. At length, aroused by voices in the street, he looked out.

Between the houses opposite there extended a wall. On the ground in front was a bright fire, and by that fire stood Christ surrounded by a few disciples and friends. Just behind him his shadow was clearly defined upon the wall.

John, the disciple whom he loved, me-chanically picked up a blackened coal and with it outlined the shadow until he had delineated the entire figure of the Master upon the wall. Then he dropped the coal and entered into conversat with the rest.

Next morning, when Hans Allenus again stood at his open window and saw the people pass, there were many who stopped and looked with curiosity at the

drawing on the wall. "That represents a shoemaker; his back is bowed," said the shoemaker

"You talk nonsense," returned the fruiterer: "that stooping posture proves that he is a fruit vender. They forgot to draw the basket on his back, but that half open mouth shows clearly that he was crying: 'Pomegranates! Come and buy! Come and buy!'"

A high official of the sanhedrin who passed, and who of course did not mir his voice with the gabble of the tradepeople, thought to himself: "It is perfectly plain that that represents a learned One might almost man and a thinker. take it to be a portrait of me. Positively it is me; not bad, either. Probably some of the tradespeople drew it. Of course they all know me more or less." Meanwhile one of the spectators had

# RURAL MAIL DELIVERY EX-PERIMENT.

Free rural postoffice delivery does not seem to be appreciated by the farmers or they are not aware of of the advantages. Richmond, Indiana, has two routes of delivery accommodating three hundred farmers with a daily service. It was one of the first localities selected.

A recent inspection developed the fact that only a dozen farmers had suitable provisions made for the is made that the routes will be man. discontinued and transferred to other parts of the country district in the same country day. Aged parents, S1 and S9. in the same county.

## THE HOME STEAMER.

landed at the place where she was ed his aged parents. I'he court rebuilt and received her first baptism in Willamette river elements. The steamer has demonstrated the practicability of at least eight months of river navigation to Eugene. This mobile plow. This would be some boat astonished pioneer steamboat compensation for the injury he has ed to refuse prizes to exhibits which have men on the lower river by the ease done mankind.

the Portland police of a morning enough is thought of the event, or rather lack of event, to chronicle the fact in the daily papers. It is throwing up of hands in order to gracefully perform the act when called upon. The Oregonian has not yet decided to include the holdup industry among gold standard prosperity assets.

Randolph county, Virginia, until the other day, when the mother died, baosted of a family bearing the name of Scott who weighed, all together, 2,648 pounds. They are a long-lived people, too, the mother being 85 years old at the time of her death. There were ten members of the family.

Ex-Congressman Ellis, of Morreception of their mail, and the row county, is reported almost cerspecial agent condemned the routes | tain of the position of sergeant-atand ordered that proper boxes be arms in the ensuing congress. Oreput up. Though the cost would be gon may get some recognition Times. but 75 cents to each farmer less than through that office. The state got half have complied, and the threat little through his being a congress-

of life insurance collected on the death of another son. He defended The City of Eugene has again himself in court, and cross-examinserved its decision.

> Dr Gatling, inventor of the terrible shooting machine that hears his name, hopes to invent an auto

revived his memory.

In a few minutes he was back at the olonel's quarters, his horse saddled, his blankets rolled behind the cantle, the rifle slung by the horse's side, the riata coiled carefully over the saddle post. "Tell him I'm ready," he said gruffly

to the orderly. The soldier turned in dis-When no hold up is reported to gust. We was not used to unceremonious

orders. But the score was impenetrable. So the orderly went. When the scout was ordered in, he saw

a little woman wearing a short riding habit. He looked at her indifferently. The colonel spoke, saying he was the best scout at the post, and she might feel

safe with him. "I feel it," she said.

The scout broke silence. "Better not go," he said. "Oh, I must!" was her answer.

They role away together. All the night long they role, halting during the day. On the third morning, as the wo-man was about to he down for a few hours' rest, the scout arose, as one who was about to deliver an oration.

"Only six miles," he said,

Fear of the hostiles had forsaken her, and they rode rapidly on, indifferent alike to the whistle of the bullets, the yells of the braves, and the efforts of small parties of bucks to head them off. Closer and closer to the camp, and then, as the sentry challenged, the scout turned and let the woman ride ahead. He faced the hostiles for a moment.

he looked around and saw the Then guard rush forth and welcome the fainting wife. The dancing braves jarred on his sight. He turned back to where the woman had entered the camp, and then followed her.

The officer of the guard almost hugged him. Men gathered about him. The captain clasped his hand. The wounded eutenant, now almost well, wept, The talk annoyed him .- Philadelphia

### Docking Horses.

Docking horses took its rise in the dark days when bull and bear baiting was honored by a place in the category of day. Aged parents, S1 and S9, English roadsters, hunters and harness horses. The only useful purpose it ever served was in the Peninsular war, when of embezzling \$44,500, the proceeds British dragoons could be most easily distinguished from French by their cock-It fell into disuse with the decline tnils. of road coaches, and we owe its unwel-come revival to their partial restoration.

It is senseless, barbarous and disfigur-ing; it inflicts needless suffering upon brood mares and horses turned out to grass, depriving them of their natural defense against flies, besides the severe pain and shock caused by the operation itself. It should be discouraged in every possible way by influential persons, by those who lead the fashion in such things, undergone this mutilation.-Blackwood.

"What signifies it? Fate brought us together and we cannot deceive each other. I love you!"

"Oh, sir, it is impossible!" "I'll swear it!"

"And you are not married?" "No, no, my dear. Fato has reserved us for each other. Until I met you I never loved."

"Oh, oh, how my poor heart goes! Let us retire to a place not so public, for I feel so giddy. Here, let us go into this arbor.

"Anywhere in the world with you, dearest," he whispered, as she took his extended arm and they started for an arbor near by.

Here they again seated themselves, and Tim began to pour forth the same volume of poetry that he had used on so many other occasions. One of her little gloved hands he took in his, while his arm gradually stole around her shapely and

anyielding walet. At this moment a deeply veiled lady came up behind them, and Tom's friends were just passing through the arbor to ee how well he was reting along. His charmer called to the veiled lady. "Come here, Mary, and just hear how

weet he talks."

He turned toward the intruder, who had in the meantime raised her veil, and, half rising, he confronted his wife. He felt as though a ten pound shell had

exploded in his hat. He glanced from his wife to his betrayer, who had also raised her vell, and who, of all people in the world, should it be but his mother-in-In we

His friends vanished amid the most bolsterous laughter, and his mother-inlaw reached for one car while his wife took hold of the other, and without a word they started with him in the direction of home.

Poor Tim Julip! He is now a broken hearted and melancholy man. He avoids Central park, and the places that knew him once would require an introduction to him now. A wig replaces his late hy-perion curls, and it is generally understood among his friends that his flirting days are over .- New York News.

#### Utopfanism.

"Utopianism" is another of the devil's pet words. I believe the quiet admission which we are all of us so ready to make --that because things have long been wrong it is impossible they should ever be right—is one of the most fatal sources of misery and crime from which the world suffers. Whenever you hear a man dissuading you from attempting to do well, on the ground that perfection is "Utopian," beware of that man. Cast the word out of your dictionary alto-gether. There is no need for it. Things are either possible or impossible—you can easily determine which—in any state of human science. If the thing is impossi-ble, you need not trouble yourself about it; if possible, try for it. It is very Utopian to hope for the entire doing away with sin and misery out of the world, but the Utopianism is not our business. the work is.-Ruskin.

Instead of us going to America, my husband came back to England, and on the 24th of May, 188-, resumed his du-ties as head collector of the Safety Insurance company, and I'm proud to say he still holds that post.

We kept the "gamp" as a curiosity and shall hand it down to posterity as the instrument which nearly gave my husband penal servitude.-London News.

### **Historic Fictions.**

Was there ever such a breaker of historic idols as the scientist? The learned archaeologist, Dr. O. Montellus, boldly declares that such persons as Romulus and Remus never existed. According to the renerally accepted calculation of the historian Varrone, Rome was founded in the eighth century B. C., and the histories state that it was on April 21, 753 B. C., when the vision inspired shepherd Romulus laid the first stone on the Palatine of the Eternal City of the Seven Hills. That date would make Rome 2,652 years old. But Dr. Montellus produces documents to prove that the an-cient mistress of the world existed long before that, there being remains of the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries before the Christian era. The con-clusion is that Rome is 3,100 years old. that Romulus and his brother never existed and that the wolf kept in the cage on the top of the Capitoline hill as a confirmation of the legend is nothing but an impostor.

What a bulky and entertaining volume a compilation of "historic fictions" would make--Kansas City Independent.

In his conscious humility he had re-embled the Christ shadow.

Had he known this, and, proud in that consciousness, stood erect, the likeness would have vanished.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### Franklin No Orator.

It was Poor Richard who remarked, Here comes the orator, with his flood of words and his drop of reason," and during his whole life Franklin was no speechmaker. "I served," Jefferson said, with General Washington in the legislature of Virginia before the Revolution and during it with Dr. Franklin in congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the lit-tle ones would follow themselves."

John Adams, in one of his periodic outbursts against the man whom the public deemed greater than himself, contrasted his own services in congress, in which he claimed to have been "active and alert in every branch of business, both in the house and on committees, constantly proposing measures, supporting those I approved when moved by others, opposing such as I disapproved, discussing and arguing on every question," with those of Franklin, who was seen, he says, "from day to day, sitting in silence, a great part

of his time fast asleep in his chair.' Yet Franklin was appointed on every important committee and Adams on few and the sage, could he have read his brother congressman's comparison, might fairly have retorted, with the wisdom of Poor Richard, "He that speaks much is much mistaken," or "The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise."-Paul L. Ford in Century.

### To Cure a Double Chin.

It has been discovered that a double chin can be cured by correct breathing. The short necked woman must hold her head high, even craning her neck till she is conscious of the tension of the cords. She should also practice relaxing the muscles of the neck and dropping the head and then moving it round in a circle. This will pive the head a graceful poise and will exercise the muscles and help to rid them of superfluous fat.-