

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The business department of the WEEKLY GUARD is caused considerable trouble by correspondents addressing the proprietors personally.

INDIAN WAR VETERANS OF '55-'56.

It does seem that the veterans of the Oregon Indian war of '55-'56 are treated very shabbily by this government in the matter of pensions.

The territory of Oregon was under control of the general government; the executive officers of the territorial government were appointed by the president.

These veterans deserve a pension. They fought for this country nearly half a century ago.

A LANDSLIDE IN COURT.

The veteran editor of the State Journal was in Portland last week and visited the circuit court room where the case of property owners against the City of Portland for damages on account of landslide was being tried.

"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 on slides.

RURAL MAIL DELIVERY EXPERIMENT.

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

THE HOME STEAMER.

The City of Eugene has again landed at the place where she was built and received her first baptism in Willamette river elements.

with which she climbed the shallow riffles 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 competition in carrier business.

KIND TO ITS OWN.

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 official vote of Ohio 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.

A man is under arrest at Portland charged with insanity because he jumps about in most fantastic manners and calls it dancing.

The Daily Register appeals to party prejudice for support. 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.

When no hold-up is reported to 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.

Randolph county, Virginia, until the other day, when the mother died, boasted of a family bearing the name of Scott who weighed, all together, 2,648 pounds.

Ex-Congressman Ellis, of Morrow county, is reported almost certain of the position of sergeant-at-arms in the ensuing congress.

A novel case was on trial at Lynchburg, Virginia, the other day. Aged parents, 81 and 89, accused their son, a clergyman, of embezzling \$44,500, the proceeds of life insurance collected on the death of another son.

Dr. Gatling, inventor of the terrible shooting machine that bears his name, hopes to invent an auto mobile plow. This would be some compensation for the injury he has done mankind.

In Silence, a Hero

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.

Solitude and silence had been his portion so much that language was to him a rarity, a luxury. He seldom heard the sound of human voice.

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

On the brow of a little knoll, far away, he saw a bush wave too fast. It was far away, 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 excited. He did not expect to die. He did not expect to live.

Late that night he reached the post, delivered his orders and turned to go. The captain stopped him.

"Meet anybody on the way over?" he asked. "The scout looked hard, as if digesting the query. Then he thought. At last he answered: 'Only some Indians.'

"How many?" "As many as you want," said the scout. "Now six." "On the warpath?" asked the captain. The scout looked troubled, as though 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 captain as a man who talked too much.

In the grounds noncommissioned officers passed to and fro, bent on the duties of the day. New recruits were being drilled, singly and in squads. Now and again a stiff young lieutenant crossed to the officers' quarters or, bent on inspection, went through the form of examining quarters to see whether the dust had been properly brushed away.

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

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

"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 reached the parade ground he saw a woman before the officers' quarters.

In a few minutes he was back at the colonel's quarters, his horse saddled, his blankets rolled behind the cante, 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 disgust. "He was not used to unceremonious orders. But the scout was impetuous. 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 in the post, and she might feel safe with him.

FLIRTING.

Tim Julip was a benedict. That is to say, 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 because she had a few more dollars than he.

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

This mother-in-law had a marvelous way of making herself up and of appearing rosy and blushing, and if she took it 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 suspicions 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 himself 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 rambles 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 was an ardent youth. "By jingoos, but she's a stunner! I say, fellows, just see me sail in and capture 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 her.

She replied artfully, and in a few moments 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, resting there, they kept up the same animated 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 arranged 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 always 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 are strangers." "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. Fate has reserved us for each other. Until I met you I never loved."

My Husband'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 the end to our benefit.

My husband was then, as now, a collector for the Safety Insurance company and he had gone down to Birmingham to 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 creak 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 entirely now." And he laughingly opened his old "gamp," which was indeed a complete 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 kided 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 husband 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 was there (the coat) this morning, for nobody went into our room except ourselves."

"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 eagerly. "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 wedding 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 from the door.

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 provide a few necessities for our wardrobes.

The money came from Edward, and all was now prepared when I remembered the lumber in the stairs closet and told the charwoman to bring it out. She did so, my little girls helping her.

A 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 plaintive drawing, nasal tones of the easterner, and as he passed along the sound of his voice reminded one of the bagpipes.

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 conservatism, 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 he glanced over the pages of the document, he said to himself: "No, no; we young people are natural foes to conservatism. We are the ones who now, in all ages, have broken ground for the truths which have proceeded from this city."

As he spoke he made an unconscious movement with his hand. At the same time his 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 firmament. 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, mechanically 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 conversation 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 forget 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 mix his voice with the gabble of the tradespeople, thought to himself: "It is perfectly plain that that represents a learned man and a thinker. One might almost 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 silently approached the carbon drawing. 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 impossible?"

As he stood there, silent and humble, the likeness to the drawing was so striking that everybody fell back, pointing to him in whispers.

Startled and ashamed he slipped away, unable to understand why they should stare at him.

In his conscious humility he had resembled 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 at any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little 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 give the head a graceful poise and will exercise the muscles and help to rid them of superfluous fat.—Home Notes.

Historic Fictions.

Was there ever such a breaker of historic idols as the scientist? The learned archaeologist, Dr. O. Montelius, boldly declares that such persons as Romulus and Remus never existed. According to the generally accepted calculation of the historian Varro, Rome was founded in the eighth century B. C., and the historic state that it was on April 21, 753 B. C., when that 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. Montelius produces documents to prove that the ancient mistress of the world existed long before that, there being remains of the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries before the Christian era. The conclusion 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.

Utopianism. "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 altogether. 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 impossible, 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.—Rusk.

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 sport, rightly now relegated by law to the catalogue of outrage. This custom of docking was once generally applied to English roadsters, hunters and harness horses. The only useful purpose it ever served was in the Peninsular war, when British dragoons could be most easily distinguished from French by their cock-tails. It fell into disuse with the decline of road coaches, and we owe its unwelcome revival to their partial restoration. It is senseless, barbarous and disgusting; 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 by every possible way by influential persons, by those who lead the fashion in such things, and agricultural societies should be moved to refuse prizes to exhibits which have undergone this mutilation.—Blackwood.