

Eugene City Guard

SATURDAY, MARCH 10

SOME FIGURES ON TWO TRUSTS.

New York Journal.

The joint profits of the Standard Oil Trust and the Carnegie Steel Company amount to \$120,000,000 a year.

The annual profits of these two aggregations of capital—the Standard Oil trust and the Carnegie Steel Company—are equivalent to the interest at 10 per cent on \$1,200,000,000.

If Mr. Carnegie and his partners and Mr. Rockefeller and his partners wanted to draw such an income from 2 per cent government bonds as they draw now from their investments in these two industries—by no means the only sources of revenue they possess—they would have to buy bonds to the amount of \$6,000,000,000.

No wonder President McKinley and his advisers are casting about for some plausible explanation by which they may evade or shift the responsibility for laws that make trusts possible.

THE NEW WARFARE.

London literally went mad with joy and throughout England the scenes witnessed have no parallel in the memories of this generation.

England's populace has been subjected to a terrific strain. The Boers, though small in number, are terrible fighters and have given military experts the opportunity to again proclaim that the battle is not to the many, but to the trained marksmen.

But England's victories in South Africa have been dearly won. Over ten thousand men killed, wounded, and missing is the terrible casualty report that causes mourning throughout scores of thousands of homes throughout British possessions.

WOULD DIVIDE THE PLUNDER.

President McKinley may well be alarmed over the public clamor that has greeted the levying of discriminatory tariff duties against our new island possession, Porto Rico.

A JUNCTION TIMES DISCOVERY.

The Junction City Times editor has made the astonishing discovery that the persons whose names are appended to the call for a Lane

county Citizens convention are office seekers and politicians. From a man who has been a standing candidate for nearly any office in sight almost from the first day his boots struck Oregon soil, such a statement is truly refreshing.

Hide bound ring politicians, with not a thought above office, cannot appreciate the feelings that prompt men who profess the same principles to sink party names and former party differences and unite on a common platform.

The Oregonian is somewhat aware that the McKinley administration has a heavy trust load to carry without taxing the people of the United States and our new island possessions for the sole benefit of the sugar trust.

Has the Republican party, through its representatives in congress, taken the contract to dig its own grave? In effect, it is working at that job with a wondrous, and even what Burke called a quadrumanous, activity.

The supreme court will be called upon to decide whether or not the sugar trust, working through the McKinley administration, can impose a twenty-five per cent duty on Puerto Rican exports to the United States.

If you have a good conception as to the value of numbers try to think for a moment of the amount of mail matter carried by the United States. Based upon actual weights from October 3 to September 6, 1899, the amount carried during the year is placed at 1,500,000,000 pounds.

March came in with the "lion" mood along the Atlantic coast and in the upper Mississippi valley. New York reports the worst snow storm in many years.

A Portland morphine fiend gets three hundred and forty days in jail for having two bits worth of morphine in his possession.

The Salem Statesman of February 26th, has an account of a very peculiar accident. It says—Del A. Dinmore, of the White Corner force of salesman, had a serious accident yesterday about noon.

"Who is that good looking young sawbones who has just left the room?" inquired a lady patroness of an eastern hospital of the head physician.

MURIEL'S MINIATURE.

She Gave Her Heart to One Man and Promised Her Hand to Another, but Fate Ordained That a Wrong Should Be Righted.

"I'm the last person in the world," Mrs. Molyneux said, making a great show of darning a stocking that was a vast deal more hole than anything else.

"I am alluding to you and Bertie. I am hitting at no one. Bertie has nothing; you have nothing. I am a widow, blessed with the proverbial widow's mite only far, far too poor to bestow it upon any one.

"You forget that I love Bertie," she said, "and that Bertie loves me. It would not matter so much about my heart, but it would break his if I gave him up."

There is an old saying, however, and a very true one, that "dripping water wears away stone," and so it happened that after a time Muriel consented to give up her dear love, her dream of happiness, and accept the colonel.

"We'd better turn in," an officer said at length. "There is nothing more to settle. God only knows when we shall sleep again—or it may be the long sleep. There will be work enough tomorrow."

"I've a favor to ask," he answered. "I've had bad news—my deathblow—from England today. If there's a 'forlorn hope,' a desperate venture for any man tomorrow that you give it in your power to give, will you give it to me? We English always fight best when we fight against hope, and I've none."

"I want a bullet to find its billet here—here," striking his breast. "I had reached the colonel's quarters and entered together. Bertie turned suddenly. Just behind the colonel a curtain hung. He had seen it move; had seen a dark hand just creeping around the edge."

"Bertie lifted his hand, and it closed over something—something that hung by a ribbon around his neck. "Bury—with me—promise, colonel," he said, and then a spasm of pain, almost the rending of body and soul, made the miniature slip from his hand.

"I am glad to see you home," she said. "You have been wounded?" "Yes," he answered, and he forgot the scars that have been on his hand. "I wanted to win your heart, not to steal it from another man. There, don't look frightened; I'm hurt, but I'm not angry, and I've brought you something from Egypt just to show you we're the best of friends still."

"Friends!" she repeated. "Yes," he said, "fast friends." And, taking her hands, he kissed them. "But keep the ring, Muriel, and I'll keep the miniature. And now come."

He took her to another room. He opened the door. He heard two enraptured voices say "Muriel! Bertie!" Then he turned away.—Condensed from Lloyd's Weekly.

Rice straw is an important factor in the manufacture of Japanese machine made paper. Only when there is a poor rice crop is wood fiber imported to any appreciable extent.

Among the most curious things to be seen in Japan are jackets and trousers of strong, handmade paper, with which the Japanese soldiers were supplied during the war between Japan and China.

OUT IN THE COLD.

A great bay window filled with creeping vines and rare tropical plants. Eva looked in a fair young girl, neatly clad, stood in the flowers sobbing bitterly, making a vivid contrast to the brightness and cheerfulness of all about her.

"She was so tired, and her cousin, Regina, had been finding fault with all her work. She was a motherless girl who had been the idol of an indulgent father until three years before. Then he had died, leaving her penniless and dependent upon a proud, wealthy uncle, who only endured her presence to make her a more fond repository of which she was so fond.

"I am so sorry for you, little one." She raised her great blue eyes, with the tears still trembling on the long, brown lashes, and when she saw who it was she gave a little cry of surprise as well as of pleasure, for she had secretly admired this Mr. Morton who visited her cousin.

"Can you not go away from here—can you not get something else to do?" he said in a hurried and perplexed manner. "I would not stand such treatment. Now, I have an aunt who has two little girls. Could you not give them music and drawing lessons or something of the kind? Do not turn away. I am very much in earnest and want to help you."

There was a rustle in the doorway. He let go of her hand, which he had taken in his ardent, and she sprang to her feet, both feeling like two guilty children. Regina swept into the room, smiled sweetly in greeting to Harry Morton, but said in a severe tone to Eva, while a dangerous light flashed in her great black eyes:

"You are wanted in the kitchen." Poor Eva hurried from the room, knowing that the end would come now. "I had been said, and, even had she not, she would never be forgiven for speaking to Harry Morton."

It was dark when her cousin sent for her to come to her room, and after opening all her vials of wrath upon her, ordered her to leave the house immediately and never darken the door again.

"You, Connolly!" he said. "Anything wrong?" "I've a favor to ask," he answered. "I've had bad news—my deathblow—from England today. If there's a 'forlorn hope,' a desperate venture for any man tomorrow that you give it in your power to give, will you give it to me? We English always fight best when we fight against hope, and I've none."

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A HEART OF PEARLS.

A loud burst of applause greeted the famous singer Olympia as she finished the queen's song at the Gaiety theater.

Olympia's origin nothing was known, though there were many stories circulating about her. The one which gained most general credence portrayed her as a great lady who had been drawn irresistibly from a high social position to the stage and thereupon disowned by her family.

When the song ended, the queen retired to a throne to receive the homage of the subjects in the play. It was a sumptuous procession which passed before her in gorgeous costume. Each subject as he passed before his queen stopped, bowed and then moved on to make room for the next. One among the number had excited her interest and sympathy.

"Who is that man?" she asked. "A poor devil named Chatelain," replied the manager. "There are hundreds like him, doing this kind of work for 3 francs a day."

The manager was mistaken. His "poor devil Chatelain" was in reality a Spanish gentleman named Juan Rodriguez de Penafior. Born in Madrid, raised in the midst of luxury, he had inherited at his parents' death an enormous fortune.

Through bad management and extravagance this had gradually been reduced until only a small part remained. This Juan thought to use in the only way he knew as a means of redeeming the whole, at the gaming table, and here he lost all that was left to him.

It was at this time and under these circumstances that he fell in love with Olympia. The very hopelessness of his passion deepened it, and he worshipped her as a Greek might have worshipped a goddess. It was through his love that the greatest temptation of his life came to him.

On one of the most frequented boulevards in a jeweler's window he had noticed an exquisite piece of jewelry—a heart of pearls—and from the moment his eyes fell upon it he had longed to possess it in order to present it to his queen as a token of his adoration.

One day the heart was gone from the window, and Juan could see it inside the shop, lying, with many other pieces, on the counter. He stepped inside, where several people stood looking at all sorts of beautiful things displayed by the jeweler.

The heart of pearls was pushed a little away from the others. The people were not looking his way. His hand stole out and slowly moved toward the cherished object. He turned cautiously to make sure he was unobserved and looked straight into the face of Olympia, the singer, who was standing just behind him.

"I saw you and followed you in," she continued. "I have wanted to speak to you for a very long time. I am sure that you can find something better than your present position at the Gaiety. If you will take my card to Roberts, the theatrical agent, I am sure he can find you something more suited to you." And she drew a card from her pocketbook and wrote an address on it with a little gold pencil and handed it to Juan.

He managed to stammer his thanks, and she left him without knowing what she had said him from. Sleep did not come to Juan that night. Looking over his next morning's paper his eyes fell upon the following announcement:

"Don Jaime de Penafior, who died recently at Madrid, has left his entire fortune to his nephew, Juan Rodriguez de Penafior, who left Spain some years ago. Every effort is being made to find him."

The beautiful singer Olympia had just returned to Paris from a successful tour through Europe, and every seat in the house was sold for the opening night.

When the actress entered her dressing room on the table lay a large bunch of lilies of the valley, and beside them a small jeweler's box. She opened it and saw lying on the white velvet a beautiful heart of pearls of exquisite workmanship. The name on the card was strange to her—"Don Juan de Penafior."

After her last-triumphant appearance that evening a card was brought to her bearing the same name. "I will see him," she said to the boy. When he came, she recognized him instantly, and it was her turn to be confused.

An Unprofessional Model.

The sun, declining on the coast of Norway, made the wide fiord shimmer like liquid gold. In the purple mountains, Christine sat at the foot of the cliff dreaming—not that she was asleep, but lost in reverie.

He dropped his oars, entranced at the unexpected and lovely vision. The flower-like face of the girl, the quaint costume—a short brown woolen skirt, a chemise of snowy linen, a black velvet bodice and a red stocking cap on her gleaming hair.

Christine started with surprise as he leaped from the boat, but was reassured by the respectful manner in which he addressed her.

"I beg your pardon for intruding," said he, politely. "I had no idea there was any one in this region here myself. But will you kindly tell me the name of this place?" It was a marvelously beautiful place.

"That is the Naerford," she replied, and her eyes seemed fathoms deep as she spoke. "It is very beautiful, but a sad thing happened here."

"What was that?" Do tell me," he asked, at the same time making mental notes of the lovely model he intended to reproduce on the other side of the sea.

"Many years ago," she went on, "a beautiful maiden lived on this mountain, and she sang so sweetly in the evening that all were charmed who listened to her. She was merry and happy, and her songs were gay as any bird's. But one day a stranger came in his boat—even as you come now—and, hearing the maiden sing as she sat here, he praised her and said many things which pleased her. And after that they met here every evening during the summer time, and she was so happy she sang only for love of him. Though he lived in a distant country, she consented to become his bride. He promised to come for her when the leaves fell in the forest, but he did not come. The snow covered the mountains and the spring melted it, and then she knew she would see him no more. And her sad songs seemed like a moan as the wind carried them out to sea, till one night a terrible storm swept the fiord and the girl did not come home. They found her there by the rock in the morning, where the waves had washed her body on the sand. And some say that on stormy nights you can hear her moaning by the cliffs, for she still mourns for the lover who promised to come. I never sit here at sunset but I think of her."

"Thank you," responded the artist. "I didn't know the story, but I can quite believe it of such a place as this. Do you live on the mountain?" And he noted the small feet and the delicate hands, which did not look as if they had ever done much work.

"Yes; I have lived here with grandfather since I was a little child. My parents were lost at sea. Would you like to see grandfather?" she asked, without a shadow of mistrust or apprehension. "He is very fond of company."

The artist readily assenting, Christine led him through the gorge to the other side of the mountain, where a fine old house stood in its shelter.

The old sailor looked a true descendant of the vikings as he sat on the porch, from where he could view the fiord in all its changing majesty.

He welcomed the traveler royally, and a servant brought him a draft of wine and some curious confections. Christine sat at grandfather's feet listening to his wonderful tales of the northern seas, and the moon was high in the heavens when the artist departed, after promising the old man to return the next day for a sail in his queer looking vessel.

The rooms of the art club were thronged with artists, connoisseurs, patrons and men of wealth and fashion. In one corner a butterfly group of girls hovered around a canvas marked "384."

"Oh, what is that?" "Did you ever see anything so charming?" "What lovely hair!" "What is it called?" The catalogue answered the question: "An Evening Dream in Norway," by O. B."

Suddenly there was a hush, and the admiring group turned to look at a fair, golden haired girl who had just entered talking to a distinguished looking man. Though dressed in the prevailing fashion, there could be no mistaking her. She was undoubtedly the original of the Norwegian maiden in "384."

Not without result had this man with the keen sense of romance spent two months amid the enchanting atmosphere of the Norwegian lakes and mountains in company with the old and Norseman and his lovely granddaughter. Unlike the lover in the ancient legend, he did not promise to return for his bride, but won and married her on the very mountain where at sunset he had first seen her dreaming by the fiord and carried her off to his western home to inspire him in his art forever.—Boston Post.