

Eugene City Guard

SATURDAY..... MARCH 24

OREGON SENATORS.

The cartoon on the third page fitly illustrates the poverty of leadership in the Republican party of Oregon. George McBride and Joseph Simon hold seats in the United States senate once occupied by a Baker, NeSmith, Williams, Grover and Mitchell. It is a sad commentary on the apathy and indifference of the voters of a great party that the election of such men could be made possible.

And Simon and McBride are candidates for reelection. If the Republican party holds a majority of the legislatures of 1901 and 1903 the probabilities are they will be reelected. Not but that there are many other broad, brazen men that would honor the places and bring credit to the state if elected to the positions. They will not be. These pigmy politicians hold the party reins, and there is not even a faint protest against such leadership. The tail swings the dog.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC GULF TERMINUS.

Galveston, Texas, will soon become the terminus of the Southern Pacific railroad and Atlantic steamship lines. The change from New Orleans will save one hundred miles of steamship travel, and nearly as much in railroad mileage. When the vast business of the Southern Pacific is considered it will be realized that a saving of two hundred miles on through freight will represent no small sum.

The Huntington control of the Southern Pacific has resulted in great betterment of its business. And the country it supplies with transportation facilities has been benefited and given farer consideration than under the previous management.

MODERN SCIENCE OF MURDER.

Civilization is advancing apace in the old world. In 1896, Austria spent four and a half times as much on her army and navy as on education; Italy, eight times; France five times; and Russia, twelve times as much. Only \$754,000,000 will be needed to provide the armies of Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy and France with the Mauser rifle.

These guns and munitions of war are to be paid for out of the hard earned wage of the soldiers. They will be used to kill men. And this is called an age of humanitarianism and civilization!

Portland Oregonian editorial, March 15: "Representative Tongue is reported as saying that he is more convinced that Puerto Rico ought not to be admitted to free commercial intercourse with the United States. This means that in his opinion our new insular possessions should be held under a system of imperial government, and not be permitted to participate to full extent in the advantages of connection with the sovereign country. The Oregonian will tell Mr. Tongue that he cannot be reelected on this issue. Besides, if he makes it as to Puerto Rico, why doesn't he make it as to Hawaii? Do the Republican madmen in congress desire their party to win in the general election of this year, or care whether it shall win or not? Are they so blind as to imagine they have a sure thing, and may do as they please?"

Some people affect to see an inconsistency in our treatment of Porto Rico. The island was taken from the Spanish and made a part of this country without the consent of the governed; then it was declared not in the country and a tariff put up between it and us; then this government pours out millions to keep the people from starving, after paying no attention to this condition which has been going on for months, thus, in effect,

acknowledging our care and protection, accorded only to one's own people; then we maintain a standing army in the country which, it is claimed, we do not want.

Granite, the new mining town of Baker county, is not incorporated and saloon licenses must be procured through petition. The last issue of the Gem newspaper of that place devotes considerable profitable space in its advertising columns to notices of "Petition for liquor license." From the number of the same, and the names appended thereto one would naturally suppose that the average Granite citizen had little else to do than sign saloon license petitions as they were carried about.

Japanese statesmen deny that the extensive additions to armament, and war preparations being made in Japan, are for any other purpose than self defense. Of course not. Japan acted merely in self defense when she took China by the throat, but was compelled to relinquish most of the spoils of war by Russia and England. She is merely preparing herself to meet those bullies on their own terms should occasion again require.

Direct lines of shipment have given California dealers control of the China and Japan flour markets, and the consequence is seen in the shipment of the superior Oregon product under cover of flashy California labeled sacks.

Wednesday the Register stated that Hon. A. C. Woodcock would support Tongue for congress. Today it says he has no favorite. Which statement is correct?

Sympathy for the Jennings' and Bruneau.

The big legal victory of the Jennings brothers and Chas. Bruneau for possession of the rich Helena mine in the Bohemia district was demonstratively celebrated at Cottage Grove. The Nugget of March 16, says: "When Tuesday's north bound noon train brought the Jennings brothers, Pat and Dick' and Chas. Bruneau home from Roseburg, a large crowd of enthusiasts were at the depot to receive them. After the usual handshaking and hearty congratulations, the crowd centered upon 'Dick'—big-hearted, jolly 'Dick'—as the hero of the hour, and accordingly a big turkey feather was stuck in his hat and he was loaded upon the shoulders of his admirers and packed off toward town. However his avoirdupois told on the boys and their physical enthusiasm went back on them before they had carried the big fellow a hundred yards."

The Helena Mine Case.

The March term of circuit court was finished today, the last jury having been discharged yesterday evening.

This forenoon the motion of the defendants in the mining case of Warner et al vs Bruneau et al, to dissolve the injunction now existing, was argued. The plaintiffs did not file a motion for a new trial, but instead gave notice of an appeal to the supreme court.

The injunction was dissolved by Judge Hamilton, after hearing the arguments, and this action will allow the Jennings Bros. and their colleagues to proceed with their work upon the Helena or Badger mine.

TO MEET COLONEL BRYAN.—Oregonian: A large reception committee, consisting of every member of the democratic, silver republican and the people's party state central committees, will meet Colonel William J. Bryan at the state boundary, March 27, and escort him until he departs for the sister state on the north. This large reception committee has been appointed by the chairman of the three respective state central committees. Of the democratic party, R. S. Sheridan, of Roseburg, acts in this capacity; Seneca Smith, of Multnomah, for the silver republicans, and R. Williams of Ashland, for the people's party. These chairmen have instructed all the members of the three committees to attend on the date named, without fail, that the distinguished leader in politics may be impressed with Oregon's fealty to the cause he champions. John C. Welsh is the democratic member for Multnomah, and Ernest Knoener the populist. These men expect to leave here March 26, that all may assemble in Ashland in time for the reception on the morning of the 27th. Doubtless Mr. Bryan will have his own private car, so that there will be no need of arranging any special vehicle.

Commissioners Court.

F W Dublin, serving district attorney subpoenas	1 00
E U Lee, stamps and express	9 35
W W Withers, sheriff, telegraphing	3 13
Harry Bown, deputy sheriff, services	20 00
Alex Orne, serving district attorney subpoenas	1 50
Wm Frazz, serving district attorney subpoenas	2 50
J M Howe, deputy sheriff	13 75
J S Stiles, constable fees	70
Deputy sheriffs appointed: W J Holland, S H Mulkey, N G Hays	Harry L Bown, James Frazz
Eugene Register printing	49 50
R M Trout, juror	5 00
W W Moore, printing	1 50
W W Withers, sheriff, expenses in criminal cases	25 62
N G Hays, deputy sheriff	2 50
E A Bond, extending tax roll	40 65
J M Holland, deputy sheriff	24 00
Glass & Prudhomme, blanks	3 45
F L Gibbs, deputy clerk, labor on probate records	22 00
H D Edwards, county commissioner	35 00
Fifty cords of fir wood let for \$20 per cord to J I Barbe, 10 cords of oak to Peder J Hansen at the price of \$25 per cord.	
S Street resigned as road supervisor; accepted. George Burns appointed to fill vacancy.	
In the matter of the petition of J W Walters for the dedication of the Long Tom river and tributaries as a public highway; petition granted.	
In the matter of the contract between Lane county and J W Walters in regard to the use of the Long Tom and tributaries for floating saw logs, timber etc; contract ordered.	
Court canvassed the following claims for scalp bounties and found them to be valid, to-wit:	
Marta Logsdon, 1 wild cat scalp	\$2 00
Clifford Grousbek, 7 wild cat scalps	14 00
Walter Joy, one wild cat scalp	2 00
Chas Powell, 1 cougar scalp	2 00
H D Baughman, 1 coyote scalp	2 00
Y A Yarnell, 1 wild cat scalp	2 00
G W Woolly, 1 wild cat scalp	2 00
J W Wyoff, 5 wild cat scalps	10 00
Gum Stafford, 1 coyote scalp	2 00
Frank Diers, 2 wild cat scalps	4 00
G E Carpenter, 1 coyote and 1 wild cat scalp	4 00
Peter S Metz, 4 wild cat scalps	8 00
J H Belknap, 2 wild cat scalps	4 00
J E Simms, 1 wildcat scalp	2 00
E E Walker, 6 wildcat scalps	12 00
W H Walker, 1 coyote scalp	2 00
Wyman A Renne, 5 wildcat scalps	10 00

Florence Mill Notes.

The Sautert mill machinery is on board the steamer, being conveyed to the Siuslaw.

Mr Wm. Kyle, representing the chief factor of a corporation recently organized on the Siuslaw, will build a large mill near the old Burnett place in Florence. Its capacity will probably be something like 60,000 feet per day.

Mr. O. W. Hard, the Florence merchant, is erecting a sawmill just above the creamery at Acme. This mill will be of about 35,000 feet capacity daily. No piling will be driven, as the rock formation upon which the mill is to rest forms a good foundation. The sills are gotten out of cedar from the South slope. With this new enterprise, by next summer the Siuslaw valley will have at least four large mills operating for the manufacture of lumber, cutting daily something like 250,000 feet.

MORE FACTS.—Salem Journal: "In the Linn county tax levy about twelve mills is for state school and state taxes, leaving the Linn county levy a little less than three mills. Linn county on this tax has built a new courthouse and hospital, and bought 120 acres of the best land in the county and paid for it, and has issued no warrants and paid no interest on county warrants for four years."

Walls Walla millers send to the Orient 1000 to 4000 barrels of flour monthly.

In Tacoma 6374 men have registered for the city election that is to take place April 3.

Fairhaven makes about half the salmon cans used on Puget Sound—20,000 out of 50,000—and also fills them with fish.

Though William Freunt confessed in Spokane that he had murdered August Zaspel, Judge Richardson has decided that a jury trial will be necessary to determine, under this statute, the degree of the offense.

An infant, weighing less than 1 1/2 pounds, was recently born in Umatilla county to Mr and Mrs E Hodgen.

Eastern men have located 23 timber claims at the head of the Calapoosia during the last 30 days.

M. B. Smith, Butternut, Mich., says, "DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the very best pills I have ever used for constiveness, liver and bowel troubles." Vincent & Co., Corner Drug Store.

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, "to advise a girl to marry for money and nothing else. But I know few things so worrying as a long engagement to a poor man who lives almost upon hope."

"The girl had not looked down. Her eyes were blazing. "I would rather you explained yourself," she said, and though her voice was low, there was intense passion in it. "There is no need you should beat about the bush. You are hitting at me and Bertie, of course."

"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 are the oldest of the family. If you marry well, it may mean much to your sisters; every one thinks that the standard is set by the way the eldest sister marries."

Muriel stifled a little half cry. She looked round at her sisters, but none of them glanced up; all were in sympathy with their mother. If Muriel married Colonel Corbet, there might be a good time for all of them; if, as they termed it, she "stuck" to Lieutenant Bertie, their participation in the joys of married life would be simply a "come over and help us" when any domestic crisis occurred.

"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.

It was the night before Omdurman. The officers of the Anglo-Egyptian army sat in council. "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."

So with "Good night, good night," they took their ways to their quarters. Colonel Corbet going alone to his. He had not gone far when he heard quick steps behind him. He turned, his hand instinctively on his sword; treachery was not unknown. "But the moonlight shone upon a haggard young face, on despairing eyes, on the queen's uniform. The colonel's hand dropped from his sword.

"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 have it in your power to give, will you give it to me? We English always fight best when we fight almost against hope, and I've none. I want a bullet to find its billet here—here," striking his breast.

They had reached the colonel's quarters and entered together. Just behind the colonel a curtain hung. He had seen it move; had seen a dark hand just creeping round the edge.

There was no time to say anything, no time to consider. In a moment he had whipped out his pistol and fired; in another moment he had sprung up and stood with his back to the colonel's chair.

In an instant two swords pushed the curtain aside. Two dark, evil looking men glared out. In less time than it takes to narrate one fell with a groan, a bullet in his heart, and almost before the colonel's sword was out of its scabbard Bertie staggered back to the table, a sword thrust in his breast, and dragging the curtain with him. The other traitor dropped to the ground.

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 asunder of body and soul, made the miniature slip from his hand.

The colonel put it back, clasped his hand over the helpless fingers and held them so, but not before he had seen with a start whose face was there, and his own was very pale.

Two months later, in the drawing room of her mother's house, Muriel waited for her elderly lover.

"I am glad to see you home," she said. "You have been wounded?"

"Yes," he answered, and he forgot the scar. "I have been wounded. Was it quite fair to me, Muriel? 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.

A BULKY RECEIPT.

The Bank Depositor Had Something to Show For His Money. A man with a German accent and a fierce red mustache walked into one of the banks the other day and announced that he wanted to open an account. He was directed to the proper official and from a well worn belt extracted \$500. This sum he handed through the window.

The bank official shoved the big signature book toward the depositor for his signature. Just then the official's attention was attracted in another direction. When, a second later, he turned around, the man with the red mustache was coolly walking toward the door with the book, which contained the signatures of all the depositors in the bank, tucked under his arm.

The assistant cashier yelled: "Hold on, there!"

But the Teuton pursued his even course toward the street. The official rushed from behind his counter and caught the new depositor just as he reached the door.

"What are you doing with that book?" demanded the bank official angrily, laying hold of the precious volume.

"Why, I thought that was the receipt for my \$500!" answered the German, completely bewildered.

In the same bank a well dressed woman called to deposit \$300.

The assistant cashier pushed the signature book toward her, after receiving the deposit.

"Sign your name there," said the official, indicating the proper place.

The woman took up the pen and made a show of writing, but the steel point never touched the paper. After a few more fancy flourishes in the air the woman handed back the pen, saying:

"Last summer I used to write my name all right, but for some reason I can't do it now."

The bank official directed her to make an "X" in the book.—Chicago Journal.

TWO MEAN TOWNS.

The Stories That the Traveling Men Told About Them.

They were talking about bad towns. "The meanest place I ever was in," said the man who travels for a Chicago house, "is down in Massachusetts. Say, do you know what happened while I was stopping there once? A man had fallen through a hole in a sidewalk and sustained injuries that resulted in the loss of his right arm. He sued the city for damages, and the case was tried before a jury, which, the papers said, was composed of representative citizens. Well, what do you suppose they did to him? Brought in a verdict in favor of the city, holding that inasmuch as he was left handed his injury didn't amount to anything."

"Yes," the cigar man said, "that's a pretty mean town, I admit, but I know of a worse one. This place is in Pennsylvania. An acquaintance of mine down there was injured some time ago in pretty much the same way the man you mentioned got hurt. He fell on a bad sidewalk and lost one of his legs. He sued the city, and didn't get anything. I never heard just why, but probably because the jurors didn't believe he needed more than one leg in his business, seeing that he was a barber and couldn't have a razor or shave a man with his foot anyway. But wait, I haven't come to the point at which the real meanness developed. Being a poor man, he couldn't afford to buy a cork leg, so he had to get along with a wooden peg, and one day while he was crossing the principal street this peg in some way got wedged between a couple of paving stones right in the middle of the street car track. It took them nearly an hour to get him loose, and what do you suppose happened then? Blamed if they didn't go and fine him \$10 and costs for obstructing traffic!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Why a Cemetery Fence? It was a Maine graveyard, and the fence thereof was in a most disreputable condition.

Some of the neighbors were trying to start a movement to put a new fence around the cemetery, and it was meeting with general approval till the caustic wit of Darius Howard was aroused. "What for?" he inquired. "What's the need of fencing the graveyard? There ain't no one inside that wants to come out, and I'm darn sure there ain't any one outside that wants to get in. So what's the need of the fence?" And the fence was not built till folk had ceased to chuckle over the thrust of Darius.—Lewiston Journal.

Wherein They Differed. Dr. Emily Blackwell, one of the pioneers of her sex in medicine, heard a young physician deliver a fierce diatribe against opening the doors of the profession to women. When he ceased, she asked:

"Will you please tell me one reason why they should not practice medicine?"

"Certainly, madam. They haven't the muscle, the brawn, the physical strength."

"I see, sir. Your conception of a sickroom is a slaughter house. Mine is not."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Dogs and Men. The puppy, as such, thinks every one is his friend. As he grows up he curbs his enthusiasm. When an old dog with gray jaws, he only glares at people who call to him. Human beings have many canine traits, including four teeth of the sort used by man's best friend.—New York World.

Quick is the succession of human events. The cares of today are seldom the cares of tomorrow, and when we lie down at night we may say to most of our troubles, "Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."

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.

Of 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. The only certainty felt about her was that her reputation was irreproachable and that she kept the scores of adorners constantly rotating about her at a respectful distance.

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. He seemed different from the others; his bearing was dignified, his face refined, his manners perfect. That he had suffered some misfortune she felt as sure as that he was worthy of something better than a humble part in a fairy opera.

When the play was over, she pointed him out to the manager.

"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 saved 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.

"You are not M. Chatelain?" she said. "No, mademoiselle; I have come to my own again," he replied simply. "But I have never forgotten your kindness."

"I must thank you for your gifts," said Olympia. "The flowers I will keep, but the pearls I must ask you to take, as I cannot accept them. They are much too precious for a singer who thinks only of her art."

"If Olympia cannot accept them as a singer, can she not do so as the promised wife of the Marquis de Penafior?" At the close of Olympia's Paris engagement a simple wedding took place at a little suburban chapel covered with ivy. The bride carried lilies of the valley and her only ornament was a heart of pearls.—From the French.

Flowers in New York Hotels.

Flowers have come to be nearly as important a department in some of the New York hotels as the more material features of their administration, and one of them employs five florists, who attend to the decoration of the tables. In the public restaurants, by the terms of the contract with the dealer who supplies the hotel with flowers, he is compelled every 24 hours to supply an entirely fresh stock. Even the blossoms, which are but little faded, cannot be used in preparing the decorations for the next day. Three of the men employed to take care of the flowers work during the day, while their associates devote their time to the evening hours. The flowers which have been used only one day are not wasted, nor do they follow the gradual decline which ultimately leads to the street peddler. The dealer who supplies them uses them for frequent private dinners, dances and other social incidents which occur almost daily at the hotels.—New York Sun.