

Eugene City Guard

SAURDAY.....MAY 5

COUNTY INDEBTEDNESS.

Fallacy of Figuring Uncollected Taxes as Available Resources Exposed.

State Journal, April 28. Of the taxes levied last year to pay the expenses of the ensuing year about \$66,000 are yet due and payable, and it is said if these were paid in and applied on outstanding warrants the debt would be only \$47,000.

That is assuming that taxes, which are levied only once a year to pay the expenses of the ensuing year, can all be applied on outstanding debts, leaving nothing for expenses during the next twelve months, when the report shows that the expenses of the last six months were over \$29,000, and if they should continue the same for the next twelve months they would require \$58,000, of the \$66,000 now on the tax roll, and as some is uncollectible, there would be very little if any reduction of the indebtedness at this time next year.

At any rate the debt is now about \$118,000, with taxes enough due to pay current expenses and reduce the debt a little provided expenses are reduced, but at the present rate the debt would remain about the same. To assume that the taxes of one whole year are all to be applied in reducing the debt and that there are to be no expenses until the taxes of the next year are collected is too absurd to mislead any person who cares to be fair and understand plain facts.

TAYLOR'S BUSINESS QUALIFICATIONS.

The Register comes to the defense of J. L. Taylor, Republican candidate for county commissioner. It says:

J. L. Taylor, republican nominee for county commissioner, was the united choice of the western end of the county when the delegates from that portion came up to the convention, and his splendid qualification for the position made him the harmonious choice of the republican party of the county. He is a man of splendid judgment and excellent business qualities and as a firm believer in practical economy in county affairs is just the man to place in that responsible position. He will have the united support of his party, which should be equivalent to election.

The Register fails to mention what Mr. Taylor's "splendid qualification for the position" consists of. Most people believe that county commissioners should be selected from practical farmers who have made a success of their own affairs.

The Lane county tax rolls show that Mr. Taylor pays only thirty-six cents tax, and that is a special tax of one cent a head on thirty six sheep. Of the \$60,000, or thereabouts, that the taxpayers will contribute this year for county purposes Mr. Taylor will not contribute one cent. He will not pay one cent of tax of the twenty-three and one half mills levy which must be met by the taxpayers of Lane county to the extent of \$149,011.41 for school, state and county purposes this year.

And yet the Register advocates the election of such a man to take a very responsible part in the disbursement of the \$250,000 that will be required to defray county expenses during the next four years!

J. R. Hill, Citizen's candidate for COUNTY COMMISSIONER, pays \$113 tax.

THE STREET CORNER ORATOR

The man who stands on the street corner and abuses a newspaper because it has different opinions from his own reaches an audience of possibly a score of people. The newspaper goes into hundreds of homes and finds readers throughout the field in which it circulates. And the man that stands on the street corner and pours out his venom can say anything, however

unjust, without fear of being called to a lawful accounting. With the newspaper it is different. A strict libel law has a place in our statutes, and the newspaper proprietor is not only liable for financial damage, but for criminal prosecution when he wrongs a fellow man by untruthful and malicious statement.

When you hear the street corner orator prate remember the responsibility that attaches to his utterances and those of the newspaper he calls in question. Eugene has some impecunious orators of this class to whom the GUARD may feel compelled to devote special attention.

TARIFF MADE TRUSTS.

Andrew Carnegie is out in the May Century Magazine with an article claiming that trusts are a benefit to the country. Carnegie really means that they are a benefit to men of his ilk. Carnegie has been made a multi-millionaire by tariff benefactions. And the people not only gave those millions, but many other millions to favored governmental beneficiaries.

Trusts are built on the tariff. When home competition becomes too severe the manufacturers pool their interests in trusts, and protected from outside competition by a protective tariff rob the people at will.

ASSETS DON'T DRAW INTEREST.

Partisan statisticians are showing that Marion and Lane counties have really no indebtedness as incoming taxes will pay up all debts. This is the old song. But the alleged assets do not draw interest or stop interest.

The Dalles Times-Mountaineer alludes to the facility with which Portland piled up votes for cash-in-hand candidates at previous elections:

The Oregonian prints in big black type at the head of its editorial columns the announcement that six thousand voters in Multnomah county have not registered. Possibly a good many Portland voters have not registered, but the Oregonian no doubt bases its calculation upon the past vote of the county when there was a lot of repeaters and illegal voters. Under the registration law there will be none of this, and the vote of Multnomah county will probably fall short a couple of thousand.

Do not forget that before you can cast a vote at the coming state and presidential elections your name must be on the register. The time is now on to have your name put there. If not registered before May 15 you cannot vote. You can register before any notary public or justice of the peace free of cost, or at the courthouse in the county clerk's office. Do not neglect to register.

Danger of Ocean Wrecks

It is stated that the Atlantic Ocean contains many wrecked vessels which drift hither and thither, and as their positions change with the winds and tides they are a constant menace to ocean traffic. Because of the great expense they are not destroyed until they have inflicted actual damage. How like this is the action of many persons, who wait until they are ill before treating such dangerous symptoms as indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, liver or kidney troubles. Don't allow them to menace your health. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will clear the system of all impurities, making the blood rich and the nerves strong. It cures all stomach disorders and is an unequalled spring medicine. See that a private revenue stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

No Right to Ugliness

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation and kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good looking charming woman of a run down invalid. Only 50 cents at W. L. DeFano's drug store.

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

She sat on the sliding cushion, The dear, wee woman of four, Her feet, in their snug slippers, Hung dangling over the floor. She meant to be good—she had promised— And so, with her big, lustrous eyes, She stared at the meeting house windows And counted the crawling flies. She looked far up at the preacher, But she thought of the honeybees Droning away at the blossoms That whitened the cherry trees; She thought of a broken basket Where, curled in a dusky heap, Three sleek, round puppies with fringed ears Lay snuggled and fast asleep. Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle; Such queer little hearts to beat; Such swift, round tongues to kiss; Such sprawling, cushiony feet! She could feel in her clasping fingers The touch of the satiny skin And a cold, wet nose exploring The dimples under her chin. Then a sudden ripple of laughter Ran over the parted lips She quick that she ought not catch it With her rosy finger tips. The people whispered, "Bless the child!" As each one waked from a nap, Her face lit up like a star, Her eyes shone like her mother's face For shame in her mother's lap. —Pittsburg Times.

DYING LIKE A GENTLEMAN

A Story of Australian Gold Hunters.

A dozen men sat around a campfire alongside the trail which led from Hope Valley to Woono Walla.

The trail was 300 miles long and ran up hill and down, over plain and through scrub and now and then crossed a river or climbed a mountain.

The feet of 3,000 Australian gold hunters, accompanied for half the distance by wagons and pack horses, had left such a plain road behind that the next 3,000 could not go astray.

At no point on the trail could a dozen worse men have been picked out than the 12 who sat around Jim Agnew's campfire. They had banded together because they were bad. Had they traveled singly they would have fared badly at the hands of the crowd.

At 9 o'clock at night with every man ripe for mischief from the liquor he had imbibed, the camp had a caller—two of them.

A man turned in from the trail and passed the fire and halted in the midst of the quarrelling gang and dropped a burden from his back. It was a little girl 7 or 8 years old and sound asleep.

He spread a blanket from under a man and spread it out to make a bed for the child, and he tucked her up with tender hand before he straightened up and looked about him and said: "I carried her on my back from Sydney to Hope Valley, and, finding the rush on, I'm bound for Woono Walla."

"And who may you be?" queried Jim Agnew of the stranger. "A gentleman, sir, or the creek of a gentleman," was the reply. "You can call me Scott."

"And is this your child?" "No, I've heard of my ex-partner, Mr. Joe Taylor. He was another work of a gentleman. She was motherless, and when he died a few weeks ago he left her in my charge. Couldn't refuse to take her, sir—no gentleman could. Very interesting young person; bound to make a lady if properly reared and educated. She'll be waking up directly, and then we'll thank you for a bite to eat."

It was bearding the lion in his den. After two or three minutes the men recovered from their feelings of astonishment, and then there was resentment at the cool and nifty way their camp had been invaded.

The man before them was ragged and unkempt, and dissipation was to be read in every line of his face, but yet instinct told them that he was not of their ilk.

No matter what he was now, he had one day been a gentleman. There were nutcrackers and threats, and presently Jim Agnew said: "Say, I've heard of you! You are Scott, the gambler. You used to hang out at Red Hills."

"Your information is correct, sir. I used to be a gentleman. Then I was Scott, the gambler. At present I am Scott, the wreck of a gentleman and guardian of that child. Quite correct, sir."

"Hang your gentleman business!" shouted Jim as his temper began to boil up. "Say, boys, let's chip in and buy the kid. Mebbe she'll bring more luck than a humpback."

"See, let's buy the kid!" shouted half a dozen men in chorus. "Gentlemen," said the gambler as he waved his hand toward the girl, who had been awakened by the shouts, "permit me to introduce Miss Ethel Taylor of Sydney, daughter of Mr. Joseph Taylor, deceased, ex-convict, gambler, sinner and bad 'un generally. In dying he left her in charge of his partner, the wreck of a gentleman, who has now been a day and a half without food, but who wouldn't sell out his trust 'or all the gold in Australia."

"You'd better take a walk!" exclaimed Agnew after a long look at the gambler. "After the girl has eaten, sir," was the quiet reply. "The girl stays here."

"Not unless I am dead." The man Agnew backed off a few feet and pulled a revolver from his belt and raised his arm until the muzzle was on a line with the gambler's right eye. The arm rested there, and as his fingers curled around the trigger he said: "I'll give you till I count five."

"My dear Ethel, good night and good-by," said Scott as he half turned and lifted his ragged cap to the girl. She did not rise up nor call out. Agnew meant to kill the man before him

If he did not move off, but after his words to the girl his arm slowly fell. There was silence for a minute, and then the boss of the gang said: "Cuss me, but you've got nerve! Sit down with the gal and fill up."

It was accounted a strange thing with the "rangers" to see a little girl among that band of "bad 'uns," each taking turn and turn about to carry her on his back, and both guardian and ward found themselves among friends.

Indeed before the new diggings were reached Jim Agnew and Scott were accounted "partners." It was stranger yet that little Ethel had a liking for Jim.

At Woono Walla the child shared the tent or shanty with the two men. Child though she was, Scott treated her with almost as much formality as if she had been a girl of 20.

Agnew treated her as a child, and though his ways were rough and his speech shocked her at times, he won her heart more than the other. Disappointment awaited hundreds of the rushers to Woono Walla. One night, tired and discouraged, the two men sat smoking their pipes in silence for an hour, while the child played about or watched them and wondered if they had quarreled. By and by Scott looked up quietly and said: "Jim, we are downed here."

"For sure," was the reply. "Let's move on." "Where?" "Up the creek, down, over the hills, anywhere for her sake. I'm down to stay down, and the end is not far away, but I'd like to make a stake for her."

In the gray of the morning they took their way over the hills, one carrying the packs and the other the girl. Fifty miles away, on the banks of Brawling creek, they made a camp and two hours later were prospecting for gold. They found sufficient to encourage them to persevere, but not in quantities to rejoice over. On the third day the men left the girl asleep and moved farther down the creek.

She awoke and went searching for them up stream. She had walked for a quarter of a mile, calling as she went, when in trying to clamber up a bank she caught at and uprooted a bush.

With the dirt and stones a nugget of gold rolled down into the stream and lay there like a spot of sunshine. An hour later Scott threw down his pack and said: "Jim, it's the richest spot on the face of the globe. There'll be a rush here, of course, but we'll have our claim entered first. I'll start for Woono Walla within half an hour."

In 30 minutes he was on his way over the hills, and in three days he was back again. It would have been no use to try to hide the new find. He had to state its location in order to file his claim, and the very official who made good his paper was at his heels as he made his way back to camp.

"I've got it," he said to his partner after picking up the girl and kissing her. "Here it is—the 'Ethel claim.' There'll be enough for both of you—aye, enough to make a dozen men rich!"

After supper that night the child climbed upon Scott's knee, and he stroked her hair until she fell asleep. For a long time after he had gently laid her down there was silence between the two men. He was the first to break it by saying: "Jim, the girl is to go back to Sydney and be brought up a lady."

"Yes," replied Jim. "I'll square with her and give her half."

"For sure, but where do you come in?" Scott sat in the door of the shanty, with his face upturned to the full moon. It was three or four minutes before he replied: "Jim, you can't understand."

"But we've got gold—barrels of gold!" "And I'm an old man—a drunkard, a gambler, a swindler, a wreck. Money could only bring new vices—new degradations. Can you understand?" "No, hanged if I can!"

"But you were not born and reared a gentleman. I wanted to make a stake for the girl. I've made it."

"And now what?" asked Jim. "Scott knelt down beside the sleeping child and kissed her. When he arose, he held out his hand to his partner and said: "Goodby, old man; give her a square divide."

"And you—"

"Hush! Don't wake her!" He passed out into the moonlight and up to the creek. Next morning they found his dead body half a mile beyond the last campfire.

"Yes, he was my partner," said Jim as they called him to look at the dead man.

"And why did he kill himself?" "Because he couldn't forget that he was once a gentleman."—Philadelphia Press.

Strange Life in Argentina. Professor Lawrence Bruner, who spent the year 1898 investigating the grasshopper plague in Argentina, says that only Australia could match Argentina in the singularity of its life forms. It is a country where everything protects itself.

The trees have thorns, the grasses and weeds are provided with thorns and sharp blades and herbaceous plants are shielded with burs. Forests exist where rains are scarce, and natives say that sometimes when heavy rains fall the trees die from too much moisture. Some birds, belonging to the same order as our waterfowl, avoid water. Many Argentina birds possess spurs on their wings.

Accommodating. "If I give you a slice of bread, will you eat the crust?" "Yes'm. An of you gimme piece of cheese, ma'am, I'll eat de rind."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SCIENCE OF DREAMS.

Results of a Series of Experiments by a German Professor.

Sleep is not "the brother of death," as the poets have said from Homer to Shelley; but, on the contrary, "sleep is the brother of life." So Professor Baschide asserts, who, in an article in the Naturwissenschaften Rundschau, gives an account of his "experiments upon 36 dreamers." His subjects were of various ages, from 1 year to 80 years.

In some cases his observations were continued during the whole night and in others for a great part of the night. He watched and recorded every movement of the physiognomy, every change of the limbs and every speech or sound uttered by the unconscious dreamers. The depth of the sleep was also carefully measured, while from time to time the dreamers were awakened, but without their own perception that the awakening was intentional.

The professor obtained, as he writes at the end of the following results: (1) We dream throughout the whole of our sleep, even in that deepest sleep which we imagine to be "dreamless." (2) There is an intimate connection between the depth of our sleep and the character of our dreams. The deeper the sleep the further back travels the retrospect into the past experiences of life and also the more remote are the contents of the dream from reality. In a light sleep, on the contrary, the subject of the dream relates to the experiences and excitements of the day and has a character of probability. (3) In a comatose sleep the professor thinks there may perhaps be no dreaming. (4) Persons who assert that they do not dream "are the victims of physical delusion." (5) Dreams of a moderate character remain longest in the memory. The wilder the dream the sooner it is forgotten.—London News.

THE STONE OF GRATITUDE.

An Old Roman Legend That Treats of the Topaz.

The topaz is called the stone of gratitude, and the old Roman books record the following legend from which the stone derives its attribute: The blind Emperor Theodosius used to hang a brazen gong before his palace gates and sit beside it on certain days, hearing and putting to rights the grievances of any of his subjects.

Those who wished for his advice and help had but to sound the gong, and immediately admission into the presence of Caesar was obtained.

One day a great snake crept up to the gate and struck the brazen gong with her coils, and Theodosius gave orders that no one should molest the creature and bade her tell him her wish. The snake bent her crest lowly in homage and straightaway told the following tale:

Her nest was at the base of the gateway tower, and while she had gone to find food for her young brood a strange being covered with sharp needles had invaded her home, killed the nestlings and now held possession of the little dwelling. Would Caesar grant her justice?

The emperor gave orders for the porcupine to be slain and the mother to be restored to her desolate nest. Night fell, and the sleeping world had forgotten the emperor's kindly deed, but with the early dawn a great serpent glided into the palace, up the steps and into the royal chamber and laid upon each of the emperor's closed eyelids a gleaming topaz. When Emperor Theodosius awoke, he found he was no longer blind, for the mother snake had paid her debt of gratitude.—Exchange.

Doesn't Travel For Fun.

Far from being the great autocrat, the arbiter of things of magnitude, the president of a railway system, be it great or small, is a dealer in trifles, with a consideration for everything. Every accident, large or small, every occurrence by which the road is to lose a dollar or to make a dollar, comes to the notice of the president. The successful head of a railroad is the one who considers the details. He is the man who makes the profits, and he is the man who has to face the music at the directors' meeting.

When you see the bright, smooth running traveling palaces of the railway president trailing along behind the long string of passenger coaches, you can be as safe in the opinion that the occupant has not the softest snap on earth. You can also rest assured that if he is a success in his sphere he is not traveling for fun.—Omaha World-Herald.

A Question in History.

Some strangers, apparently hailing from the far west, were looking at the statue of Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat. Said one of them: "So this is the man who got up the steamboat, eh? Well, it only goes to show how a feller can be mistaken. Now, out in Pankin Ridge we always thought St. Jones fixed up the first steamboat ever run, in the year 1870. The whole county was out to see the Nancy Ann pass the Ridge, and everybody about there said as how St. Jones surely made himself famous by buildin' the first boat ever known to run."—Washington Times.

Too Businesslike.

Stella—Why on earth did Miss Peck's reject Mr. Boomer? He's making lots of money in the advertising business. Bella—Yes, and he proposed to her by mail in this fashion: "I can place in a few good papers of guaranteed circulation at a minimum cost the following notice (pure reading, top column): 'Engaged—Miss Birdie Peck to Mr. Hewlett Boomer.' If this proposition meets your approval, kindly sign and return by first mail."—Philadelphia Press.

Stood the Test.

Heeler—Smith is top of the heap now. He can have anything he wants in this town if he only doesn't get spoiled. Wheeler—He isn't spoiled yet, is he? Heeler—No. He's a good fellow. Wheeler—Well, if he isn't spoiled now he never will be. He was brought up by his grandparents.—Philadelphia Press.

MINING CAMP TRICKS.

One Instance Where a Scheme Worked and the Wrong Way.

"There is a great deal that is out of the ordinary in mining," said Samuel Mott of Boise City, Ida., "although I think from personal experience it is probably more so in the relation than in the actual happening. In every mining camp I have known there have always been charges that those working a vein had gone through into the next claim in taking out the ore, and consequently were taking out what wasn't theirs. These claims it was always difficult to substantiate, for the reason that the offender, of course, would not allow the offender to enter his workings, and without a survey it would be impossible to make out a case. Every subterfuge and excuse possible was resorted to to get into a suspected mine.

"I remember one case in an apex of a vein suit, where the workings had been temporarily shut down and a man called 'Johnny Come Lately,' heavily armed, was on guard. The other side had 'Johnny,' but had always failed, when one man, who knew that 'Johnny' was an enthusiastic hunter, hired an acquaintance of his to stroll by with a gun over his arm and to engage 'Johnny' in a conversation about 'bar.' It worked to a charm, and while he was thus engrossed they managed to slip in and survey the mine.

"Then there was the case of the Last Chance against the Tyler. In this case the workings happened to run together, and the Last Chance people were working the same vein from underneath that the Tyler owners were working from on top. Knowing they would sooner or later break through, the Tyler people prepared snudges—that is, saturated cordwood that would give forth a tremendous smoke—which, they hoped, would drive the Last Chance people out of their mine. But when they finally set it off it went the other way and made the Tyler workings absolutely untenable. Indeed three of the miners were overcome and were rescued only with great difficulty."—New York Tribune.

WOULDN'T INTRODUCE HIM.

The Young Woman Rather Thought She Needed the Introduction.

A young man with a beetling brow and a nice new necktie entered a law office in one of the big down town office buildings and inquired for a member of the firm, a Mr. Younger, whose name he pronounced with strict regard for the rules of orthoepy.

"Is Mr. Younger in?" he asked of the young woman stenographer, with whom he seemed to be acquainted. "You mean Mr. Younger?" she replied, pronouncing the "g" hard.

"Can it be he pronounces it that way?" asked the caller, feigning surprise. "Of course it's his privilege to pronounce it as he chooses; there's no set rule for pronouncing names. But you know Y-o-u-n-g-e-r doesn't spell Younger, but Young-er."

"No, I didn't know it," she answered as one who doesn't care. "But here he comes now. That's him going into his private office."

"Excuse me, but this isn't him." "No? Pray, who is it then?" "It's he."

They stared at each other for ten seconds, and then the young man said: "Will you introduce me to Mr. Younger?" "No," she retorted. "Since you seem to know so much more about him than I do, I think you'd better introduce me."

There was an ominous click in the rattle of the typewriter as the young man entered the private office and presented his card.—Chicago Chronicle.

Mint Mark Collections.

The mint mark collection is the latest thing in the line of numismatics. It is the fad of the specialist and has little attraction for the amateur. The object is to secure complete sets of perfect specimens of all the coins issued from the different mints.

A great many people are scarcely aware that there is any way to distinguish the coins issued from the different mints. They may not have noticed the small "M" or "CC" beneath the eagle or under the wreath, and showing that the piece was coined at San Francisco or Carson City, or if it bears an "O" at New Orleans. And they may or may not know that if it has no mint mark it comes from the "mother mint" at Philadelphia. But the mint mark collector will see these little letters in an instant and is very apt to know just how many dimes, quarters, dollars or half dollars were turned out at any of the mints during any year since 1794.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Cat's Long Jump.

How far can a cat jump without hurting itself was partly exemplified in Brooklyn the other night. A pretty white cat ran up a tree to get away from a dog and at last crawled out on a small branch at least 60 feet above the ground. The branch was not much more than a twig, and the cat could not turn around. She sat up there on the swaying limb and meowed. At last the twig broke, and down came the cat. She alighted on the ground on her feet, looked around for a moment and then bounded away; which shows that a 60 foot drop does not hurt a Brooklyn cat, whatever it might do to cats of other places.—Pittsburg Dispatch.