

Eugene City Guard

SAURDAY JUNE 16

M'KENZIE FERRY BRIDGE, AND ROAD.

At the contract price of \$10,600, exclusive of approaches, the people of Lane county will sustain the action of the commissioners court in the building of a bridge across the McKenzie river at the Hendricks' ferry site.

But agitation for the improvement of the McKenzie wagon road should not cease. The few miles of very bad road should have the attention of Lane county authorities at once. The road should be repaired this summer.

Six million feet of sawlogs are coming down the McKenzie at the present time. Every year for many years in the future will witness great leaps and strides in the increase of the logging industry on that river. Quartz mills will make the air resonant with the pounding of hundreds of iron stamps, crushing the rock to powder and releasing the precious yellow metal. The present road, over which supplies must be hauled, is in shameful condition, not as a whole but at a few separated points. With the rapidly increasing traffic another winter will find the road practically impassable should repairs not be made.

SOME OREGON WEATHER REPORTS.

The Oregonian of June 7 gave the weather forecast for the day: "TODAY'S WEATHER.—Fair and warmer; northerly winds."

And directly below the above, at the head of the editorial column, it made note of a biting political frost in the Multnomah county Republican legislative potato patch: "Three or four men cannot own a political party, treat it as a property and do as they please with it."

And thus coals of fire are heaped upon the heads of the enemy.

A DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

City Superintendent E D Ressler, who has brought the Eugene public schools to their present high state of efficiency and successfully inaugurated the High school, has been reelected. It is a deserved and fitting compliment to the intelligent direction of modern school methods, rare executive ability and unflagging zeal which has characterized the work of Professor Ressler with our schools.

The public schools of Eugene should be the best in the state, and the High school a thorough preparatory or training school for the University of Oregon. Under the present management this is being accomplished far in excess of the anticipations of a few years ago. The board of directors, Messrs J H McClung, S B Eakin and E Schwarzschild, are building wisely and well.

BUSH, ALBERT AND

From Salem Journal N. Rays. "A strange political circumstance has developed in Salem the past year, which will open the eyes of many thoughtful persons, owing to the fact that it is so entirely at variance with what the professional politicians have been everlastingly reiterating and insisting upon. Notwithstanding the fact that the great newspapers and hired orators of the Republican party have constantly said and still say that every man who has a dollar is and must be opposed to Bryan for president, the three Salem bankers, who in 1896 were opposed to Bryan, are this year for him. These bankers have dollars of their own and of other people, and they are not afraid of Bryan."

RUSSIAN AMBITION.

Great Britain will try to prevent war between Russia and Japan. Diplomatic old Johnny Bull is aware that Russia will get the better

of any fight that may occur, in the end. He trusts to diplomacy rather than war to curb overweening Russian ambition. Russia's rapid appropriation and assimilation of Asiatic territory may well alarm the rest of Europe.

Once the Asiatic hordes are placed under subjection and control of the Russian despotism its force would be such that it could easily crush any European power with which war might be waged.

CHINESE DEVIL WORSHIP.

Chinese soldiers have a very convenient excuse for refusing to fight the "Boxer" insurgents. They allege that the "Boxers" are in league with the devil and when hit by bullets have been seen to run away. That would be only natural, but the Chinese soldiers affect to see the satanic influence on the side of the opposition, and their penchant for running away before the fight is hardly on is greatly promoted by the belief that the devil is on the other side.

There is reason for their actions. The Oriental believes in a personal devil, and seeks to gain his good offices, or rather lack of bad ones through propitiatory offerings and worship. They are very willing to get the devil on their side, at least to secure his good will and non-interference. But they will not fight against him.

Oregonian: "It is on this broad question of holding these new places into which the flag has been carried that the people of Oregon have voted in the affirmative."

The returns do not show it. They show that the Eastern Oregon sheep men have gone over bodily to the Republican party. The wool tariff caught them. The vote cast in Western Oregon, the first congressional district, is about normal.

The farmers of Oregon were taxed \$90,000 by this beneficent government at Portland the other day for the simple privilege of being allowed to buy sacks in which to ship their wheat. That was the amount of duty paid the custom house on a cargo of grain sacks.

The Missouri governor has heard from a crank. St Louis is undergoing a labor trouble, and the crank writes the governor that unless he calls out the militia to overcome the strikers he will be shot. Official pretense is not without drawbacks even down in Missouri.

The announcement that the Eugene sawmill will be rebuilt is good news. The new site secured, at the lower end of Skinner's Butte, is an excellent one being convenient to the city, and safe from loss of logs through high water.

School Superintendent Miller settles down in his official seat with the satisfactory knowledge that by the grace of the last Oregon legislature his term of office commencing July 2nd will continue four years.

Ashland, certainly, is the home of the "jiners." A gentleman who took the pains to enumerate the fraternal and beneficial secret societies of that town reports a list of twenty-three.

Canada has a spoils beef scandal, charges being made in the House of Commons that a spurious article was supplied to the troops instead of the genuine which the contract called for.

Grain crops promise abundant yields throughout Lane county. And the price of wheat is advancing. It looks as if the grower would get a profitable figure for his wheat.

Rio Janeiro, Brazil, is afflicted with a plague. Of eighty-eight cases twenty-six proved fatal. The United States naval squadron stationed there sailed south.

Brooklyn did the grand thing with Sunday school parades yesterday. Altogether sixty thousand children were in line.

They Took Their Turns.

A young man residing in the northern section of the city had been calling for some time on a young woman, in fact he thoroughly enjoyed the company of her whole family. One evening he called and of the father who answered his ring he made his usual inquiry, "Are the folks in?" He was answered in the affirmative and asked to "step in."

He was ushered into the parlor, and after the old gentleman had engaged in conversation with him for about a quarter of an hour he excused himself, went out, and the eldest son next entered and entertained the young man for about a quarter of an hour. Then another brother and sister, and the young man's suspicions were somewhat aroused when the mother took her turn. A little sister came next, followed in turn by the family cat, which rubbed itself against the young man's newly pressed trousers.

He gave a sigh of relief when, after an hour spent in misery, his sweet-heart made her appearance. He begged of her to "put him next" to the joke, and between her bursts of laughter she informed him that "since he was trying to court the whole family papa thought they had best take turns."

It is unnecessary to say that he failed to see the joke and has ceased his attentions.—Reading Eagle.

Nicknamed by Architects.

These young architects are merciless chaps when they are discussing the work of some one else. The spire of one of the new churches in Boston always attracts my attention. Always aloft there are angels, gracefully poised, each with a trumpet at mouth and leaning far out on the air that swims around them. I have admired that group most mightily. I was commenting in that strain in the hearing of a Boston architect.

"Of what church are you speaking?" queried the architect.

I told him.

"Oh, yes," said he carelessly. "The Church of the Holy Beano-blowers. That's what comes of lack of sense of proportion. Those trumpets are too slender."

And now I can no longer admire that seraphic group on the spire. I strive to think of angels, and I fetch up by thinking of beano-blowers.

And another church in Boston is in architects' terms the "Church of the Holy Thermometer" on account of some decoration meant to be imposing.

And another is the "Church of the Kindergarten Steeples"—for there is one big spire surrounded by lots of little kid spires—"waiting to grow," say the architectural Philistines.—Lewis-ton Journal.

Look Before You Leap.

Once upon a time there was a young man who believed what the books said. He left the farm—and came to the great city to make his fortune and to climb the ladder of fame. The books said a great deal about the ladder of fame, so the young man exercised himself on copybook morals and poor Richard's almanac in order to be able to climb himself up a round at a time.

He was especially strong on run-away horses, and one day, to his gratification, he saw a mad steed plunging down the crowded street. He could not see any fainting maiden attached, but still he knew this was his opportunity. He sprang for the bridle, but hit the front wheel instead and was projected with violence into the gutter. Six months later, when he came out of the hospital, he was sent to the Home For the Feeble-minded for trying to stop a fire marshal in the performance of his duty.

Moral—Get your opportunities labeled.—Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

Ruskin's Collars.

A prophet indeed has no honor in his own country. An English gentleman who had gone to Brantwood on an outing tour, finding himself in need of books in order to beguile a heavy hour or two, stepped into a bookstore of Ruskin's village and asked the lady attendant if she had any of the thinker's books. "Yes," she replied. "There were some, but they were not often asked for."

Having obtained the book he desired, he asked her what she thought of the great critic and teacher. Her ideas of Ruskin's personality were very vague, however, and she excused her ignorance on the ground that the people about there did not seem to trouble much about him. As for herself, she only knew him as "the old gentleman who only had a clean collar once a week."

Pat's Happy Wish.

Judge—So the prisoner hit you on the head with a brick, did he?

McGinty—Yes, yer honor.

Judge—But it seems he didn't quite kill you, anyway.

McGinty—No, but 'cess to him, but it's wishin he had Oi do be.

Judge—Why do you wish that?

McGinty—Begory, wish Oi would have seen the schoundrel hanged for murder!—Chicago News.

Staying at Home.

A lady residing in North Columbus meeting a girl the other day who had lately been in her service inquired:

"Well, Mary, where do you live now?"

"Please, ma'am, I don't live nowhere," rejoined the girl. "I'm married."—Indianapolis Journal.

The American Bible society circulates the Scriptures in 26 tongues, besides our own speech; 28 European, 30 Asiatic, 8 Oceanic, 9 African, 9 American Indian and 3 South American languages and dialects.

Although the Transvaal is 1,000 miles nearer the equator, the temperature averages much lower than at Cape Town.

Fired the Gas Company.

"I'll fix 'em," said a Capitol Hill citizen when he got his gas bill a couple of months ago. "Nine dollars and eighty cents, hey, when we've been out every night with the exception of two or three for the past month! I'll move, that's all, at the end of the month, but if I don't make that gas meter of mine work overtime between now and the day I move it'll be because I run out of matches, that's all! I'll eat up about \$40 worth of gas and then let the darned gas company keep the \$5 I've got on deposit!"

So from that evening on as soon as twilight fell the Capitol Hill man made a tour of the house and lit every jet from cellar to garret.

"I'll teach 'em to bunko folks!" he said to himself savagely as he started all the burners a-going.

Along toward the end of the month he and his wife picked out another house and made arrangements for moving. The Capitol Hill man was delighted when the gas bill read \$29.90.

"This is one time they won't gauge me!" he shouted exultantly as he danced around with the bill in his hand.

Three days before the day set for moving his wife was taken ill, and of course the moving had to be declared off. She is only now convalescing. The Capitol Hill man paid the \$29.90, and his friends are now telling him the story about the man who robbed his own trunk.—Washington Post.

Danny Lied.

Danny, who is an errand boy in a broker's office, got a job in the same office for his chum Harry. Danny set himself the task of making Harry appear to the best advantage during the probationary period of his job, and he found it necessary sometimes to use means that were only justified by the end.

Every afternoon Danny had to run with messages from one of the exchanges to the office, a distance of half a mile. When Harry came, Danny had to "break him in" to do this. The first day that he made the trip from the exchange Harry staggered into the office, gasping, with his eyes starting from his head. For a moment he couldn't speak. The broker looked at him in astonishment and said:

"You run pretty fast, didn't you? How long did it take?"

"Four minutes and 17 seconds," Harry panted, looking at the clock.

"That's pretty good time," said the broker.

"No, sir," said Harry; "not very good. Danny says he does it every day in a minute and a quarter."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Avenged the Slight.

A rich Prussian banker who had bought his title of "von" by some means or other managed to squeeze his son into a regiment of the guards. Once admitted, he was of course treated by the other officers as one of themselves. One day the banker gave a splendid dinner, to which he invited through his son all the officers of the regiment save one, a very nice fellow, who, however, was not noble, having no aristocratic "von" prefixed to his name.

All accepted the invitation, perfectly unconscious that one of their number had been so badly treated. When, however, they took their seats at the table, the absence of their comrade was immediately noticed. Some one remarked the fact to the host, who said in a loud voice, "Ah, you see, we are going to be entre nous tonight, a really select party, you know."

"Then we must not disturb you," said the senior officer present, rising from his chair, and one after another the guardsmen solemnly filed out of the room, thus amply avenging the slight to which an officer of their regiment had been subjected.

Gas Over the Telephone.

A lady of the West village decided to have a telephone placed in her house. At about the same time she also decided to have a gas range put in. After a family consultation she instructed her daughter to order the telephone. In the conversation both the telephone and gas range had been spoken of, and the daughter apparently became somewhat confused, as will be seen by the following letter which she wrote ordering the telephone: "Dear Sir—We have decided to have a telephone placed in the house. Please give it your immediate attention. The house is not piped for gas, but the street is."—Winsted (Conn.) Citizen.

Expansive Invitation.

Mother—Was your aunt glad to see you and Tommy and Frankie and Fred?

Johnny—Yes, ma'am.

Mother—Did she invite you to call again?

Johnny—Yes, and she told us to bring you and papa and Susie and the dog next time.—Harlem Life.

Without a Country.

Fuddy—Rouder says he does not consider himself an American or an Englishman or anything else. He regards himself as a citizen of the world.

Daddy—I see. He is a foreigner in whatever country he finds himself.—Boston Transcript.

The New Cook.

"Maggie, did you make that chicken broth as I ordered you?"

"Oi did, mon."

"What did you do with it?"

"Sure, an that 'ee would Oi do wid it but fade it to the chickens, mon?"—Boston Courier.

Sweet Consolation.

She—Oh, dear, I found a gray hair in my head this morning!

He—You ought to be glad of it. If your hair should turn gray, it would soften the effect of those wrinkles you are getting.—Indianapolis Press.

Stage Thunder and Lightning.

The reason why the mechanism for making the noises that give realism to a play are never seen by the audience is because the illusion would be completely destroyed if its operations were exposed to view, explains Frank Fyles in 'The Ladies' Home Journal.'

The noise of the water falling down stairs with a tray of dishes, for instance, is simulated by a basket filled with bits of broken china, and a cylinder of silk, turned with a crank, drawing the silk over wooden flanges, gives a perfect rain and wind storm. A lightning accent palm-leaf is made by touching an ordinary file to a bit of carbon, both on live wires, and thunder by rolling tenpin balls in a long, narrow, wooden trough.

The rumbles of the wheels of a carriage is imitated with a vehicle like a miniature freight car run on a wooden track, and a striking of wood on metal on hard or soft surfaces serves to convince an audience of the approach or departure of a horse. When there is war, a single shot or two is usually the real thing, but a rifle volley effect is obtained by rapidly beating a dried calfskin with rattans, while heavy strokes on the bass drum will convey the idea of cannonading.

If this mechanism were seen in operation by an audience, it would make the whole performance seem ridiculous.

Longevity of Whales.

Some light was thrown upon the subject of the vitality of whales by finding one of these animals in Bering sea in 1890 with a "toggle" harpoon head in its body bearing the mark of the American whaler Montezuma. That vessel was engaged in whaling in Bering sea about ten years, but not later than 1854. She was afterward sold to the government and was sunk in Charleston harbor during the civil war to serve as an obstruction. Hence it is estimated the whale must have carried the harpoon not less than 36 years.

In connection with this fact William H. Dall gives an account in The National Geographic Magazine of a discussion with Captain E. P. Herendeen of the United States National museum of cases of whales that have been supposed to have made their way from Greenland waters to Bering strait and to have been identified by the harpoons they carried. While it is very likely that the whale really makes the passage an uncertainty must always be allowed, for ships were often changing ownership, and their tools were sold and put on board of other vessels, and harpoon irons were sometimes given or traded to Eskimos. It therefore becomes possible that the animal was struck with a secondhand iron.—Popular Science.

Elephant and Train.

A big and ugly elephant which had long been an object of pursuit to the sportsmen of the Straits Settlements one day wandered on to the railway line and tried conclusions with the engine of a goods train, charging it repeatedly and keeping up the contest for nearly an hour. The engine was reversed in the hope that the beast would allow the train to proceed, but as soon as there was any attempt to renew the journey the elephant returned to the encounter and resumed its obstructive tactics. The driver was afraid to charge the brute, lest the train should be thrown off the rails, and the contest might have gone on much longer had not the elephant backed into the engine and, setting its fore feet firmly between the rails, endeavored to shove the train backward with its hind quarters.

The driver took advantage of the opportunity and put on steam, gradually forcing the beast off the line. In this maneuver one of the wheels of the engine went over the hind legs of the animal, which was put out of its misery by the guard of a following passenger train.—Science.

Humors of the Law.

In a recent bankruptcy case, in speaking of justices of the peace, they are said to be "officers by no means infallible, frequently innocent of law and actually sometimes known to construe the abbreviation affix designating their office, 'J. P.' to mean 'judgment for plaintiff.'"

A federal court, in explaining that the functions of a charge d'affaires were not shown by the literal translation of the terms, illustrated by saying, "To appoint a person chief builder could not be understood to invest him with the ecclesiastical functions of the pontifex maximus."—Case and Comment.

Effective Prayer.

A very nice and gentle curate went to a Yorkshire parish where the parishioners bred horses and sometimes raced them. He was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Luck Gray. He did so. They prayed three Sundays for Luck Gray. On the fourth the clerk told the curate he need not do it any more.

"Why?" asked the curate. "Is she dead?"

"No," said the clerk; "she's on the steepchase."

The curate became quite a power in the parish.

A Philadelphia Slander.

Bilger—You remember Tompkins? Yes? I saw him down at Philadelphia the other day. I was in the car, he on the depot platform. I stuck my arm out of the window to shake hands with him, and do you know before I could get hold of his hand—

Jigger—The train started, eh?

"No, my arm went to sleep"—Types.

An Odd Coincidence.

"Late one night some years ago in a western town," said an old telegraph operator, "I received a message which read, 'If you wish to see your brother alive, you will have to come immediately.' The message came from San Francisco and was addressed to an old man who lived across the street from the station, so I put on my hat and went over and delivered it, seeing that it was important that he should have it at once."

"The old man caught the train that left at midnight, and while he was buying his ticket he told me that the message referred to his brother who had left home 20 years before and from whom he had heard nothing during all that time."

"The next night a party called and asked if there were any messages for him, giving the same name as the old man who had left the night before. He must have noticed that I looked at him rather blankly, for he went on to explain that he had a brother in California who was sick and that he was anxious to hear from him."

"Well, it turned out that the message that I had received the night before was intended for him. He was a stranger in the town and chanced to bear the same name as the old man whom I had sent on a wild goose chase across the continent. Fortunately for me I was transferred to another town before the old man got back. That is all there is to the story except that it is true."—Detroit Free Press.

Sixteenth Century Apples.

Apples be so divers of form and substance that it were infinite to describe them all. Some consist more of air than water, as sour puffs called Mala pulmonosa; others more of water than wind, as sour Castars and Pome waters. To be short, all apples may be sorted into three kinds, sweet, sour and unsavoury. Sweet apples ease the cough, quench thirst, cure melancholly, comfort the heart and head, especially if they be fragrant and odoriferous, and also give a laudable nourishment. Sour apples hinder spitting, straiten the breast, gripe and hurt the stomach, encrease phlegm and weaken memory.

Sweet apples are to be eaten at the beginning of meat, but sour and tart apples at the latter end. All apples are worst raw, and best baked or preserved.

Phillip of Macedonia and Alexander, his son, from whom perhaps a curious and skillful herald may derive our Lancashire men, were called Philomel apple lovers because they were never without apples in their pockets. Yes, all Macedonians, his countrymen, did so love them that having near Babylon surprised a fruiterer's boy they strived for it that many were drowned.—Dr. Thomas Moffett in 1575.

Plants That Intoxicate.

Bumblebees, butterflies and beetles are habitual drunkards. In some of the southern states insects alight on certain plants, drink heartily from the blossoms and fall to the ground stupefied. After awhile they rise and fly around, just as drunken men would do if they had the power of flying. Their antics are especially amusing unless one does not know what is the trouble. In this case the suspicion that the insect world has gone crazy is uppermost.

A scientist who had observed the drinking and its results collected a teaspoonful of the pollen to see if it would affect a man the same way. He swallowed it and in a few minutes found his pulse beating faster and a rise of temperature. Then he distilled some of the blossoms and gave himself a hypodermic injection in the arm. He became decidedly dizzy as a result. By further experiments he found an oil derived from these plants which affects human beings and animals alike.—New York Telegram.

The Rogue Saved the Judge.

A judge of the English high court was once arrested on suspicion of having burglarious designs on the house of a friend in Mayfair. The police officer charged him in the police station with loitering with felonious intent, and the prisoner's description of himself as one of her majesty's judges was received with a grin of sarcastic derision.

At that moment an old offender was brought in who happened to catch sight of his lordship's face, which he had good reason to remember.

"You here, my lord?" he exclaimed, with unforgotten astonishment. "Well, this beats cockfighting."

The rogue's unsolicited corroboration of the judge's declaration saved the situation, and his lordship was allowed to depart in peace.

Mike All Over.

Mr. Duffy—Mrs. Kelly, it pains me to inform you that your husband has just bin blown oop boi a doinamolite cartridge. We found his head in wan lot, an his body in another lot, an his legs in another lot, an his arms an fate in another lot.

Mrs. Kelly (proudly)—Begorra, tho't 'e Moike all over!—Harper's Weekly.

Exasperating.

"Gee whizz, how my wife does at grawate me!"

"You surprise me. Surely she doesn't heckpeck you?"

"No, it's her awful meekness. Whenever we have an argument and I'm in the right, she always sighs and says, 'Oh, very well, dear, have it your own way!'"—Philadelphia Press.

Inconsistent.

"You keep me waiting so long?" complained the customer.

"Madam," said the worried grocer, who was economizing in his business by employing only one clerk, "ain't you the woman that was in here yesterday kicking about short weights?"—Chicago Tribune.