Eugene City Guard

SATURDAY ....JUNE 30

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The increasing importance of the WEEKLY GUARD is caused [illegible] by correspondents anticipating the [illegible]. Address all letters according to the newspaper or [illegible] THE GUARD Eugene, Oregon.

ROOSEVELT PRESTIGE.

It is questionable if Theodore Roosevelt in the second place on the Republican presidential ticket adds greatly to its strength. In the contest for governor in 1898 Roosevelt carried but 49.02 per cent of the total vote, while McKinley carried 57.53 per cent in 1896.

If these figures indicate anything it is that the head of the ticket is much the stronger, else there was a notable change in New York state sentiment between the elections of 1896 and 1898. Snould the loss of Republican prestige extend to the November presidential election in like proportion the aristocratic Roosevelt will have cause to deplore the fickle mood that Fortune occasionally assumes to seeming favorites.

It really seems ominous to the ticket that so much enthusiasm should be wasted on the nominee for the second place. When it comes to the day of election the electors will be found voting for president, not for the cipher of the vice-presidency. Then the ebullition of convention enthusiasm will, like a long uncorked soda water bottle, be found to have settled to a normal level.

MUST DIVIDE A GOOD THING

It is not supposed that the government should be called upon for contributions to political campaign funds, yet that has been indirectly brought about by the genius of Marcus Hanna, or some lieutenant who is gifted with the fat-frying capabilities of the Ohio senator and national Republican chairman.

One of the last acts of congress at its late session was to vote an extra month's pay to all employes of the house and senate including the capitol police. Now the Republican congressional committee, being in need of campaign funds, is making a demand on these employes for 50 per cent of the extra pay allowed them.

Employes received polite invitations to call at the headquarters of the committee. A great many responded, unsuspecting that the fat-frying process was to be applied to them, when they were quietly informed and in a significant manner that they would be expected to hand over 50 per cent of their extra pay to the committee.

The total amount of extra pay is $80,000. If the committee can convince them that it is expedient to divide up this good thing the Republican campaign fund will receive an additional forty thousand. This demand is in direct violation of the law which was made to protect government employes from extortion at the hands of political managers, but Hanna knows no law when it comes to politics. He only knows that it takes money to buy votes and in close contests every vote counts.

A CONVENTION ATTRACTION.

The Chinese minister to the United States was a spectator of the Republican National convention at Philadelphia, Wednesday. Here is the Associated Press account:

"While the Roosevelt demonstration was in progress, the eyes of the multitude were suddenly directed to a strange spectacle in the center of the stage, as the Chinese minister, Wu Ting-fang, resplendent in rich Oriental silks and accompanied by Mr Chung, secretary of the legation, also richly robed in silks, came down the middle isle of the platform. Minister Wu was greeted at the entrance by Senator Burrows, who introduced him to several distinguished public men crowding about.

"Ex-Postmaster General Gary, of Maryland, a close friend of Mr Wu, offered the minister his arm and the two proceeded out towards the delegates. The minister smiled through his spectacles and acknowledged in English the many salutations. General Gary seated the minister and his entourage immediately alongside the delegates."

THE OTHER OX GORED.

Puck.

"When Ike Klawback quit the office of county treasurer there was a rumor, started by the opposition, that there was something wrong in his settlement," said the loquacious landlord of the tavern at Harmony, Indiana. "He tried to hush it up by sayin', 'Aw, let it go! Let it go!' but they wouldn't let it go. There was a clamor and a whoop, and the papers published scathin' denunciations and dark and scandalous insinuations, and at last an investigation was ordered.

"Ike had been four years in the office, and when the expert got through with his examination of the books, the whole community held its breath while he announced that the county was in Ike's debt to the heinous extent of sixty-seven cents. Everybody was willin' to let it go then, but Ike says, s'zee, that they had stirred up such a hooraw about it they might just as well fork over what was comin' to him. And they done so, but it was like havin' their teeth pulled out with a pair of nutcrackers operated by a cross-eyed man. Another time—by hunk!—the treasurer can steal all he wants to, and they won't git off a whisper about an investigation. I'm kinder thinkin', by the way, of runnin' for the office, myself, about next term."

Theodore Roosevelt, father of the Republican nominee for vice-president, was born in New York City in 1831, and died there February 9, 1878. He accumulated a large fortune in the glass importing business. President Hayes appointed him collector of customs of the port of New York, but the Conkling influence did not view the appointment favorably, and the senate refused to confirm him. The fortune of the Republican candidate came by inheritance from the elder Roosevelt.

The last act of the government of Hawaiia was to destroy 250 tins of confiscated opium, worth in the market about $20,000. This was opium that had been captured in the hands of smugglers during the last several years, and had been kept in a vault in the customhouse ever since. It was destroyed by taking it out three miles on the high seas, opening the tins and throwing them into the ocean.

Great Britain's world-wide empire can be fully appreciated through the stirring warlike events that are transpiring in South Africa and Eastern Asia. They are widely separated points, both a long way from the hands and brains that direct the forces that are making history and helping to change the map of the Eastern hemisphere.

Indiana weather did business yesterday in the most approved Mississippi Valley style. A terrific wind storm with four distinct cloudbursts is reported by telegraph. Four and one-half inches of rainfall followed in order, we suppose, that public interest in the weather should not fail.

Building Better Roads.

Junction City Times, June 23.

"Supervisor Cassel has finished work on the [illegible] road northwest of here. The Benton county people who were compelled to haul lumber to this place will have good roads after they enter the boundaries of good, progressive Lane county. The gravel loader, engine and outfit have been taken out west of Long Tom and is now at work under the supervision of Overseer Jeff Cox.

The road west of the bridge and on out toward Oliver May's will be graded and graveled. The people out there are anxious for good roads and will donate considerable work above their assessment."

SOCIAL.

Daily Guard, June 22

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY.

Last evening Dr and Mrs T B Ford observed the 27th anniversary of their marriage by entertaining a few friends at their home. The evening was very pleasantly spent in various social amusements, and refreshments were served. Dr and Mrs Ford were the recipients of best wishes and sincere congratulations on the observance of the happy event. Those present were: Prof and Mrs F S Dunn, Dr and Mrs W L Cheshire, Dr and Mrs W Kuykendall, Prof and Mrs I M Glen, Prof and Mrs R A Ford, Rev and Mrs W B Hollingshead, Mr and Mrs J J Walton, Mr and Mrs W K Scarborough, Mr and Mrs S E Craig, Mr and Mrs Wm Craig, Mr and Mrs J W Kays, Mr and Mrs A T Cockerline, Mr and Mrs J S Gray, Mr and Mrs W T Carroll, Mr and Mrs F W Osburn, Mr and Mrs Wood, Sr, Mr and Mrs Wood, Jr, Mesdames Barger, Cherry, Donahue, Snodgrass, Miller, Ward; Misses Bozarth, Carrie Ford, Bulah Osburn, Ivy Ford; Messrs Burgess Ford, Carl Washburne, Olin Ford.

JUNCTION CITY NEWS.

Clipped From The Times of June 23.

Doc Johnson has gone to California to look up an old claim that he worked on in '94.

The M E Sunday school at Smithfield sent $3 Thursday for the India famine sufferers.

Solon Jones and family, of the Lancaster neighborhood, have moved to California. They traveled overland.

A farmer sold two head of sheep to Moffit's Meat Market last week which netted him, including the wool clip, $17,40.

A new Cresent bicycle was stolen from Jerry Lingo Wednesday night. The wheel was taken from the woodshed of J M Nichols.

Joe Nichols has a number of teams at work hauling oak lumber from the Horton mill. The lumber is shipped to Portland and California parties.

Junction has determined to celebrate the 4th of July. The Junction City and Harrisburg consolidated bands will furnish the music. Dr Oglesby will be grand marshal.

The auction sale of Angora goats by George Houck below Monroe last week was largely attended. Over 750 goats went under hammer, ranging in price from $2 to $5 per head. Buyers were present from all parts of the state, and the bidding was lively, all the pens being sold out in two hours.

Died in Junction City June 20, 1900, of consumption of the bowels, Mrs Lydia J Snodgrass, wife of Wm J Snodgrass, aged 32 years, 6 months and 5 days. Mrs Snodgrass had been quite sick for several weeks and her death had been expected for several days. She was conscious up to a short time before her death. She left kindly advice to her husband and relatives.

The first coal burning engine ever run over the S P line in Oregon was engine 1767 which came up on the local Friday; she will be kept on the run for a month to determine the comparative cost of wood and coal. It takes 4½ tons of coal to run from Portland to Roseburg, while the average engine will consume seven cords of wood. So far the experiment has proved a success.

LONGEST DAY IN THE YEAR

Fourteen Hours and 46 Ninutes From Sunrise to Sunset.

Thursday and yesterday were the longest days in the year, the duration from sunrise to sunset being 14 hours and 46 minutes in both cases.

Thursday the sun rose, Pacific coast time, at 4:38 a m and set at 7:24 p m. Yesterday it rose one minute later and also set one minute later. The three days prior to the 21st and three days following the 22d were of almost equal length.

After the 25th the days will gradually grow shorter, a minute or two each day, until December 21, when the sun rises at 7.13 in the morning and sets at 4:44 in the afternoon giving a day of but 9 hours and 31 minutes.

As people grow older the summer solstice and the winter solstice seem to follow more closely, one upon the other, from year to year, and the spring and fall equinoxes are thrown in as a kind of half way marker between them. But for the length of the days one might imagine the longest day of the year to have occured in winter. The weather has all the ear marks of winter condition. And the weather now cannot give any hopes of settled summer weather.

ANSWER.

Could you but read, my love, this heart of mine,
You'd find a wondrous story written there;
It is the tale my lips would frame to thee
If I but dare, if I but dare.

The tale of one unto whose soul was borne
An angel's whisper, soft as summer's wind.
There is a heart which heaven has made for thee;
Go forth and find, go forth and find.

The tale of one who wandered o'er earth,
By land and sea, by home and foreign shore,
Until into your eyes he gazed and knew
His search was o'er, his search was o'er.

—Alfred Robyn.

The Chimes of Limerick.

A Beautiful Story of How the Bells Found Their Way to the Banks of the Shannon.

Nearly half a century ago, before the various provinces of Italy had been consolidated in the monarchical government, there lived in the city of Genoa a young man called Giuseppe Giovanni. For many centuries the family of Giovanni had been makers of bells and chimes.

Giuseppe's father had made some of the most famous chimes that rang in Italy, but had never succeeded in accomplishing his idea. It had been his great ambition to make a set of chimes that the whole world would come to hear, bells of heavenly tone. The elder Giovanni was a hot headed man, a stanch democrat and rather too free of speech. A few ill chosen sentences derogatory to the reigning powers proved his downfall, and one day as Giuseppe was hard at work on an odd bell for the cathedral's chimes a litter bearing the form of his father, with a deadly stab wound in his back, was brought into the dingy little shop and set down before the son.

"Giuseppe," said the dying man, "keep out of politics and live only in your work. Strive only for your ideal, and in the end you may succeed where your father failed. Aim for the very highest, and may God grant that you accomplish it."

A year after his father's death found the young artisan hard at work in his shop. When his father died, he had made a vow to accomplish the ideal that his father had vainly struggled for. The bench at which he was working was rough hewn, long and broad and littered with a confusion of tools, bits of metal and unfinished bells. On one corner of the bench was a collection of tuning forks of various sizes and metals. At one side of the tuning forks lay a dusty old violin and a slender silver mounted flute. In the rear of the shop were a small furnace, a half dozen molds and a heap of scrap metal covered with dirt and rust. The ceiling of the shop consisted of several heavy beams covered with rough boards to which hundreds of spiders had fastened their webs. From one beam hung suspended an enormous bell fitted with a long, slender clapper capped on the end with a large brass knob. This bell was inscribed with strange characters, a relic of the last crusade.

Giuseppe was polishing away with a sanded cloth at the surface of a bell that already shone lustrously in the dim light that struggled through the little windows in the front of the shop. His fingers fairly flew as he turned, twisted and rubbed the shiny bowl of metal. A rough cloth succeeded the sanded one and in turn made way for one of soft texture. Then the bell was hung on a little metal frame somewhat like a gallows in construction. A drawer was opened and a bundle of cloth produced from its recess and swiftly unrolled to reveal a highly polished and properly wrought little clapper, which the young mechanic deftly fitted in the inverted bowl of the bell. A piece of twine was attached to a little knob on the bulb of the clapper. A gentle pull and a subdued silvery tone filled the narrow confines of the shop. The tone swelled until it fairly rang, reverberating from wall to wall, from rafter to rafter, seeking out every nook and cranny of the shop, dying away at last in a little shudder of delight. The young Genoan had clasped his hands together and listened with an agony of intensity, straining his ears for a scintilla of a flaw in the tones, and when the silvery tintinnabulation had died away he leaned back with a sigh of ecstatic relief.

Day after day and long into the nights Giuseppe toiled with a fervor and energy almost fanatical. He ate but little and slept only when natural fatigue compelled him. He became thin and emaciated, and his eyes shone with a feverish luster, but not for a single day did he give up his work. One by one his bells grew into the size and form he desired, and he gave to each its proper tone. To him they were things animate. He talked to them, caressed, petted and scolded, and each night when he ceased his labor he put them away in their allotted places with a paternal care and solicitude.

One beautiful August day Giuseppe sat at his bench giving the finishing touches to the last of his set of chimes. Nearly two years had passed since he began his work; two years, but a great change had taken place in the appearance of the young man. His face was pale and wan, and his high cheek bones and sunken cheeks gave him a deathly look.

Finally he hung the last bell on the little metal stand, fitted in its clapper and gave it a gentle swing. The tone that followed began like the sigh of a man, worn and wearied by a life of hopeless disappointment. It grew in a deep crescendo until it became a knell, a plaint for the dead, then died away in a broken sob. The Genoan followed the tone from its inception until its last vibration ceased with an earnestness that made the veins in his forehead stand out and drew every muscle tense. Then he sat back in his seat with a smile of joy that was almost beatific. The heavenly chimes were complete. His work was done, and now thousands would stand speechless, struck dumb with the magnificent melody of his chimes—his bells. He with his own hands would make such music with his bells that wherever they were the whole world would come to hear them. These were the thoughts that filled the mind of the young musician-mechanic as he listened to the reverberating melody of the tone of the last bell. Then he fell back in his chair and the color fled from his face. The fever, which his untiring energy had kept off for so long, seized him at last.

The next morning a neighbor passing by the shop chanced to look in the window and saw the form of the fever stricken young man lying across his workbench. He went inside, thinking that he might be dead, and when he found what his real trouble was lifted Giuseppe to the cot he had used for a bed in the back of the shop. A physician was summoned, and an old woman was sent to nurse him.

For five weeks Giuseppe tossed on his cot raving about his bells—"his glorious chimes"—"his children with the heavenly voices."

In order to go on with his work in making his set of chimes Giuseppe had been compelled to borrow. What little his father had left behind him had been exhausted before the end of the first year. He had borrowed on the strength of the generous sum that had been promised him by the cathedral which was to have his chimes. When he fell sick and gave promise never to regain his health again, the bailiffs came and took away his chimes to satisfy his creditors.

But Giuseppe Giovanni did get well, his health came back, and when he had strength enough to get up from his couch he went to find his children—his bells. His first thought was to hear again their voices, to make them sing such melodies as the world had never heard, as no bells had ever sung. And when he found that they were gone he became stupid—he could not realize that they were gone. Who could have come and taken away his bells, his children, whose conception had taken years—long years of unremitting toil? He went to the physician who had tended him during his fever and was told that the bailiffs had come to his shop and taken them for his creditors.

He went to the bailiffs and was told that his chimes had been sold at public sale to the highest bidder, a foreigner whose name or country was not known to them. He begged them on his knees to give him some clew that might lead him to the purchaser. They told him gruffly and uncivilly that it was none of their concern who bought the chimes so long as they were sold and his creditors satisfied. There was a little money over the claims against him, he was told—a few lire—but he flung the offered money in their faces and left them, his heart broken and his spirit gone.

That night he sat before his bench in the little shop, his chin resting on his breast, the picture of a despairing and broken man. All night long he sat thus, and when morning came he roused himself and, raising his hands above his head, said, "God grant that somewhere in this world of thine I may again find my chimes—my bells—and, if but once, only once, that I may hear again their voices!"

The next morning the Genoan set out with one purpose—to travel the world, if need be, to search for his chimes. Day after day, week after week, month after month and year after year he trudged along from town to town, city to city, country to country, vainly seeking his chimes. Part of the time he spent in various cathedrals and churches mending chimes and ringing them, to the delight of all who listened. Before he had even reached middle age he was a bearded old man, bowed and bent and travel worn; but, like the Wandering Jew, he pursued his weary way.

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The broad waters of the Shannon were colored a beautiful red by the fading rays of the setting sun, which was almost visibly dropping through the trees to the west of the city of Limerick, when an old man with head and shoulders bent and leaning heavily on a stout staff came slowly along the highway that led to a little ferry at the river bank. His long beard was as white as snow and hung nearly to his waist. His face was swarthy like that of a man constantly exposed to the sun. When he spoke to the ferryman, it was in a voice used to many tongues. The boatman helped him from the shore into his skiff and gave him his coat for a cushion on the rough hewn plank which answered for a seat. The old man raised his head feebly and looked about him. Finally his eyes fell on the spire of Hereford cathedral, and there they rested, lighting up for a few seconds with a glimmer of hope.

The boatman pushed off from the shore, and slowly and noiselessly the skiff made its way across. No sound above the gentle ripple at the boat's bow disturbed the silence of the evening. Suddenly the faint sound of a bell stirred the air. It increased in volume; then the note of another bell intermingled, then another and another, until the melody of a full set of chimes rose and fell in the evening stillness. The boatman, who had rested his oar to listen, turned to the old man in the rear of the boat and saw him standing erect, his arms outstretched and his face wreathed in smiles of a great gladness. His eyes were raised to the sky with an expression of thanksgiving. He continued in that attitude until the last note of the chimes died away, and then he fell in a heap in the back of the boat. The boatman went to him and, laying his hand on the face of the old man, felt that it was cold.—New York Sun.

INTERPRETATION.

We long for a peace that is lasting,
We plead for a rapture that's rare,
Like fishermen ceaselessly casting
Their nets in the gulf of despair.
We draw from deep waters of sorrow
Dark wrecks of old failure and fear,
And out of sea silence we borrow
The storm that will never come near.

Faith speeds past the footsteps of duty
And halts at the door of a tomb;
Thought pierces the source of all beauty
And returns unto dust—'tis the doom
Of each man child to strive and to wonder,
To plan for some positive gain,
And only find mysteries under
All life, be it pleasure or pain.

So, in realms of the mind there is treasure
For toilers who dwell in content;
There is truth that no science can measure,
And the fearless are never forspent;
There is light when earth shadows are [illegible],
There's reward for the deeds that are done,
Where starry crowned virtues are [illegible],
"Through faith is thy victory won!"

—Charles W. Stevenson in Chicago Record.

CAR FARES IN GERMANY.

The Method of Collection and Inspection Prevents Free Rides.

The chances of evading fares on the street cars of German cities are very slight. When a passenger steps on a car, the conductor immediately asks where he is going and then prepares his ticket, which serves also as a receipt for the fare. The preparation of a ticket consists only in detaching it from a block and punching it or marking it with a pencil.

This process involves much more work than the simple process of ringing up the fares, as conductors do in America, but the task is lightened by the fact that only a certain number of persons are permitted to ride on a car at the same time. The number of sitting and standing places is plainly marked on each car. If a car is designed to carry 30 persons, no more than 30 persons will be permitted on that car at the same time. When anything in Germany is forbidden, it is settled once for all.

In order that every person who rides shall get the prescribed ticket inspectors are employed who spend their time in ascertaining whether the conductors are doing their duty. These inspectors step into the cars and ask the passengers for their tickets. They note the number of the tickets and whether they correspond with the stubs retained by the conductor. The clerk who gives out the blocks of tickets to the conductors notes the number of the uppermost ticket and at the return of each block collects from the conductor who returned it as many fares as there are tickets detached.

The rate of fares varies from 2½ cents to 5, according to the distance. Small children are carried for one-half fare, and any one for the sum of $2.50 may secure a ticket which entitles him to ride as much as he wishes for one month. When a car is full, the conductor displays a placard bearing the word "Occupied."—Chicago Record.

The Best Age For Men to Marry.

Edward Bok, writing in The Ladies' Home Journal on "A Boy For a Husband," contends that "no young man under 25 years of age is in any sense competent to take unto himself a wife. Before that age he is simply a boy who has absolutely nothing which he can offer to a girl as a safe fundation for life happiness. He is unformed in his character, unsettled in his ideas, absolutely ignorant of the first essentials of what consideration or love for a woman means. He doesn't know himself, let alone knowing a woman. He is full of fancies, and it is his boyish nature to flit from one fancy to another.

"He is incapable of the affection upon which love is based, because he has not lived long enough to know what the feeling or even the word means. He is full of theories, each one of which, when he comes to put it into practice, will fail. He is a boy pure and simple, passing through that trying period through which every boy must pass before he becomes a man. But that period is not the marrying time. For as his opinions of life are to change, so are his fancies of the girl he esteems as the only girl in the world to make him happy. The man of 30 rarely weds the girl whom he fancied when he was 20."

A Freak of Lightning.

Lightning performed a strange feat near Osceola, Pa., during the recent thunderstorm, says the Oil City Derrick. Three fine cows belonging to a farmer had been turned out to pasture in a field on which the new grass is already quite high, and when the shower came on they gathered together in one corner under some trees. There is a wire fence running close by the spot where they were standing, and a bolt of lightning was attracted to it and ran along the slender wires until the cows were reached, when it glanced off, striking the animals and killing all three instantly.

A Story For Papa.

There is a moral in this little story of child life.

"Mamma," asked little 3-year-old Freddie, "are we going to heaven some day?"

"Yes, dear, I hope so," was the reply.

"I wish papa could go, too," continued the little fellow.

"Well, and don't you think he will?" asked his mother.

"Oh, no," replied Freddie; "he could not leave his business!"

Does the man who worries about himself ever think that he is worrying about a thing of which the world makes little note?—St. Louis Star.

Whenever a mother's attention is called to her children, she makes a dive at them and wipes their noses.—Atchison Globe.

There is something wrong with the appetite of a small boy who can wait patiently for his dinner.—Chicago News.

statement,

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York. W L DeLano.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) Chicago.

DAY & HENDERSON!