

In politics finds a man occasion. F has felt the r ing hand, ar have cast ab The late elec able and po and brought fore. In the Robert D Ir state senate The voters for him wer faith. The publicans, of other pe who favore jubitant ov tory and se candidate; hence. T Mr Inman in stateca marked i While at t ha easily desired leg ents.

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Eugene City Guard

SATURDAY JULY 7

AMENDE HONORABLE.

In the issue of the DAILY GUARD of June 27 the Salem Statesman was quoted as saying:

"It is difficult to suppose that the Statesman can really believe that our producers of hops, wheat, onions, lumber, dairy products, etc, are 'protected' against foreign competition by tariffs. Oregon has one product that is protected, one only—wool. And here the comparatively few woolgrowers are protected at the cost of everybody who wears clothing; in most places, it may be supposed, the most numerous class of population."

This should have been credited to the Oregonian. The Statesman was led to remark:

"The Eugene GUARD man is slightly mixed in placing the Statesman in the column with the newspapers that slander the protective tariff, the policy in which the people of Oregon, and especially the farmers of this state are concerned more than any other people in the whole country, on account of the fact that nearly all of our agricultural products need the assistance of the custom house duties in order to give them an advantage in the markets of this country over the surplus articles of like kinds from other countries, with cheap lands and labor. The Statesman hopes that it may never be classed with the newspapers that would detract from the value of this policy—a policy that becomes more important to us as diversified agriculture is developed here."

Charity leads us to believe that the Statesman editor is honest in his opinions, and that his broad statement as to the benefits agricultural products derive from protective tariff enactments are not purposely misleading, but made through ignorance. He writes that "nearly all our agricultural products need the assistance of the custom house duties in order to give them an advantage in the markets of this country over the surplus articles of like kinds from other countries with cheap lands and labor." These facts are presented for his information:

Wheat is "protected" 25 cents a bushel. During the year ended June 30, 1899, the United States imported breadstuffs to the value of \$246,340,487. Yet men may be so partisan, or ignorant as to glorify the Republican party for "protecting" the wheat grower. Hops are "protected" 12 cents a pound. In 1899 we imported of Bavarian hops, a fancy growth that is peculiar to Bavarian soil and climate, 1,319,319 pounds. We exported 21,145,512 pounds. The Oregon growers got 6 to 10 cents per pound for the 1898 crop. The 1899 crop was sold from 2 to 4 1/2 cents per pound. Not much use of 12 cents per pound protection for the hop industry! Such protection is a fraud, and the framers of the statute knew it when they enacted the Diagle tariff bill.

Our mills ship millions of feet of lumber to foreign markets. Protection of lumber is a fraud and the framers of the tariff bill were aware of the fact. Take so-called protection to apples, onions, hay, oats and other agricultural products, and export and import statistics show that they require no protection and, in fact, are not protected by reason of tariff enactments.

On the other hand: The iron, cotton, woolen and the lesser manufactures are protected to an extent that is almost if not prohibitory of foreign importation. And not content with the fifty to two hundred per cent protection in their favor they have banded together in trusts and combinations to stifle competition among themselves, and to secure abnormal profits on the capital invested.

The Statesman is welcome to all the glory it may gain in defense of the system that has built up our Hannas and Carnegies, and other millionaires and multi-millionaires at the expense of labor and agriculture.

PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES.

Bryan electoral vote in 1896... 176
New York's electoral vote... 36
Kentucky's electoral vote... 12
Maryland's electoral vote... 8

Total... 232
Necessary to elect... 234

Including one from Kentucky.

Kentucky may be classed for Bryan this fall with Maryland chances in his favor. That would insure his election provided he could carry New York and hold the western states that voted for him in 1896, as follows:

California... 1
Idaho... 3
Kansas... 10
Montana... 3
Nebraska... 8
South Dakota... 4
Washington... 4
Wyoming... 3

Total... 36

Conceding the three states in the first table to Bryan, McKinley must carry nine votes from the states enumerated in the second table to win. He could win with Kansas alone, but should that state fail him he would require the votes of Nebraska and one other state. Kansas and Nebraska failing he would require the votes of three other states of the list.

WM. J. BRYAN ON TRUSTS.

In June North American Review.

"The trust question was in the campaign of 1896, and the menace of the trust was then pointed out, but the warning was unheeded. Now the heavy band of monopoly is laid upon so many that there is a growing protest against a system which permits a few men to control each branch of industry, fix the rate of wages, the price of raw material and the price of the finished product.

"Until four years ago no Republican of prominence defended the trusts; now the Republican leaders speak of the trusts in guarded terms. The Ohio platform recently adopted demands that 'so-called trusts shall be regulated from time to time and so restricted as to guarantee immunity from hurtful monopoly.' The word 'hurtful' is as broad as charity, and enables the trust defender to shield every trust behind the plea that it is not hurtful. A monopoly is not hurtful to those who operate it, and if they can control the government they will be sure to decide that it is not hurtful to any one."

The Chinese may not be able to dominate the politics of the world, but when the five hundred millions of patient, industrious Chinese laborers are furnished with motive power and labor saving machinery they will be able to dominate the labor market of the world and fix the compensation to be paid to the toilers of all lands. China may not be able to stand against the combined assault of the powers politically, but that the labor of China when properly utilized by the great captains of industry of America and Europe will become a controlling factor in the industrial world cannot be denied. The labor of the civilized nations of the world will read their doom in the industrial and commercial development of China.

The Dalles Times-Mountaineer: "There was a stronger sentiment for woman suffrage than most people thought prior to the recent election. The equal suffrage amendment was beaten only 2137 out of a total vote of 54,667. This indicates that a very large minority of the men of Oregon are chivalrous and willing to give the women equal rights with them at the polls."

There will be no more permits issued by the Spokane board of public works for corrugated iron buildings in the fire limits. Only brick and stone structures will be allowed.

Grain and hay cutting will continue in the Spokane valley three weeks longer. Winter wheat is turning out extra good. A ton to the acre of wheat hay is considered fair on the gravel. It brings in Spokane \$7 to \$15 a ton, while rye hay is \$1 or \$2 less, but yields 50 per cent more.

WHILE THE HEART BEATS YOUNG.

While the heart beats young, oh, the splendor of the spring. With all her dewy jewels on, is not so fair a thing. The fair, sweet morning of the blossoms of May is not so sweet a season as the season of love. While youth's divine climate holds us in its arms, we care not. As we feel our mothers with us by the touch of face and breast. Our bare feet in the meadows and our fancies up among the clouds of morning—while the heart beats young!

While the heart beats young and our pulses leap and dance, With every day a holiday and life a glad romance, We hear the birds with wonder, and with wonder watch their flight, Standing still the more enchanted, both of heart and mind and sight, When they have vanished wholly, for, in fancy, wing to wing We fly with them, and, returning, still we sing.

The praise of this lower heaven with strains of love and song, Even as the Master sanctions—while the heart beats young.

While the heart beats young! While the heart beats young! Oh, green and gold old earth of ours, with amure and looped with rainbows, grant us yet this gray day of thine; We would be still thy children through the shower and the shine; So pray we, hoping, whispering, in childish love and trust, By feverish feet, all unwritten and unnamed, Thou givest us an answer, while the heart beats young.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE PASSING OF THE LAIRD

A Story of the South African War.

It was that field of dread memory—Magersfontein. From dawn—when the belching hill front of fire had mowed in swathes the ranks of the Highland brigade. The dark African night had hung its blackness over Magersfontein, and in the scanty scrub and hollows remained those who could not well retire when the bugles, with reluctant notes, sounded the retreat.

Piper Duncan Farquharson sat up and groaned. His last experience of life had been rather mixed. He remembered retreating behind a wire fence, and after he had scampered over the wire a few dozen yards something happened. What this was Duncan was uncertain, but as he felt his head he knew he had been hit.

The blood had caked hard on his neck and collar, and as he moved it began anew to trickle down his face. He took out his handkerchief and bandaged his wounds as well as he could. His gloves were safe. He could feel the beads lying over his knees. He bent to grasp them.

He was tormented with an awful thirst. His water bottle was still intact, and he raised it to his lips. Still the thirst continued.

He sat up and considered. Where was his company? Where was the captain and his lieutenant, the young laird, who bore the same name as he bore? He would go to them. So he went.

He rose up and, reeling, fell. He rose again and once more came down. Then he crawled.

There were groans and curses and sobs from the darkness, and sometimes a wild yell tore the night asunder. There were calls for water in all the dialects spoken north of the Tweed and in many forms of southern Anglo-Saxon.

Duncan crawled through them. At last he came to the barbed wire entanglements. As he crawled through these the barbs tore his kilt and hose, and he felt them enter his flesh, but at last he threw himself clear.

Then he rolled down a short way, and a bowlder brought him up. He put out his hand to protect his face and caught another hand, cold and clammy, in his own.

The other groaned aloud. "Is that you, laird?" said Piper Duncan Farquharson. "Ah, it's you, Duncan," said Lieutenant Duncan Farquharson. "Ah, it's me, laird. Are ye sair hurt?" "Oh, I don't know, Duncan. For heaven's sake, if you have any water, give me some." "I've nae water, laird, but I'll get ye some. Ye are awfu' caul', though," said the piper.

He took off his tunic and wrapped the laird in it as well as could be done under the circumstances. "Do you mind the loch your father and we two used to fish at the back of Ben-dochuan? Now, was it a Jock Scott he used? I don't remember." He shivered; then he came back to Magersfontein. "Duncan, lad, if you can move, bring me a drink of water." Duncan sat still and felt his head. He heard with his ears, but his brain had not yet comprehended. Then consciousness returned to him. He must obey the laird. It was in these circumstances that Piper Farquharson robbed the dead on Magersfontein. His field of operation was limited, but he had many within it. Limited though it might be. Duncan pilaged from an officer a silver flask which his owner would never more require. With other melancholy loot Duncan crawled slowly back to the laird, and, feeling for his face, he poured whisky and water between his lips. The laird caught his trembling hand.

THE SERGEANT'S GOLD.

"Steady, Duncan! I've enough. I'm going. Keep it for yourself." "Na, na, laird; tak' some 'mair o' it. I'll tak' some myself, though." He drank the mixture, and, as the spirit brought back life into his veins, he said: "I'm houp that ye'll be a good levin man. He's a good levin man, he is, to gang to a place there's nae o' it droucht as there's here."

"You were always plucky, Duncan," said the lieutenant. "But I'm going." "A voice was now at a whisper. 'Duncan, I'm going,' whispered the laird. 'Na, na, ye'r nae gaun, laird! I'll play ye a reel.' And over the desolation floated the springing crispness of the 'Perth Hunt.'

From the darkness the sentries on the heights and in the trenches fired off their rifles, and their sleepy comrades stood to their arms. These verdomed petticoat rowlocks were to make a night attack. Suddenly the music stopped.

"Due ye mind that? It was danced at yer coming o' age." "Yes, I remember, Duncan. But play the march and sit down here beside me. I'm cold. It will soon be snow, Duncan."

Duncan, whose head was throbbing with the effort in playing the reel, crawled down beside his laird. "Aye, I think it will be snow afore mornin'," he said.

Then Piper Farquharson played marches and strathspeys, and in the cold and darkness death came to many of his audience. But as they fell asleep and their thirst was sated and their pain eased, their lullaby was, to them, the sweetest they had heard since childhood.

Duncan could play no more. It was indeed only fitfully he had played at all. And the laird was passing. "Goodby, old man, and thanks," sighed the laird. "If you go home, tell them I sent my love. I wrote to them all yesterday. Good!"

There was a slight tinkle, the laird fell sideways. He had gone with his comrades. The dawn would come soon. Already the summits of the eastern hills were beginning to appear through the grayness. Day was coming, and the night and those who had gone under its blackness were now to be numbered with that which had been.

Duncan, however, was only concerned about one thing. The laird was gone. He had asked him for a march. He should have one, Duncan rose, propped himself against the bowlder and stood over the body of his lieutenant.

Then over the velvet low, wailing strains of "Lochaber No More" rose and swelled in the dawn, like the voice of a mother mourning with a sore articulate grief the loss of her children.

It was well played. The infinite sorrow, the wild hopelessness of the music rang out over veldt and kopje, and the more superstitious among the Boers muttered that "it was the wailing of the souls of the petticoat rowlocks." It was probably Piper Farquharson's best effort. It was his last.

The Boer sentry in the advanced trench saw, as the dawn came, a rootlet standing facing him. He was a petticoat and might have thousands behind him. The sentry brought his rifle to the "present." It was an easy shot—a tall man, with no khaki tunic to deceive the marksman. Then the Mauser barked.

In this wise Piper Duncan Farquharson of the Highland brigade rejoined his laird.—Detroit News.

What Is a Mystic?

What is a mystic? The dictionary gives us an answer perhaps, but one wants in a thousand cases something more than the dictionary. We like to make definitions ourselves. This is a stronger tendency than we suspect. A mystic is a man who makes his own definitions.

I knew a man many years ago in a country town where I lived who was a typical nonconformist and an example of self reliance. He was without a man of strong character and did not ask anybody's good opinion. He was a cabinet maker and always spelled bureau "bu-ro." A man to whom he sent a bill said to him, "This is not the way Webster spells bureau." "Well," said he, "this is the way I spell it, and I have as good a right to my way as Webster has to his." He was a mystic in orthography.

"Ye must be born again." That was mysticism to Nicodemus. His dictionary didn't explain it. Jacob Behmen called the same thing "the morning redness." That, too, defies the dictionary. Swedenborg calls love "fire" and beyond all others in modern times makes definitions of his own. All poets are to some extent mystics, inasmuch as they express themselves in symbols and metaphors.—Columb Age.

Another Mean Man.

"Stimson is a mean man." "Why so?" "He's got a way of keeping his wife from going through his pockets for loose change." "How's that?" "He spends it all before he gets home."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Altogether Slow.

Merchant—I think I'll have to fire Peck. He's frightfully lazy. Friend—Slow in everything, eh? Merchant—Well, no, not everything. He gets tired quick enough.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE SERGEANT'S GOLD.

Surgeon General St. John told a story of a sergeant's gold. The sergeant was a simple fellow, but he was a good soldier. He had a little gold, but he was a good soldier. He had a little gold, but he was a good soldier.

"Doctor, I know that I'm a bit of a simple fellow, but I'm a good soldier. I've got a little gold, but I'm a good soldier. I've got a little gold, but I'm a good soldier."

There was no time to remonstrate or to make any other arrangement, and the Irishman hurried away to his place at the head of the column. All through two bloody days Dr. Sternberg carried that bag of gold with his surgical instruments, and it was a burden and an embarrassment to him. He tried to get rid of it, but couldn't find any one willing to accept or even to share the responsibility, and he couldn't throw it away for the sake of the "ould folks at home."

Toward the close of the second day the surgeon was taken prisoner. He lost his surgical instruments and his medicine case, but clung to the gold, and making a belt of his necktie and handkerchief, tied it around his waist next to his skin to prevent its confiscation by his captors. During the long and weary march that followed the goldpieces chafed his flesh, and his waist became so sore and blistered as to cause him intense suffering, but he was bound that the "ould folks at home" should have the benefit of that money and by the exercise of great caution and patience managed to keep it until he was exchanged with other prisoners and got back to Washington.

There he found his regiment in camp, and one of the first men to welcome him was the Irish sergeant major, who was so delighted to learn that the doctor had saved his money that he got drunk and gambled it all away the first night.—Chicago Record.

IN RIP VAN WINKLE'S LAND.

The Portuguese Colonies in Africa. In a back number of the Boston Herald is a story of a young man who had been in the Rip Van Winkle's land of reality. After three centuries of white dominion they remain pretty much in the condition in which Da Gama and his bold successors left them.

Here is a picture of what trade means in the favored region of Cabinda bay, where there is a single white trader who occupies a house of three rooms, with a "shop" 20 feet by 8 feet attached. The place is stocked with puncheons of some vile stuff called "rum" which are exchanged for palm kernels.

Knots of natives from the interior villages with loads of kernels bring to present themselves at the shop by 8 a. m., and when the trader at last makes his appearance there is a noisy crowd of kernel sellers and thirsty hangers on.

The exchange of rum for kernels is quickly effected, and by 9 o'clock in the morning the entire population may be seen lying under the shelter of the cocoanut palms either stupidly drunk or noisily quarreling.

The mingled uproar and snoring lasts till about noon, when there is a sudden return to sobriety, and the crowd clears away to the village to collect the means for another carousal.

On a "good" day the trader at Cabinda bay gets rid of about 100 gallons of rum, and he avers that the scene described is repeated every day in the year.

Next to rum and "civilization" the greatest curse of West Africa are malaria and the sleeping sickness. From this last no case of recovery has ever been known, and so contagious is it that in the native Christian community every communicant has a separate cup from which to partake of the sacramental wine.—London Leader.

Cheap Cats.

General Sir Herbert Chermisde was formerly a consul in Asia Minor. Once, in a weak moment, he sent a couple of beautiful Angora cats as a present to a lady in Constantinople. The lady was so pleased that she asked him to send some more. Sir Herbert gave his native servant some money and told him to go and buy two or three. There came a demand for more cats from the consul's friends, and he gave his servant more money with which to buy cats.

This went on for two or three months, and the native servant waxed exceedingly fat. One morning, however, the general, on coming out of the consulate, was surrounded by a host of infuriated velle women, who besought Mohammed to curse him because he had stolen all their cats. It appears that the native servant had pocketed the money for himself and gone round with a sack and confiscated every cat in the place.

The Old Shipplasters.

Probably the greatest profit ever enjoyed by the government as a result of the destruction of money was in connection with the fractional currency or shipplasters issued during the civil war.

The total amount issued was \$368,724,070, of which \$9,880,558 has never been presented for redemption. A large amount had been procured as currency by collecting and converting old money into it. It was a great deception.—Indiana State Sentinel.

Prof's Answer.

"My friend," said the long haired passenger to the young man in the opposite, "to what end has your life work been directed?" "To both ends," was the reply. "I have the only first class seat and shoe store in our village."—Chicago News.

What Old Sawyer Said.

Senator Sawyer considered himself personally responsible for a Republican majority in Wisconsin and was quite sensitive on that subject. During the Garfield campaign I was writing one day in the simple office at Oshkosh, when a gentleman, then at work, but now occupying a prominent position in public affairs, appeared with a letter of introduction from Mr. Jewell of Connecticut, chairman of the Republican national committee, who stated that the bearer had been instructed to visit Wisconsin for the purpose of making a report upon the political situation and the prospects of the Republican ticket. This proceeding the old man's pride. He resented, to his territory, and I noticed that his face flushed as he read the letter. After looking out of the window for a few moments he looked at the watch, handed back the letter of introduction to his surprised visitor and remarked with deliberation:

"There's a train leaving here at 1 o'clock that will get you into New York day after tomorrow morning, and I send up one of my boys to see that you get aboard. When you get to New York, you tell Jewell that old Sawyer nothing for you to report on. You might add, however, that old Sawyer asked you who was looking after things in Connecticut."—Chicago Record.

Desperate.

"After I landed in Algiers," said a Pittsburg man who is visiting Denver friends, "I went out for a little walk to see the town and incidentally to find a barber shop."

"After spending some time in fruitless search I accosted a man and politely asked him to direct me to the nearest place where I could get shaved. Monsieur did not comprehend, and I repeated my question. What he said I do not know, as he understood no English, and I am equally ignorant of French. We parted."

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"I walked on until I met an intelligent looking chap whom I stopped. Slowly, distinctly and in a loud tone of voice I again stated my request. Anybody ought to have understood, but he did not. He threw a volley of French at me, gesticulated madly and left me standing there."

"With the third man I changed my tactics. I did not attempt to talk to him in a foreign tongue that he was too stupid to understand. I clutched him by the arm and held him while I performed a pantomime shave. When I finished, I looked at him inquiringly. "Yes," he said, "I can see that you are a desperate man. I suppose you want me to take you to a secluded spot where you can cut your throat?"

"Never did the English language sound sweeter to me, and, learning what I wanted to know, I was soon happily winding my way to the nearest barber shop."—Detroit Free Press.

The Stock Exchanged.

At one of the great department stores the other day a young man was indulging in airy periffage with the pretty shopgirl behind the counter while waiting for his change.

"What a wonderful place you have here?" he said. "What do you sell?" "Everything," was the reply. "Everything?" was the incredulous comment. "What do you mean by everything?"

"Just what I say," responded the girl. "Anything you want we can supply you with here." "Oh, you can, eh?" commented the pretentious Alexander. "Well, let me look at some family ties."

"Without remark, but with demure countenance, the girl went away, but in a moment returned and said: "I am sorry, but the manager tells me that we are just out of family ties owing to the great demand. Perhaps you'd like to look at some family jars?"

The young man decided, however, that the latter was an undesirable commodity, and he would have none of it.—New York Tribune.

That Settled It.

"Why do you think the plaintiff insane?" a witness examined as to somebody's mental condition was asked by counsel at a trial. "Because," replied the witness, "he is continually going about asserting that he is the prophet Mohammed."

"And pray, sir," retorted the learned gentleman of the wig, "do you think that when a person declares he is the prophet Mohammed that is a clear proof of his insanity?" "I do." "Why?" "Because," answered the witness, regarding his questioner with easy complacency, "I happen to be the prophet Mohammed myself."—London Answers.

A Withersome.

"Did you go to the girls' college benefit supper, major?" "Yes, little girl." "They say it was a circus, major?" "No, it wasn't, little girl. If it had only been a circus, I could have bought a bag of rancid peanuts for a nickel, instead of paying 50 cents for a burned ball of popcorn."—Chicago News.

Poet's Query Answered.

"I wonder why they miss me?" wrote the poet in violet ink on gilt edged paper. And the editor, as he tossed the manuscript into the revolving gulf of his omniscience, said to himself: "They miss you because you miss them."—London Answers.

Altogether Slow.

Merchant—I think I'll have to fire Peck. He's frightfully lazy. Friend—Slow in everything, eh? Merchant—Well, no, not everything. He gets tired quick enough.—Philadelphia Ledger.