Eugene City Guard

SATURDAY .....JULY 28

COUNTY FINANCES.

Judge H R Kincaid in his paper, the Journal, says: The committee appointed by the county court to examine the records of the various officers of Lane county from November 7, 1899, up to July 12, 1900, consisting of L H Johnson, L H Potter and F M Wilkins, submitted their report last Monday. It shows that the warrants outstanding July 12, 1900, amount to $99,647.50. The interest now due on these warrants, which the committee did not compute, makes the present indebtedness of Lane county about one hundred and two or one hundred and three thousand dollars. Should the current expenses continue at the same rate during the next nine months as they have been, say $5,000 per month, and over $9,000 for June under the old board on account of election expenses—and there will be another election this year in November—the indebtedness when the next tax levy becomes due next April will be approximately $150,000, less the taxes now due and uncollected, which will be collected in the meantime, and a small amount of fees, all amounting to $25,000 to $30,000. This will leave a debt of $120,000 to $125,000 to be paid out of the taxes 1900 and subsequent years in addition to the expenses of carrying on the county government as provided by law and the necessary road and bridge work. All of this will require careful management and strict economy if the debt shall be paid or reduced without increasing or by reducing taxes.

PRICE OF WHEAT.

Register, July 21: In the county campaigns the democrats made a great howl about the low price o wheat. We find by comparison that No 2 spring wheat sold in Chicago at 88 cents last month, as against 61½ cents in June, 1896. Should we make a change back to the democratic administration and prices?

The price of wheat on a stock board in Chicago has nothing whatever to do with the actual price of wheat in Eugene. Today's Register quotes wheat in Eugene at 43 cents per bushel. Wheat on July 21, 1899, was quoted at 46 cents per bushel, a fall of three cents from last year. What has the Chicago market got to do with the Oregon farmer anyway?

Portland Telegram, republican: Governor Roosevelt may make a mistake if he continues to race about the country in a manner to suggest the charge up San Juan hill. The country is too big to be stampeded by cow-boy whoops and rough rider dashes. Roosevelt as a rough rider in Cuba was an admirable figure, no doubt; but the people soon tire of political mimicry of such a performance, how heroic the original one might have been. The war with Spain was popular enough in itself; but some of its consequences are not being enjoyed by the American people. If Governor Roosevelt gains votes for Mr McKinley, it will not be on account of the Santiago campaign.

The A. O. U. W. is in session now at Salem. The membership in this state is put down at 9505 an increase of 1396 for the year. The per capita tax is put at $1.80 the average age of members this year is 39 03 years, against 41.94 yerrs last year. There have been 70 deaths during the year, the average age at death being 48¾ years; average duration of membership, 10 years. There are 135 lodges, of which 10 were organized within the last year.

Reports from the drouth-stricken section of Arizona are to the effect that every water-hole and most of the wells have gone dry. In consequence cattle are dying by the thousands.

The people have no use for papers of the character of the New York Times, Sun and Harper's Weekly. Hence such sheets become mortgaged and finally owned by some trust magnate like J Pierpont Morgan. It is at such a time that they bear testimony to how "dangerous" a man is Wm J Bryan, says the La Grande Chronicle.

Wheat is getting near the dollar mark again. Silver stands still, and even corn is worth nearly as much now as an ounce of silver.

Salem Journal: The above is from the Eugene Register of July 14, which in the same issue quotes wheat at 45 cents and it has dropped three cents since. We trust its other political assertions are nearer true than this.

The Chicago & Rock Island road has put a ban upon cigarette smokers, and will no longer employ anybody who indulges in that form of dissipation. One of the officials says that as a rule cigarette smokers are dull and half asleep most of the time, and the road can not afford to entrust their property and trains in their keeping.

The simple Tagalos are learning the ways of the world pretty rapidly. It has just been discovered that they have put considerable bogus money in circulation in Manila. Their counterfeits are one dollar silver coins and five dollar bills.

Harper's Weekly, New York Sun and New York Times, which are being quoted from just now as independent papers of democratic inclinations are owned by J Pierpont Morgan, a republican.

Albany Democrat: The Eugene Register says wheat is getting near the dollar mark. Very near, lacking about 55 cents of it. The editor must have dipped his pen in the lye kettle.

We may expect some interesting news from Cuba. There are $3,000,000 in the public treasury there, and quite a number of officeholders are still at large on the island.

It is surely time that Aguinaldo was killed again—or heard from again. It is difficult to remember which was the last report.

Notice.

EUGENE, Or, July 12, 1900.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received at the clerk's office in Eugene, Oregon, up to 2 o'clock p m, of Wednesday, August 8, 1900 for the hauling and spreading of crushed rock not less than two cubic yards to the rod, on what is known is known as the Cantrell Lane, beginning at the intersection of the Spencer Creek road with said lane, and running thence west to the Coyote Creek, being in all about three miles of said lane, said bid will be let with the understanding that the contractor accept as part payment on said contract the subscription list on the petition for the improvement of said road, amounting to about $630, more or less. The court reserves the right to reject any and all bids. The subscription list and petition can be seen at the clerk's office.

By order of the court.

E. U. LEE, Clerk.

Call For County Warrants.

Notice is hereby given that the following warrants will be paid on presentation at my office ON and AFTER July 10, 1900. Interest on same will cease July 23, 1900: All Lane county warrants from registered number 7507 to 7544, both inclusive.

Dated, Eugene, July 21, 1900.

A S PATTERSON,
County Treasurer

SCOUTS.—Jay P Hughes, an Oregon boy, writing from Manila, P I, under date of June 20th, says: "I might mention that James Harrington was an Oregon boy, from Eugene. I think they made him chief of scouts of the Philippines. He was shot and killed in San Isidro last spring. He was very brave and was at the head of the advance all the time."

"I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in my family with wonderful results. It gives immediate relief, is pleasant to take and is truly the dyspeptic's best friend," says E Hartgerink, Overisel, Mich. Digests what you eat. Cannot fail to cure. Vincent & Co., Corner Drug Store.

IN THE ORCHARD.

Down in the orchard, where the leaves
Play hide and seek all day,
I crossed the web the shadow weaves
And came where Doris lay.
Her arms were crossed above her hair,
Her eyes were curtained close,
And on her lip her dreams bloomed fair
As on her cheek the rose.

The little rosy apples leaned
Between the leaves to see;
The blackbird, by the pear bough screened,
Exchanged a glance with me;
The sunshine strove to part the boughs
And kiss her sleeping eyes,
But I turned back toward the house,
For I, for once, was wise!

—Pall Mall Gazette.

A MELODY.

It United a Pair of Lovers That Had Been Estranged.

By Ina Brevoort Roberts.

Copyright, 1900, by Ervin Wardman.

It was about half past 9 when Jack Sutherland wandered into a roof garden, less because he cared to be there than because he could think of nothing else to do.

There had been a time when Jack's evenings were not spent in an aimless endeavor to make the hours fly faster, but that time was past.

The orchestra was crashing out the music of a comic opera as he stepped from the elevator, and he leisurely scanned the crowd that sat in groups around small tables sipping iced drinks.

All day the heat had been terrific, and even now, although a breeze stirred the foliage of the potted plants, a humid haze still lingered in the air and mellowed the rays of the colored lamps that only partly dispelled the darkness.

Their light was sufficient to catch the glitter in the jewels of the women nearest them, but there were nooks where the friendly darkness shielded the faces of lovers and encouraged tender confidences.

As Jack passed a number of these couples on his way to a seat he turned his eyes impatiently toward the center of the inclosure where that part of the audience had congregated which had come to find amusement and forget the heat.

There the murmur of voices mingling with the music was continuous, and the deep tones of prosperous looking business men blended with the low laughter of women who, despite the heat, looked cool and fresh in their filmy gowns.

Jack nodded to one or two people as he dropped into a seat. A waiter came for his order, and after he had given it Jack lighted a cigar and, leaning back, proceeded to take note of the groups at the tables nearest him. It was one of his ways of obtaining diversion, this studying of the people about him. He liked to watch the play of expression on the various faces and to speculate about them.

He did not, however, enjoy watching lovers. Jack had a fine contempt for sentiment. His one love affair had been full of it, and it had ended badly. But that he had quite outlived his love and even his slight feeling of bitterness toward the woman who had been able to cause him so much pain Jack often assured himself.

Thoughts of Edith brought no accompanying heartache, and his feelings for her now resembled the calm regard we entertain toward friends of former days from whom we have parted. But the affair had left him with a cynical dislike of anything that bordered on sentiment.

It amused him to think how rich in the thing he now despised the days of his courtship and short engagement had been. Edith has told him once, with a pretty flush on her cheeks and a light in her eyes, that the sight of violets always would recall to her mind the time when he had asked her to be his wife.

She had worn those flowers that evening—a monstrous bunch of them that he had sent her—and Jack remembered how their perfume had filled the tiny drawing room and in some indefinable way had seemed to blend with the soft light of the shaded lamps.

It was pretty, that love affair of theirs, but, after all, it had been only an episode. He was glad that they had discovered their mistake in time, and he was able to look back upon that portion of his life much as we remember a dainty play that lifts us for a time above the sordid cares of the workaday world.

In the time he had known her Edith had roused him from his indifferent attitude toward life. He always must feel grateful to her for that, Jack told himself, but the sight of violets brought him no regrets.

The return of the waiter with the drink he had ordered roused Jack from his contemplation of an interesting group near him. The orchestra had brought the blatant music of the opera to a close and was playing an alluring waltz.

The waltz died away on the summer air, and the murmur of voices became louder, interspersed with the popping of corks and the sound of ice against thin glass.

Jack's gaze returned to the scene before him, and it was at this moment that he caught sight of Edith seated at a table a few feet from him.

He had not seen her since they parted as friends a year before, and he smiled to think that he should be able to look at her now with so little perturbation. He did not believe she knew that he was there. At any rate she gave no sign of having seen him, and Jack watched her at intervals as the figures between them swayed.

Apparently she was well and happy. Their brief love affair had passed over the surface of her life and left no ripple. Jack looked at her critically, noting her beauty and the taste displayed in her attire. He always had admired her dainty way of dressing, and as for her beauty, that was undeniable. It impressed him no less vividly now than it had in those other days when he adored her.

Suddenly, without any premonitory tuning of instruments, the orchestra broke into a catchy air that brimmed over with contagious jollity and sent a ripple of merriment running through the audience.

A queer ripple came over Jack's face as he smiled with the others. That little melody was full of memories for him. No matter how completely a thing of the past his love for Edith might be, that tune always must bring her to his mind.

There was nothing sentimental about it. It was too frankly gay for that, but it had nevertheless woven itself inextricably through all their courtship. It began with their first quarrel, an assumption of authority on his part, unwarrantable as he looked at it now, and a flaunting of pride on hers.

The next evening they had met in a box at the theater and had avoided each other's eyes until the orchestra struck up that air, which by its infectious gayety had dispelled their ill humor and caused them to look at one another and smile. After that they never heard it that their eyes did not meet with a look of understanding. It had ended many quarrels for them.

"When you can hear that air played without meeting my eyes, I shall know that you no longer love me," Jack once had said to Edith half in jest.

The melody in question, chancing to strike the keynote of public favor, became popular, and they heard it everywhere. Sometimes in a pretty attempt at defiance Edith resolutely would keep her eyes averted and refuse to look at her lover, but she never could carry her willfulness to the end of the tune. Always before the music stopped her eyes would meet his gaze.

And this was what the orchestra was playing now, and he and she were sitting only a few feet apart, with their love for each other quite dead. It was an odd coincidence, Jack thought, smiling. How had that old tune, which belonged to a past summer, come to find a place among the popular airs of the present one? There seemed to be some invisible link that connected them—her and him and that fanciful, silly jig. Well, there would be no love message flashed between them this time.

Jack told himself this with no emotion, and his calmness made him realize how completely a thing of the past his love was. He glanced over to where she sat. The crowd had thinned out, and he could see her plainly now.

If the music stirred memories in Edith, the fact did not show in her face. Her eyes were lowered, but her lips smiled as she listened to what her companion was saying.

Suddenly she raised her head and met Jack's gaze. Whether she had seen him before he did not know, but as she looked her smile faded, and for a few seconds the two regarded each other steadily, gravely.

Then just as the music stopped something in the man's face brought the girl's smile back again, not to her lips this time, but in her eyes, and Jack knew that she had not forgotten. He knew, too, that his pretense at not caring had been a farce and that he loved her still.

It was as a man in a dream that he saw Edith rise and move toward the exit, followed by her escort. Jack also rose, and in the confusion, as a crowd filled the elevator, he managed to speak to her.

"When can I see you?" he asked.

"Tomorrow," she answered without looking at him.

The elevator stopped, and they were separated again, but as Jack lighted a fresh cigar and went on his homeward way life had a different look, and the clatter of horses' feet as cabs darted swiftly over the smooth asphalt beat time to a glad refrain that echoed and re-echoed in his heart, "Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow!"—New York Press.

No Mystery About Politics.

There is nothing peculiar or mysterious about politics or international relations, says Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr., in The Atlantic. When two or three men live within hail of one another, political relations begin. Politics begin when men realize that other men are forces to be considered. Men meet, bow; each drives his wagon to the right; one sells, another buys; they fence their acres in. They meet together to chop down a tree, to mend the road, to regulate county matters with the next community.

Whether they like it or not, politics have begun; ethical relations have begun; religion has come in. Be it fear, philosophy, instinct or habit, every normal man is conscious of this religious element. Men cannot separate politics from ethics nor ethics from religion; they are threefold, yet one and indivisible. From that union springs the normal law.

Rightly to understand that power is the chief problem of life, and mankind has long been busy at the task, but the immediate matter for men is to understand that what is true of two men and three gathered together is true of tens of millions. Are men to recognize this power which acts on the individual and on society only when the company is small and they can see the whites of each other's eyes? The duty of the state is to recognize the scientific truth of the universality and persistence of this power and to put it to use in state affairs.

Quite Natural.

Little Johnny—Mamma, let's play I am your mother and you are my little boy.

Mamma—Very well, dear. How shall we play it?

Little Johnny—I'll tell you. You start to do something, and I'll tell you not to.

SOME STRONG PINTS.

BOTH SIDES WERE ELOQUENT ON THE NEW SCHOOL QUESTION.

Pap Perkins, the Postmaster, Tells How the Cause of Higher Education Was Knocked Out In the Debate at the Jericho Postoffice.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

Lish Billings, Abner Jones and Moses Plumber hev bin holdin Jericho back fur the last two years from hevin a new schoolhouse. The matter has come up almost every evenin at the postoffice and bin hotly argued, but they couldn't be budged. The other night a mighty smart lookin stranger was stoppin in town, and it was arranged that he drop in on the crowd and take the schoolhouse side and put the three obstructors on their backs. The stranger was on hand at the hour named, and when the proper minit arrived Squar Joslyn speaks up and says:

"Stranger, if you was a resident of this town, would you be fur schoolhouses or ag'in 'em?"

"I'd be fur 'em, of course," replies the man. "I'd vote fur the cause of education if I had to live on one meal

"BY JINGO, BUT THAT'S A STRONG PINT!"

a day. It is education that makes a nation. The less education the more vice and wickedness."

"That's jest the way I look at it," says the squar. "I say education before everything else, but we've got men in this town who differ with me. You wouldn't think that leadin men of a town would be ag'in schoolhouses, would you?"

"They must be queer sort of men. Don't they want their children to know who discovered America?"

"That's a mighty strong pint, mighty strong!" says Deacon Spooner, as he tunks his cane on the floor and looks at Abner Jones.

"I reckon you're hittin at me," replies Abner after whittlin away for a moment, "and I've got a few words to say. I'd like to ask this stranger here if he knows who discovered America."

"Why, certainly, sir," said the man.

"Has it ever done you any good? Has it ever made any difference to you whether it was Smith, Green or Brown?"

"But it is knowledge."

"Yes, it's knowledge, and that's a strong pint," whispers the deacon.

"Yes, it's schoolhouse knowledge," says Abner, "but let me ask you sunthin. What month in the year d'you plant pumpkin seeds?"

"Pumpkin seeds! Why, what have pumpkin seeds got to do with education?"

"Quite a little bit, I reckon. This county ships 'nuff pumpkins every year to make 3,000,000 10 cent pies. I don't believe ten farmers kin tell you when America was discovered, but they know when to plant pumpkins. Which is the best fur 'em? I reckon you kin tell what year George Washington dled in, which I can't, but d'you know whar to fasten a rope when you want to drive a hog to market?"

"By jingo, but that's a strong pint, and Abner's got him!" shouts the deacon as he jumps up and down.

The stranger appeared to be sort of confused and taken down, but tried to git out of it by sayin they were triflin with the subject.

"I'm one as isn't opposed to schools and education," says Moses Plumber, "but I don't want too many of 'em. I'm sayin that everybody orter know how to read, write and cipher, but nowadays they want to stuff children with a heap that's no good to anybody."

"But what man kin know too much?" asks the stranger. "But fur higher knowledge how would we know that the earth revolved on its axis?"

"But s'pose we didn't know? S'pose we figgered that the earth stood still? Wouldn't we have licked the British at Yorktown jest the same, and wouldn't the price of wheat be the same as today? I was talkin with young Jim Benson t'other day. He could tell the distance to the sun within a mile, but he couldn't tell how many rails to a rod of fence. He could give the names of all the stars, but he didn't know that cuttin a hog's tail off would make him root the harder, probably hopin to find a new one. He could tell when every state come into the Union, but he didn't know that a cow kicked sideways instead of straight behind."

"By jingo, Moses, but that's oratory and a strong pint besides!" exclaims the deacon. "In the face of them facts I can't see how we are to git another schoolhouse."

"You have been ill at some time or other in your life?" queries the stranger of Moses.

"I hev. Three years ago I was down with fever and everybody thought I'd die."

"But you were saved, and how? If the doctor who was called in had simply known about fence rails, hogs' tails and the way cows kick, where would you be today? He had gone beyond readin, writin and figurin. It was his higher education that saved your life."

"That's a strong pint ag'in you, Moses," says the deacon.

"Yes, but I didn't call a doctor," grins Moses. "My old woman pulled me through with herb teas and good nursin, and you all know she can't figger the value of two dozen eggs."

"Then the pint is on the stranger, and I'd like to see him dodge it."

"The stranger was stubbin his toe ag'in stones in the road and didn't look happy, but he braced up and said in answer:

"Let us take a case right here at home. Here is a store. It had to be designed by an architect before the carpenter could build it. Mr. Plumber kin read, write and figger, but kin he draw the plans fur a buildin? But fur higher education no man could do it."

"Yes; it was a smart bit of work," acknowledged Moses, "but I had considerable to say to that architect. He had never heard that thunder would turn sweet milk sour; he didn't know cows had only teeth on one jaw; he didn't know how to stop a hen from settin, a hog from rootin or a dog from killin sheep. He even poked his finger into a wasps' nest to see if the critters was at home. I'm not ag'in schools, but if they is to tell our children that the earth revolves on its axis why don't they also tell 'em that scratchin a hog's back with a corncob will help to fatten him?"

"That's a pint, Moses—it's a pint!" shouts the deacon as he raps on a bar'l. "Abner and Moses hev made their pints, and now we'd like to hear from Lish Billings."

"I've got mighty little to say," replies Lish as he sits with his back humped up like a camel.

"But it can't be that an intelligent man like you is opposed to education?" protests the stranger.

"That's accordin to what sort of education it is."

"I refer to general education. You look like a man of peace, but perhaps you have had trouble with a neighbor some time?"

"Yes, I had trouble with Sam Wheeler once."

"And you went to law?"

"Yes."

"To go to law you had a lawyer. If that man had only known enough to read, write and figure, he wouldn't have bin a lawyer. He had to hev a higher education to be a lawyer. Don't you see?"

"I skassly do," says Lish.

"But you had a lawyer, and so did Mr. Wheeler. There was a suit, and you got jestice."

"That's a pint fur the stranger, Lish!" shouts the deacon.

"Yes, mebbe 'tis, but lemme tell him how it turned out. Sam shet up one of my hogs with his, and I proved it, but my lawyer lost the case and charged me $10 to boot. The hog wasn't wuth over $3, but Sam had to pay his lawyer $12, and he went home from the lawsuit to find the critter dead. That's gineral education. Sam and me lost $22 and a hog between us and was mad at each other fur ten years, and I'm sayin I've had 'nuff of it and am ag'in more schoolhouses till death!"

The deacon jumped off the floor and said it was a pint and a strong one, and the stranger got down off the counter and said he wasn't feelin extra well and guessed he'd git to bed early.

M. QUAD.

IT CLEANS THE SHIPS.

Sailing Through a Volcano Crater In the Ægean Sea.

In the Ægean sea a vessel may sail into the top of a crater, and though it is hard to find anchorage there, yet a mere sail through is appreciated greatly by captains, because it cleanses the bottom of the ships from marine growth.

More than 2,000 years ago the isle of Santorin was split in half by an earthquake, with the result that what was once the crater of a volcano is now a crescent shaped harbor. Two glistening white towns of Thera and St. Nicholas are perched on the summit of the steep cliffs, whose dark and dismal hue is similar to that of the top of Vesuvius. Standing out against the sky are large numbers of windmills, with many sails, arranged in a perfect circle. These are evidently employed for crushing the olives, which, along with the terraced vines, are the staple product of the island. The Santorin wine is of excellent quality and is highly appreciated in the Levant.

Between the main island on the east and the smaller, Theresia, on the west, are the three small Kaumene islands, all of which have come into existence since the original earthquake, while the largest of the three was "born from the sea" less than 200 years ago, showing that the center of the old volcano has still a certain amount of activity.

The water in the harbor into which the sulphurous streams from this volcanic island drain has a peculiar property which completely cleans off growths of every kind from the bottom of any ship.

Knew the House.

Citizen—Off'sher, can you (hic) tell me where I (hic) live? I'm (hic) Senator Bigboddy, you know.

Officer—What's yer cook's name?

Citizen—Mary Ann (hic) O'Brady.

Officer—Four blocks down and two doors to yer right.—Judge.

Metals get tired as well as living beings. Telegraph wires are better conductors on Monday than on Saturday on account of their Sunday rest, and a rest of three weeks adds 10 per cent to the conductivity of a wire.

Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.

deducting ... should rise up again to a just appreciation of the true responsibility of this great republic? That true

by making the ... than they are.

... on all druggists.

ties. The company has ordered an additional donkey engine to be built at Frazer's foundry, this city.

DAY & HENDERSON