

Eugene Guard

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15

M'KENZIE ROAD.

The commissioners' court has made an excellent selection of a superintendent to expend the citizens' subscription and county appropriation for the betterment of the McKenzie road. Now as to the manner of performing the work:

The GUARD does not desire to dictate, but an intimate acquaintance with the road, at all seasons of the year, is sufficient excuse for suggestions. Superintendent Young should employ an adequate force to rush the work through, so it will not get caught by a possible early rainy season. Besides twenty teams will do more work, in proportion to days employed, than five teams, if properly handled. There is a certain enthusiasm imparted to working crews with large numbers that is lacking where only a few are employed. Then a much larger amount of work will be accomplished in a long, dry August day than in the shorter chillier days later in the season, when possibly rain will have made conditions for hauling much harder.

It will probably be August 15 before work can be started. When started it should be rushed to completion. Twenty teams one day will cost no more than one team twenty days. And the twenty teams will get the work done in the dry season when it will stay done.

Five thousand dollars will make an excellent road. No delay in the work must be permitted.

COUNTY JUDGESHIP CONTEST.

The fair and honest election of H. R. Kincaid as county judge of Lane county has been established beyond question. The precincts which his opponents depended upon to unseat him but added to his majority. The opinion expressed by an editorial in the DAILY GUARD of June 15 when rumors of a contest first became current, but were almost immediately contradicted, though without authority, are pertinent:

"KINCAID'S CHANCES THE BETTER IN A RECOUNT"

"It is reported that Mr. Knox will not make a contest for the county judgeship. We believe a recount would increase Kincaid's majority. The election boards in some precincts were solidly Republican, the judges we mean, and none of them but had two of the three judges."

"If there was any question as to the intent of the voter the Republican election judges naturally gave their candidate, Mr. Knox, the benefit of the doubt in counting Mr. Kincaid has nothing to fear from a recount of the votes."

After all it is a matter of satisfaction to Mr. Kincaid and his friends that no question of doubt attaches to his right to fill the honorable office.

AND IT IS THE BRYAN IDEA.

Cardinal Gibbons in an interview in the New York World:

War having for its object the acquisition of territory by this government is not to be thought of. We want no empire in Asia. We must go on with the work we have in the Philippines. We stand committed to the establishment of a stable and popular government in the islands. Then our mission in that archipelago will be finished.

One of the American displays at Paris that is said to amaze Europeans is that of the warm blood which has been inherited from fighting sires by the Daughters of the American revolution. American girls need no written credentials to prove the directness of their descent.

Li Hung Chang needs a Salem Chinaman to help him outwit the allies. Geo. Sun, a Salem celestial, has filed a petition in bankruptcy with \$30 assets and over \$6,000 liabilities. That is a smart Chinaman.

Chinese concessions are at some what of a discount at present.

A CHICAGO SENSATION.

Lines Hummed by the Town. But Suppressed by Authorities.

Chicago, Cor. New York Herald.

For three weeks Chicago listened with delight to the topical refrain, "Everybody Wondered How He Knew." This ditty was the hit of "The Burgomaster," and it was enjoyed thoroughly. But, instead of wondering how he knew, everybody now is wondering what has happened to the catchy ditty, for it is heard no more at the Dearborn, where "The Burgomaster" is being given.

Report is that Chicago, after laughing so heartily over the song, suddenly became shocked thereat. The city officials announced that the ditty must be suppressed, and the lines are what Chicago now is missing as a result:

There are often little trifles that are better left unsaid,
But are uttered in an unaffected way
Which reminds me of a junny little matter which occurred
At a fashionable ball the other day;
The host espied a silk-embroidered garter on the floor,
And gayly dared the owner to declare,
When a jolly looking fellow said, without the least concern,
"Oh, I know it; it belongs to Mrs. Dare!"

Now wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?
It came as quite a starter,
When he recognized that garter,
For everybody wondered how he knew.
Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?
But they didn't hear till later
That she got them from his mother,
So everybody wondered how he knew.

They were crowding round the baby at a christening after which
He was handed round for every one to see;
And a circumstance which somehow seemed to please the people most
Was a dainty little dimple on his knee.

Said Cousin Jack, from Oxford, who was staying there just then:
"This looks like a hereditary strain,
For isn't it a funny thing that just in this respect
He's exactly like his elder sister Jane?"

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?
It was really worse than simple
When he talked about that dimple,
For everybody wondered how he knew.
Yet he chanced to see that dimple,
While out bathing—ain't that simple?
But everybody wondered how he knew.

Folks were gazing at the very latest painting at a sale,
Labeled "Beauty Undorned," upon the list,
When a gentleman remarked to several others standing by:
"It is not true—such perfect beauty can't exist."
"Excuse me, sir," a gentleman remarked, "but you are wrong,
And if you like I'll bet a case of fizz
That this painting here before you is exactly true to life,
And represents the girl just as she is!"

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?
The ladies blushed and giggled,
And the men turned round and giggled,
For everybody wondered how he knew.
Yet nothing could be quieter,
You see, he was the painter;
Yet everybody wondered how he knew.

They were eagerly discussing different reasons for divorce
At a dinner when a married man opined
That snoring loud on either side should constitute a case,
For it sufficed to drive you off your mind.
"Quite right," remarked a smartly dressed young lady to a friend,
"I never saw any divorce—do you?"
On hearing which her friend smartly retorted:
"Don't tell such stories, if you know you can!"

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?
It not only sounded shady,
But it quite upset the lady,
For everybody wondered how he knew.
Until he said, "Don't mind me,
Your sister Fannie told me."
Why, everybody wondered how he knew.

"Everybody Wondered How He Knew," since it has been suppressed, has had an added interest to Chicagoans, and is being sung nearly everywhere by nearly everybody, who wonders why it shocked.

A MISTAKEN WOOLING.

When Henry Carey, Sr., told Henry Carey, Jr., that the summit of human happiness would be reached, so far as the elderly gentleman was concerned, if the young man could only see his way clear to marry his cousin, Katherine Merrick, the junior member of the Carey family drew down the corners of his mouth and wrinkled up the corners of his eyes—a way he had of doing at times—and said he would think about it.

Young Carey had never been very fond of his cousin Katherine. There were several reasons for his lukewarm regard for her. The first and strongest was that he pinned his faith to her one thing either in this world or in the world to come, and that was Henry Carey, Jr. He was the center of the universe; all other bodies were his satellites. Then the girl herself was not fashioned according to his idea of what a woman ought to be. She was a good looking, clear souled girl, endowed with a thorough sense of truth and justice, and these were attributes so foreign to his nature that he could neither comprehend them nor their owner, and in his braggadocio way he never failed to express his contempt for such unworldly sentiments.

"Why do you wish me to marry her?" he asked in the beginning of the interview, feeling his way cautiously, that he might avoid the appearance of walking too willingly in a path marked out by somebody else.

"This is a pretty time in the day to be asking that," retorted Mr. Carey sharply, "but I will give you a plain, unvarnished answer to a question that is prompted by pure devilry. I want you to marry her because she is a woman who will help you up and draw you out of that selfish groove in which you are moving and which is becoming narrower every day; because, in short, she is the only person whose influence is powerful enough to urge you on to change yourself into a man who will be respected and self-respecting."

Again Henry Carey, Jr., drew down the corners of his mouth and wrinkled up the corners of his eyes.

"I don't just take that view of it," he said, "but the means used to achieve an end don't matter so much just so the desired end is reached, and likewise the reasoning employed in arriving at a certain conclusion is of comparatively little value so long as we get to the conclusion. Isn't it so? I've never concealed my feelings, or, rather, my lack of feeling, for my cousin, but I suppose it is imperative that I shall marry at some time, and I don't know but that I may be getting as good a bargain in her as I would pick up were I to inquire into the par value of a whole market of girls. On the whole, father, I think I'll marry her. But before we adjourn allow me to say that if you have given me your true reasons for wishing this marriage to come off, don't you think the girl herself is going to have a pretty tough time of it? Remember, you have always considered me a pretty bad pill, and I am afraid the task of reforming me will be the biggest undertaking she ever had thrown on her hands. Are you sure she will take me? Have you spoken as frankly to her as you have to me?"

"Don't be a fool," was the angry response. "She knows nothing about it. Do your own courting."

Henry Carey, Jr., thought about it a little while longer, then gave a practical test to his theories for laying siege to Katherine Merrick's heart. The first skirmish demonstrated to him pretty clearly that he had found a fortress that would not capitulate at the firing of the first signal gun. He had meant to propose in a fortnight at least, but he postponed the decisive move more than six months.

His opinion of his cousin Katherine gradually changed. He could not understand her; the capabilities of his soul were too dwarfed to receive the income of high, true life emanating from her sympathetic, tender womanhood, and his acquaintance with her became an exemplification of the paradox that the more he knew of her the less he knew. Neither did he love her; he was not capable of that. He did not know her, but he had a feeling in his mind that a position not far below the niche occupied by Henry Carey, Jr., and there he unreservedly stowed upon her all the affection he did not lavish upon himself. One day he asked her to marry him. She did not answer at once.

"I ought to have told you before," she said at length, laying her hand on his in a half appealing, half conciliatory way. "I have been engaged for more than a year. I thought you knew. You must surely have understood that you and I have nothing in common. I've tried to make you realize that ever since I found out what your intentions were. Hush," she said as he commenced an appeal for lenient judgment. "Your father has recently explained the subject to me fully, and I know that you are going to make the same plan that he has made. You need me, you were going to say. Let me tell you something. Some day you will ask some other woman to marry you. Don't try over the same stumbling block that you have in trying to win me. A woman cannot respect and love a man who is so poorly balanced that he has to depend upon her to lift him up and make him strong. There must be a force in him that will command her highest regard. Elevate yourself. If you cannot do that, you have no right to ask a woman to do it for you. You told your father that you would think about it. My dear cousin, that was a good resolution, and I trust you will continue to act upon it."

For the first time in his life the orbit in which Henry Carey, Jr., circled became contracted and his brilliancy grew dim.

"Did you see Katherine?" said his father when they met that night at dinner. He replied with a nod.

"She said," was the querulous reply, "that I had better think about it."—Exchange.

THE DEATH SHADOW.

It was no one's business who he was, not even to ask his name. Ellsworth was for a time the terminus of the railroad, and the toughest kind of a frontier town. If a man gave his name, he was called by it; if not, he was referred to in some other way. There was but one law, and that was the gun. In one saloon it was the custom to shoot a man in the back, in another to kill him as he drank with other at the bar, in a third to stand in the front door and fire. Customs varied, but the law was always the same—shoot your man before he shoots you.

One day, coming from no one knew or cared where, there appeared a man of 30 who attracted immediate attention. He was quiet spoken, mild mannered and drank sparingly. He did not tarry long in one place. Twice a day and at 10 o'clock at night he would be seen in the town and then a grave on the hillside. He was looking for someone. He gave no name and pretty soon they spoke of him as the "Shadow." By and by, when it was realized that he meant to stay right there until his victim came along the name was lengthened to the "Death Shadow." One day, when three or four men in the Eagle saloon were speaking of the stranger, the bartender brought his fist down on the boards and exclaimed: "He's waiting for some one to turn up here, and when the right party appears there'll be a shooting match. I tell you he's a man as has bin wronged, and he kin never feel right while the other man lives!"

Days and days went by, but the "Shadow" waited and betrayed no impatience. Most men sized him up for what he was and let him alone, but there were two or three who declared he was a tenderfoot and would go down in his boots at sight of a gun on a line. "Rattled Jack" took it upon himself to test the "Shadow," and the result was a bullet through his head and a grave on the hillside. There were no more tests. Only one man had been killed, and that was no record, but the man's grimness and quietness made other men afraid of him. When it was generally believed that he was waiting to kill some one who was expected to turn up in the town sooner or later, everybody hoped the other man would be game and that there would be a duel with knives or a shooting match on the public square.

Days grew to weeks, and the sixth week of his stay had almost gone when the "Death Shadow" entered the Pawnee saloon one night at 10 o'clock. An hour before his coming a stranger had entered, and after a drink and a smoke, had fallen asleep with his chair tilted against the wall. There were other men asleep, others playing cards, men at the bar or walking about. No one had reason to note this particular stranger. When the "Death Shadow" entered, a hush fell upon the place. It had been thus for many nights. His advent seemed to bring death nearer to every one present. He did not look around him as was his wont. His man was there, and he seemed to know it before he entered. He sat down before the stranger who slept—saw that and leaned his elbow on the table and looked into the sleeper's face. The crowd gathered at the bar behind him, but there was no clinking of glasses, no talking aloud. Now and then one man whispered to another, but the hush of death was over all. That was the man. He had come at last. Now he would kill or be killed.

It was a long time minutes before the sleeper awoke and saw the "Death Shadow" before him. Those who watched say they saw a look of mortal terror in his eyes as he realized the situation. His lips grew livid and then pale, and as the paleness covered his face it changed to the pallor of death. For two or three minutes he did not move a finger. Then he gasped and opened his lips, and after many efforts the words came forth:

"You—you here!"
"Yes, I am here," was the quiet reply.
The stranger drew back a foot and of a sudden he sprang up, pulled his revolver and fired full at the face of the man before him. The bullet was aimed too high and was buried in the wall. There was but one shot. When that had been fired, the stranger let his pistol fall to the floor and sat down and covered his face with his hands. The "Death Shadow" had not moved when fired at. He uttered no word until the men behind him were wondering if he had fallen asleep. By and by he quietly arose and said:

"Yes, I am here. I have been waiting for you. Come!"
"Bring it along," said the "Death Shadow" as he pointed to the pistol and passed out.

The other waited a moment and then followed, carrying the weapon in his hand. Down the room toward the gully walked the "Death Shadow" through the gloom of the night. In his footsteps walked the stranger with the pale face. No one followed them. The men left the saloon for the middle of the street and stood with heads inclined to listen. The footsteps grew fainter and fainter and finally died away in the distance. There was no sound of voices—no exclamation of triumph—no call for mercy. By and by two pistol shots rang out. The listeners held their breaths and waited, but that was all. They whispered to each other that the "Death Shadow" had given the stranger a fair show, and they wondered which one had fallen. When daylight came, they hurried down the gully. The stranger lay there dead and cold, shot through the heart, but the other was not to be found, dead or alive. He had accomplished his mission and departed.—Exchange.

An Unusual Situation.

By Grace Duffee Boylan.

Guy Merton, gentleman farmer and bee culturist, looked forward to receiving Colonel Wylie and his daughter with that nervousness natural to a man who must greet in his own house the woman who has once refused to become the mistress of it. Of course it was that was but a part of a half forgotten dream, he told himself. Still it would be nice to have her really sitting in the bent wood rocker in his little parlor looking up at him with that remembered smile. He paced the rooms of his bachelor domain as he recalled the time of their last meeting. It was three years ago. The old colonel had been on sick leave, and Kathie was with him in New York to consult some specialist with newfangled notions about locating old bullets. He had seen much of the father and daughter when they were in town—it was before his farming days—and he had been such a fool! He had taken it for granted that the girl must love him because he loved her. His face flushed now as he thought of his own conduct—more befitting a bride stealing shadow than a mild mannered young man with a taste for rural husbandry.

He wondered that she had consented to her father's plans to stop over with him for a day as they passed through his neighborhood.

"Ain't it most time dem folks was a-gettin' long here?" Black Charity's face, which appeared at the door, bore an additional shade of anxiety. "De buttah's jest a-sputterin' in de pan fo' dat chicken."

At that moment the guests drove up to the veranda. Colonel Wylie descended with sparkling dignity from the carriage, and the girl sprang to the ground before the hand of either man could reach her own. The three had been good friends in the old days, and after awhile the new restraint wore away and left them as jolly as of yore. After dinner they walked over some of the land, and Guy proposed to show them his apiary.

"No, you don't!" said the old soldier laughingly. "I never get within range of the enemy's guns if I can help it. I'll go up and smoke on the piazza and leave you and Kathie to scout among the bees. I'd rather take my chance with a tribe of red Indians."

He went toward the house, and the young couple walked slowly on to the orchard, where, under blossoming trees, the hives were set.

"I have been expecting them to swarm," Guy said, "for there is some uneasiness in the colony, and, of course, I have to provide them attractive new quarters when they get tired of the old. If they leave the hive and settle on some low plant, it is my first care to put an inviting and dainty habitation above where they have congregated."

"Do you stupefy them with smoke or chloroform?" she asked in an interested manner.

"Not usually. This covered bowl on the post is full of honey water. I sprin-kle them with that if I can reach them. It is better to coax than to compel."

She looked at him with an unreadable smile.

"New methods for you, are they not?" she questioned as she tilted her chin and turned to walk away.

He started after her. He had always been a masterful man, and he wanted to catch her in his arms and hold her until he understood what she had meant to say. He started to follow the path her white gown swept over the greensward, when a whirling sound startled him, and in a moment he saw the queen bee, easily distinguishable by her short wings and slender length of body, issue from a hive, followed by a crowding, preening, blustering swarm which hesitated a moment, as if in confusion and then rose like a cloud toward a fragrant tree, only to wheel suddenly as at a sharp command and fly toward him. Guy saw the movement with alarm, but before he could leave the spot the queen had settled on his shoulder, and in an incredibly short space of time the entire swarm was hanging to his breast and limbs in dense clusters. A twitch of the muscles, an involuntary cry, would have meant death. He steadied himself to steel. Only his eyes seemed alive when Kathie turned to look at him. For a moment she noted his attitude and the black clusters on his white coat without comprehending. Then the truth flashed upon her mind, and something awoke in her heart to lend her wisdom. She crept to the bowl of honey water and then with it in her hand made her way to where Guy stood in his peculiar danger. His eyes signaled that she was doing well, but her hands trembled as she shook the sweetened water over him for fear the falling drops might anger the bees. Then, when to her joy she saw them slip it, she showered it generously over their backs and wings and watched a little drunkard now and then unloose his claws and tumble to the ground.

"I think that you have saved me, Kathie," Guy dared to whisper at last. "Find a feather, if you can, and brush them off."

She ran to the border of the yard and returned with a large brown turkey quill, with which she deftly brushed the bees down into a beechanalian heap.

"I have not been stung once, Kathie, save by remorse," said Guy softly when the last had fallen. "Can you forgive my blunder—after all these years? I will now very humbly, dear."

And if Kathie's smile was unreadable, then perhaps her tears said more.—Detroit News.

HIS LIKENESS.

The bride, expectant, locked the door and crossed the room to her writing desk. For a moment her fingers hovered in a half hesitating, half doubtful way over one of the heavily carved drawers, then she pulled the drawer slowly open and drew from its plush lined recess a small photograph.

It was the picture of a man, but a man neither handsome nor striking in appearance.

For a moment the girl looked down at the plain face before her, with the dear, true eyes returning her earnest gaze so really, without emotion; then, with a half suppressed little exclamation of infinite awe, she pressed the picture to her sweet young lips again and again.

Up the wide stairway and along the hall came the subdued strains of the orchestra humming softly to itself behind the palms in the balcony, and the rippling melodies mingled reluctantly with the sound of the wheels of the late comers' carriages as they rolled hurriedly up to the door.

The girl's beautiful eyes, still upon the photograph, seemed to grow dreamy with recollections, and she forgot the waiting men and women of her set below. Two years ago—two short years! Yet in that time what a century of love a woman may live, and what an eternity of happiness or pain!

Two years ago and life held only happiness and hopes, and now— But she would not permit herself to think of now. The present is to be lived, not thought of. Whatever happened in that present made little difference. The past was hers, secure and not to be disturbed. And to that past she crept back for one long, last look ere it was put away, forever perhaps. She knew it must be. She had been told so time and time again, but not until the very night when she was to give her hand to her brother's best friend had she fully realized it all.

With her heart throbbing as it had never throbbed before, though she had listened to the halting story from other men's lips, she heard but dimly what this plain, earnest man whispered, and when at last she raised her happy face to his and he kissed her passionately heaven indeed seemed not so far away.

For a long time they sat there—longer than the girl had the patience to wait, for it finally flew away—and when they went back at last, walking slowly along the beach to the little inn, her heart seemed to sing to itself the love song he had sung the night before, with a new meaning in the tender words. And she felt and realized that love had crowned her life.

And now? She wondered dimly if he remembered all this, or had he forgotten as men will forget such things? Could he do that, could he? She looked again at the picture held in her warm, trembling hand, and the deep gray eyes looking straight up into her own seemed to say, "No!" while the firm lips might have been whispering over again those sweet perjuries which even now rang in her ears.

The sharp click of a closing carriage door sounded below, and a moment after the hurried tread of feet upon the stair told of the arrival of groom and best man, but she did not hear them. Again the picture was pressed to the girl's lips, and the blue eyes grew brighter still with unshed tears. Gone though it all was, irrevocably past, it was still her privilege in these last few minutes to bring it back to her choice and to live for a moment in the shadowy long ago. Only a few short moments more and the girl would be the wife, and then—

A gentle knock upon the door, and the little mother's soft, anxious voice called: "Are you ready, dear? He is here."

The girl started to her feet, clutching the picture in her nervous fingers until it almost bent. The orchestra was throbbing in musical rhythms below, the chatter of the guests came up to her as if they were far away and she but an idle listener, and the dreamy look in her sweet eyes deepened for a moment. Then it passed quickly, and a pretty air of determination and resolve came over her. With one last yearning look at the face between her white fingers she hesitated a single second, and then, with eyes alight and cheeks burning, she slipped the picture into the bosom of her gown, and the lace fell gently over it.

"Yes, mother," she answered quietly, forcing back with a great effort the little sob that rose to her lips, and walking steadily across the room again she unlocked the door and stood before the nervous, chattering bridesmaids with a calm, sweet face and quiet dignity which hushed their words and set them to silently admiring her.

"I am ready," she said.

As the carriage bowed away from the door amid a shower of roses and good wishes and a worn little slipper or two the girl leaned forward, and drawing the picture from its hiding place slowly she looked at it and then into the face of her husband, who sat watching her with quiet happiness. Then, with a happy, girlish laugh, she answered his implied question:

"Yes, I carried it there all during the service, right next my heart. But, Frank, dear, you are much handsomer than you were two years ago."—Exchange.