

Eugene Guard

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

NATURE REASSERTS ITSELF.

Animal nature, almost without exception, bestows its color and gorgeousness on the male part of creation. Among birds this is especially noticeable. The cock of the barnyard is bespangled with brilliant colors, the male canary and cock China pheasant, while the females must rest content with garbs of plain and demure shadings, the browns and buffs of nature's cabinet of colors. These are but familiar examples of the general rule.

Heretofore man has been an exception. He has dressed the woman in all the tints of the rainbow, but for himself has been content with the sober shades of color. But nature has reasserted itself, and the shirtwaist man has arrayed himself as if to challenge competition from the peacock and other gorgeously decorated males of the animal kingdom. A recent New York World gives a description of the attire of two Maine politicians, one of whom all but obtained a national reputation through his connection with Maine politics and her favorite son, James G. Blaine. We refer to Joseph H. Manley, for many years postmaster at Augusta, the confidant and manager of Blaine in all his campaigns. Read this from the World and weep!

"Lieut-Gov Woodruff and Joseph H. Manley, of Maine, stood in front of the Fifth Avenue hotel at 1:30 p. m. yesterday. Woodruff has gone back on waistcoats and his fancy now runs to shirts. The one he wore yesterday was a work of art, with white and blue stripes. The blue stripes were half an inch wide. There was no waistcoat to protect the astonished pedestrians. "And Manley's attire caused a cable-car motorman who got a glimpse of him to exclaim: "Gee whizz!"

"He wore a milk-white flannel suit, white canvas shoes and a turkey-red necktie. The band around his straw hat was of lavender silk. As Woodruff and Manley wended their way across Broadway the sparrows that hover around the Dewey Arch took fright and flew to the foliage of Madison Square Park. A shirt-waist man in the park slunk down a side street, crushed and humbled."

Shakespeare's "Puck" must have been gifted with prescience and looked forward to such examples as those portrayed above when he exclaimed, "What fools these mortals be!"

THE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSE NUISANCE IN PORTLAND.

It seems strange that the business and commercial sentiment of Portland, year in and year out, should tolerate harassment of ship masters and ship owners by boarding-house keepers who rob the sailor and give the Columbia river a bad name abroad. In a recent case a master had a sailor boarding-house keeper arrested for unlawfully boarding his ship. It proved to be a subordinate, in the employ of the boarding-house man, and he had the captain arrested on a damage suit. Charging he was about to leave the state the master had to deposit cash bail, and will have to return to defend the \$5000 damage suit. Of course the boarding-house man will get nothing, but the people whose commerce goes out from the mouth of the Columbia may be compelled to pay higher shipping rates on account of the bad name the Port of Portland must surely get.

Instead of the masters arresting trespassers on their ships they might improve matters by simply throwing them overboard. Seriously, though, Portland's commercial sentiment should make itself felt in a way that would prevent the courts taking cognizance of such cases that are simply grounded on spite and a desire for revenge.

THE BRUTE IN MAN.

The attempted lynching of a brutal negro rapist reported by telegraph yesterday, with loss of life

and destruction of valuable property, did not happen "down south." It all occurred in an orderly city of the usually staid and law-abiding state of Ohio.

Man is a curious animal. Law and religion have not yet eradicated that wild thirst for blood inherited from savage and barbarous ancestors of thousands of years ago in the dim and misty morning of his being. Disraeli, England's great prime minister, made fit illustration of man's former savagery when he taunted O'Connor, the brilliant Irish orator, with being descended from an ancestry that "ran naked and howling on the sands of Clare." It was the truth and O'Connor, perforce, remained silent under the bitter taunt.

WANTS EVERYBODY TO CONTRIBUTE.

Chairman Hanna of the Republican national committee has taken the stump. In a speech at Asbury Park, New Jersey Tuesday, night, he asserted that "the time is at hand when every man is called on to contribute what he can to perpetuate the administration."

Chairman Hanna is getting desperate. Four years ago he only asked the office holders and tariff protected beneficiaries to contribute. They did so, and he used the money effectively in pivotal states. Speech-making is not Hanna's forte. He should confine his attention to the "sack."

JOURNALISTIC COURTESIES.

Albany Democrat: If Bryan were president this 46 cent wheat would be used against him with a vengeance.

Eugene Register: Yes and it would look like 23 cent wheat alongside of Bryan's 50 cent dollar. Albany Democrat: The government is coining \$100,000,000 of these 50 cent dollars authorized by a Republican congress and president, and they buy wheat or anything else at 100 cents on the dollar.

A unique reunion, one setting forth the life-labor of a knot-tying divine, took place at Auburn, Indiana, the other day. Rev W. L. Meese of that city, is the originator of the movement, and this was the second reunion recorded. Some three hundred couples were present, all of whom were united in marriage by Rev Meese. The social side of the gathering was very marked, all sections of the country being represented. The question "is marriage a failure," which last year brought forth a strong negative, was much accentuated by a vote taken; this year has made no converts.

Of the many millions of dollars bequeathed by the deceased president of the Southern Pacific railroad not one cent goes to charity or public benefactions. A notable difference from the disposition of the Stanford millions.

The number of Bryan and Stevenson campaign banners and transparencies displayed from the Tammany Hall, New York, headquarters is much in excess of the record of 1896.

An Overcrowded University. BERKELEY, Cal, Aug 24.—There are more than 2300 students at the University of California this year, and the problem of providing room for them has become so serious that an appeal for aid will be made to the legislature.

SMALL SPRING YIELD.—The threshers are generally at work now on spring grain. Yesterday John Maxwell had a fine field of 130 acres of wheat threshed. It yielded only 400 bushels or about 3 1/2 bushels to the acre.

These fall showers will bring the people home from mountain and coast resorts in a hurry. The town will at once begin to fill up.

Dr W. Kuykendall, of Eugene, was re-elected Grand Physician for the Woodmen of the World and Women of Woodcraft at the national convention at Denver yesterday. The Oregon delegation started for home today.

Roseburg Review: Clarence Garley, the prune buyer, is in Eugene today, having just returned from a trip through the prune belt of California. He reports large crops in that state, but small in size, and is of the opinion that the large sizes grown in this section will be in good demand.

SHE LOOKED, THEN LEAPED.

Bright-eyed Mary had a lover. Handsome, kind and true. "But," she said, "I must discover what is best to do." So she went for sound advice To aunts and cousins married twice.

"Don't," said Aunt Martha Teeter; "Men are full of faw; Bouncing round—the hateful creature—At the slightest cause. Take your aunts' counsel, Mary; Men are always 'con-tor-ary.'"

Then she went to those still older, Cousins Jane and Ruth; Both agreed that aunts told her Plain, unvarnished truth. "Married women sigh and moan, dear; You just let the men alone, dear."

Pretty Mary stood and wondered How these matrons sinned. Thinking thus, should all have blundered Into marrying twice. Then said she, "They're glib and bear 'em. I'll take one myself and share 'em."

—What to Eat.

A Happy Mistake

Sept. 4, 1897, 10:30 a. m.—Just now, when I took down my cup of coffee, I found him poring over a bill and looking worried to the verge of distraction. At last I drew from him that The Weekly Wag is wagging all the wrong way and is bound to go to the wall unless he can secure a few articles from some comic writer of note. But, though he has written to several with that object, nothing has come of it.

"In a word, the paper has turned out a ruinous investment for me," he concluded bitterly. As I came up stairs, feeling utterly miserable and depressed, a happy thought darted into my mind. Men don't like refusing a request when framed by feminine lips, so perhaps I may succeed where poor dad has failed. At any rate, "without a trial there's no denial," and a recent incident opens the way for me to make the trial.

A few days ago, while aunt and I were willing away an hour in the British museum, she bowed to a librarian. He responded to her recognition with a courtly bow, and a polite smile relaxed for the moment his clean shaven, inscrutable face.

"That was the celebrated Mr. Rutland, the writer of those clever articles, my dear. I met him last week at Mrs. Pelham's," she explained as we passed on into another room.

Seeing that she had turned as red as a peony, I concluded that he was a celibate as well as a celebrity! But he certainly did not look a bit like I imagined him, for, strange to say, dad had been speaking of him to me that same morning, when he had enviously pointed out an attractive announcement in a rival weekly to the effect that a series of brilliant sketches from the pen of the widely known humorist, Rolf Rutland, would shortly appear in its columns. I am very glad now that we chanced to see him, since it paves the way for me to call on him and explain in confidence the sad straits of The Weekly Wag and beg of him to contribute something to its pages.

Aunt mentioned that he lives at Forest Gate, in a beautiful residence known as Olive Lodge. So tomorrow morning I shall take heart of grace and start on this forlorn hope.

Sept. 5, 1897, 1:10 p. m.—What a day of days this has been! I really ought to have dated it in red ink. This morning directly the dear, unsuspecting dad had started for the city. I put on my sailor hat and sallied forth on my secret mission.

About two hours later I mounted a broad flight of steps to the threshold of Olive Lodge, and I must confess that while I waited admittance my courage seemed to ooze out of my finger tips. "You are a little simpleton, Rose Harvey, quaking and shaking as though you were going to face an ogre instead of a wit," I said angrily to myself as a boy in buttons ushered me into a large drawing room, very handsomely furnished, but lacking in pretty trifles. Giving the boy my card I subsided into an easy chair. As I did so I caught sight of myself in a pier glass, and was relieved to see that I looked perfectly self possessed—which I certainly did not feel.

The next minute the curtained door swung open, and "the celebrated Mr. Rutland" entered the room. Unless I was much mistaken a gleam of relief flashed from his steel gray eyes as he alighted on me. Possibly, since my aunt and I bear the same names, he had expected to see her, and of "two evils" would rather deal with the lesser! Producing the current number of The Weekly Wag, I explained—rather abruptly, I'm afraid—the nature of my visit.

While he listened his gaze of polite attention became a stare of unbounded amazement, and, instead of accepting the proffered paper, he sprang to his feet with an exasperated gesture.

"This is a most preposterous request, young lady! It is utterly out of the question that any article from my pen should appear through the medium of The Weekly Wag."

The slighting emphasis with which he named the poor little weekly, and the withering glance he cast on it, made me tingle with rage and mortification.

"Then there is nothing more to be said, except to apologize for having troubled you with this 'preposterous request,'" I said, rising to my feet. And making him a stiff little bow, I moved toward the door. He had the politeness to hasten to open it for me, and I passed out with all the dignity I could summon. At the same moment the hall door was hastily opened, and a tear blurred vision of a tall, straight figure in crinkling flannels made me redouble my efforts to repress my inclination to burst out crying.

Removing his cap the young fellow

held the door open for me, and keeping my smarting eyes bent on the ground I hastily made my exit. Never in all the 19 years of my life had I felt so annoyed and resentful.

"So much for my 'happy thought'!" "So much for my 'happy thought'!" I reflected briefly, as I descended the deep stairway into the station. Having ascertained that my train was not due for 15 minutes, I fell to pacing the platform, where the flaunting posters of many a prosperous compeer of the luckless little weekly I still grasped gave a yet keener edge to my disappointment. Turning in my perambulation I was surprised to see the familiar clad figure of my dear blurred vision hurrying toward me.

"The old bigwig has repented of his insulting refusal!" I thought hopefully, while I bowed in response to the young fellow's doff of cap.

"Excuse me, Miss Harvey, but there has been some unfortunate mistake, and I have followed you here in the hope of straightening matters," he said, his quick breathing and heightened color testifying to the hot haste he had made. "I am the Rolf Rutland who scribbles nonsense; my uncle is a savant, and only writes for the scientific journals."

"A savant! No wonder he was so annoyed at my request!" I exclaimed, blushing painfully. "But, really, knowing you write humor, he might have guessed I had made some such mistake."

"Ah, but he did not know it until ten minutes ago. I have 'great expectations' in that quarter, and have kept my frivolous talent a dead secret from him," he replied, with a whimsical smile.

"Then I hope you will have no reason to rue this stupid blunder of mine," I said impulsively. "I should certainly have rued it sadly if I had never discovered it—which is a rank Hibernicism, I suppose." And a mutual laugh set us both at our ease.

"And now, Miss Harvey, with regard to The Weekly Wag, I shall be most pleased to contribute to its columns," he said, as eagerly as though he were a struggling aspirant, anxious to see his effusions in print.

In the midst of my delighted thanks the train dashed in, and all was confusion. When he had handed me into a carriage he told me that directly the cricket match was over he should run into the city and see my father. Then the train moved on, and as our eyes met in a last glance, I saw a look in his that made my heart dance as it had never danced before.

About 5 o'clock there came a telegram from dad, to the effect that Mr. Rutland would dine with us at 7. In a flutter of delight, I helped aunt to improve our menu and then hastened to make my dinner toilet.

When, half an hour later, dad and Mr. Rutland entered the drawing room, I was surprised to see how much older and distinguished he looked in evening dress than in his flannels, and for the minute I felt quite shy. But his genial frankness of manner soon brought us "in touch" again, and I have passed the most charming evening I can remember.

Sept. 5, 1897, 10:45 p. m.—My wedding eve, and exactly a year since the day I made that absurd blunder. And now, thanks to the spur given it by Rolf's pen, The Weekly Wag is the foremost of its class and its editor his cheery old self again.

"But I shall never forget," he said to me this morning, "that it owes its success not to the editor, but to the editor's daughter!"—Exchange.

Cricket Versus Baseball.

Life is more strenuous in America than in England, and this is shown in the sports of the two nations. Take the game of football as an illustration. In the American college game the tackling is lower, harder and surer than in the English game. The backs hit the line as one man, like a battering ram. Every yard gained or lost is of great importance. Year by year the game grows more complicated, more fierce, and more perfect mechanically. It is getting to be like a fine piece of machinery in the harmony of the several parts. In England they play the game more loosely, much as their fathers did before them. Cricket and baseball are the national games of the respective countries, and nowhere do national characteristics appear more in evidence. Cricket is an all day, leisurely, social event; baseball is an hour of wild excitement. The English game cultivates the amenities of life, and courtesy is a canon of the game. Baseball keeps the nerves too near the edge to leave much room for the interchange of fellowship and good will toward the opposing team.—Self Culture.

Franklin Set It Up. The North American Notes and Queries says the first printing press in Montreal was set up by Benjamin Franklin in 1775, in order to print manifestoes appealing to the Canadians to cast their lot with the colonies farther south. The press was not long in operation, and was removed to the United States, but the vault in which it was set up is still standing. It is in the Chateau de Ramezay, a quaint old building whose history is contemporary with that of the city, and which is carefully preserved as a relic of the French regime in New France. Franklin's idea from the first was to include Canada in the confederation, and he wished to include Ireland as well. His journey to Canada later, however, convinced him that there was no possibility of the Canadian possessions joining in the revolt.

An Unforeseen Contingency. Captain Staysall—Yes, madam, the needle of the compass always points to the north. Miss Sweetthing—How interesting! But suppose you wanted to go south?—Brooklyn Life.

CRAFTY CUPID.

Cupid told man he shot blinded, But I doubt it. He has aimed at far too many Without ever missing any. Nay, he had, that boy divine did. He is merely absentminded While about it.

He once pierced me to the marrow, Or his dart did. And the maid who walked beside me, Being un hurt, only gazed me. For he used his other arrow On a swiftly passing sparrow And departed. —Frederick Trenchard in Scribner's.

THE BLESSING OF JIM ROBBINS.

Under an Inspiration He Distinguished Himself.

BY W. R. ROSE.

Spencer Gifford was quite too ready to admit that he was just an average sort of fellow. That was really all he cared to be. What he could do he did fairly well, but he did just as little as was decently possible. At college he had gone in a little for athletics, and made a very creditable record, but he shrank from anything really brilliant. He was a good scholar, too, but was quite willing to rank with the intellectual second raters. When he left college, he went abroad and dawdled about in an aimless way, and came home with few impressions that he cared to mention. Then he went in for society, and there seemed to be reasonably contented. Society amused him and wasn't too exacting. Society coddled him; he was young, handsome, clever and rich.

And yet he would admit that he felt a little conscience stricken when Anna Goldie gravely asked him one day about his future hopes. There was a look in her eyes that he didn't like when he laughed off the query. It set him to thinking, and thinking was an occupation he rarely indulged in. Thinking almost disquieted him. He avoided Anna Goldie for a time, and found that was still more disquieting. And then just as he was thinking he would invite another talk with her on the original disquieting subject she suddenly went away. She went, they told him, to visit an invalid aunt in the interior of the state. She might be gone some time. It was more a visit of duty than of pleasure, and its continuance would depend altogether upon the failing health of the aunt. In what part of the state did Miss Goldie's aunt live? Somewhere near Palmyra.

Palmyra? That was where Jim Robbins lived. Good old Jim Robbins, whom he hadn't seen since his last college year. Jim was somebody down in Palmyra. Member of the legislature, or something. He saw Jim's name in the papers occasionally. Jim was a rising man.

As the days wore along the desire to visit Jim grew upon him. He had a standing invitation to come down at any time. There was a pressing note in his desk of quite recent date in which he was told of the treat he was missing in not making the acquaintance of Jim's matchless wife and equally matchless girls. He wondered if Jim would know the abiding place of Anna Goldie's aunt. If he was a politician, he probably knew everybody. He decided to go down at once and make Jim a visit, and he wrote to him to that effect.

Then he went to the bank and called on his father. And while he was there his uncle Tom came in and the three were closeted for a long time in his father's private room. When they came out, his uncle Tom shook hands with him and patted him on the back in his usual hearty fashion. And his father shook hands with him in grave fashion, and both the elder men seemed highly elated. Spencer shook his head a little doubtfully as he left them. Then he braced up with a swift stiffening of his fingers and clinching of his hands and accelerated his pace. He was going to his rooms to fill his dress suit case for the visit to Jim.

He arrived at Palmyra early in the evening. He had meant to reach there in the afternoon, but the train was delayed. He hadn't told Jim just what day he would start, and so his old friend wasn't bothering with his non-appearance. Spencer concluded he would look Jim up in the morning. He went to the hotel and had his supper. After supper he strolled up to the clerk's desk and inquired about his friend.

"Oh, Jim Robbins?" cried the clerk. "Yes, yes. Jim is one of our leading citizens. Has a nice home up on the West hill. He's a great hustler, Jim is. Going to send him to the state senate next fall. Friend of yours?"

"Yes," said Spencer, "an old friend. Came down to visit him."

"Tell you what you do," said the clerk. "Jim is the chairman, toastmaster, whatever you call it, of the big banquet at Raymond hall tonight. It's a complimentary feed given in honor of Colonel Jack Speed, who is home for a brief visit, and everybody, pretty much, is going. Colonel Speed is our congressman, you know, and he's in high favor in Palmyra. Hon. Dwight Perkins from somewhere out west, one of the big national lights of the house, is to be the speaker of the occasion, and they'll have plenty to eat and good music. Better go over."

A half hour later Spencer ascended the stairway of Raymond hall. He noticed a number of ladies in the crowd that steadily marched into the hall, and he was rather glad to find that the banquet was not to be of the usual political for men only character. At the head of the stairs he noticed a door standing open, and looking through into the brightly lighted ante-room he saw his old friend. The im-

pulse was too strong to resist, and he passed in the doorway and held out his hand.

"What's the matter with Jim Robbins?" he laughingly called.

In an instant his friend's hand gripped his. "Spencer, old man, so glad to see you!" He pushed Spencer off a little and held him there. "You are looking prime," he said. "And, by George, you are just in time." He laughed as he spoke, and looked at Spencer with such a comical expression that it instantly recalled to the latter some amusing experiences of the dear old school days.

"What mischief are you up to?" he cried. "But, here, I'm in the way. Don't let me bother you. I'll see you in the morning." And he drew back and half turned toward the door.

"Hold on," cried Jim, with a plunge at him, "you don't get away from me tonight. You stay right here until I can properly dispose of you."

Hon. Jack Speed was seated at Jim's right and Spencer at his left, much to the latter's increased uneasiness. Then the banquet commenced, and for an hour the clatter and chatter continued without a break. Jim was as delightful as of yore, dividing his attention very equally between the guest of the evening and Spencer, but the latter's heart was filled with a vague distrust.

When the clatter finally ceased, Jim rapped on the table, and in a nice little speech told of the purpose of the banquet. He introduced the mayor, who briefly welcomed back Hon. Mr. Speed to Palmyra. Then Hon. Mr. Speed responded in a brisk speech, testifying to his delight in returning home to such friends and such a welcome, a sentiment which was greeted with loud applause. Then Jim rose again, with a crumpled telegram in his hand. He much regretted, he said, to be obliged to announce that Hon. Dwight Perkins could not be with them. A telegram he had just received announced a railway accident that blocked the road and held back Mr. Perkins, 60 miles away.

"Our regret, however," said Jim, "is somewhat mitigated by the fact that we fortunately have with us as an honored guest one of the most prominent of New York's young political and social leaders, Mr. Spencer Gifford, who will talk to us on the question of the hour."

As Jim sat down a patter of applause ran round the hall and the long lines of faces assumed an expectant expression.

"Remember your old debating triumphs," whispered the perfidious Jim, "and sail in."

Spencer gave him a horrible scowl as he rose to his feet. Then he turned to the auditors with a pleasant smile. He put his teeth together hard. He wouldn't be bluffed. And deep down in his soul he felt gratified that Jim, despite his consummate meanness, had confidence in him. Jim knew he wouldn't fluke. He would say a word or two and retire as gracefully as possible.

When Spencer, after an eloquent wind up, finally took his seat, the applause was vigorous and long drawn out, and Jim, his face flushed and his eyes sparkling, grabbed Spencer's hand under the table and squeezed it hard and said: "Great, my boy, great! You ought to get down on your bended knees to me for bringing you out."

When it was all over, Jim said: "We must get our coats and hunt up Minnie. Minnie is Mrs. Jim. She's a little jealous of you now. Don't make her more so. By the way, she has a young woman from your overgrown town in tow tonight, and we'll have to escort her to her aunt's home. Know her? She's a Miss Anna Goldie."

A little later they were out in the open air, Anna walking with Spencer and Mr. and Mrs. Jim going ahead, that acute married dame having apparently seized the situation.

"After hearing you this evening," said Anna softly, "I think this is the field you are fitted for."

There was a pause. They fell back a little farther.

"Do you know," he asked abruptly, "what it is that has awakened me?"

"No," she answered. "It is love," he said.

He looked down at her. Her face was averted.

"Do you know what brought me down here? Do you know what carried me through that speech tonight?"

"No," she softly murmured. "You?"

A half hour later he stopped Mrs. Jim as she excused herself to the two men smoking in the library.

"One moment," he said. "I want you to know that I had mentally promised your scamp of a husband a sound thrashing for the liberty he took with my name tonight, but I've found he blundered into doing me a favor. I'm going to forgive him. I've even gone so far as to bless him." He held out both hands. "Congratulations, dear friends," he cried, with a radiant smile. "I'm a very happy and a very fortunate man."

And then he told them about Anna—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Beyond His Comprehension. An Indian's respect for women increases a hundredfold after his visit to England. But he finds it difficult to reconcile himself to the low necker-dress which society imposes upon women, nor does he understand the ethics of an English dance which affords a friend or stranger an opportunity to place his arm around the waist of a fair lady who happens to be the wife of another. And he finds neither rhyme nor reason in the rule of society which, while permitting a lady to drink with male friends, denies her the privilege of smoking. Above all, the Indian has a horror of the new women. She has very properly been described as the "third sex."—A Hindoo in Universal Magazine.

There is danger for our people in the answer to this question, should McKinley be elected. We believe

wasting diseases, in both young and old, it is the one standard remedy.

Wanted.—To trade, a small improved ranch, three miles from railroad station in Lane county, for property in Oregon.

HOPE CONTRACTED.—J. R. Cartwright has sold his 200 acres of early hops to Horst Bros and O. C. Hayes for \$1000 to the same firm. Terms private.

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the



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