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Eugene Guard

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6

Roosevelt's Whoops.

The New York Journal gives the following as a summary of one of Mr. Roosevelt's speeches:

We can lick anybody.
I can lick anybody.
I can lick Chinamen and Spaniards and bears and wolves and democrats.
I am glad I am running.
"Trippe, trappe, tropes."
Hurrah for America.
Hurrah for me.
Hurrah for blood.
Hurrah for fists.
I can cinch ponies.
I can brand cows.
The time for thinking has gone by. This is the time for licking.
I lick some one every day.
Hear my teeth snap. Every one is sound. I could bite off a coyote's head I sayed the nation.
I licked Spain.
MY cowboys. MY ancestry.
MY-MY MY-I-I-I-ME-ME-ME.

OMENS FAVOR BRYAN.

St. Louis Republic.

All the omens and superstitions which bear on the present campaign augur the election of Bryan. There are several of these, which by their constant verification have come to exercise a peculiar influence on the public mind.

Whenever the same candidates for president confront each other in successive presidential elections the loser in the first instance won in the second. Thomas Jefferson was defeated in 1796 by John Adams; in 1800 Jefferson was elected over Adams. In 1824 Andrew Jackson was beaten by John Quincy Adams; in 1828 Jackson defeated Adams. In 1836 Martin Van Buren was elected over William Henry Harrison; in 1840 Harrison defeated Van Buren. In 1856 James Buchanan was elected over Franklin Pierce; in 1860 Abraham Lincoln was elected over Stephen A. Douglas. In 1876 Samuel J. Tilden was elected over Rutherford B. Hayes. In 1880 James A. Garfield was elected over John A. Logan. In 1884 Grover Cleveland was elected over James G. Blaine. In 1888 Benjamin Harrison was elected over Grover Cleveland. In 1892 Grover Cleveland was elected over Benjamin Harrison. In 1896 William McKinley was elected over Grover Cleveland. In 1900 William McKinley was elected over Grover Cleveland.

Another superstition that bears on the present canvass is that New York swings from side to side in successive presidential elections. As the state went for McKinley in 1896, it should go for Bryan in 1900. New York gave a majority for Grant, Republican, in 1872; for Tilden, Democrat, in 1876; for Garfield, Republican, in 1880; for Cleveland, Democrat, in 1884; for Harrison, Republican, in 1888; for Cleveland, Democrat, in 1892; and for McKinley, Republican, in 1896. It is Bryan's turn in 1900. Indiana has kept a swing synchronous with New York for the last three-quarters of a century, going Democratic or Republican as New York went Democratic or Republican. It made no difference in the swing of these states that their favorite sons were up for election. New York went against Cleveland in 1888 and Indiana against Harrison in 1892. This is Bryan's year to carry Indiana.

MAKE THE LEVY LOW.

Corvallis Times.

There are figures in another column that ought not to escape the attention of the commissioner's court when the latter proceeds to fix the tax levy. The surplus wheat stored in Corvallis last year was 310,000 bushels. The same item this year is 75,000 bushels. The falling off is three-fourths. There is in the vicinity of Corvallis, but one-fourth as much wheat to sell as there was last year. It is probable that the same condition prevails in other parts of the county. In the face of these figures there is but one course to pursue with reference to the county tax levy. It is no time to collect money to be applied to reduction of the county debt. Farmers with but one bushel of wheat to sell where they usually have four, cannot afford to put up money for paying off tax debts. The same is true of all classes of citizens, for in an agricultural community the farmer's thrift is the merchant's thrift; and vice versa. In fixing the county levy for the current fiscal year the figures should be just enough to meet estimated running expenses and no more.

The same condition to a certain extent exists in Lane county. Our people are unanimous in their wish and desire for a low rate of taxation, especially this year. Lane county

is in debt to a large amount. Still she can float her warrants at six per cent, while the average farmer or other borrower of money must pay from 8 to 10 per cent. Gentlemen of the county court give us as low rate of taxation as consistent with the public necessities.

TO UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

Recently William J. Bryan made a speech to 1500 students of the Chicago university, in Chicago, during which he said in part:

"Thou shalt not steal," is a command that is directed as much against the trust that plunders by the national highway as against the insignificant robber who plunders by the wayside. 'Thou shalt not steal,' is a command that is as binding on those who rob by raking the people's tributes and collecting from them such tolls as they, the monopolists, please—that command comes to them as well as to those who are guilty of petty larceny.

"Why do we need a large army in this country? Let this nation be what it has been, let this government derive its just powers from the consent of the governed; let our government be servant and not master of our people, and every citizen will die if need be to preserve that government. But base your government upon force and you will have to have force present all the time.

"It may be that we have run our race; it may be that we have reached a turning point in our career. It may be that destiny—destiny that is never known until it is past—may be that destiny has determined that this nation, like so many other nations in the past, is to prove again the old truth that the wages of sin is death.

"It may be that it is destiny for this nation to show once more that when the dollar becomes greater than the man the government must decline. It may be that the love of money has so taken possession of the American people that they are willing to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. That may be destiny. No one has authority to declare what destiny is. That may be destiny; but what is our duty? Lincoln says that it is our duty to do right.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900, there were landed in the United States 448,551 immigrants. The eight leading countries contributed as follows: Austro-Hungary 148,847, Italy 100,125, Russian Empire 90,888, Sweden 18,650, Germany 18,510, England 17,254, Japan 12,906, Norway 9,595.

TEDDY IN RHYME.

Salem Journal.

Tue—Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.

'Way down south in Colorado,
Some eggs are good, some
are bad;
Teddy got 'em in the eye—
That's the reason eggs
are high!

"Any man who engages in a strike, or any man who goes where a strike is on should be shot."—Roosevelt, in Chicago speech, 1896.

Junction Items.

Bulletin, Sept. 27.

G. W. Weatherly, president and manager of the Weatherly Creamery Co., Portland, is in the city looking over the field with the object of locating a creamery here. He was being introduced by Emory Herron, one of Junction's progressive young farmers, who wants to see the project succeed. It is to be hoped that the farmers and merchants will give Mr. Weatherly a helping hand.

C. F. Hurlburt is evidently bent on having one of the prettiest residences in town. He has just built a new addition on the west side, added a large and commodious bath room, with porcelain tub and all conveniences, and put in a thorough system of water pipes throughout the house. All the rooms have been newly papered and repainted. New outhouses have been built, and the yard has been graded and sown in grass.

HOPS SOLD.—E. H. Gomph sold his crop of hops, 46 bales, to Geo. T. Hall & Son today. Terms private.

A WAGER.

Two French officers were standing at Fort Vichy, on the edge of the Sahara desert.

"I'll wager 50 napoleons," said one of them, "that no European ever goes from here to Fort St. Denis alone and reaches there alive."

"Done!" said a quiet voice behind him. The speakers looked around with a start and saw that a new personage had suddenly come upon the scene—a small, thin, swarthy Frenchman in civilian dress.

"You must not think of it, my dear sir," cried the young lieutenant who had offered the wager.

"Perhaps it may not turn out to be such a terrible business after all," said the little man. "I'm going straight to the colonel and ask his permission to make the attempt, and I have not the least doubt that I shall get it."

And he did get it, sure enough, though it was not without a severe twinge of conscience that Colonel Lagrange gave his sanction.

Flash as he was, however, the bold adventurer had a method in his madness, for the first thing he did was to assume an Arab dress, knowing that however useless such a disguise might prove at close quarters against the keen eyes of his enemies, yet if they saw from a distance a solitary man in native garb they might not think it worth while to ride after him, as they would certainly do after a European.

When the hour for starting came, not merely the old colonel, but every other officer who was not actually on duty crowded to the gate of the little fortress to witness the departure of their adventurous guest.

"Can I carry any message for you to Fort St. Denis, colonel?" asked the latter, turning to Colonel Lagrange as coolly as if he were only setting out for a picnic.

Not a word was said in which the chances were 50 to 1 of his being killed, but still in doubt whether to attempt it or not, the disguised Frenchman drew himself up defiantly, indulged in a series of those excited gesticulations which are so characteristic of Mohammedan pilgrims and then called out to them fiercely in Arabic:

"Begone, transgressors of the law! A true believer hath no fellowship with the sinners who violate the sacred commands of the prophet."

"What mean you?" asked the nearest horseman in a tone of amazement, which was certainly not without reason.

"What call you this?" retorted the accused with stern emphasis. And quick as thought he drew forth from beneath the Arab's white mantle an undealable pork sausage.

A yell of mingled horror and indignation burst from his comrades as the "unclean flesh" came to light, and their holy anger broke forth anew when the repelling stranger produced a small flask of wine from the pouch of another of the band.

This was more than flesh and blood could bear. One of the zealous Moslems dealt a heavy blow to the wretch who thus defied the precepts of the holy Koran, whereupon the fierce Arab leveled his gun and shot him dead on the spot, being himself instantly shot dead in turn by the slain man's brother.

Meanwhile the supposed sausage eater, being coarsely reviled by two of his sinners, drew his sword and mortally wounded both. The next moment he went down before the sixth man's stroke, but in falling he avenged himself with a pistol shot, and a scouting party from St. Denis, drawn to the spot by the firing, found all the six Arabs dead or dying and the mysterious traveler looking on with the quiet satisfaction of one watching the success of a great scientific experiment.

"Madam!" he cried, "if fan you must, please at least keep time with your infernal nuisance."

At another time, while one of his grand intermezzos was being played with great feeling by his musicians, a peculiar noise, hardly perceptible by untrained ears, annoyed the leader for some little time. At first he thought it resembled the flutter of wings, but soon he discovered an elegant lady fanning herself in one of the boxes close by.

Bulow kept on with his gestures, fixing his eyes on the offender in a manner which meant reproof. The lady, not heeding this, was suddenly surprised by the leader dropping his stick and turning toward her.

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Effect of Fear on Wounds.

The fear of poison in a lacerated wound under certain circumstances is in itself quite sufficient to give a wounded man tetanus, or lockjaw, than which no more horrible complication exists. Thus for a long time it was thought that the natives of the Solomon and other neighboring islands lately added to the empire used poisoned arrows and many white men shot by them died in tetanic convulsions, including one very horrible case of a commander in the navy who had made a special study of tetanus.

At length the French governor of New Caledonia, noticing that the symptoms exhibited were not consistent with the use of any known poison, appointed a medical commission to inquire into the matter, when it was discovered that the natives of the islands were not poisoned at all, although constructed in such a way that a small piece of the bone point almost always remained in the wound. The irritation produced by this prevented the wound from healing quickly, and the mental disturbance produced by fear and perhaps change of climate did the rest.

It was discovered at the same time that the natives of other islands who firmly believed in the poison theory seldom suffered much inconvenience from the arrow wounds, because they believed that the spells given them by their own sorcerers prevented the poison from taking effect.—Fall Mail Gazette.

Invisible Hans Bulow.

During Hans von Bulow's leadership of the orchestra at Hanover a tenor of fame was engaged to play a star role in "Lohengrin," according to Das Neue Blatt, and while the singer was rehearsing his part Bulow was forced to go over the same bars a number of times without the actor beginning to sing.

Tired of his wasted efforts, the leader stopped the orchestra and angrily turned to the singer.

"I know that a tenor is proverbially stupid," he said, "but you seem to make an extensive use of this unwritten law."

At another time, while one of his grand intermezzos was being played with great feeling by his musicians, a peculiar noise, hardly perceptible by untrained ears, annoyed the leader for some little time. At first he thought it resembled the flutter of wings, but soon he discovered an elegant lady fanning herself in one of the boxes close by.

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Too Much For The Tiger.

A keeper at the Philadelphia zoo told the following interesting story of an encounter he once had with a tiger in India:

"With several companions I was on my way to visit some native friends in a neighboring village, and as the jungle paths were the shortest route we made the trip in chairs slung on carriers' shoulders. I was about half asleep from the swinging motion when I was pitched out by the native dropping the poles and scampering off.

That's how I met my tiger. With a bound he was on me and had taken a mouthful of my coat, intending, no doubt, to carry me into the dense undergrowth.

"Fortunately for me I had a big bottle of ammonia in my coat pocket, carried it for snake bites, you know, and when the brute took the mouthful he broke the bottle. The whiff he got made his whiskers curl, and one was enough. He rolled over a couple of times, gasping and waving his paws, and then made off as quickly as he appeared. Hurt? No, only a few bruises from the fall, but the close shave took my nerves for some months."

Cycling In Normandy.

The roads in Normandy are splendid for cycling, the only disadvantage being that the straightness of many main routes hides the beauty of the country, for which reason it is often a good plan, when time is not an object, to pick out the byways on the map. This is the easier because not only are the byways excellently kept, but the name of a French village is plainly written up, and one does not have ridiculous difficulty, as sometimes in England, in finding out where one is. Signposts and milestones are abundant, and the decimal system renders them perfectly simple and exact.—"Highways and Byways in Normandy," by Deamer.

An Improbable Ring.

A marriage ceremony was performed in Toronto recently, with a substitute for the ring which, though odd and amusing, was appropriate for the occasion. The couple went over from the American side of the St. Lawrence river, but forgot to take a ring. As there was no ring to be had in the house the resourceful clergyman sent for his wife's sewing scissors and, with the finger clasp, completed the ceremony.

Drinks and Thirst.

It is a mistake to suppose that cold drinks are necessary to relieve thirst. Very cold drinks, as a rule, increase the feverish condition of the mouth and stomach and so create thirst. Experience shows it to be a fact that hot drinks relieve thirst and "cool off the body" when it is in an abnormally heated condition better than an ice cold drink.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday are the favorite days in the week for marriage—Sunday in rural districts and Saturday in towns. Sunday weddings seem to be generally less numerous than they were, while the number which take place on Saturday are greatly on the increase.

A Speech That Made a Hit.

Edward Hanlan, ex-champion oarsman of the world, related a good story of how he delivered a speech after winning his second race in England. His first victory had found him unprepared. He was ready for his second with a speech composed for him by a newspaper friend and neatly copied out on paper and stored away for use in his coat pocket.

When the crowd outside the clubhouse insisted upon seeing and hearing the winner, he was helped out upon a window ledge by his friends and held there by the contrails and the legs. The crowd cheered him wildly. He was too confused to speak. They cheered him again. He threw out his hand in a gesture of helplessness and moved his lips in some inaudibleumble of apology for his inability to deliver a speech. They could not hear on account of the noise that they were themselves making, but they encouraged him with a generous applause. He saw his escape and proceeded to shake his head and work his lips in a fine frenzy of oratory, gesticulating eloquently and snuffing his thanks. The noisy and good natured crowd cheered him to the echo, and his friends drew him in from his precarious position on the window ledge.

"You carried that crowd along in style," they congratulated him. "What did you say? We couldn't hear you." "Yes. Give us an idea of your speech," the reporters put in, drawing out their notebooks.

Hanlan took the manuscript from his pocket. "Here's the whole thing," he said. "Do you want it all?" "Well, rather," they answered. "That speech made a hit,"—Argonaut.

Why He Carries a Canoe.

"You wonder why I always carry a canoe except when I am carrying an umbrella," remarked a well known Philadelphian the other afternoon. "Well, I don't mind telling you. It's all on account of umbrellas."

"Can't see the connection," rejoined the friend to whom he was talking.

"Didn't suppose you could. But you will when I have explained. You lose an umbrella every once in awhile, don't you? Put it down somewhere and walk off and leave it?"

"Yes; I have had that happen to me frequently."

"Well, I used to, but not since I took to carrying a canoe. An acquaintance in Chicago put me on to the scheme. 'Get a canoe of some kind,' he said to me one day, 'and carry it every day and every night that it doesn't rain. By that means you become so accustomed to having something in your hand you are lost without it. Then when a rainy day or evening comes and you are compelled to carry an umbrella about with you the benefit comes in. Say you have gone into a restaurant and when you come out the rain has stopped. You walk out into the street without your umbrella. Presto! After you have taken perhaps a dozen steps you miss something. Your cane carrying hand is minus the burden it usually bears. Back go your thoughts to your umbrella and back go your steps to get it. Simple? Of course it is, but the simple things oftentimes prove the most valuable.'—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Four Legged Weather Prophets.

Though the tortoise is an excellent weather prophet, the fact is known to comparatively few people. Tortoise farmers on the African coast notice that even 24 hours before rain falls these curious animals prepare for it by seeking the convenient shelter of overhanging rocks. It may be a bright, clear, sunshiny morning, but the farmers believe implicitly in the tactics of the tortoise, who is seldom mistaken for the downpour is certain to come within the time stated.

A pet tortoise would be a practical present to bestow on one's friends. This curious premonition of the approach of rain is shared by many other animals and birds and may be explained partially by the fact that while rain is forming the atmosphere is increasing in weight, but there may also be some need of moisture which makes them aware of its approach or some habits of life which make them thus sensitive.—Chicago Record.

Cool and Methodical.

A lawyer who worthily bears a distinguished name occupies an old fashioned mansion on the edge of the city. His sister, who lives with him, is a teller of a laughable story. A friend reported in Harper's Round Table, illustrating his coolness and love of method.

Recently his sister tiptoed into his room some time after midnight and told him she thought burglars were in the house. The lawyer put on his dressing gown and went down stairs. In the back hall he found a rough looking man trying to open a door that looked into the back yard. The burglar had unlocked the door and was pulling it with all his might. The lawyer, seeing the robber's predicament, called to him:

"It does not open that way, you idiot! It slides back!"

The Blue Penicil.

"This," said the man who was showing the visitors about the office of the metropolitan daily, "is the copy room's room. It is the place where the matter sent in for publication is boiled down to the right dimensions."

"Doesn't that make it warm?" giggled one of the young women.

"No," he replied. "But the men who write the stuff get pretty hot over it sometimes."—Chicago Tribune.

His Advice.

"Is it hard to advise a girl?" asked the novice in affairs of the heart. "Sometimes it's a good deal harder than it is to propose," returned the man of not to propose. "I've found that the worst advice I ever gave was to propose. It's always well to be on your guard."