

Eugene Guard

SATURDAY..... OCTOBER 27

IT'S HONEST BELIEF.

The Oregonian Said Hard Things About McKinley.

Although now a hearty supporter of McKinley, the Oregonian was not always thus. On June 22, 1899, it gave its views of his administration and sounded the alarm as to what dangers might befall the nation should he be continued in the president's chair, as follows: "The McKinley administration has made most disgraceful appointments to office at the behest of unscrupulous politicians. It has betrayed the civil service to the spoil men, paralyzed the organization of the army, violated its pledges as to currency reform, humiliated its most efficient servants, and discredited American intelligence and valor in the eyes of the civilized world.

"In a time of courage it has quailed. In a time of decision it has hesitated. In a time of action it has delayed. In a time of honest dealing it has faltered and equivocated. Its policy has been to drift; its aim has been to placate everybody, however unworthy, and cater to everything, however mischievous; its course has been to sacrifice any and every vital interest of the nation on the altar of partisan and personal politics.

"What is to become of American valor and diplomacy if they are to be shuffed and beat about for four years more of such administration? What is to come of the army if it is to be taken more and more from military men and turned over to ward politicians? What is to become of the new dependencies, if they are to be delivered over to the spoilsmen, as Alaska has been delivered over? What is to become of the gold standard in the next panic if we have a president who can refuse nothing to Wolcott, Stewart and Jones of Nevada? What is to become of the treasury itself, now that Reed has gone from the safety-valve in congress, if we are to have in the White House the personification of complaisance? What is to become of our young men if the doors of public service are to be closed to the capable and ambitious, and open only to the henchmen and bosses?"

WILL WIN.

The Cities Are Largely in Favor of Bryan.

If Bryan holds his vote in the country he will surely be elected, because he shows signs of immense gain in the cities. Nearly all the large cities have Bryan mayors and will roll up immense majorities. For instance in Chicago.

There were added to the registry lists by the second and last day of registration 116,913. These, taken with the 204,490 names placed on the books on Monday, give a total of 401,403 names as the registration in the 35 wards of Chicago for this year. Although a revision of the figures may reduce this total some, this is the largest registration in the history of the city. As compared with the registration of 380,245 of 1896, the total this year is 21,158 greater and exceeds that of 1898, which was 325,745, by 75,560.

Chicago will very nearly overbalance the Republican majorities in the interior of Illinois. The defection of the Prohibition and religious elements from McKinley are large and unless they are rallied back into line, as they were in 1896, McKinley is a defeated man, sure.

A LIVELY CORPSE.

Eugene Register: "There are plenty of good, substantial, old-line Democrats who could not vote their sentiments if they would, simply because there is no longer a Democratic party in existence in this country."

And yet, to be accurate, Bryan received, 6,502,925 votes in 1896, nearly 47 per cent of the total vote cast. If there is no "Democratic party in existence in this country" there is a mighty big substitute.

The biscuit trust must pay the flour trust's price for its raw material, but the man who eats the biscuit pays tribute to both the flour and biscuit trusts.

WELL PUT.

Salem Journal. "Mr Hanna seems to have demonstrated conclusively that he can do much for the laboring man when an election is pending. If he would do as much after, there would be less the matter with Hanna."

Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching are out in a joint note asking the powers if it is not about time to treat for peace. The French minister of foreign affairs, M Pichon, responds that it will be time when exemplary punishment is inflicted on the principals of the Chinese government who are directly responsible for the violation of international law. The civilized world seems determined that China must be made to realize her responsibility as a nation through blood letting of dignitaries who stand very near the throne.

The Oregonian indorses the assertion of the Washington Post that Bryan should have made no further personal campaign than his Indianapolis speech. This is very moderate for the Oregonian. Naturally the Oregonian could have been expected to declare that it would have been more agreeable if Mr Bryan had retired before he made the Indiana speech. The Portland paper is getting very liberal in its views.

After the first shock people began to lose interest in the Galveston horror. Still the telegraph brings details that show what a terrible calamity it was that overtook the once prosperous Gulf city in a night-time. One month and ten days after the storm, October 19, forty-two bodies were recovered, and the daily finds of victims do not decrease. The total number of bodies recovered to that date were 2,907.

Albany Democrat: "All the papers tell about the demand for Oregon apples but the producer who ships them himself has nothing to show for it when he has paid the robber prices charged for commission and freight. A Corvallis man tried it on 100 bushels and had just \$2 left for himself."

A Portland policeman has cause to be haughty and proud. Single-handed, and though confronted with a revolver, he arrested three footpads early Friday morning, within half an hour after they had stood up their victim, and marched them to the city jail together.

Thomas Jefferson: "Conquest is not in our principles. It is inconsistent with our government."

Where is William Brown?

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct 19.—A firm of solicitors in Aberdeen, Scotland, has renewed a former request to the police of this city for information regarding the whereabouts of William Brown, the son of a Scotch clergyman, who disappeared from Bakersfield in March, 1899. A substantial reward is offered to any one who can find the missing man.

Jacksonville Times: Wallis Nash, a "blawsted Hinglishman," from Albany, is making speeches in Josephine county. He has nothing to say about his connection with the wrecking of Job's bank at Corvallis, and the Oregon Pacific railroad, although he finds much fault with people, the lachets of whose shoes he is unfit to looser.

Cottage Grove Nugget, Oct 19: Little Charley Earl, eleven years of age, last week while out hunting about three miles from town, killed a spike buck deer with a muzzle loading shotgun. Joe Perkins is going into the culture of strawberries on an extensive scale. He has already 3 acres in plants and will put in six more. His farm is just east of town, and the setting out of plants will continue until the entire 9 acres are in.

"The Japanese accuse the Chinese of inventing morals in order to discover how good they are and how bad the Japs are. The morals of either are on par with the growers who pack fine apples on the outside tier of the box and then fill in chiefly with culls and worms."—California Fruit World. In Oregon the growers do none of the above shenanigans. Fruit in the middle of the boxes is as good as that on the outside—which fact may account to some extent for the great demand there always is for Oregon red apples.

A MODERN ADAM AND EVE.

"So I must give up my typewriting and live out of doors!" she said. "Yes, if you want to live at all," was the doctor's answer. "Well, really, sometimes I don't care the snap of my finger for living. It's so monotonous and so hopeless."

"No wonder. You have made a machine of yourself. When you go back to Mother Earth—you're a country girl, are you not—you will be in love with life again, as you were a dozen years ago, when you couldn't stay out of doors enough to satisfy your craving."

"I remember!" Her eyes brightened. "I loved to work in the garden—not the flower garden, but among the vegetables, homely, useful things—like myself. No one can give me points on planting. I'm a farmer's daughter."

The doctor took up the morning paper and read, "To let, a small cottage house; modern improvements, with kitchen garden; terms easy."

"Would that suit me?" she said. "I think so."

"Let me know the result," said the doctor as he ushered her to the door. It was a pretty cottage, and the owner lived next door. His name was Adam Everett. She smiled when the agent told her this, for she was Eve Sherburne. "A new Adam and Eve," she said softly, scenting a romance in this untried country.

"Your husband, madam," said the agent slyly, "will be sure to like this place, and if he has a taste for farming he will find every facility to gratify it. The former tenant was an enthusiast and improved the place wonderfully."

"Indeed! Lost his money, ran away or died?" "Married! It spoils a man's prospects. I beg your pardon a thousand times. I mean unless the woman is practical and a home body. Now, you and your husband will be contented and prosperous."

"A happy prophecy. Does the owner object to letting the cottage to a single woman?" "The agent raised his eyebrows. "Aren't you looking for yourself? I thought you seemed so pleased with everything that you were coming."

HER IDEAL HUSBAND

Gold and Love

Pretty Ethel Lee had a will of her own, and no one was more astonished at the manner of its expression than her friend, Madam Morrow, when Ethel plainly informed her that she declined to marry a man "old enough to be her father."

In her girlish fancy she had woven certain sweet pictures of her ideal love, whom she had never seen, but to whom she had been betrothed in infancy.

The nearest approach to this ideal was Dr. Macy, who had attended her in a severe sickness. Had he proposed she would have accepted him; but he didn't.

Her fancy, however, received a severe shock when she received a letter which informed her that her guardian would be there the next day to claim his little bride, while Madam Morrow, quite at a loss to account for this sudden change of sentiment, having been kept in blissful ignorance of the mischief wrought within the past few months, strove in vain to expostulate with her.

"I think I might at least have been allowed a choice," sobbed Ethel passionately. "But no; instead of being treated like a free, rational creature I am imprisoned at school until my lord and master chooses to come and take me. No doubt he is some fussy, snuff-taking old bachelor, without an idea in his head except his meals and his rheumatism."

"My dear," expostulated the lady anew, "I am really shocked at such language. I am sure his letters to you would refute any such charge, and the steadiness of mature years is decidedly in his favor in my opinion."

"It isn't mine, then," Ethel retorted. "Age and youth were never meant to go together, and old husbands are proverbially jealous and tyrannical. As to his letters, I've no fancy for loving, sentimental nonsense copied out of some 'Complete Letter Writer' palmed off on me. I'd give more for one spoken word that I knew was original than for 50 written ones. It's too cruel to think of it, and I wish I was dead!"

And Ethel went off in another paroxysm, while her preceptor retired in silent and hopeless perplexity, leaving her to recover from it at her leisure.

But tears and protestations were alike unavailing to ward off the revolution of time. The hours went inexorably on, and despite the somewhat flighty visions of flight, elopement, suicide or some other desperate resort by which to evade the impending calamity, the appointed day and hour found her sitting in her room, pale, moody, but in perfectly unimpaired health and physical condition, without any indications of decline or any natural or supernatural escape from her fate.

A Dangerous Game.

"Carl, I don't believe you truly love me," said Mildred Reynolds to her lover, Carl Langlois reddened under her gaze. "What nonsense, Mildred, of course I love you."

Carl had said, the last time he had visited her, that they would arrange their plans for the future when he next came, but when Mildred had made the remark that she did not believe he really loved her he was on the verge of departure and still had not asked her to name the day which would make them husband and wife. He must have known what the question was she wished to ask, yet he did not help her out, and so the question died, unasked, upon her lips. Instead he smiled so goodly, sweetheart.

Carl's mother had often sent Mildred kind-messages, and had also sent by Carl some very beautiful table linen for Mildred to embroider for use after her marriage. She knew that Mrs. Langlois was her friend, although they had never met, and determined to go to see her and discover whether Carl had changed in her any change in his desire to marry. She shrank from the trial, yet felt it must be made for the sake of her future happiness. Accordingly a few days after Carl's visit she took a trip to his home, arriving there, as she had planned, when Carl was absent at his business. When she introduced herself to Mrs. Langlois, she was warmly greeted, but when she told the object of her visit her host was visibly surprised.

"My dear child," she exclaimed, "there must be a mistake somewhere. Carl assured me only yesterday that you kept putting him off whenever he mentioned your marriage. I cannot understand it."

"I can, Mrs. Langlois," said Mildred proudly. "Your son has grown tired of me and is seeking in some way to free himself. But, thank heaven, his future are not yet riveted and are easily broken. I will release him from an engagement which is no longer a pleasure to him."

For a moment she stood trembling, silent; then, forgetting everything in the wild, passionate tide of mingled love and grief that swept over her, she extended both her hands.

"Oh, Dr. Macy, have you come at last?" The young physician's hands closed over hers with a fervent, thrilling pressure; his dark eyes rested on her face, instinct with the sentiment she had longed to see there.

"Yes, my darling, I have come for you—for you only—to take you home," he answered.

"Home! Where?" she repeated, bewildered by his words. The physician's mysterious smile irradiated Dr. Macy's handsome face. Then he drew her closer with a fond, confident clasp.

"To the home that has been awaiting my little wife for eight long years. Will she come to it?"

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