

WHY SHE CAME.

Vance Thompson in his Paris letter to the Saturday Evening Post, says: "It was half-past 6 in the morning. The St Lazare station was uncanny, for the moon was shining broad and full, and the dawn was creeping up. Madame Sarah's carriage drove into the court. Young and smiling she stepped out—a handsome figure of a woman in a long fur coat. Then Coquelin came. There came, too, a host of actors and actresses, journalists and society folk. They cried, 'Vive Bernhardt!' and 'Vive Coquelin!'"

"I'll be home again in six months," said Madame Sarah, throwing kisses to her friends.

"But what are you going for?" they asked her, sadly.

"For a million," said Sarah.

"And that was true; for her tour of the United States she is to be paid one million francs and all her expenses."

BELKNAP SPRINGS FIRE.

The burning of the Belknap Springs residence building, used as a hotel during the summer season, removes a structure where many found rest and comfort. Upon its broad porch floor, shaded by the far spreading luxuriant branches of maples, through whose leaves the sun hardly found entrance, many guests found solid comfort during hot summer days.

Of course a more pretentious, though not more comfortable building will take its place. It will not have the home appearance that pleased guests who found temporary homes in the old structure.

That was a blessed south wind last night. It took the snow. The Willamette Valley has no use for snow.

The railroad construction of the past year falls below that of 1899, though not enough to cause concern—only 266 miles.

It is pleasing to learn that the reverend senators who loaf about Washington have been able to catch something—the gripe.

The taking of the Canadian census will begin Monday, April 1. All persons living at midnight Sunday, March 31, will be counted.

The gripe is no respecter of persons. President McKinley had to take his medicine, with others. The good news comes that the president is recovering and is able to sit up in his bed.

Salem has a sensation in the stabbing of a young man who was accompanying a party of young ladies to their homes. Another young man did the stabbing. Jealousy was the motive.

Editor Scott of the Oregonian could not refuse the text-book commission appointment. He had written too many editorials about the disinclination of busy men to serve the public in responsible positions.

The south wind brought the thermometer up to a point where Willamette Valley Oregonians and ducks are happy. Of a morning like that of today the wild ducks do a lot of pluming and talking, and seem to take much solid comfort on the ponds of this favored valley.

It seems hard to believe that it was a Eugene boy who was guilty of the following. Whether it was or not you can guess. Anyway, he rented a wheel to take a ride down below town. About four miles out he dismounted to rest, and while resting he noticed that there was no chain on his wheel. (It was a chainless). He became uneasy, and leaving the wheel at a farmhouse walked back a mile or two, looking for the chain he thought he had lost. Being unable to find it he gave the farmer's son two dollars to haul himself and the wheel back to town.

ASSESSMENT SUMMARY.

Total of Property for 1900 Exceeds that of 1899 by \$95,441.

LANE'S VALUATION FOR 1900.

The summary of the Lane county assessment roll for 1900 has been completed, the 20 per cent being taken off the original assessment. The footings furnish the following array of interesting figures:

	NUMBER.	VALUE.
Acres of tillable lands.....	118,121	\$1,169,072
Acres of non-tillable lands.....	968,595	1,523,910
Improvements on deeded or patented land.....		562,256
Town and city lots.....		452,309
Improvements on town and city lots.....		553,518
Improvements on land not deeded or patented.....		37,125
Miles of railroad bed, telegraph and telephone lines.....	199.70	206,160
Rolling stock.....		29,195
Steamboats, sailboats, stationary engines and manufacturing machinery.....		69,445
Merchandise and stock in trade.....		291,335
Farming implements, wagons, carriages, etc.....		159,370
Money.....		113,685
Notes and accounts.....		380,520
Shares of stock.....	999	74,045
Household furniture, watches, jewelry, etc.....		322,900
Horses and mules.....	8,211	182,540
Cattle.....	19,284	286,660
Sheep.....	33,130	17,716
Goats.....		18,295
Swine.....		6,289
Gross value of all property.....		\$6,281,021
Exemptions.....		826,640
Total value of taxable property as finally equalized by the county board of equalization.....		\$5,454,381
Total number of residents subject to poll tax.....		4,933
Polls for 1899.....		2,950
Total assessment 1900.....		\$5,454,381
Total assessment 1899.....		5,358,940
Increase for 1900 over 1899.....		\$ 95,441

THE NEW CREAMERY.

Will Diversify Farming When in Operation.

UNUSUAL INTEREST TAKEN.

Farmers near Eugene are taking unusual interest in the dairy business since the new creamery is an assured fact. Many of them are making arrangements to depart from the system of farming that has been in vogue for the past 50 years, and will turn to the diversified farming which is in vogue where dairying is followed. The change cannot be a sudden one, for the reason that there are not sufficient dairy cows to supply the demand, and they will have to be produced by grading up from range cattle, which will take several years.

The creamery is hastening work on its plant as rapidly as possible, and will be able to operate before the last of next month. The system to be followed will be that which has been found successful elsewhere, and extends the greatest advantage to the farmer as well as the butter-maker. Hand separators will be sold to the dairymen, and they will separate their own milk. Teams will go from the creamery daily and gather the cream from the various farms, bringing it to the station for working. The cream will be tested as it is received, and the price paid will be determined by the percentage of butter fat the cream contains. This will make an object to the dairymen to keep only the best cows, which will be determined by the quality of milk more than by the quantity.

In order to have green feed for the cows at all times, many silos will be built, which will be filled in summer. The principal crops to be raised for ensilage will be corn, clover and vetch, according to the soil in various localities. The poor wheat crop of the past two years is a great stimulus to the dairy industry, and the prospects are that a few years will work almost a complete change in local methods of farming.

SINGER OFFICES.—Since the branch office of the Singer Sewing Machine Co has been located in Eugene, under the management of D. B. Zeb, some persons have gained the impression that it will attend to local business. This is not the fact. Mr. Zeb has no business with the public, his work pertaining to the direction and supply of established agents. J. A. Waters is the only authorized Singer agent in Eugene.

SOLD OUT.—Cottage Grove, Nugget: Mrs. J. P. Hart has sold and transferred her bakery to Messrs. Sucher & Bennett, of Eugene. The new proprietors are young and enterprising men, and will no doubt continue to run the business as successfully as the former management.

PERSONAL.

Daily Guard, January 12.

Hon. L. T. Harris is in Portland.

Harry Bristow is down from Cottage Grove.

Bishop Castle is back from Philomath.

B. F. Keeney, of Goshen, was in town today.

W. J. Royce returned from Lebanon today.

Senator Booth went to Salem this afternoon.

Al K. Rykenda left for Salem this afternoon.

Philip Hohl went to Cottage Grove this afternoon.

Lieutenant John M. Moore, of Co. A, is up from Junction.

Commissioner Hill returned to Junction this afternoon.

M. H. Burleigh, of Portland, is visiting his son-in-law, F. A. Gilbert.

A. J. Goodman is up from Independence to visit relatives and friends.

John S. Gray leaves for his Arizona home Monday. We wish him success.

F. E. Sharkey is back from Portland and will leave for the Lucky Boy mine tomorrow.

D. P. Williams, of Astoria, is in Eugene visiting his brother, Attorney J. M. Williams.

Ex-Postmaster, P. B. Sherwood, of Colorado Springs, Col., is visiting his old home, Cottage Grove.

Carl Thompson, a Red Cross nurse, passed through Eugene this afternoon for Manila where he will go on duty. His home is at Woodburn.

Will H. See and family, of Warm Springs, Crook county, are in the city. They leave Tuesday on a six months' tour of the Eastern states.

Mrs. Herrick and son, William, of Gate Creek, left on this morning's delayed train for Tacoma where a daughter, Mrs. Dodson, so a telegram states, is lying at the point of death.

Joseph Peplot was here today. He said that yesterday only about seven or eight inches of snow was on the ground at his place, up the McKenzie and that it was Chinooking when he started to Eugene.

Some huge potatoes are on display in the windows of Nevers' real estate office. They were raised by Mr. Mullman, who resides on the Meek place.

According to all assessments received at Salem the taxable wealth of the state is \$117,804,872, a loss of \$2,478,000 from last year. It is likely that the state tax will be 6 1/2 mills against 6.3 last year.

Independence West Side: The Eugene GUARD is informed that there is a "Dallas Enterprise." The item is copied by the GUARD thusly, was clipped from the West Side. The GUARD's scissors man should be a little more careful with his credits.

Hon. Ivan McQueen, representative from Lane county, is quite ill at his home near Loran, and will not be able to attend the opening of the legislative session and it is feared he will be detained at home during the greater part of the session.

Where He Proposed to Marry

They were no longer very young, but they had an air of irresponsible happiness that made the drivers of the strange vehicles that ply in Jackson park compete for their favor. The man looked over the democratic wagons, victorias and broughams that stood at the northern entrance of the park, while the various drivers fell upon him. They believed him to be a bridegroom, and the bridegroom is ever the victim of the designing ones of earth.

A young man who drove a prehistoric victrola sidled up to them. "It always drives the new married folks," he said. "I'm just married myself. Guess you better take me."

The woman smiled at the man. "Take him," she said.

The driver looked even more knowing than before. "I can always spot 'em," he said. This amused the man and woman so much that they both laughed aloud as they climbed into the victrola.

Aside from his romantic associations, the victrola had no recommendations. The cushions seemed to be stuffed with railroad ballast, and the springs had long ago sunk under their burdens. The horses were discouraged old beasts that had forgotten the way over coals. The only cheerful thing about the equipage was the driver. He beguiled the way with sprightly conversation.

After he had passed the Field Museum he turned to his clients, sitting on the back seat. "Love's a queer thing, isn't it?"

The man answered that he believed it was.

"And the queerest thing about it is that it makes you care more for one person than for another. You don't care if they have got freckles on their nose or can't cook or can't keep a tune. You don't love 'em because they're better looking or smarter or nicer than other folks. You hardly know how it starts either, but some day you wake up and feel that if you can't marry Mary you'll call the game off. At least that's the way I felt." He cast an inquiring glance at the back seat.

"And how did Mary feel?" the woman asked.

The driver straightened himself and gave a pat to his necktie.

"Well," he said, "I'm not bragging, but Mary didn't let me go by. Still," he said, turning again, "I must say that it took her a long time to light. She changed her mind four or five times between me and Joe Freeman."

He whipped the horses into a feeble burst of speed when he reached the road that runs along the beach. "Would you like to see the beach where I asked?" he inquired.

The man expressed a polite willingness to see the beach, and the woman laughed. "It makes it seem historic," she said. "It's like those places abroad where somebody was beheaded or somebody else was crowned."

"Yesum," the driver said, "it was on that bench that me'n Mary began making history, as the papers say. I won't ever forget how that mealy old bench looked that Sunday afternoon. It's over there." He pointed to a road that branched off a bit further along. "Shall I drive over?"

"By all means," the man said.

"But you're taking this rig by the hour, you know?" the driver said cautiously.

"Oh, that's all right! Go ahead," the man looked at the woman and whispered, "It's worth while."

The driver took them up a quiet road and stopped close by an old bench.

"That's the very"—he began; then he stopped dramatically. "That is not the bench. It must have been moved down nearer the convent."

Then began the search for the bench where he had proposed to Mary. He said he knew it was somewhere in the park, and if they really wanted to see it he would find it if it took all summer.

"Our initials are cut on the seat," he said, "so I can't miss it."

The man told him to go ahead. They drove from one end of Jackson park to the other, as the papers say. I won't ever forget how that mealy old bench looked that Sunday afternoon. It's over there."

The shadows lengthened and the golf players went home, while they still searched for the historic bench. They saw hundreds of benches that resembled it, but the veritable one seemed to have disappeared from off the face of the earth.

It was nearly 7 o'clock when the driver proposed that they cross over into Washington park. "These park commissioners are always moving things about," he said. "Like a rat in a hole."

But here the man called a halt. "Now I'll pay you for four hours," he said, looking at his watch. "Though you've only had us for a little bit over three, if you'll be honest with me, will you?"

"Sure," the driver looked at the man with a new respect. Even though newly married, this man retained some reason.

"Well," said the man, "it's a good game, but where did you propose to Mary?"

"Honest, now, between man and man."

"On the square, it happened in her old dad's flat. Front parlor sofa. I'll drive you to it there, and you can see for yourselves."—Chicago News.

Certain Dogs When in Pain.

A foxhound, as every sportsman knows, if caught in a trap or suffering pain from an injury, is most dangerous to approach. Even if you assist him out of a difficulty he will show his gratitude by biting you.

Pointers, setters and spaniels, though not quite so ready with their teeth, will, under similar circumstances, bite not only strangers, but their own masters without scruple.

The flat coated retriever is totally dissimilar in this respect and can be handled without the slightest risk. I have got them out of all sorts of difficulties and never once met with injury. In doing so you may fearlessly let their head rest on your shoulder or lie against your face.

Quite recently a valuable dog of mine got hung up in a wire fence, and a dislocation of the stifle or some serious injury seemed imminent. Running up, I lifted him bodily, struggling and terrified as he was, yet the idea of biting occurred neither to the helper nor the helped.

Palm Reading.

"I waited three solid hours for that palm reader to get around to me,"

"Well?"

"He told me I didn't get on in life because of my tendency to fool away time."—Chicago Record.

A Revolutionary Spy.

Enoch Crosby, who is generally believed to be the original of Harvey Birch, the hero of Cooper's famous novel, was born at Harwich, Mass., Jan. 4, 1750.

When the Revolution was fairly begun, the colony of New York organized a "provincial congress," which was the recognized government. A committee of safety was appointed, consisting of John Jay, Zephaniah Platt, William Duer and John Sackett, whose duty it was to counteract the plans and intrigues of the Tories, who abounded and embraced many men of high standing and influence.

Resolving to enter again the service of his country, Crosby shouldered his knapsack and took his way to the headquarters of the American army.

While on his lonely walk through Westchester county he fell in with a Tory, who supposed Crosby to be one also, on his way to join the British, and the stranger cautioned him as to the dangers of the way, "as rebels were on the alert." Crosby, with affected concern, inquired what course would be best to pursue and was advised to go with him to his home and go down to the British with a company then forming. Seeing in this a very favorable opportunity to strike a blow for his country, he accepted the invitation and was soon introduced to a number of men who were bitterly hostile to the friends of liberty.

In three days he had made himself master of all the information they could communicate, and pretending to be impatient to join the enemy and despite many warnings he took his leave and was soon out of sight on the road to New York. Hastening as quickly as possible to the house of a Mr. Young, a well known patriot, they went together to White Plains, where the committee of safety was then sitting, and were soon in the presence of Judge John Jay and his associates. Crosby was instructed to go as guide to a company of rangers, and the result was that the whole of the Tory gang were arrested.

Judge Jay, seeing his peculiar ability, urged him to serve his country as a secret agent, and to this he agreed, only stipulating that in case of his death they should do justice to his memory. He received a pass, which he was instructed never to show except in a case of dire necessity. In any battle or skirmish he was to run the risk of being killed or wounded, but it was expressly understood that if he was taken prisoner the committee would furnish means for his escape. His real adventures would make a volume far larger than the famous novel that purports to relate them.

Equipped with a pedler's pack containing a complete set of shoemaker's tools he sallied out on his dangerous mission and soon found a company of Tories about to join the British and resolved to be one of them. Gaining the confidence of the leader, he was conducted to the hiding place of the company, which was in the interior of an immense haystack.

While the rest were asleep Crosby hastened to White Plains and, informing the committee, returned immediately before his comrades had learned of his absence. The result was the capture of the entire company, Crosby among the rest. After examination the prisoners were returned to the church in Fishkill, which was their temporary prison, but Crosby was secretly informed that a certain window was left unfastened. As soon as darkness came he availed himself of his information, leaped from the window, and, although fired upon by the sentinels, he was again at large in a region where he knew the roads perfectly.

Captain Townsend, who commanded the company that captured him, was much chagrined at his escape, as he was considered by all except the committee as very dangerous. His next exploit was the discovery of another company, which was recruited by a British officer and had their rendezvous in the high lands on the west of the Hudson river. He soon found means to send word to the committee, who quickly dispatched Captain Townsend with his company of rangers.

While the skirmish that ensued the whole band was captured, and Captain Townsend was overjoyed to find among them the prisoner who had escaped him at Fishkill. "Well met, old comrade," said Townsend, with a smile of triumph. "You showed us a light pair of heels at Fishkill, but if I do not see them made heavy this time may I never be a major."

Mr. Duer, one of the committee, who was present, inquired innocently, "Who is he?" "Enoch, the patriarch," returned Townsend, "who disappeared from the church at Fishkill almost as mysteriously as his ancient gamesake did from the earth."

Crosby and all the rest were taken to Fishkill, but while the others were confined in the church Crosby was taken to a house where Captain Townsend had his quarters and who was fully determined that he should not escape again and, to make sure, had him confined in a room strongly fastened, with a guard at the door. The committee were at first in doubt how to effect his escape, but finally they procured a quantity of laudanum, and this having been mixed with a suitable quantity of New England rum and molasses the guard was liberally treated with the mixture. Its effect was soon apparent, the door was carefully unlocked, and Enoch Crosby was soon at large with fresh instructions.

When morning came, and Captain Townsend came early, eager to conduct his prisoner to condign punishment, what was his amazement to find the room empty and the prisoner flown! The guard was questioned; but, like the soldiers who guarded St. Peter, they "could tell nothing," and finally, after long debate, it was concluded that he must have crawled up the chimney. His numerous escapes finally made the "Tory" suspicious, and an attempt was made to assassinate him, which came near being successful.—Exchange.

Rice and Population.

In deciding whether China's population is dense or sparse it ought to be remembered that the country produces rice. Countries which produce rice yield at least two crops a year. Countries which produce corn, on the other hand, only yield one crop a year. Therefore, proportionately to its extent, a country which produces rice ought to support at least twice as large a population as a country which produces corn.—Scottish American.

The Cooling Off Process.

"Ma, what is the pipe of peace?"

"Well, little Jim, it's the five or six cigars your father smokes after he has got real mad at you or me about some thing nonsensical."—Indianapolis Journal.

ESMEE'S ROMANCE.

Justin Hoste, the brilliant young man artist, was in South Africa making sketches of the Boer war for American newspapers. He was riding toward a kopje one morning when the sudden sound of heavy firing sent the blood flying to his heart, as he realized that beyond the brow were the Boers and that an engagement was taking place. Putting spurs to his horse, he rode forward at full speed, and the fever of battle swept over him when he reached a point where he could see the hollow that surrounded the base of the kopje.

Down in the dip was a "thin red line" of men, who scrambled, as fast as the ones in front would let them, up the hillside toward their hidden foes, intrenched behind every rock and bush and scrap of cover that could shield a man.

Justin rode straight down into the melee, and then he felt a sudden blow and a sharp pang, and then all was a blank.

From the depth of oblivion he emerged at last in a hospital tent, where quiet nurses moved to and fro and where the stillness seemed almost oppressive after the clang and clamor of the hollow. His left arm was helpless and bandaged, and all his limbs felt singularly weak and light.

"What is the matter with me?" he asked of a nurse.

"Not much now, Mr. Hoste. A bullet passed through an artery, and they only just found you in time. But you will soon get up your strength with rest and care."

To while away the tedium of his stay in the hospital he began to draw and sketched the face of a girl he had seen in a dream the night before the battle. She had a lovely, serene face, with great, earnest eyes and a tender mouth. She seemed to be standing at the gate of a beautiful country house, and she appeared in his dream to be holding the gate open for him to pass through. He called the sketch "His Dream Girl." It proved his best work.

When he was in London on the way to New York, he responded to a Bond street gallery's suggestion by sending his African sketches for exhibition, and he included this, his masterpiece.

He had no lack of friends, now that he had made a little place for himself in the world of people who "do something," and they took him up and made him one of the minor fashions of the hour, going in parties to see his "show," writing it up in all the papers, inviting him to dinners and giving him commissions to draw and write for them.

He had never been so prosperous, and he found it pleasant enough, though now and then the loneliness seized him for a moment. And through it all he had the sense of something which was coming toward him, approaching always day by day, until it was imminent. It seemed a mere chance that took him one afternoon in late spring to Bond street to take a peep at his own pictures or at the people criticising them.

A group of three women at the far end of the second room attracted his attention. They seemed so eager and so interested and were absorbed in some debate concerning the sketch of "The Dream Girl."

Justin, curious to know what they discussed, drew near and heard one say with decision:

"There cannot be any one else in the world so exactly like Esmee as that. He must have seen her at some time or other."

"Esmee," she added, turning to the third, "are you sure you have never met him?"

Justin stepped closer involuntarily and bent forward to look at the girl addressed; then he started forward, exclaiming: "My dream girl!"

For he was gazing into a face that was the facsimile of his vision, only lovelier even than the dream had showed it. They were all speechless with the strangeness of the incident. And Justin was just recovering himself and was about to apologize, when the girl stretched out her hand to him, saying softly: "You are Justin!"

He stood transfixed, while a murmur of astonishment broke from the other two. And then Esmee said:

"I saw you once, years and years ago, when you were a boy and lived in the country. I was a lonely little girl, and you were a lonely little boy, and the powers that were decreed that we should meet and play together one summer day. They hoped we would be constant playmates, but you went away to school and never came back any more. Do you remember?"

"I begin to remember," he stammered, bewildered, "but I had quite forgotten it. Did you open the gate to me?"

"I believe I did," she answered, smiling and looking from him to the picture.

So they began a long conversation and wandered away together to a cushioned seat in the corner. No shyness or reserve seemed possible to them in the presence of that picture, painted at the other side of the world.

"It is a romance in real life!" whispered one of Esmee's friends to the other. "I always thought something unusual would happen to her because she is such an odd girl. He looks tremendously happy, doesn't he?"

And he was. Most people are when the best thing that life can give them is within their reach.—Boston Traveler.

Use of Waste Slate.

Slate pencils were formerly all cut from solid slate, just as it is dug from the earth, but pencils so made were objected to on account of the grit which they contain and which would scratch the slate. To overcome this difficulty an ingenious process has been devised by which the slate is ground to a very fine powder, all grit and foreign substances removed, and the powder boiled through silk cloth in much the same manner in which flour is boiled. The powder is then made into a dough, and this dough is subjected to a very heavy hydraulic pressure, which presses the pencil out the required shape and diameter, but is length of about three feet. While yet soft the pencils are cut into the desired lengths and set out to dry in the open air. After they are thoroughly dry the pencils are placed in steam baking kilns, where they receive the proper temper. Pencils made in this manner are not only free from all grit and of uniform hardness, but are stronger than those cut out of solid slate. For these reasons they have superseded the old kind.—Cement and Slate.