

CITY AND COUNTY

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 16

TWO KILLINGS RECALLED.

"Bud" Howard and Till Glaze Were Killed at Burns.

The killing of Williams Trewella at San Francisco last Monday, by his partner, Robert E. Glaze, brings up recollections of happenings of the past third of a century, extending to the year 1874, during the war of the rebellion. Polk county in this state was the theater of the action and Till Glaze was the principal. He was a brother of Robert E. The Glaze and Whitley families of Polk county had become on bad terms and Till Glaze killed old man Whitley and his son. Mr Whitley was a brother to Doc Whitley, well known in Umatilla county, where he long resided and who died a few years ago either at Milton in this county, or at Walla Walla, a matter unsettled by present information.

TILL GLAZE KILLED.

The telegram from San Francisco states that Till Glaze died a violent death a few years ago in Oklahoma. This is a mistake. He was killed at Burns, Harney county, during the fall races of 1896. He was the owner of the horses called Cottonnose. "Bud" Howard was a jockey. Glaze had promised to give Howard the purse in a certain race if he would "pull" the horse he was riding. Howard "pulled" the horse, but Glaze refused to keep his part of the contract. The trouble occurred in Tex Stillman's saloon Glaze shot Howard, who in turn shot Glaze as he was falling. "Kid" Parker then took a hand in the fight and shot Howard. Glaze and Howard both died at once, and Parker was sentenced to the penitentiary for eight years for the crime. He was pardoned after having served about three years.

BERT ALLEN WAS THERE.

Bert Allen, who has recently come to Pendleton from Coos county, a brother of Ed C. Allen, at that time owned a horse called "Jordan," and was attending the Burns races, and witnessed the killing.

W. J. Bolin, of Pendleton, who has been a resident of Oregon since August 5, 1852, knew the Glazes and Whitleys well in Polk county and was there during their trouble. He knew Till Glaze in later years at Prineville, Burns, Boise and Owyhee county, Idaho. He says Till was acquitted of the charge of murder when he killed the two Whitleys in 1864.

W. F. Matlock and Ed C. Allen also knew Till Glaze and state that he killed a man or two at Prineville before being called upon to cash in. They say that he was over six feet tall, weighed two hundred pounds and was a fine specimen of manhood. He was inclined to dress carelessly, with one exception. He might appear in public without a coat or suspenders, but as never known to be without a trusty revolver in his belt. He was a violinist and was a popular musician for the dances of Crook, Harney and Grant counties.—East Oregonian.

Miners, Paste This in Your Hats.

The Revised Statutes of the United States—Section 2320—limit a lode claim of mineral-bearing quartz to 300 feet on each side of the vein and 1500 feet in length. Section 2333 fixes the area of a vein or lode claim within the limits of a placer patented to the same person at 25 feet of the surface on each side of the vein or lode. Therefore a lode claim within the limits of a placer location is limited to 25 feet of the surface on either of the middle of the vein. A placer location confers neither title to nor possession of, nor withdraws from subsequent location by others, known lodes or veins of mineral in place within its limits, under the last section named above, which provides that a placer patent, failing to include a patent for a vein

or lode claim known to exist within its limits, shall be deemed a conclusive declaration that the placer claimant has no right to the same. Since a placer patent confers no possession to known lodes or veins within its limits, a subsequent location of a vein or lode within the limits of the placer claim is not a trespass, as against the placer claimant, within the rule of law that a trespasser on a lawful possession can acquire no rights. But a lode claim is an interesting in real property which, as against all but the United States, is treated as a fee, and will support an action to quiet title, under a law authorizing a person in possession of real estate to bring an action to determine adverse claims to same.—Scientific Mining Press.

A BILK EXPOSED

Albany Herald.

A stranger, representing himself to be a school teacher accidentally in straightened circumstances, who claimed to be engaged temporarily in selling school supplies, was thoroughly exposed as a bilk yesterday. He called upon School Superintendent J. M. Martindale with his tale of woe and asked for financial assistance. Superintendent Martindale invited him into his room, and began questioning him about methods of teaching and asked him where he had taught. He named a town in the East, which was well known by Prof. Martindale, and the latter told him he would be very glad to hear about his friends there, but the fellow at once grew uncommunicative and when the Prof. asked him what he considered the most approved rules for working cube root, the bogus school teacher seized his hat and beat a retreat, preferring to look elsewhere for free board, than endure the vigorous cross examination further.

Ex-Congressman Tom L. Johnson is waging a war in Columbus and Cleveland against street car monopolies and for three cent fares. He is such a practical fighter that he has offered to buy out the street car companies at values to be placed upon them by disinterested persons and inaugurate the reforms that he demands they shall inaugurate if they do not care to dispose of the interests. As he is able financially to carry out any proposition he may make, the street car monopolies are between the devil and the deep blue sea. The Press-Post, a democratic paper, published in Columbus, is giving him strong support, and from this distance it does appear as if victory will perch upon the Johnson banner. The great body of people of these cities are deeply in sympathy with the Johnson movement and willing to render any support in their power to deny to privilege the right to exact unjust tribute from those who ride on street cars, by which the promoters and manipulators of the lines are enabled to fill their pockets with the fruits of excessive capitalization of a public utility. We hope to see Tom Johnson's fight spread to all parts of the country.

Comets and earthquakes have failed to fulfill the prediction of modern sensational scientific prophets; and an ancient Babylonian tablet has been translated for the purpose of stirring up a little excitement; the tablet is supposed to foretell a flood which will cut a caper in the affairs of humanity when Mercury, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn congregate in the constellation Capricornus, in December, 1901.

Two residents of Toledo, Ohio, for whom a marriage license was issued thirty-eight years ago, were not married until two weeks ago. If the bride and groom are as sure of their minds now as they were slow in making them up, their happiness should be certain.

The Brownville Times intimates that Lane county has disposed of some very valuable timber and mining properties for a pitiful \$17,500 per annum in the State University.

ALMOST FATAL ACCIDENT.

Particulars of Mishap to Carl Coats in Bohemia Mines.

The Cottage Grove Nugget contains the following particulars of the accident to Carl Coats, mention of which was made in Monday's GUARDIAN: "C. A. Coats the well known miner and prospector, met with an almost fatal accident while at work in the mouth of the tunnel on G. W. Lloyd's mining property, the Bohemia Gold Mining Co. Mr. Coats was just getting under ground in the development work and had not yet timbered the tunnel when it caved in covering the unfortunate man entirely up. Walter Robinson was Mr. Coats' mining partner and he saw at a glance that it would be necessary to secure help before anything could be done. Upon returning with assistance the unearthing of Mr. Coats was commenced but over an hour elapsed before he was released from his perilous position. He was frightfully bruised and little hopes of his recovery were then entertained. Dr. Job was sent for and responded at the earliest moment. When he reached the bedside of the injured man he found him badly bruised and stove up but no bones broken. Upon returning Dr. Job stated that his condition was not dangerous and that he would recover in a short time.

"Tuesday Mr. Lloyd reported that when he left camp Monday Mr. Coats was resting easily and was considered entirely out of danger. It was an unfortunate accident attended by a fortunate result. When Mr. Coats was released a 20-pound rock was removed from his head. His position in the cave-in was feet down, bent double with head between his knees."

THE GROSBEAK.

Description of Pretty Little Bird So Numerous at This Season of the Year.

Prof F. L. Washburn, state biologist, in his biennial report just published, gives the following description of the grosbeak, the interesting little bird that one notices at this time of year at nearly every turn of the street. Their scientific name is "heperophona vespertina." "This striking bird has of late years become a very regular winter visitor. Quite tame, and partial in the spring to buds and green seeds of the maple. General color dull yellow with an olive shade. Yellow on the forehead over eye, on rump and shoulders; wing and tail black, some white on the former, and wings yellow beneath. Bill greenish-yellow. Length about seven inches. The above description applies to the male; the female is much duller. Length from seven and one-half to eight and one-half inches. "The writer has noticed the occurrence of this bird in our towns as late as June 10, its presence in the shady maples being betrayed by its sharp chirp, and three years ago, in August, while traveling from Alsea bay to Willamette valley, I found in the timber on Digger mountain a pair of these, birds in frayed plumage, their condition and the date indicating the possibility of their breeding here, although no nest was found. They come to us from the north, not, as is generally supposed, to avoid the cold, but to find more abundant food than is offered in their own home."

BUSHNELL SLOUGH BRIDGE—Work has been begun on a new bridge across the bushnell slough to replace the one washed out during the recent freshet. The delay in constructing the bridge, which was caused by lack of building material, has caused a great deal of inconvenience to farmers living over toward Corvallis and others who travel on that road, and the announcement that the work has commenced will be gladly received. A N. Striker has the work in charge.

NEW STORE.—Ch Baker is in Eugene. He is en route home to Walla Walla where he intends starting up a general merchandise store in a few days. He was formerly in the same business at that place.

REPRESENTATIVES.—R. E. Kerr will represent Willamette University in the intercollegiate debate at Corvallis, March 8; Miss Stout, Pacific University.

Last Tuesday evening, the Mardi Gras Club gave a brilliant dance in legislative hall at Salem. Among those present were: Mrs. Emma Thompson, Miss Dee Ankeny and Miss Margaret Kinney, of Eugene; and L. L. McArthur, of Portland.

(Moray Applegate, the well known University graduate, who went to the Philippines shortly after finishing school, now holds a position as stenographer for the city school superintendent of Manila.

Independence West Side: Mr and Mrs A. J. Goodman are enjoying their trip through California and send glowing reports home of the same. On Monday the young folks at home received a box of oranges direct from the farm where Mrs. Goodman was born.

HER RICH AUNT.

Freddie, baptisimally named Mary Frederica, had a rich aunt in the city—at least so she had always heard—and when the poor stepmother who had done her best to fill the vacant mother's place to her drifted into the grave and there was no sheltering home left her footsteps naturally turned to Granbury Place.

"I've always heard that Aunt Jaycox was very eccentric," thought Freddie, "and perhaps that is the reason she has never answered any of my letters or taken the slightest notice of me."

As she walked along, looking wistfully in this direction and that, a second young girl, coming from the opposite side of the compass, also with a traveling bag and shawl over her arm, accosted her timidly:

"Can you tell me where Granbury Place is?" she asked.

Freddie stood still in amazement.

"The very question I was about to ask you," said she.

"I am a stranger in the city," said the first young girl, coloring faintly.

"And so am I."

"And I was looking for an old lady called Jaycox."

"So was I," said Freddie.

"Am her niece?"

"Well, this grows stranger and stranger," cried Freddie. "So am I, but I didn't know I had any cousins. Come, let us go together and look for the place. It can't be far off."

Neither was it, a dreary looking house of red brick, and a second old woman, who bobbed unwillingly to answer the jangling summons of the bell admitted, not without hesitation, that Mrs. Jaycox lived there.

"My mistress don't see much company these days," she said acidly.

"But we are her relations," pleaded Clara. "We have come a long way to see her."

The old woman showed them into a musty smelling room, where a gray parrot clawed its way slowly up and down the tin sides of its cage, watching the uninvited visitors with blinking yellow eyes. A minute afterward the opposite door opened, and a crooked, elflike old woman stood before them, dressed in faded black silk, with a string of gold beads around her neck and her gray hair dressed in antique fashion—on a cushion on the top of her head.

Both girls arose at once. The old lady eyed them keenly.

"Oh," said she, "you are my nieces. This," with a motion of her hand held out in the direction of the little country girl, "is Frederica, and that is Clara. You have come for fortune hunting?"

"Aunt," hotly interrupted Clara, "you are mistaken. I want to earn my own living, and I thought you could help us to some way of being independent."

"Oh," said the old lady, with a sinister grin. "That's it, eh? And you?" turning to Freddie.

"I have no home left, aunt," said Freddie simply. "I came to you because you are my father's sister."

"And you thought I kept a free orphan asylum, eh?" sneered Mrs. Jaycox.

"Tell you're here, and I can't very well send you away. You can stay all night, and I'll turn your cases over in my mind. Lois!"

The door looking servant appeared.

"Show these young ladies to a room. Give 'em water and towels to remove the dirt of travel."

"And this is all the welcome that the two young orphans received."

The next morning, while Clara and Freddie were yet wrapt in dreams, old Lois made her appearance.

"It is not 6 o'clock yet!" cried Clara sleepily, rubbing her eyes.

"It isn't time to get up yet, surely," pleaded Freddie, who had all a young girl's inclination to sleep.

"No," said Lois; "but it is my mistress. She's taken ill sudden, and she wants to know which one of the young misses will come and nurse her."

"What's the matter?" said Clara, still rubbing her eyelids.

"We doesn't know exact," said Lois mysteriously. "I hope to goodness it ain't smallpox, but I'm dreadful-afraid it is."

"Smallpox!" Clara gave one quick look at the glass at her dimpled cheeks and satin smooth skin. "Oh, my gracious! Freddie, just hand me my traveling bag. We must get out of this house as soon as possible."

Freddie stood silent, the color coming and going in her fresh face.

"Clara," said she pleadingly, "ought we to go?"

"Ought we? I should say there was no question on the subject," said Clara, hurriedly fastening the buttons of her boots. Freddie turned to the servant.

"Lois," said she, "take me to my aunt's room. I will be her nurse."

"You are a fool!" cried Clara, tying on her hat.

"I'm not so sure of that!" uttered a shrill voice, and Mrs. Jaycox herself appeared in the doorway, faded black silk dress, gold headed cane, glittering beads and all. "There's a fool somewhere in this present company, but it isn't my niece Frederica. Go your way, Clara, for a heartless, time serving minx, and never expect aught from me! Lois and I have contrived this business as a test of my nieces' humanity and hearts. And we're satisfied, aren't we, Lois?"

And old Lois grinned back her acquiescence.

Clara returned home that morning, her aunt insisting that she should not even remain to breakfast, and Frederica staid as Mrs. Jaycox's adopted daughter and darling.

Nor did she ever repent it. Mrs. Jaycox was like a winter apple—hard and rigid to outward appearance, but sweet at the core. And when, five years subsequently, she died and left all her fortune to Freddie, Carlstone the girl felt that she had lost a real friend.—Exchange.

Fine Linen.

When purchasing linen handkerchiefs, it is well to remember that pure linen may be very readily recognized by moistening the tip of the finger and drawing the fabric over it. Linen will immediately show the moisture through its meshes, while cotton will absorb it.

The Waste of Coal.

About one-tenth of the coal yielded by our mines is consumed for domestic purposes, and it is computed that not more than about 1 per cent of what is so consumed is used beneficially. The rest is lost in waste heat, smoke and ashes.—Nineteenth Century Review.

A CRUEL SACRIFICE.

We were keeping Christmas right merrily at the old manor house of Stor Awan, the home of my childhood, as it had been that of my forefathers for many generations. We were in the midst of a white sea whose billows were the partially submerged hedges that daily grew less noticeable as the snow drifted in and piled above them.

The black pine forests of Salten had again sent forth the grim, bloodthirsty pack of legionaries who for ages had dwelt unmolested in its dark fastnesses, and the cry of "Wolf!" was no longer, as heretofore, an empty sound. All this, however, did not affect any of our party, who were all Norse men and maidens born, used to the cold, full of health and spirits. I, Ella Rieora, daughter of the house, was the wildest of that mad circle who had assembled at Stor Awan at Christmas tide to do honor to my betrothal to Eric Jari, the lover of my youth, ere long to be my husband.

So in dancing, feasting and merrymaking the week sped until a few hours more would see us all scattered in various directions, to meet again we knew not when or where. For the last day, therefore, we had reserved the chief pleasure, the crowning point of all our enjoyment—a sleighing and skating party to Stor Awan, a mountain encircled lake some ten miles farther north, the same from which our homestead derived its quaint Runic name. This was to be our vail, or greeting, to the new year—our welcome to the incoming guest.

Brightly dawned the eventful morning, clear and fair as heart could desire. All nature seemed rejoicing like ourselves at the advent of another year and one already so full of promise.

At length we started, Eric and I as hosts being the last of the party, for, of course, he was my charioteer. I well remember my father standing at the door to see us go and, as he tucked the bear-skin rug more closely around me, bidding us "return early and beware of the Salten bounds."

We laughed at the warning then, but had awful cause to remember it afterward. Of that day I shall not speak. We were all young and in wild spirits and some of us in love.

But all things, even the pleasantest, must come to an end. So when the shades of evening began to fall heavily, merging earth, sky and water into one gray, leaden cloud, we began our journey homeward. Tired out with my exertions, as soon as we started I nestled down among the soft furs in the sleigh and, rocked by its easy motion, soon fell fast asleep.

How long I slept I know not, but when I awoke it was snowing fast and the darkness so intense that we could not see for two or three hundred paces. I called to Eric, who was driving, and asked if all was well, to which the answer came back, "All well, but for God's sake try to keep awake."

So I aroused myself and sat up, knowing that sleep in that bitter night air might mean death.

Suddenly, as I listened vainly for the echo of our companions' bells, I heard another sound come up with the wind—a long drawn hollow moan. The third time the ponies also heard it, for they sprang forward with an impetus that almost shook me out of the sleigh.

Frightened, I said to Eric, "What, oh, what is that?" And the answer came back short and stern, "The Salten hounds!"

Then began that terrible chase "for dear life" which, though we should both live to tell of our allotted span, we could never forget. Swiftly we sped along, our steeds impelled by a terror as great as our own until they appeared almost to fly. Breathlessly we hearkened, hoping even yet to leave the enemy behind.

Eric still held the reins, and I covered down at the bottom of the sleigh and prayed more earnestly than I had ever yet done in my life "for an increase of the snowdrift, or aught, even a miracle, if it might only save us."

In the middle of a white plain, with no nook or corner visible wherein we could take refuge, and still nearly a league from home, our case looked hopeless enough. So our pursuers seemed to think as they now caught sight of us for the first time, lifting their black muscles from the ground, gave vent to a howl of savage exultation. I could have screamed at the sight, but for fright was driving me half wild. It was so utterly horrible to perish thus! But a glance at Eric, so calm and steadfast, gave me new courage.

Faster and faster we flew, like hunted animals, death behind us coming on apace. A few yards more, and he would claim us for his own.

Prompted by Eric, I threw out the bearskin rug which protected me from the cold. For a moment they paused, smelled at it, then on with fresh fury after their old prey. One by one, cushions, wraps, all went over to the hungry pack, each gaining us an instant's priceless delay.

As the last fell from my hand the foremost wolf bounded forward, just missing my arm, while his strong, cruel jaws met with a painfully audible snap.

Then Eric turned and looked at me—a long, loving glance—and began knotting the reins to the iron side of the driving seat.

Instinctively divining his purpose of giving his life to save mine, I sprang forward and, clinging to him frantically, whispered:

"Remember, remember, we stand or fall together!"

A sudden thought, justified by our dire extremity, flashed through my brain. It was at best a forlorn hope. Quickly I bent over Eric, snatched the hunting knife from his belt and cut loose the nearest pony. With an almost human cry of pain, the poor animal galloped off, with the ravenous pack after it. A few strides only, and it was surrounded, overpowered, down, and the last sounds we heard ere the welcome lights of Stor Awan came in sight were our baffled enemies growling and fighting over the remains of my gallant little steed. It was a cruel sacrifice, but necessity knows no law, and by it we were saved.—Exchange.

Bringing Up Children.

"Do you know much about the training of children?"

"Do I?" returned the fond father.

"Well, you bet I do. I know a whole lot, and if children weren't so contrary and unappreciative I'd have the best trained bunch in the neighborhood."—Chicago Post.

Won by Waiting.

The plain fact stated Will Spencer ever in the face that Helen Raymond did not love him, and that Mrs. Raymond had urged his suit and exerted her maternal influence and eloquence until Helen had consented to be his wife, telling him very frankly that her heart was in the grave of her lover, George Vanhorn, who had been killed in a railway collision nearly one year before.

Will Spencer winced, for he was rich, very rich; but then he put to the wound that soothing salve, "I will win her love when she is my wife," that has wrecked so many lives.

After the lapse of several months he won Mrs. Raymond to his side, and so by proxy wooed Helen and won—what? A cold, reluctant consent to be his wife.

Mrs. Raymond made a suggestion, "I want you to go away for a month," she said to him, "and let Helen miss the constant devotion that she has had since your betrothal. Let her feel that a void has come into her life and how dull and cheerless it would be if she lost you. The wedding day is set for June 10, and this is April. Stay away until the 5th or 6th of June."

It gave him the first really happy moment of his engagement when Helen said gently, yet with a shudder:

"I cannot bear to think of you on railway trains. Will, write often, that I may know you are safe."

Her lips met his in a tender pressure such as a loving sister might bestow, but with far more affection than she had ever before given him. The hope made this unexpected absence endurable, and for two weeks life held more pleasure than it had done in all the days of his courtship.

Then came a blow—sudden, sharp, overwhelming. He was in a large western city, when, after night, returning to his hotel, a man on crutches asked for charity. The voice was familiar, and in a shock of horror the face struck him.

"George Vanhorn?"

"Let me go, Spencer!" the crippled man pleaded. "I didn't recognize you. Don't you know I am dead?"

"I know you are coming in here with me," Will said gently, substituting his arm for one of the crutches and entering the hotel, where he had a room. He would not let his guest speak until he had ordered a supper and made him comfortable. Then, turning to him, he saw that he was weeping.

"See what a woman you make of me!" the poor fellow said. "You thought I was dead?"

"Yes. All your friends think so."

"It was a narrow escape, and I wonder why I was spared. Nine months in a public hospital have left me crippled and incurably ill. They would not keep me after I could get about on crutches, but I have begged or starved, and it will not be for long! I would not let any one know for fear it would get to—Helen."

"You want to hide from her?"

"Yes—yes! What would her life be tied to mine? Will you not betray me, Spencer?"

"But you may recover."

"No. I should be only a wreck if I could, but I cannot."

Will Spencer really could not speak. This man asked of him only the secret that would give him his life. And then, true, unselfish love triumphed.

"She will never marry me!" Will thought ruefully as he folded a long, long letter. "But she shall not be cheated out of what little happiness life may still hold for her."

He wrote, too, to Mrs. Raymond a letter that caused that respectable lady to grind her teeth, but which she obeyed, packing her trunk and accompanying Helen in the journey westward. It was Will Spencer who met the two at the depot and accompanied them to the boarding house, where he kept Mrs. Raymond in the parlor after sending Helen up stairs alone. It was Will Spencer who smoothed away every difficulty, engaging rooms for mother and daughter and quietly effecting himself.

George Vanhorn was resolute on one point—he would not marry Helen. He had no hope of recovery, but if the unexpected should happen he would not risk ruining Helen's life by binding it to his.

"Oh," she would cry, "what am I to deserve the love of two such men? Mother, it humbles me to think how they love me."

And by this love her courage was sustained through the three months when she and her mother smoothed George Vanhorn's path to the grave. Will Spencer never spoke of love to her, giving her up entirely, but upon her lover he lavished every kindness wealth could procure or friendship dictate.

It was three years later when he came home from a European tour and called on Mrs. Raymond.

"Mrs. Raymond, sir, is dead," the servant told him, "and Miss Helen is living in—street. She's come into some money from her uncle, sir, and Mrs. Grady took this house, sir."

Come into some money! Well, she did not need him. He would wait awhile. But in a few days a little note reached him:

"It was unkind to let me hear of your return by accident. Will you not come to see me?"

And when he went he could not keep the love out of his eyes or his voice, and she—at last! Her eyes dropped under his gaze, her cheeks blushed for him, her voice faltered with tenderness. And he had no secret hidden from the loving eyes, no treachery he would dread to have her discover.—Keystone.

Process No. 1.

The class in physiology at the Sullivan school was discussing the qualities of foods when the teacher asked, "What has to be done to canned foods to make them digestible?"

A boy who held up his hand was asked to reply.

"They have to be opened," said he.—Columbus Dispatch.

Johnnie's Gunning.

Ecstatic Papa—Here, Johnnie, come and kiss your new sister.

Johnnie (4 years old)—Nen, paw, will you buy me a gun?

Ecstatic Papa—A gun! What for?

Johnnie—Well, I let 'em shoot the nest stork I see flyin round this house.—Ohio State Journal.

Sheridan's Saying.

The old saying that "the hardest thing to do is to think" has its counterpart in the saying of Phil Sheridan, "What people have to fear is not the day of judgment, but the day of no judgment."