

HARRISON IN EUGENE.

Benjamin Harrison was the only president who visited Oregon while in the office. The train conveying him stopped a few minutes at the Eugene depot...

THE LAST OF LIFE.

The last intelligible words spoken by General Harrison were to his wife Tuesday afternoon, shortly before he lapsed into total unconsciousness. At that time Mrs. Harrison asked him if he recognized her...

We believe new houses could be built for rent in Eugene and made a profitable investment. There is not a decent house for rent at the present time. What will the situation be when the fall terms of the public school and State University begin?

The Hillsboro Argus says a Portland church treasurer has been found fifteen hundred dollars short in his accounts. He has been treasurer for five years, and his friends do not know, neither does he, where the money has gone.

The pleasures and profits of fruit-growers find exemplification in the present state of the citrus fruit market in New York. Tuesday and Wednesday one hundred and thirty-two carloads of oranges had to go on the auction market...

A Portland slot machine owner says he is allowing the dust to accumulate on his machines until "some sort of an agreement can be made with the officers whereby the law will not be enforced."

SOME OF HARRISON'S VIEWS.

President McKinley can find little comfort from expressions of opinion of the late ex-president, General Harrison, only a few days before his death. A conversation held with a personal friend, A L Mason, is given to the Associated Press as follows:

He talked for a time about the Presbyterian creed. He was the chairman of the committee on revision. He took up the Cuban question. His point on this was that we had placed ourselves in a position before the world where our sincerity in dealing with Cuba could justly be questioned.

Later the conversation turned on trusts. He said he had very definite ideas on the regulation of trusts, and believed that the problem was one which was fairly within the reach of legislation that would commend itself to the common sense of all good people.

Had General Harrison lived it is not improbable that some of his former political associates and supporters would have sought to squelch him by calling him a Populist. President McKinley must have been aware of the opinions held and expressed by his predecessor.

Andrew Carnegie has so much wealth that he hardly knows what to do with it. Now it is announced that he will endow a school for technical instructions at Pittsburg to be the most complete in the world. The endowment, it is reported, will be \$25,000,000.

Portland politicians, who sought to control county affairs by special legislation regarding the commissioner's court, have got the county in a pretty muddle. The courts will be called upon to settle the dispute as to the parties who are entitled to administer the office.

They do some things on a big scale up in Montana. For instance there is a dispute over one of the big Anaconda mines and, as a result, one of the parties thereto seeks to recover the pretty sum of five and one-half million dollars.

This is the time of year when the chicken question makes enemies of former friendly neighbors. There is but one side to the oft-waged controversy. The chicken-owner should keep his chickens on his own premises, the same as his horse and cow.

The lie was given on the floor of the state of Washington senate the other day, followed by a blow from the party giving the lie. He then apologized. Apologies made after such assaults aggravate the offense.

HUMOR

THE GAS BILL.

A Legend Done into English by Your Uncle Eli.

Once upon a time an eminent citizen entered the office of a gas company and threw down the month's bill he had received that day and shouted: "Now, by the beard of my father, but I am wroth and want gore!"

"Anything wrong?" kindly and sympathetically queried the young man at the window.

"Wrong! Wrong! Can you not read? Can't you get that sum total through your young and innocent head?"

"Of a surety I can, sir. I see by this bill that you are charged with 50,000 feet of gas at \$1.50 per thousand for the last month—total, \$75. Prithce, sir, but why this ferdiness of speech?"

"I never burned that gas!"

"But the meter, sir—the meter makes no mistakes. It runneth night and day, like a brook to the sea. It hath business to do, and it doeth it. The meter records that you burned 50,000 feet of gas during the last month. What the meter records is recorded. However, I will summon here the secretary, who is a man of more fluency of speech than myself."

"Why this kick, my dear sir?" kindly asked the secretary as he appeared.

"Because of the size of this bill." "But you must remember that last month was a long one. You have but to glance at the calendar to see that the days and nights numbered thirty and one. 'Tis the calendar you should blame. You will easily recall that the days were dark and dreary and the nights long and full of lonely shadows."

"But I was away on a visit, and my house was deserted. I did not even burn one foot of your infernal old gas!"

"'Tis passing strange," quoth the secretary. "I will summon hence our president, who hath the knack of unravelling strange things."

"Man, hath thy better senses left thee?" severely asked the president as he looked upon the kicker. "Hath news of war or the excitement of politics turned thy head? Hath escaped from some insane asylum and come here with wheels in thy head?"

"Not by a jugful! How could I burn your gas in my house when it was shut up? I was away with my family on a visit, and I will make a thousand affidavits that no burner was left lighted as I went. 'Tis robbery, sir; 'tis bold faced, cold blooded robbery!"

"'Tis a song that is ever being sung," exclaimed the president as a look of sorrow crossed his face. "Prithce, fellow man, but no one says you burned the gas, and no one denies that your house was shut up. This bill is simply for the leakage which always takes place in a house when the family is absent."

"Oh, no, no, no! I simply did not understand. It looked like highway robbery. Your explanation is not satisfactory, but here is the cash, and I beg your pardon for my unseemly conduct."

And he counted down 75 big dollars, shook hands all around and wished them peace and prosperity, and his shadow had hardly turned the corner when a woman came in and said they might take the shoes off her feet before she'd pay the outrageous bill of \$1.75 they had sent by the same mail.

She Ought to Strike for a Raise.

"The manager doesn't like you? How do you know?" asked the girl at the revolver and cartridge counter.

"Because," answered the girl at the bicycle goods counter, "just as the holiday trade is beginning and I am getting ready to take a rest he tells me I've got to trade places with that girl that's been in the toy department all summer."—Chicago Tribune.

The Wicked Little Germ.

"Microbes attack their victims when they are worn out."

"That's so. We read about them until we are dead tired, and then they take a mean advantage of us."—Indianaapolis Journal.

An Epoch.

It is rumored that a certain Atchison man who has been cross for 30 years recently looked pleasant.—Atchison Globe.

Popular Phrase.

Because a Boston man forgot to close his window the state of Massachusetts has lost \$3,000,000 and is still losing \$500,000 a year. The man was a silk grower. He sent to France for some gypsy moths, which he intended to experiment on with a view to a new brand of silk.

One day he sat at his table examining some of these moths, when he was called out of the room. He left the window open, and the draft blew the moths out. Two years later caterpillars ate the leaves off every forest and fruit tree for miles around. They were gypsy moths, and the state has spent over \$3,000,000 in fighting the pests.

Science's Alarming Strides.

In a recent lecture Dr. Hoffbauer claimed that the age of fishes can be told by their scales. These show under the microscope stripes similar to the bands in the crosscut of a tree, which indicate the age of the fish. We are now able to approximately state the age of horses, fishes and trees.

HIT BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

How a Man Was Treated by an Un-heavenly Venezuela.

Mrs. Charles Middlekauff of Hagerstown, Md., is in receipt of a letter from her son, Frank Middlekauff, at Caracas, Venezuela. Mr. Middlekauff describes the recent terrible earthquake in Venezuela as follows:

"It is startling to see the earth rolling like the sea. People cannot stand up. The first shock came at 4:45 o'clock on Oct. 20. I was awakened. I got up and was thrown back into bed. I got up again and was knocked to the floor. I finally succeeded in reaching the street. There everything was confusion, and buildings were falling on all sides."

"For five nights I slept in the plaza. Everybody has been sleeping in the parks since the first shock. Everybody is sick and very nervous. It is depressing to see people praying, expecting every moment to be killed. There have been from four to six shocks every day for five days."

"For three days the tremors were so regular that a person could set a watch by them. They came at 2, 5 and 11 a. m. and 4, 7.30 and 10.30 p. m. One shock would stop a watch, and the succeeding shock would start it again."

"People are really going mad. Nearly all the towns along the coast are total wrecks. There are over 400 dead in one small town along the coast. The authorities cannot even estimate at this time how many are killed and injured. The earth opened where the land was low, and that is the reason the coast towns were most affected."

"The earthquake created terrible havoc in Caracas, though the city is very highly elevated. The city is in ruins. About 80 buildings out of every 100 are wrecked. The large hospital is split in four pieces. All the large churches have been demolished. What have not fallen down will have to be torn down. Every place is closed up. Business of all kinds has been suspended. There were not many killed in Caracas, but many were injured."

"The trains cannot run to Caracas over the mountains, therefore the mail has to be taken to the coast by mules."—Baltimore Sun.

Overcrowded London.

At the present moment, writes Sir Walter Besant in The Century, those parts of East London inhabited by the workmen of all kinds, from the respectable artisan in steady employment down to the casual hand and the children of the street, are suffering from the dearth of houses. There are not enough houses for the people; there are not enough single rooms for the families which would gladly occupy them if they could.

The houseless used to be considered the very poorest. Among them now are families where the head is in good work. They are houseless because there are no houses for them. The vast increase of population has a good deal to do with this.

For instance, the outlying suburb of East Ham, 20 years ago a mere hamlet, with a few houses and an old church in the fields, now numbers 90,000 people, all of the working class, while its neighbor, West Ham, which 20 years ago consisted of two or three scattered hamlets, is now a great town of 270,000 people, all of the working class.

Is the Lost Pleiad Found?

One of the most beautiful legends relating to the stars is that of "the lost Pleiad." It would appear that in ancient times ordinary eyes saw distinctly seven stars in the group of the Pleiades, although now only six are thus visible. The lost Pleiad has been a subject not only for poets, but for astronomers, who have frequently discussed the question whether such a star ever really existed. Recently the question has been revived, and the English astronomer, Mr. W. T. Lynn, after declaring that there can scarcely be a doubt that in former times seven stars were clearly visible in the Pleiades, quotes approvingly the suggestion of Professor Pickering that the faint star known as Pleione is the lost Pleiad.

This opinion is based on the peculiar appearance of the spectrum of Pleione, which indicates that it may be an irregularly variable star.

The Gypsy Moth.

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We are now able to approximately state the age of horses, fishes and trees. Tremble, oh ladies, but that some scientist will make a discovery enabling a lay observer to determine the human age at sight! Would life be worth living then?—Vienna Tageblatt.

My Silent Love. My love is lying still, My love has gone to rest; Her hands are lightly crossed Upon her gentle breast.

Clever Boy. "If I told you, Johnnie, that I have just seen two score years, what does that mean?" "It means, teacher, dat yer ain't a bit like George Washington, who never told no lie."—New York Journal.

Living and Learning. "I don't see how any one can lose money in speculation," she remarked thoughtfully.

Clever Boy. "If I told you, Johnnie, that I have just seen two score years, what does that mean?"

Unbiased Opinions. Some people wouldn't even grow old if it required an effort.

No Real Dislike. "You announced that you had no dislike for the young man who threatened to dominate your party and depose you from your leadership."

The Dealer's Idea. "That's odd," said Mr. Pitt, who was reading the paper.

Refert Contrarious. "Really—er—" stammered the gossip who had been caught red handed.

A Brilliant Success. A—How did your automobile journey turn out?

Found Out. He—Will you marry me, Eveline? She—Sir!

Six Days Enough. Mrs. Nextdore—We consider piano playing wicked on Sunday.

Can't Take the Medicine. Bobbs—Laughter is a cure for indigestion.

The Home Guard's Close Call. We were on our dress parade last night; The boys looked spick and span.

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TAKING THE REINS.

Hoppers will be barred at Readville in 1901.

Metellas, 2:18 1/4, is said by many good judges to be a sure 2:10 trotter. The \$100 harness made for Robert J. four years ago sold at auction for \$55.

John Durrett, 2:20 1/4, pacing, by Greenlander Boy, was not beaten the past season.

It is said that Ed Geers declined a tempting salary to drive for J. Malcolm Forbes next year.

The New England Trotting Horse Breeders' association distributed a total of \$85,870 in 1900.

Paulding Boy, 2:15 1/4, owned by Vogel Bros., Dugue, O., has shown a mile in 2:12 on a half mile track.

Nathan Straus, the present owner of Robert J., says the champion pacing gelding will have a permanent home.

Hopeful, 2:21 1/4, the blind pacer from Providence, is now being driven on the New York speedway by W. P. Durando.

The 2-year-old Allerton-Bourbonlight, 2:18 1/4, filly has shown a mile in 2:24 1/4 on the three-quarter mile track at Paris, Ky.

Mystic Girl, by Walkill Prince, the mare recently sold by a Barre (Mass.) man, is credited with trotting speed around the 2:12 notch.

James Gormully, owner of Georgina, 2:07 1/4, has had her shoes taken off, and she has been turned out on the farm for the winter. She will not even be used on the Brooklyn speedway.

Horsemanship. Sir Arthur Sullivan was knighted by the queen in 1883.

Odette Tyler is to play Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew."

Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis has made a successful start in vaudeville.

Florence Rockwell has been engaged as Henry Miller's leading actress in "Richard Savage."

Richard Mansfield has decided to produce Stephen Phillips' play, "Herod," in New York about March.

Nat Goodwin once aspired to play Shakspearean tragedy, but the nearest he ever got to it was a burlesque of "Richard III."

The dramatization of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" was made by Paul Lester; the author of Ada Reville's "Nell Gwynn" play.

Betsy Foss, who is given by history the honor of having sewed the first American flag, is to be the central figure of a new play by the author of "My Friend From India."

Ererton Castle, whose novel is the foundation of the play "The Pride of Jenico," is an authority in England on fencing and is a written several books on the subject.

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Billy Emerson is a minstrel who in his day and generation amused an infinite number of people. It has been estimated that in his career he earned over \$1,000,000, but now he is ill in Cincinnati, and his condition is said to be one of destitution.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

The object in mulching is to preserve as even a temperature as possible.

Do not apply a mulch until the ground is frozen reasonably hard.

Plant a tree just as deep as it stood in the nursery, allowing for the soil to settle.

A tree will rarely do its best with its collar much too high or much too low in the ground.

A newly transplanted tree should occupy a bed of fine mellow soil, with ample room for every root.

It should always be remembered that whatever tends to build up or promote the general health and thrift of the trees will also aid materially in keeping them free from disease.

APHORISMS.

It is worse to apprehend than to suffer.—Bruyere.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.—Greville.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Of all the evil spirits abroad in the world insincerity is the most dangerous.—Froude.

Where there is much pretension much has been borrowed. Nature never pretends.—Lavater.

The more we do the more we can do; the more busy we are the more leisure we have.—Hazlitt.

Nature has written a letter of credit on some men's faces which is honored wherever presented.—Thackeray.

PUSH CITY SATURDAY Moon, A few g L Chamb Friday at the arr Four a Moon's F Second cheap. F Thus W meet at: All be February, Mrs J F seriously Q Oliver day gang Chamben The b Astoria h knoww. All kin pumps au al at F L Mrs fr 8 P B B, before ko Pure c Rape seec feed stor All Oll tied to se for Oreg the m. Lane e gon \$31.0 off as net rapidly. Gerns aud a frs at Moon Meets Divinity services jaction N w h senard to three put it c BA A his moti home it She wa Now sowed t drills, seeders before t State of Fran is the e Chenev City of said, at HUNI every c ored Cure, Swi lo my cente Hal nally and n Send Soli Ha