

CITY AND COUNTY

SATURDAY, JULY 13

TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR McELROY.

The following is an excerpt from a tribute to the late Prof. E. B. McElroy, paid by Prof. J. B. Horner recently before the Memorial Association at Corvallis:

"Near the home of Professor McElroy in the city of Eugene there is a neat church built on a stone foundation thickly studded with marks of pebbly white. Upon approaching the building, however, the stones prove to be ancient cemeteries filled with shells of animals which lived long ago upon the shore of some forgotten sea; and here and there you may observe the traces left by the waves, the tracks of the birds that walked along in the sand one day, and the print of the leaf that fell and lay there. Within a million years or more the shore hardened into rock, and the rock has held every trace throughout the subsequent centuries. In like manner will be preserved the work of Prof. McElroy, who has done so much for the promotion of Oregon public schools; for that which is taken into men's lives leaves its permanent impressions more enduring than time, more precious than shell or leaf or templed stone. Therefore if the shell of an animal exist a thousand or a million years to adorn a temple for a man to worship in, how much longer will the man live for whom the shell was created.

"A drop of dew on the leaf in the early morning, mirrors and absorbs the whole sky above it whether it be blue and clear or whether it be covered with clouds; likewise thousands of children from generation to generation will mirror and absorb into their lives the influence of Prof. McElroy's school work in Oregon. And when the superstructure of the temple decays and the foundation crumbles and the shells have all been exposed to view and then have disappeared forever, and men forget even the edifice where once multitudes assembled for worship, the enduring work of the Oregon educator will live, and be more beautiful as it grows to assume grander proportions. And centuries hence when the schoolhouse and the chapel will have done their mission, scholars have made classic the story of Oregon, and literature has winged her flight to the western shores of America, teachers and students will make pilgrimages to you little hill where a pathway will be worn across the green to the grave of him we love; and when the little oak which shelters this hallowed spot will have older grown, fallen and been forgotten, kind hands will gently smooth the ground and plant a vine by the grassy mound where we laid him. And there will be a quietude and pensiveness, a flower plucked a memento, and a prayer breathed by the last resting-place of him who contributed his best endeavor to the establishment of common schools; and men will return to their homes to resume their labors with renewed determination, to emulate the noble qualities found in their fellow beings. 'Tis true the flowers will bloom as beautiful and the birdsong be as gay, the men build and occupy, and the earth swing through space as safely as if in the hands of God, and the sun, moon and stars sustain their glory then as now, but the undimmed lamp of learning our benefactor lifted to the Oregon school-house spire will shine with greater effulgence, illuminating the pathway of men, brightening their future and blessing their labors; and the world, ever changing, ever improving, ever growing heavenly, will be better for the life of this educator, patriot and gentleman, who gave the choicest within him for the betterment of mankind."

What Our Flag Stands For.

Wherever the American flag is raised in token of sovereignty, it stands for liberty, independence and equality. What our flag is to the nation, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is to the individual, inasmuch as it not only gives you freedom from your ailments, but protects your system in such a manner that it cannot return. When your stomach gets out of order, causing you to belch after eating, or when you are so nervous that you toss about all night, unable to sleep, you should certainly try it, because it will strengthen your stomach, steady your nerves, and induce sound, healthy sleep, and for indigestion, constipation and biliousness there is nothing to equal it. Rheumatism is also counteracted by its direct action on the kidneys.

It Dazzles the World.

No discovery in medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It's severest tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pleurisy and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored to perfect health. For coughs, colds, asthma, croup, hay fever, hoarseness and whooping cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by W. L. DeLano, who guarantees satisfaction or refund money. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Order of Elks Sued.

Columbus, Ohio, July 6.—Allen Meyers this afternoon sued the Order of Elks for \$50,000, of this \$45,000 is claimed as damages for expulsion from the order and \$5000 for compensation for writing the ritual of the order.

PYTHIAN FIELD MEET.—Now that the Fourth has passed, arrangements are being resumed by Helmet Lodge, Knights of Pythias, for their big field meet to be held at Baugs' Park Friday afternoon, July 12th. This promises to be one of the most interesting events of the summer and no doubt will be largely attended by the amusement-loving people of Eugene. Different members of the lodge are in training for various events and some good sport is promised.

FELL FROM A TREE.—A bad accident occurred on Eleventh and Hill-yard streets yesterday when Claire, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Green, aged 13 years, fell from a tree, a distance of 15 feet, falling on a pile of sharp rocks. A number of his ribs are fractured and he is otherwise injured. Dr. W. Kaykendall was called and the little fellow is resting as comfortably as can be expected.

will be under the direction of the various station men, and an attempt will be made to evolve an appliance that will embody every scientific principle necessary to produce the best results in the curing of fruit for commercial purposes. The dryer will be on a small scale, but yet large enough to make the results certain. It will only be used for experimental purposes. The intention is to have it ready for use in experimenting with this season's crop. The importance of the fruit industry in Willamette valley undoubtedly justifies the undertaking. A leading problem with prune men especially is a standard and properly regulated system of curing.

The Portland Telegram, republican, after recounting the numerous republican candidates for governor says this of one of the most popular democrats in Oregon: "But our friend Chamberlain is yet to be considered. He, like Furnish, was never beaten yet."

Trying to build up a business that will abide, and keep on abiding, without advertising, is very much like a married man trying to have his own way—just a sheer waste of nervous energy.

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An Augmented Education.

Marcia Egremont judged all lovers, apparently at least, by their vocal qualifications. As a heart searching love affair is supposed to be "developing" to the human voice, especially of the tenor variety, Marcia may be supposed to have rendered large numbers of rising tenor singers valuable assistance on the road toward fame. She had grown rather weary of this pastime and of tenors when Phillip Derwent made his appearance in her world.

Most music lovers went wild over Phillip, praised him unreservedly, but Marcia tossed her head in disdain. "Cold as the polar regions, that voice!" was her verdict. "Not even wine would take the chill off those top notes."

"Love," suggested the friend who had most intimate knowledge of Marcia's numerous but not, perhaps, utterly unselfish efforts in behalf of rising singers.

"Perhaps," replied Marcia enigmatically, "but it takes a lot of trouble to do some things." Marcia was still undecided as to what to do with her voice and her wonderful vocal training. The friend who knew her best was more puzzled than ever. But for the time being she was all enthusiasm about her music. The pure enjoyment of singing possessed her night and day. She appeared in the little anteroom of the big hall early on the night of the concert, dressed to perfection, all radiant and sparkling and charming delightfulness from satin slippers to shining hair. And her color came and went in a fashion which set Phillip's heart beating wildly as they waited silently side by side for their respective numbers.

Marcia's turn came first, and Phillip slipped into the side of the hall to listen. She sang as one translated, she looked as one transformed. The orchestra engaged for the occasion was a magnificent one. The music swelled out mightily in wonderful, soul stirring waves. Marcia leaned her voice on its beauty and grandeur and sang as one sings only once or twice in a lifetime. Something, she knew not what, took possession of her that evening and glorified every note. The faithful old singing teacher, who had prayed for her to fall madly in love and suffer sharply in order that the power might be brought out and fullest expression made possible, would have wept with joy to hear her. Three times did the enraptured audience insist upon her returning. Thrice did she repeat her initial triumph, with no shadow of falling off or failure. And Phillip Derwent, listening and watching, felt something awake within him which was different from any feeling or experience he had previously known.

An orchestral number separated his song from her number, and while it lasted he looked at her dumbly, unable to say a word of all that he longed to utter. When, just as the last strong chord vibrated, he opened his lips to express his admiration, she slipped from the waiting room and out into the side of the hall—to listen to him, as she realized with a thrill. At first this knowledge threatened to hamper and hold back his powers of expression. His heart beat like that of a child expecting to be chided or of a novice facing an audience for the first time. He wouldn't look in Marcia's direction. He dared not. Then suddenly a thrill of shame swept through him—to be afraid of a girl who had steadfastly refused to consider him as anything more than the merest of acquaintances! Shame! He faced her daringly, his heart beating faster than ever, and almost lost his breath over the great surprise which followed his movement. She was watching him anxiously, eagerly, her eyes dilating with something like fear as he stood there hesitating. The orchestra rumbled out the prelude to his song again, and this time he lifted up his voice and sang.

Something stirred in the back of his throat, and it seemed as though bands, hitherto unrecognized, were loosened; something stirred under his heart, and he felt like a god rather than a man. The marvelous burst of song that followed was but the natural expression of this new joy and freedom. And all the "chilliness" had vanished from those wonderful top notes.

He, too, recalled three times, and he reached the waiting room again, the last recall over, in a state bordering on what would have been exhaustion had he not been so uplifted and happy. Marcia met him, cheeks flaming, eyes sparkling, yet moist and dewy, lips parted in generous commendation and sincerest praise. And Phillip, still under the spell of that wonderful exaltation, caught her in his arms and drew her head down to his breast.

"My darling! My dearest!" The stage employee, waiting a call in the corner, smiled, sighed and considerably departed. "My sweetest girl, I know you love me, as you know that I worship you. We have told each other all tonight in our singing."

And the friend who knew most of Marcia, coming to the waiting room to congratulate and accompany her homeward, was treated to the greatest surprise of her life, for Marcia lay in Phillip's arms quite meekly, and the light of newborn gentleness and affection almost transfigured her face.—Elmira Telegram.

Professional Courtesy. First Doctor—I don't think it absolutely necessary to operate. Second Doctor—But I told them that it was. "Oh, well, then, as a matter of professional courtesy I, of course, shall stand by what you said."—Life.

TWO OLD LADIES.

By HARRY PAINE.

Age had quieted the whole house. There was not a restless fashion in it anywhere. The love of things as they were linked itself with a gentle and far from bitter disregard for things as they are. The room was beautiful, but not because anybody had tried to be artistic in the Tottenham Court road. Its sweet and rather quaint simplicity had grown up unobtrusively.

The mistress of the house sat in a straight backed chair by the fire. She was a beautiful and serene old lady, with an abundance of white hair. "Yes," she said to her guest, "the weather is just what I want for this winter, and the old folks and yet you drove over to see me on a lovely old Wednesday. It was good of you."

"I was also an old lady, but I had a different method, with a querness in my voice and the manner of a girl who is accustomed to give orders."

"Dear, selfish," she said; "I want to see you, dear. You are just the person Alice, that people who are out of temper ought to come and see. I sacked three of 'em this morning." The birthday was an excuse. We can't wish each other many happy returns any more, you know."

"No," said Alice placidly. "We can just hope we may last out another year. And it's very pleasant to live, to have a nice house and to be able to go about it and see to things. Then there are Tommy and the Quakers. I want to enjoy my grandchildren as long as I can. The Quakers is really the primest and quietest baby you ever saw in your life. I keep note in a book of the things that she says. Life is very enjoyable as long as one is healthy."

"Glad to hear it," said Agatha rather snappishly. "Still, would you have enjoyed flat monotony when you were a girl of 20?"

"One cannot have grandchildren when one is 20," said Alice thoughtfully. "Luckily the temperament changes with the years. At 20 I loved changes and movement and excitement, and I could have them. Now I only want things to be the way that I have got used to them. I love my old servants, and a new tea service—I do believe that it would break my heart; it would certainly keep me awake at night."

"Ah," said Agatha, "you've got the secret of it, and I've not, and it is my belief that the women over 50 who have not got it ought to be taken out and shot. My dear, if I had not been a believing Christian I should have taken my own life long before this."

"Please do not say that."

"You're quite right. One ought not to say these things, and, at the same time, one cannot help thinking them. I've no enjoyments left except the rare pleasure of seeing old friends."

"But one makes one's enjoyments. They may mostly consist of sympathetic interest in the enjoyments of others, but what does that matter? At our time of life one must expect to become a spectator."

"I've heard it all before. In the library at home I've got books about old age. They must have been written by people who were very young. I hate consolations; they never console. And how on earth am I to make my enjoyments?"

"There are so many old people about who are much less fortunate than we are. If one helps them a little—"

"One is always treated with ingratitude."

"Now, do you know," said the serene old lady, "I don't think that that matters to the enjoyment. A little imagination is all that is wanted. You put yourself in their place, and think how you would feel if you were in want of proper food or a cup of good tea and somebody gave you it. They are just awkward in expressing things. With a little imagination you can do the gratitude yourself and never trouble them."

"What a marvel you are! I do believe that if somebody kicked you you would hunt up some reason or other to prove that you deserved it and in any case would say that the sensation was far from unpleasant. I know you, Alice."

"I always valued things for making me happy without asking questions. But you have the superior mind—always had."

Agatha murmured a disclaimer, looking hard into the bright fire before her. There was a pause, and then the placid old lady said almost timidly, "Did you say that you had sent three of them away?"

"Three servants? Certainly."

"And what was it, dear?"

"Breakfast six minutes late. I don't exaggerate. One put the blame on another, and the second put it on a third. So I told them they could all go."

"Quite right," said Alice warmly. "That will be a lesson to them. You will find them punctual in future."

"Somebody else will," said Agatha dryly.

"I hope so—everybody in your house will. A good warning is a grand thing."

"It's not a warning; it's dismissal." "You've not given me a birthday present. Give me a reprieve for those three."

"All right, my dear," said Agatha. "They shall have another chance if they like."

The serene old lady looked jubilant and thanked Agatha warmly. Agatha watched her, reflected and said: "If you want to enjoy life up to the very last drop, I suppose you've got to be beneficent. And I suppose I'm a devil and ought to be destroyed. Are you coming over to luncheon tomorrow?"

A MILLIONAIRE'S DOLLARS

Princess Hatzfeldt Brings Suit to Set Aside Huntington's Will.

A B KITTRIDGE APPOINTED SENATOR.

Special to the Guard. SIOUX FALLS, South Dakota, July 6.—A. B. Kittridge, republican, was appointed senator today by Governor Chas. N. Herreid, to succeed the late Senator Kyle.

WON THE STRIKE.

Special to the Guard. ST. LOUIS, July 6.—The freight handlers have won out on their strike.

CONSTITUTION LEADS.

Special to the Guard. NEW YORK, July 6.—The yacht Constitution lead the Columbia by three minutes today.

1,000 INSURGENTS SURRENDER.

Special to the Guard. MANILLA, July 6.—Bellarmimo, insurgent, surrendered today with 1,000 men.

YOUNG HOPKINS WON.

Special to the Guard. PARIS, France, July 6.—Albert Hopkins, son of the late Baltimore College president, defeated a Frenchman in a sword duel here today.

DIED.

Special to the Guard. BERLIN, July 6.—Ex-Chancellor Vonhohenlohe is dead.

WILL CONTEST.

Special to the GUARD. NEW YORK, July 6.—Princess Hatzfeldt today brought suit to contest the will of the late Colis P. Huntington, the great S P R R magnate. Some \$20,000,000 are involved.

CHICAGO, July 5.—It continues sweltering hot in the East. In this city the deaths and prostrations have made a new record, the greatest number ever known in the forenoon.

AGAINST PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

LIMA, July 5.—Eight republicans have joined Peru against the Pan-American Congress.

A RELIGIOUS CHANGE.

Special to the Guard. PORT MORRIS, N. J., July 5.—Elizabeth Dickenson, ex-secretary of Christian Endeavor, was baptized into the Mormon church yesterday.

LAND FRAUDS DISCOVERED.

Special to the Guard. WASHINGTON, D. C., July 5.—The Interior Department has discovered extensive land frauds in the Northwest. It is said many arrests will soon be made.

GETTING TOUCHY.

Special to the GUARD. LONDON, July 5.—There is great opposition throughout England to adding the title Emperor to the title of King Edward.

KNOCKED OUT.

Special to the Guard. WASHINGTON, D. C., July 5.—All gift enterprise guessing contest publications are hereafter to be excluded from the mails in the United States. The law will be strictly enforced.

LORD RUSSELL'S TRIAL.

Special to the Guard. LONDON, July 5.—Lord Russell's trial for bigamy, before the House of Lords, will begin July 18th.

Farm and Two Stock Ranches for Sale.

The farm of 312 acres situated at Dexter, Lane county, Oregon, 18 miles southeast of Eugene, is all under fence, 100 acres in cultivation, balance pasture and timber. Good buildings, including a silo. Is well watered and all good level land. Daily mail service; postoffice, store and schoolhouse near by. Also two good stock ranches with improvements and unlimited range, each containing 160 acres. For particulars call on or address H. Handwerker, 12th and Patterson streets, Eugene, or J. W. Gulley, Trent, Oregon.

Pure Home Made Brandy.

For liver, kidney or stomach troubles, colds, lagrippe or biliousness there is nothing better than Francis' pure brandies. All orders promptly filled with prune, apple or pear brandy at 75 cents per quart, or \$2.50 per gallon. Orders by stage or express will be securely boxed. Made and sold to consumers only. I. M. FRANCIS, Fifth and Blair streets, Eugene, Or.

Got the Lamps Free.

The lucky buyers of Crescent and Stearns bicycles who received Solar lamps free were: 100th wheel E. E. Wilson; 110, Abbie Allen; 119, Moody Neet; 133, Georgia Parker; 149, Elvith Kerns; 150, Wm. Davis. Who will get the 160th wheel?—The Crescent bicycle stands up. See them at F. L. Chambers.

The Best Prescription for Catarrh. Chill and Fever is a sure cure for Catarrh. TASTELSS CHILL TONIC. It is simply Iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.