

\$2,000,000 SHORT.

The Honolulu Treasurer Makes This Report.

ANOTHER HOT WAVE

Special to the GUARD.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 20.—Another hot wave is now prevailing over Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and many other states. The suffering of stock is terrible and some people are leaving for the Eastern sea coast.

A LONG STRIKE.

Special to the Guard.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 20.—The strikers in this district refuse the terms offered and now they enter upon a prolonged struggle. The unions have a large sum of money and claim they can and will remain out for months if necessary to win.

MOONSHINERS KILL.

Special to the Guard.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 20.—A deputy collector of internal revenue was killed and two of his deputies wounded in the mountains today by moonshiners. A large force is being sent out to overtake and arrest them if possible.

OREGON DEPUTY.

Special to the Guard.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 20.—The Head Consul of the Modern Woodmen of America has appointed J. W. Simmons deputy for the state of Oregon.

DEFICIT \$2,000,000.

Special to the Guard.

HONOLULU, July 20.—The reports to the treasury show a deficit of \$2,000,000 for the first biennial period. The people are considerably worked up over the matter.

MISSIONARIES TO INDIA.

Special to the Guard.

NEW YORK, July 20.—Missionaries sailed from here for India today to inaugurate trades-schools.

DRY DOCK FOR MANILA.

Special to the Guard.

HAVANA, July 20.—The Spanish dry dock is to be removed to Manila.

DEATH OF S. D. HOLT.

Another Pioneer Passed to the Great Beyond.

Daily Guard July 20

The death of Samuel D. Holt occurred at his residence, corner of Ninth and Charnelton streets, last night at 9:45 o'clock after a long illness from gastritis. The deceased was a highly respected citizen and his friends all over the county are numerous. He was a consistent member of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, and was a man who always attended strictly to his own business, never bothering himself with other people's affairs.

Samuel Dook Holt was born 70 years ago in Green county, East Tennessee. In the spring of 1846 he moved to Andrew county, Missouri, where he enlisted in the quartermaster department of the army and served during the hostilities with Mexico. At the end of eighteen months he returned to Fort Leavenworth. In the summer of 1848, he assisted in the erection of Fort Kearney, on the Platte river, and in 1849 went to Fort Larimer, where he was employed until the spring of 1850. In June of that year Mr Holt was employed in ferrying emigrants across the North Platte. In September, he went to California and engaged in mining on the Middle Fork of the American river, but in January, 1851, returned to Missouri by way of Panama. He now engaged in agriculture until 1852, when he came to Oregon, arriving August 29, 1852, but three months thereafter returned to Missouri, purchased a band of cattle and brought them to this state, settling on the farm now owned by E. P. Coleman in the vicinity of Coburg, where he resided until 1875, when he took up his residence in Eugene. J. E. Holt of San Jose, California, a brother, and Mrs. Jane McCartney, of Sodaville, Oregon, a sister, survive him. B. R. Holt, another brother, residing at Harrisburg having died recently.

Mr Holt was married to Miss Angeline Wilkins, daughter of Mr and Mrs M. Wilkins, in March, 1867. Two daughters were born to them, one of them dying in her infancy and the other, Mrs Linnia Baylord, died in 1898.

The deceased was a respected member of Spencer Butte Lodge No. 9, O. O. F., of this city.

A HARD STIKE.

Could This Reference Be to a Eugene Sheet?

Eugene Journal.

Have you noticed the fellow who is always making an uproar about some of his worthy contemporaries without sneakingly purloining from the columns of his paper some of his treasured origination, which he egotistically thinks no one could ever think of? If you have not, just lay in wait for him, for he is abroad and from time to time you will hear him preach on the subject of plagiarism in his paper, but he boldly refrains from practicing as he preaches. It is interesting, indeed, to observe the peculiar methods of this gentleman. He sometimes gets up in print in his mind's eye, some very flaming ornament to the editorial page, which he tenderly watches to see that no obscure contemporary shall either appropriate or mangle with sentences without credit to the exalted originator. This is well enough. He should have proper credit, for it is quite probable that he lost sleep and labored hard to perfect the article. And he also should return the courtesy, but he seldom does. His whole paper is usually made up from the columns of other papers, and you may often read long articles reprinted verbatim without credit from the very paper he slurs. Gentlemen, if you steal, swipe or purloin from other papers, don't say anything. It doesn't require the aid of a telescope to see that those that complain most are the very ones who credit less. Now observe and see if this is not the general rule.

Court House Items.

Mortgage \$ 300 00
Notes 4300 00

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Anna T. Handsaker and Geo. W. Handsaker to Mary M. Miller 160 acres in tp 13 s r 6 w, \$445.
Maria Howard to George Smith land in tp 17 s r 3 w, \$10.
Adelaide C. Powell to Charles Stucke 136.75 acres in tp 18 s r 3 w, \$5000.

Brownsville Times: Mr and Mrs Frank Skillman and Mrs Hugh Fields are rustivating at Belknap Springs. Mr Geo. Coshaw took them up there Wednesday.

JAPAN IN WINTER.

Colder in Houses of the Rich Man Than in Open Sunshine.

"I suppose that the American people and the Russians are the only western races that really keep warm in winter. Still those who dwell in other countries admit that they have the same ideal by their inefficient effort to attain to it," writes Anna N. Benjamin in *Almslee's*. "The Japanese winter is most trying on account of its continual dampness, but the Japanese are content to remain cold. They make almost no effort to overcome it. The old 'bushido' (chivalrous) idea of the 'samurai' (knights) was that it was effeminate to feel cold, and such is their severe training that they do not really feel it as we do. The wearing of some extra 'kimonos' and the use of a 'hibachi' or brazier, in which are a few tiny sticks of lighted charcoal, are the only concessions to winter weather. With the 'hibachi' they never pretend to heat more than their finger tips, which they hold over the coals. It is used when the house is entirely open.

"The houses, as every one knows, are built of this light wood, and the sliding panels which serve for doors and windows have paper panes. They are as apt to be open as closed during the day. When I took my first jirikishira ride through the streets of Nagasaki, I forgot my own sufferings in my sympathy for this unhappy nation, which as surely as the cold came endured such misery from it. The coolies wear thin blue cotton clothes and are always padding through the mud. The storekeepers sit out in their open booths, and the women go bareheaded about the streets. In the houses of the rich the still cold behind the closed panels is often more intense than that outside in the sunshine, where the air is stirring. The schools and public buildings are equally frigid.

"It seemed to me that the only warm things in Japan were the babies, who looked like bundles of gayly colored crapes, their round heads covered by knit caps. They slumber peacefully tucked down their mothers' backs. The attempt to keep warm in winter is not entirely a modern improvement, though it goes with western civilization. The Koreans do it very thoroughly, the Chinese to a certain extent. The Japanese, as a race, continue to scorn it as they always have done, and this is merely one of a hundred examples which prove that the Japanese are still true to their traditions in their daily life and as yet little affected in the ordering of their homes by the ideas adopted from the west."

NOVEL CURES.

Unique Methods Employed to Overcome Certain Diseases.

Freezing, baking, illuminating, torturing, frightening and bruising are among the accepted ways of curing certain diseases, says a writer in the *Philadelphia Times*. For example, the baking cure: When one has a well developed rheumatism, he is placed in a species of stove and the crystals of uric acid are literally melted out of his body. Another odd cure once tried for rheumatism was burial in damp, warm clay. The first rheumatic burial took place at Menominee, Mich. The treatment was not a success, and this form of cure has been given up.

The freezing cure: This was first introduced by a Swiss doctor, Paul Burdoynt. He placed his patients in sheets immersed in ice water, packing the patient all about with crushed ice. This treatment is today used in typhoid fever cases. Or the patient is plunged into an ice water bath. The treatment saves many lives. Being fever above 105 degrees F. has been brought down by these means to normal—98.25 degrees—in less than ten minutes. Neither of these modes of treatment actually freezes one. A physician of Paris, M. Figeau, introduced in 1890 an ammonia vapor method, which really froze the patient. The body was placed in a chamber into which certain chemicals were introduced. Ammonia gas, by sudden evaporation, then produced intense cold, and the blood in the body lost most of its heat. M. Figeau's method did not meet with success. Some of his patients succumbed to the drastic measures, and the practice was abandoned.

The Wheel Problem.

Which, at any given moment, is moving forward faster—the top of a coach wheel or the bottom? The answer to this question seems simple enough, but probably nine persons out of ten, asked at random, would give the wrong reply. It would appear at first sight that the top and bottom must be moving at the same rate—that is, the speed of the carriage. But by a little thought it will be discovered that the bottom of the wheel is in fact, by the direction of its motion around its axis, moving backward, in an opposite direction to that which the carriage is advancing and is consequently stationary in space, while the point on top of the wheel is moving forward with the double velocity of its own motion around the axis and the speed at which the carriage moves.

Flower Gardens of the Sea.

The sea has its flower gardens, but the blooms are not on plants as they are on the land. It is the animals of the sea that make the gardens, the corals of the tropical waters particularly making a display of floral beauty that fairly rivals the gorgeous coloring and delicate grace presented by land flowers. So closely do they resemble plant blooms that it is hard to believe that they are wholly animal in organization. Dr. Blackford says that among the coral gardens there are fishes of curious forms and flashing colors darting about, just as the birds and butterflies dart about plant gardens on land.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Torture of a Flax Shirt.

The most trying ordeal that Booker T. Washington was forced to endure as a slave boy was the wearing of a flax shirt. In his autobiography, "Up From Slavery," he says:

"In the portion of Virginia where I lived it was common to use flax as part of the clothing for slaves. That part of the flax from which our clothing was made was largely the refuse, which of course was the cheapest and roughest part. I can scarcely imagine any torture except perhaps the pulling of a tooth that is equal to that caused by pulling on a new flax shirt for the first time. It is almost equal to the feeling that one would experience if he had a dozen or more chestnut burs or a hundred small pin points in contact with the flesh. Even to this day I can recall accurately the tortures that I underwent when pulling on one of these garments. The fact that my flesh was soft and tender added to the pain. But I had no choice. I had to wear the flax shirt or none, and had it been left to me to choose I should have chosen to wear no covering.

"In connection with the flax shirt my brother John, who is several years older than I am, performed one of the most generous acts that I ever heard of. On several occasions when I was being forced to wear a new flax shirt he generously agreed to put it on in my stead and wear it for several days till it was 'broken in.' Until I had grown to be quite a youth this single garment was all that I wore."

The Resin Eaters.

"Resin eating," said a south Georgia doctor, "is a habit acquired by the Cracker settlers who live in the neighborhood of a turpentine still. The resin they use isn't the hard, shiny resin of commerce, but has been dipped out of the cooking caldron at an early stage of the process, and when it cools it can be kneaded between the fingers like wax. The backwoods resin eater will bite off an immense chunk and chew it placidly until it disappears. The heat of the mouth keeps it fairly soft, but if the chewing becomes too deliberate it is apt to 'set,' as they say, and cement the victim's jaws together in a grip of iron.

"On one occasion a big, rawboned backwoodsman who used to hang around a still I operated came rushing into my little office, clutching his face in both hands and making a horrible gurgling noise in his throat. 'What on earth is the matter?' I asked in alarm. 'His rosin's set,' said another Cracker, who brought up the rear. I was non-plused at first, but finally grasped the fact that the man had been chewing a monstrous slab of resin and had thoughtlessly suspended operations long enough to allow it to solidify and clamp his teeth like a vice. We finally pried his mouth open with a chisel and broke a couple of molars in the operation. Next day I saw him chewing again."—Exchange.

The White Shark.

The shark of sharks, the real "man eater" and the one most dreaded, is the white shark. This variety reaches a length of 35 feet and a weight of 2,000 pounds. Its head is long and flat, and the snout far overhangs the mouth. Its six rows of teeth are sharp as lancets and notched like saws. Its mouth is very large, so that one has been known to cut a man's body completely in two at a single snap of its cruel jaws and another to swallow one at a gulp. Near Calcutta one of these sharks was seen to swallow a bullock's head, horns and all.

From the stomach of another bull's hide was taken entire, and the sailor who made the discovery insisted that the bull had been swallowed whole and all except the hide had been digested. From the stomach of another was taken a lady's workbox, filled with the usual contents, scissors and all. It is commonly the white shark which follows the vessel at sea day after day and week after week.

Laughter.

Laughter is a positive sweetness of life; but, like good coffee, it should be well cleared of deleterious substance before use. Ill will and malice and the desire to wound are worse than chloery. Between a laugh and a giggle there is the width of the horizons. I could sit all day and listen to the hearty and handsome ha, ha, of a lot of bright and jolly people, but would rather be shot than be forced to stay within earshot of a couple of silly gossips. Cultivate that part of your nature that is quick to see the mirthful side of things, so you shall be enabled to shed many of life's troubles, as the plumage of the bird sheds the rain. But discourage all tendencies to seek your amusement at the expense of another's feelings or in aught that is impure. It was Goethe who said, "Tell me what a man laughs at and I will read you his character."

The First Millionaire.

Who was the first millionaire? Solomon? But come down to earth in modern times, Solomon's wealth was fiction, like that of Croesus, Midas and the rest. Perhaps you remember Pope's lines:—
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch who, living, saved a candle end.
John Hopkins was generally known as "Culture" Hopkins from his rapacious method of acquiring money. He was the architect of his own fortune, dying worth \$1,500,000 in 1732.—New York Press.

Willing to Hear of It.

A Methodist critic, wishing to put his bishop "in a hole," or, as Dr. William Everett would say, "to deposit him in a cavity," asked in open meeting whether or not the bishop came to the conference in a Pullman car.
"Yes," the bishop cheerfully replied. "Do you know any easier way?"—Boston Christian Register.

A TEST OF COURAGE.

TORTURES WHICH INDIAN SCOUTS BORE WITH SMILING FACES.

It Was Up to Lieutenant Farrow Once to Emulate Their Example, but the West Pointer Used His Wits and Escaped the Ordeal.

The Indian scouts that joined forces with the United States army in 1878 to make prisoners of the Sheep Eaters in western Idaho were skeptical at first of Lieutenant Farrow's abilities to lead them into battle. They had never seen his courage tested and plainly intimated by word and action that they had no intention of obeying his orders unless he should prove himself braver than any chief, subchief or buck in the command.

First they gave themselves up to all kinds of physical torture as a lesson to him. They slashed their bodies with knives without showing pain. They slit the skin on their chests, ran skewers thereunder and jerked off cutaneous and fleshy strips while smiling happily in his face. They split their ears, pierced their noses, lacerated their cheeks, butchered their arms and legs. Their stunts were so far beyond anything Farrow could inflict upon himself that the poor young lieutenant thought he "saw his finish."

Suddenly, while rivulets of cold perspiration trickled down his spine, the West Pointer recollected that in his schoolboy days he was an adept at driving a pin into the thick of his "vultus externus" without feeling pain and the joyful inspiration to thus illuminate his courage seized him.

The necessary pin was in the lapel of his fatigue jacket. Ruthlessly he split the front of his breeches leg from pocket to knee, then his drawers till the front of the thigh was exposed to the wondering gaze of the Indians gathered close around. Then dramatically exhibiting the pin, an affair of an inch and a sixteenth, he reached for a flat stone and drove the harmless bit of wire down to the head in the unrelenting muscle. His handsome face was as unclouded as when he helped to haze his first plebe.

The red men nodded approvingly, grunted, looked wise and sat down on their haunches. They had seen something new, but wanted something more convincing. Farrow realized this and was in the seventh heaven of despair as he smilingly pulled out the pin and held it aloft for inspection.

To show the white feather meant in that hostile country insubordination and treachery, involving Farrow's mysterious death. It was a moment to try a soul—and to fry it. The lieutenant whispered to his trusted sergeant: "I am going to take a desperate chance. I am going to shoot myself through the head with my revolver, but you stand beside your horse, and just an instant before I shoot you fire your rifle, yell 'Si-wash!' mount and make off through the woods as fast as you can ride. Don't forget to fire before I do, else I shall be a dead man."

Sitting upon a jagged rock, he explained to the Indians what he was about to do, and with great deliberation and some fine theatricals he cocked the pistol and placed the muzzle against his temple. The Indians were wrought up to a high pitch. They had never seen a man shoot himself through the head and live. Surely here was the bravest of all brave leaders. They would follow him through hell.

The sergeant, unmoved, fired his rifle, his "Si-wash!" woke the echoes of Shoshone and Bitter Root, and the clatter of his horse's hoofs rang down the Clear Water as far as Fort Lapwal. "Si-wash!" The Indians knew what that cry meant. In less time than it takes to tell it Farrow was alone. His forces had scattered to the four winds. In the course of a few hours all were united again, but the courage test was not renewed.

Twenty-two years after this exciting Farrow, on a certain evening in 1900, Farrow occupied a box in the Madison Square Garden when Buffalo Bill's Wild West was in full blast. Chief Joseph, the celebrated commander of the Nez Perces, whom Farrow had captured 22 years previously and whom he had not seen in the interim, led a wild, whooping, yelling, screaming mob of painted Indians out into the arena for a dash around the circle.

But the charge was interrupted—cut short. When Joseph reached the curve near the Madison avenue end of the amphitheater, he pulled his horse sharply to the right, cutting across the first file of warriors in most dangerous fashion. In a mad gallop he poked his charger's head into an arena box, straightened up in his stirrups, held out his hand and cried: "How! How! How!" The old fellow had caught sight of Farrow, and nothing could prevent him from riding up to salute his captor of 1878. It was a dramatic incident.—New York Press.

Budget.

The origin of the word "budget," meaning an estimate of government revenues and expenses, is thus explained:

Almost from time immemorial it was the custom in England to put the estimates of receipts and expenditures presented to parliament in a leather bag, the word budget being thus borrowed from the old Norman word bougette, which signifies a leather purse. Curiously enough, the word has passed back again into France from England.—New York Tribune.

"I love company," said a local Mrs. Partington. "It makes things bright and lively—it breaks the anatomy."—New York Sun.

From a cliff 1,000 feet high one with clear vision can see a ship at a distance of 42 miles.

J. M. BENNINGTON.

The Pious Forger a Natural Criminal.

HIS LATEST OFFENSE.

The arrest, conviction and sentence of J. M. Bennington to the penitentiary for ten years for the crime of forgery, is still fresh in the memory of many Eugene people. This was over six years ago.

When taken to the penitentiary, Bennington was put to work keeping the books of the company which has its stove foundry at the penitentiary, he being a fine book-keeper and accountant. By his excellent conduct as a prisoner he was made a "trustee," his term of sentence was shortened by one-half, and he was released at the expiration of the fifth year. His services as a book-keeper being so meritorious the stove company kept him in their employ at a salary of \$100 per month. He worked along steadily for a few months, until one day recently he was seen to be walking toward the insane asylum, just north of the penitentiary, and has never been seen since by the penitentiary officials or his employers. His disappearance was a mystery until a few days afterward it was discovered that he had run away with \$500 or \$600 of the stove company's money. It seems that Bennington had instructed the purchaser of a large order of stoves to make payment to him, which the purchaser did, and the money, amounting to the above figures, was not turned over to the company.

From Salem Bennington went to Montana. The other day he wrote to a former friend in Eugene that he was going to do better, but those who know his record have no faith in his word. He has promised that before, but it seems he is a natural criminal, and is bound to be caught again at some crooked work.

BENNINGTON'S CRIMES.

Bennington came to Eugene from Tacoma in 1894. Being handsome and of a pleasing address, he soon became a favorite with his acquaintances and became quite prominent in religious circles. He associated with the best people in town and it was rumored at the time of his arrest that he was engaged to be married to one of Eugene's prominent young ladies. On the evening of December 22, 1894, he was arrested at Springfield by Deputy Constable J. J. Poil for the crime of forgery. Several checks on local banks had been forged at different times previous to his arrest, and the officers traced the crime to him.

At the meeting of the circuit court in March, 1895, the grand jury found "a true bill" against Bennington on six different counts. On March 14th he was sentenced by Judge Fullerton to serve a term of ten years in the penitentiary and was taken to Salem the next day.

Just before coming to Eugene Bennington had completed a term of three years in the Washington state penitentiary, to where he was sent for forgery, from Tacoma. In the summer of 1891 he secured \$400 on a \$5000 draft he had forged, but his friends settled the matter and he was not arrested.

In the fall of 1891 the Tacoma police traced the forgery of a check for \$120 to Bennington, which resulted in his arrest, conviction and sentence as above stated. No doubt the fellow is guilty of other crimes of which we have no knowledge.

INJURED IN A RUNAWAY.

Mrs. Emma Neet, of Zion, Quite Badly Hurt.

Special to the GUARD.

GOSHEN, Or., July 20.—This morning about 10 o'clock, Mrs. Emma Neet, of Zion, was badly injured in a runaway just above the Coast Fork bridge on the road to Pleasant Hill and Dexter.

Mrs. Neet was carrying the mail in a single rig for her husband, who has the contract for carrying it between Goshen and Dexter, and while coming down the hill near the J. D. Wilson place, the horse became unmanageable and started to run. The rig was overturned, throwing Mrs. Neet violently to the ground. She sustained severe injuries to her back and hips, but luckily no bones were broken.

Shortly after the accident Mrs. C. M. Parker happened along and assisted the injured lady into her buggy and brought her to this place where she is under the care of Mr and Mrs A. L. Roney.

The horse kept on running and has not been located at this time.

Only a few Racine buggies left, but another car will be here June 30. F. L. Chamberlain.