

CITY AND COUNTY

SATURDAY.....AUGUST 3

GAINED WEALTH AT THE COST OF HIS LIFE.

Joseph Ladue, the man who founded Dawson City, and who has been named the "Discoverer of the Klondike Gold Fields," died at his home in Schuyler Falls, N. Y., of consumption, says the N. Y. Sun. He contracted the disease while prospecting for precious minerals in Alaska.

Ladue was 47 years old. He was born in Schuyler Falls. When he was a young man he went in search of gold, and in the early nineties he went into Alaska on a prospecting tour. For fifteen years he lived in the country without making any strike of consequence. Then he discovered the Klondike gold fields, which made him rich and attracted to Alaska a throng of treasure-hunters.

On June 23 1896, he mapped and founded Dawson City at the mouth of the Klondike, he having been the first man to take up 178 acres of government land at \$1.25 an acre. This land he cut up into building lots, 50x100 feet, which were soon selling at \$1,000 a lot. In 1897, he returned to the East and on December 15 of that year married Kittie Mason, of Schuyler Falls, with whom he had been in love from boyhood. He organized the Joseph Ladue Gold Mining and Development Company of Dawson, one of the largest in the trade.

Ladue's health began to fail in 1898. He spent last winter in Colorado in the hope that the air would benefit him. He returned to his home less than a month ago.

BEER IN DAWSON.

The Dawson correspondent of the Juneau Dispatch under date of July 4 writes:

The Dawson beer market is almost exhausted and the price of the beverage at wholesale has climbed to an unusually high point. From the normal quotation of \$90 a barrel it has risen to \$150.

It is said to have been \$200 or higher in days gone by, but the present price is considered by many to now have an altitude almost as elevated as the clouds.

Nearly every barrel of the beer in Dawson is contracted for at rates made some time ago, so not all that is being consumed these days is bringing the fancy price of \$150. However, much that has been consumed the last several weeks has commanded what might be classified as a guilt edge price. Rosenthal & Field, who are said to have had of late all the beer in town not contracted for, reported this morning that they had only four barrels not under contract.

MERGE COLLEGES.

Baker City Republican.

Purchase of Portland university by the Catholic church, and its proposed re-opening as Columbia university, gives cause for consideration of higher education in Oregon. It is a well known fact that while the secondary schools of Oregon are good for their number the schools of higher education are greatly handicapped.

It is a favorite but mistaken idea that the strength of a state educationally depends on the number of institutions of higher learning it possesses. Nothing is farther from the truth. The states which are conceded to be the bulwarks of our educational activity base their hegemony upon one or two universities. Oregon is afflicted by a multifarious array of small and struggling colleges. What we need is not more universities but better ones.

Our educational system is similar to an army employed solely on the skirmish line. We divide our strength so much that we have no force to muster at one particular spot and create an appreciable effect.

The failure to produce any great college in Oregon is usually attributed to the scarcity of money which can be used for that purpose.

This is only partially correct. What works to the detriment of education more than anything else is the intense spirit of jealousy manifest between colleges of equal importance. A healthy spirit of rivalry is wholesome, but a spirit which would sooner see the blessings of learning completely lost than granted by a sister institution is nefarious.

What Oregon needs is to raise one college to a plane above the petty jealousies of small institutions, a college that will be a rallying point for the educational interests of the state. The natural heir to this position is the State University. To it all should be subservient. Niggardly allowances impede progress in that direction as long as the present policy is pursued, but the funds available while not sufficient would be more productive if employed properly.

The idea of maintaining a distinct college of agriculture is extraneous, when a department of agriculture in the State University would do as well. California long ago merged the two into the Berkeley institution with salutary effect.

When one stops to consider the expense attached to the maintenance of two colleges, and eight or ten normal schools each with separate buildings, laboratories, and other equipments, it is no longer a wonder that education in Oregon is not the success it should be.

Mobile Register: It is not as very long ago that unless an article for domestic use bore the mark of foreign manufacture it could not command the approval of American people. In recent years however we have learned that our goods are as well made as those of foreigners and often more durable. And now we are told that the shoe is on the other foot. English people are complaining that their own goods have no vogue at home. One commentator, quoted the New York Post, says: "You invent a potato masher in Birmingham, and nobody will buy it. Call it an American notion, and you cannot make it fast enough." And the worst of it for those people over there is that we have just started.

The American Sugar Refining Co. has cut the price of sugar half a cent a pound, and proposes to make still further reductions. This action is aimed at the beet-sugar manufacturers, which have become dangerous rivals of the sugar trust.

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I M FRANCIS,

Fifth and Blair streets, Eugene, Or

ME.

Through many, many summers I look, as through a glass, And see a world of showers and frowns And laughing children pass, And in her big blue sunbonnet One other little lass—

A lass who watched the swallows Skim just beyond her hand And where the flickers fed and sped And none of her big blue sunbonnet One other little lass—

In her warm fat she carried, Trudging o'er hills and dales, In tiny papers laid and weighed In vain and wondered why; Poor little lass, I wonder still, Could she be really ill?

—Harriet Prescott Spofford in Collier's.

ALLAH AND AMERICA.

A Persian Legend About the Creation of the World.

In Persia, on a morning after the vermillion had been particularly vigorous, I saw, reclining on a cushion about getting back to God's country. An Armenian who had been in utter comfort in the same caravanserai heard it and smiled. Being an Armenian, he hated the Persians, probably. Incidentally the Persian reciprocates.

Well, this Armenian, rubbing his hands and with his head skewed over on one side, said: "The Persians have a legend for everything. They have a legend for what you said just now. It is this:

"Allah—that is God—once said to his angel, 'I will see the world which I made.'"

"And so Allah and the angel descended invisible in a cloud to the earth, and the first place at which they arrived was France—that is, in Persia, and there they saw the railroads, and the telegraphs, and the theaters, and the great picture galleries. And Allah looked in disappointment and said: 'Alas, no! This is not the world which I made. I made none of these things.'"

"So they journeyed to Ingolstadt—that is, England—and there were mighty ships in the harbors and huge mills which make all sorts of things and food in plenty. And again Allah said: 'Alas, no! This is not the world which I made.' And everywhere they traveled in the cloud Allah looked upon the land and said, 'No; this is not it.'"

"At last, in despair, the angel led the way to Persia, and Allah sat himself down upon a very high mountain, and, looking far on every side, he saw neither railroads nor telegraphs nor theaters nor picture galleries nor ships nor mills nor schoolhouses nor plenty to eat."

"And Allah said: 'Yes, at last. This is the world which I made. Not a thing is changed. The people whom I put there have done nothing.'"

"Why didn't he come to America?" I asked.

"Sir," answered the Armenian, "in Persia they had not even heard of America."—Harper's Weekly.

An Old New Jersey Schoolhouse.

The pupil of today would think his opportunities very great if he could see the school equipment of a hundred years ago. A Morris county (N. J.) school of that period is thus described in an old letter of one of its attendants:

The building was constructed of logs, and instead of glass for windows, sheepskins were stretched over the apertures made by sawing off an occasional log. The windows had one merit—they prevented pupils from being interrupted in their study by what was going on outside. The time was regulated by an hourglass, and the pupils drank water from a tumbler made of a cow's horn or from a ground shell.

In spite of these differences of equipment, the schools of a century ago resembled those of today in one notable respect—they had for the most part the same great literary works that are the standards of our language now. The greatest literature is fortunately the possession of many centuries.

Not as a Rule.

He had been trying all evening to make a good impression. He had told all his humorous stories and had given one impassioned speech from "Cyrano," but was still unconscious. Thick skinned, he failed to perceive all her efforts to get rid of him. Finally there was a deep silence. Fidgeting, he grew nervous and cast about for something to say.

"Do you wear that sort of collar as a rule?" he stammered foolishly.

"No," the haughty maid replied frigidly; "as a collar."

Then he fled.—New York Times.

Her Opinion of Compliments.

"No," said Miss Cayenne, "I don't care for people who continually pay compliments."

"But it shows an amiable disposition."

"Perhaps, but the habit reminds me that some people are willing to pay only what costs them nothing and what they don't really owe."—Washington Star.

Seen at the Wrong Time.

Employer—Mr. Redink, you got off yesterday afternoon under the plea of being ill. I saw you afterward going to the races, and you didn't appear to be at all unwell.

Clerk—You ought to have seen me after the second race, sir. I was had enough then.—Tit-Bits.

It is folly to attempt to please everybody. It matters not in which direction a man faces he must of necessity turn his back on half the world.—Chicago News.

The strength of wood increases with its density.

HIS DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

A Pompous Reception That Amused President Grevy.

M. Severiano de Heredia, the minister of public works in the Rouvier cabinet during the presidency of M. Grevy, belonged to the famous naturalized Cuban family, of which another member, the Comte de Heredia, is one of the immortal 40 of the French academy. Most of the family have dark skins, suspiciously mulatto, and other negro characteristics. This has, however, in no wise interfered with their standing in Paris, where several of the family have long been prominent. The former minister had also been president of the municipal council of Paris and a deputy from a Paris arrondissement.

His dark skin led to a curious mistake at the Elysee the day after he had been appointed a member of the Rouvier cabinet. According to immemorial custom the new ministers called singly on President Grevy to pay their respects. On the same day, as it happened, an official visit was expected from the president of the republic of Haiti, who was to present his letters to the president. When M. de Heredia arrived in the court of the palace, the minor officials stationed there, who were not familiar with the new minister's features, judged from his complexion that he was the Haitian dignitary. The courtyard became very animated with guards hurrying to and fro to their places, while one of the officers of the president's military household went to inform M. Grevy of the distinguished visitor's arrival.

M. de Heredia received all this with dignified composure, for, never having been a minister before this, he thought this ceremonial was probably the usual one. Finally, with the beating of drums, he was ushered into the reception room, where the chief executive stood ready to receive him. "What," cried he, "it's only you, Heredia!" "Why, yes, M. le President," replied the puzzled minister. Grevy began to laugh. "Well," he cried, "you have been minister only 24 hours and have succeeded in turning my house upside down. What will you do later on?"—Chicago Herald.

CHASED THE SUPER.

The Exciting Race Between Kean and the Stage Hand.

Some strange tales have been told by old timers in the stage business about the Kean, both the elder and the last to be seen on the American stage. Some have said that hard study made them a little wrong at times, and some of the things they did certainly looked queer.

It is told by an old New Orleans horseman, who is here from the Crescent City, that when Kean the younger was playing there he nearly scared a super to death and came near "pink-ing" him.

It was in "Richard III." in the scene where he sees the ghosts. The stage manager was a bit the worse for drink and determined to have some fun. He did not like Kean, as he was a hard man behind the scenes. Among the supers was a raw Irish lad who had never seen a stage before. The manager told this fellow that if he would run across the stage when he gave him the tip he would stand to earn \$2. The poor fellow was broke, and a two spot looked to him like a national bank. He agreed, and the stage manager gave him a gaudy oilcloth banner bearing these words, "Smoke General Jackson Cigars."

It was nearly a panic that this Irish lad started. He ran across the stage, and when Kean saw him he was furious. He made a lunge at the unfortunate super with his sword, and, as the "rag" came whizzing down, and a hurly call, he chased the poor standard bearer off the stage, down the passageway to the street. For two blocks he followed him in his Richard costume, and finally the super escaped down a dark alley.

What effect it had upon the show the turfman does not say, but certainly it was only the super's ability of foot that saved him.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wrote Sermons to His Sleep.

Narrating "Some Remarkable Cases of Double Personality," Dr. R. Osmond Mason cites in The Ladies Home Journal the case of a "young ecclesiastic" in the seminary with the Archbishop of Bordeaux, France, who was in the habit of getting up at night in a condition of somnambulism, going to his study and composing and writing his sermons in the dark. When he had finished one page, he read it over and properly corrected it. A broad piece of cardboard interposed between his eyes, and he wrote, read and corrected just the same as if there had been no obstruction. Having completed his work to his satisfaction, he returned to bed, and in the morning he had not the slightest idea of what he had done in the night and had no knowledge of it until he saw the manuscript in his own handwriting.

Delicacies Out of Season.

Old Moneybags was tired of hearing all this stuff and nonsense about the poor. Some one had called his attention to his own way of living, with delicacies out of season on his groaning table and—

"Delicacies out of season?" he thundered. "What if I do get to use ice in the summer time? Don't the poor get to use it in the winter, when it's fresh, and I have to put up with the cold storage stuff? B-r-r-r-r!"—Indianapolis Press.

Not For His Health.

Hubbubs—Why are you moving from your suburban home?

Subbubs—I am all run down.

Hubbubs—Malaria?

Subbubs—No; gossipy neighbors.—Philadelphia Record.

A UNIQUE SENTENCE.

THE NOVEL PENALTY A JUDGE IMPOSED UPON TWO MEN.

Both Prisoners Were Condemned to Jail Until One of Them, a College Graduate, Taught the Other How to Read and Write.

Along in the seventies the late Judge Arnold Kreckel was holding court at Jefferson City, relates an old timer, when there appeared before him two men charged and indicted for a violation of the United States laws, one of whom will be called Brown. He was charged with cutting timber on the public domain. Brown was about 40 years old and had been reared on the border in Arkansas and never had any opportunities for schooling, hence was unable to read or write. In his endeavors to get a living he had cut timber suitable for making ax handles on United States lands, which led to his arrest and imprisonment. The other man will be called Jones, for the real name of both men are not known in the memory of any one who witnessed the incident.

Jones was charged with and indicted for having sold liquor to the Indians. Mr. Jones was a native of New York, a graduate of Union college and was educated for a lawyer. He possessed a highly cultured mind, a good Latinist and thoroughly scholarly in all sorts of books. Not succeeding in his profession in his native state, more from lack of application than otherwise, he left that country and plunged into the great west and located nobody knew where, but he drifted into the lower strata of society, and to obtain the necessities of life he resorted to "bootlegging" among the red men of the Indian Territory border. His arrest and imprisonment followed.

The two men were arraigned before Judge Kreckel and the indictments read. They both pleaded guilty and threw themselves upon the mercy of the court. The court questioned both prisoners at length and drew from each his history. He recounted the wrongs they had been guilty of against society. He did this in a kindly tone and manner, suggesting in a mild form that both might have been useful members of some community had they sought honorable means and methods to secure a livelihood.

The court seemed puzzled how to assess a punishment that would meet the ends of justice and protect the government, its lands, its wards and society. Finally, sitting upright in his chair, looking over his glasses as both men stood before him, in a voice little louder and more positive than usual he said:

"Mr. Brown, it is the sentence of the court that you be confined in the Cole county jail until you are educated to read and write." The judge then turned his eyes upon the other prisoner at the bar and, possibly in a louder voice, said, "Mr. Jones, it is the sentence of the court that you be confined in the Cole county jail until you have taught Mr. Brown to read and write, and I enjoin upon the keeper of the jail to afford you every facility possible with the safe keeping of his prisoners."

The lawyers and spectators in court looked with astonishment at each other as the sentence was concluded, and the marshal led the prisoners out of the courtroom.

It was the second term of the court after this incident when the marshal conducted Brown and Jones into court, and it was announced by the court that Brown had completed his education—ready to graduate—able to read and write. Judge Kreckel looked over his glasses and asked that the prisoner give him an evidence of his being able to read. Brown stood up and read a few paragraphs from a newspaper to the satisfaction of the court, when he said, "Mr. Clerk, will you let him sit at a table and write me a letter?"

Paper, pen, ink and a seat were furnished Brown, who went to work to write a letter to the court. For some time the poor fellow struggled with the task, and in the meantime Jones was very nervous, fearing he would be compelled to go back to jail and "take up school" again. Finally the clerk said, "May it please your honor, the prisoner can write, but cannot form sentences to make it intelligible."

"Mr. Clerk," said the court, not taking his eyes from the court docket, he followed him and saw what headway he makes with that." The clerk dictated a letter that the prisoner wrote quite readily, which subsequently was passed up to the court, who read the same, and after giving the prisoners a short lecture both were discharged and walked from the courtroom free men.—Jefferson City Tribune.

Fish That Change Color.

It has been found that certain prawns, common along the coasts of England, change their color at least twice every 24 hours in order to harmonize with the stronger or weaker light prevailing near the surface or in the deeper water. As evening approaches the fish lose their distinctive day colors, and all assume a transparent reddish glow. The change begins with a reddish glow, followed by a green tinge which gradually melts into blue. The day and night change has become so habitual that specimens kept in perpetual light or perpetual darkness nevertheless undergo the periodic alteration of color.

Dietary Repartee.

"I think," said A. Bronson Alcott in one of his conversations, "when a man lives on beef, he becomes something like an ox. If he eats mutton, he becomes sheepish, and if he feeds upon pork may not become swinish?"

"That may be," said Dr. Walker, "but when a man lives on nothing but vegetables I think he is apt to be pretty small potatoes."

DEPTH OF A RAINFALL.

The Method by Which It Is Accurately Measured.

Probably one question that has puzzled the lay mind is how the depth of a rainfall may be accurately determined. The way it is done is this:

A funnel whose larger aperture represents a surface of 100 square inches is placed in a position where it may catch the direct fall of the rain, with the rim of the funnel extending perhaps an inch or more beyond the platform to which it may be fixed. This is for the purpose of preventing any rain from being washed into the funnel and increasing the true fall. From this funnel the water runs to a tube which bears an exact and carefully determined ratio to the area of the funnel's mouth, say one-tenth.

If, therefore, the tube shows water to the depth of an inch, it is clear that one-tenth of an inch of rain has fallen. The tube is provided with a carefully graduated scale so that the fall may be readily seen. Three inches of rain would show a depth of 30 inches in a tube one-tenth the size of the receiving aperture, and the decimals of an inch could be quickly noted by observing the scale.

If placed on the roof of a building, the apparatus should be kept away from the eaves to prevent any peculiar slant of the wind carrying into the funnel a larger proportion of rain than would fall into it under normal conditions. The larger the aperture of the receiving funnel is made the more accurate will be the results obtained.

A curious fact that has been noted in connection with rainfalls is that gauges placed on roofs usually gather less water than those placed on the ground. This is accounted for on the theory that the rain in falling absorbs some of the moisture of the air, and the greater distance it falls the larger will be the bulk of the individual drops.—New York Herald.

THE DEER'S HORNS.

They Present all the Phenomena of Animal and Vegetable Growth.

Why and how is the deer so peculiarly unlike any other of the bovine race, the horn differing so materially from all the horned cattle in its composition, growth, maturity and decline? It presents all the phenomena of animal and vegetable growth. It sprouts from the brain without any prolongation of the frontal bone. It rises and breaks through the sinews and takes root on the bone, growing the same as a vegetable. It is nourished by and secretes albumen upon the surface and disposes of the refuse the same as an animal.

It is clothed with a skin and hairy coat very different from that on the rest of the body. This covering and hair possess a property unknown in other animal bodies—that of being a styptic to staunch its own blood when wounded. It carries marks of the age on the back by putting out an extra branch each year, which shows an additional point each year to produce them. And this power does not exist in the female. So this difference is more distinctly marked than in any other class of animals. Again, the horn possesses properties unknown in any other animal matter. It is entirely odorless, capable of resisting putrefaction and almost impervious to the effects of the atmosphere.

And still water at 300 degrees F. will dissolve these horns readily, even though they are not soluble in alcohol and resist the action of acids and alkalis. It is the only vegetable animal substance that we know of that does not perpetuate itself by procreation.

The male and the female are sustained by the same nutrition and elements, and the male only produces horns. This phenomenon is quite as much of a curiosity as the absence of the horn in the buck after shedding.

The Dramatic in Life.

The undying interest which is taken in the theater is explained by the very profound line with which Shakespeare began a very silly speech, "All the world's a stage." People as a rule take no interest in anything that is not dramatically or, as in the case of politics, melodramatically portrayed. Any crowd to be popular must be dramatically stirred. Therefore the gossips are preferred to the epistles, Esop's fables are remembered because they are the truth about things stated dramatically and morally.—F. G. Bernard Shaw.

An Amiable Wonder.

Bulwer in his "Artificial Change-ling" makes mention of one John Simons, a native of Berkshire, England, born without arms or hands, who could write with his mouth, thread a needle, tie a knot, shuffle, cut and deal a pack of cards, etc. This wonderful personage was exhibited in London in 1853.

Quite a Reiter.

Husband—What do you do when you hit your thumb with a hammer? You can't swear.

Wife—No; but I can think with all my might and main what a perfectly horrid, mean, inconsiderate, selfish brute you are not to drive the nails yourself.—New York Weekly.

A Girl's Good Recipe.

There was a medium of sense in the response to a request made by a young lady as to what would keep her hands white and soft. "Soak your hands three times daily in dishwater while mother rests on the sofa."—Boston Transcript.

The water boundaries of France are as follows: Mediterranean sea coast, 505 miles; North sea, strait of Dover and English channel, 572 miles; Atlantic ocean, 584 miles.

Don't neglect yourself to do work for others that is ineffective and only a bother to them.—Athenian Globe.