Eugene Guard

SATURDAY.....SEPTEMBER 21

A NATIONAL SORROW.

President McKinley is dead! A nation is in sorrow and mourning for the distinguished citizen who was so basely and cruelly shot to death.

William McKinley was a typical American. He answered to the call of his country when but seventeen, taking the lowest rank in the service, a private. He served with credit during the four long years of the rebellion, and was mustered out at twenty-one a captain.

His fellow citizens had confidence in the young soldier. He was advanced from honorable positions to those of greater distinction till he reached the place the highest in the political ambition of an American citizen. And he filled the most honorable station with such careful rectitude that even political opponents, carefully scanning his acts for faults, could find no ground upon which to base personal detraction.

It was a pathetic death scene. History does not record a more noble and tender closing of a life. With eyes dimming and heart stilling, William McKinley's last words touch the most tender chords of human sympathy: "Good-bye all, good-bye! It is God's way. His will is done!"

He is dead! A nation mourns!

THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION.

Theodore Roosevelt is president through succession from the office of vice-president. He takes office at a time when there is little political animosity. Will he be able to hold his own party and enjoy the respect of his political opponents? If he does he will have succeeded where the four vice-presidents who preceded him signally failed.

John Tyler was the first. He was elected on the ticket with General William Henry Harrison as a Whig. Succeeding to the presidency he practically forsook the party to which he owed his election, and pursued a policy in conformity with his political opponents, the Democratic party.

Then came Millard Fillmore. He, also, was elected as a Whig, but gave assent to the "Fugitive Slave Law." That sealed his doom with his party, and in the succeeding national Whig convention he was defeated for the presidential nomination.

Coming down to a period of our political history that is well within the recollection of men of middle age, Andrew Johnson succeeded to the high office—as at present through the pistol shot of the assassin. He failed to break the vice-presidential record, pursued a policy at variance with his party and narrowly escaped impeachment, only one vote standing between him and the great degredation. His old party—the Republican—had complete control of both branches of congress and they enacted laws that made him a mere figure-head for the remainder of the term.

General Arthur was the last, owing his elevation, as in the present instance, to the hand of an assassin, Guiteau having shot President Garfield to death. Arthur broke the record by keeping the lines of his policy in conformity with the party that elected him, but could not be nominated for the presidency at the next national convention.

We are up to the present. Theodore Roosevelt is the third vice-president to profit by the shot of a pistol in the hand of an assassin. What will be his political fate? Has he the force and discretion to escape the fateful spell that has attached to the vice-presidential succession? Time, alone, will tell.

A TRUST ARTICLE AND PRICE.

We have a convincing proof of prosperity—at least as it affects us and the other fellow, the trust. In June 1899, a little over a year ago, the GUARD bought news paper for $2.85 per hundred pounds. About that time the paper manufacturers got together in a trust and began to gradually advance the price. Paper bought the other day cost $4.00 per hundred pounds.

Figure out the percentage of increase—$1.15. It is nearly half the June, 1900, price, to be exact forty per cent. That is what a trust has done to the newspapers We do not charge a cent more for subscription or advertising rates now than then, yet our paper costs us forty per cent more. We do not love trusts, in fact believe we are being robbed by one of them.

The material, balm trees, from which this paper is manufactured grows along the Willamette river. It costs no more today than it did in June, 1900. We have not heard of any increase of wages to the Oregon City paper mill employes. The Portland dealers were just as anxious to sell us paper June, 1900, as they are today. They were not losing money on the goods. We are anxious to know who gets that forty per cent advance that we are paying. We like prosperity but do not want the other fellow to get it all.

There has been some boring for oil in Oregon and lots of talk, but no oil yet except Standard Oil.

The lynching fever has struck the down-south negro at last. They lynched three offenders of their own race in Kentucky yesterday. Murder was the provocation.

Ought we to eat canned vegetables, that is the commercial article? The St Louis Post-Dispatch says "sixty per cent of canned vegetables have been found to contain food preservatives, and of thirteen popular brands of extract of lemon not one contained any oil of lemon, and most of them were colored with aniline dyes."

Thomas Malone, a Portland ward-heeler and a deputy sheriff, opened his mouth once too often. He said that President McKinley "ought to have been shot long ago," on hearing of the assassination. As soon as this came to the ears of Chief Deputy Theilsen, he suspended Malone and took away his star.

Postmaster Van Cott of the New York postoffice, is receiving the congratulations of his friends on the new mail carts which he designed. A half dozen of the little vehicles have been put in commission much to the improvement of the mail service. The cart is a unique affair. The collector, instead of sitting alongside the driver in front, occupies a small seat at the rear on the left hand side. From this he can easily step to the street, where he collects the mail and hops on again, signalling to the driver by means of a speaking tube. It is said that in an ordinary town of 25 boxes there will be a saving of a minute a box by the use of these carts.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Dirt Caved in on John Benson in a Sewer Ditch.

Daily Guard, Sept 14

John Benson, aged about 60 years, who resides on West Eighth street, had a narrow escape from death this afternoon.

About 3:15 o'clock, while at work in the sewer ditch, being dug from J H McClung's new brick to the main sewer in the alley, the dirt caved in on him, covering him completely up except a portion of his head, allowing him to breathe. His fellow workmen dug him out as quickly as possible and, aside from a few bruises and small cuts on his head from the hard pieces of earth, found him uninjured. He quit work and went to his home and will be able to work again by Monday.

A couple of years ago a man by the name of New was killed in this city by the caving in of a sewer ditch, and those who saw this afternoon's accident thought it was going to be a repetition of the one two years ago.

An Uncouth Mode of Burial.

Of all the modes of burial ever practiced by creatures in the shape of human beings the method of the Queensland nomads is certainly the most uncouth. After drying the corpse in the sun and knocking out its teeth for keepsakes they deposit it on a framework of rough poles and bury it under a few armsful of rushes and old kangaroo skins, leaving the bush wolves to sing its requiem.

No member of the dead man's tribe will settle within a mile of his grave for fear of being haunted by the spooks making the burial place their midnight rendezvous. The metaphysical opinions of the Australian aborigines prove indeed that savages can be afflicted with an abundance of supernaturalism without betraying a trace of anything deserving the name of religious sentiment.

They believe in evil spirits whistling in the blasts of the storm wind and try to exorcise them by spitting in the direction of the sky, but for the conceptions of the deity, of future existence, of repentance, atonement and conscience their language has not even a definite word. From somewhere in the land of their forefathers—eastern Asia, perhaps—they have imported a notion faintly resembling the Buddhist doctrine of metempsychosis and believe that animals may be reborn as men and men as human beings of a superior rank.

Burr's Self Control.

Aaron Burr was by nature and training a man of extraordinary self control. He allowed no circumstances to throw him off his balance. An anecdote told by Rufus Choate to the late Richard H. Dana, recorded in Mr. Dana's "Diary," illustrates the callousness which aided Burr so greatly in controlling himself. Several years after the death of Hamilton, killed by Burr in a duel, Burr visited Boston, and Mr. Devereux of Salem paid him some attentions. The visitor was taken to the Boston atheneum, where, while the two men were walking through the gallery of sculpture, Mr. Devereux happened to catch sight of a bust of Hamilton.

The thought flashed across his mind that Burr might not care to be confronted with the sight of the features of the man he had slain. But no. Burr was undisturbed. He also espied the bust, and, although Mr. Devereux had instinctively turned away, he walked up to it and said in a loud tone: "Ah! Here is Hamilton!" Then, passing his fingers along certain lines of the face, he added, "There was the poetry!" Hamilton's contemporaries gave him credit for possessing a poetic mind.

Flattery From the Mirror.

Does your mirror do you justice? You may think not. Or perhaps you would like it to flatter you just a little. If so, you can arrange it so the glass will reflect in a more complimentary manner than usual. If you do, you only have to know the milliner's oldest secret, and the thing is done.

Did you ever notice the softest drapery of pure white hung about a mirror? That is the trick. After your mirror of faultless glass is thoroughly polished frame it in pure white gauze, with the material gathered in the center at the top and falling wavelike on either side. Then notice the effect. The true tints of the complexion will be there a little emphasized. The expression of the countenance, the light of the eye, the color of the hair, will be accurately reflected, all softened and made more harmonious than your mirror showed them before the gauze was used. You may believe that that subtle bit of white materially makes the glass tell nearer the truth than it did without it.

Thoughts on Marriage.

A little girl in Ireland was asked what was the sacrament of matrimony. She said, "It's a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and a better world." "That," said the curate, "is purgatory. Put her down to the bottom of the class." "Leave her alone," said the parish priest. "For anything you or I know to the contrary, she may be perfectly right."

"Courting," said an Irishman, "is like dying. Sure, a man must do it for himself."—E. J. Hardy's "Concerning Marriage."

Varicose Veins.

An exchange gives the following cure for varicose veins, contributed by a person who was cured by it in less than three weeks: Peel a potato; grate it fine; place it on a white cloth long enough to well cover the ulcer. Warm it a little and apply in the morning. Renew at noon; also at night before retiring. Let it remain all night. Put on three new poultices next day just the same and continue to do so until the ulcer is entirely healed. Wash the ulcer every time the poultice is renewed.

Juvenile Discouragement.

Elsie—Mamma, there's a funny old man in this Pickwick book that's always telling his son to beware of the widows. Why is that?

Mamma—Well, a widow is supposed to be skillful in catching a husband.

Elsie—Gracious! I wonder if I'll have to be a widow before I can get married.—Philadelphia Press.

Collectors Needed.

Weary Waddleton—De wurld owes us fellers a livin.

Willie Wontwork—Dat's right, but its orful slow pay. Wot our perfeshun needs is a collection agency.—Ohio State Journal.

The first royal speech transmitted by telegraph was that delivered by the late Queen Victoria when she opened parliament on Nov. 15, 1837. The speed of transmission was 55 words a minute.

Contests of Eggs.

From the remotest ages the egg has been looked upon as the symbol of creation, or new birth. According to the Persians, the world was hatched from an egg at that season of the year which corresponds to the vernal equinox. Hence the Parsees still exchange gifts of colored eggs at the new year festival, which they celebrate at this date. Among the Jews the egg entered into all the mysterious ceremonies called apocalyptic and occupied a prominent position on the household table during the paschal season. Christianity invested the paschal egg with a new significance—namely, that of the resurrection of Christ, and it was colored red in allusion to his blood shed for sinners on the cross.

A curious custom in mediæval churches, for priests and choristers to join in a game of ball at Eastertide, took its rise from the Easter egg, which was thrown from one to the other of the choristers in the nave of the church while an anthem was being sung. As a missed egg meant a smashed egg, the more durable handball was substituted.

But the smashing of eggs continued as a form of outdoor sport. Survivals are to be found among all Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon people. A popular game in England and Germany consists in hitting one egg against another, the egg that survives uncracked winning for its owner the weaker antagonist, until an entire basket of eggs may have changed ownership. Another game is to trundle eggs down a hill or slope, those which reach the bottom uncracked being similarly victorious over the others.

Tale of a Frugal Bishop.

"There used to be in a city in which I lived," said a Cleveland man, "a certain bishop who, while possessed of the highest principles and whose aims and ambitions in life were of the highest character, at the same time united with these a penuriousness in money matters that caused innumerable stories illustrative of this failing to be tacked upon him. One of these related to a certain church conference which the bishop and other dignitaries of the church at one time attended.

"At one of the meetings the bishop in endeavoring to open a letter neatly with his penknife was so unfortunate as to allow the latter to slip and to cut a finger severely. The injured member bled profusely, and a hasty search for court plaster ensued. There being none forthcoming, a clergyman standing by fished out his cardcase and, extracting from it a 5 cent stamp, the smallest priced stamp he had, offered it to the bishop to use as a substitute for the much needed court plaster.

"The bishop accepted it gratefully and in his turn took out his own cardcase. In it he placed the 5 cent stamp and then, producing a 1 cent specimen of his own, he pasted it over the still bleeding wound."—New York Tribune.

Mulcting Wagner.

Wagner when a young man wrote a sonata which had a fair success, but in after life he made every effort to suppress it. Going to the publisher, he said, "Have you any copies of that miserable thing still unsold?" "Yes," was the reply; "I have quite a number of them in stock." "Send them to me at once, with a bill," said the composer. A thousand copies were soon afterward delivered at his door. The bill was a big one, but it was paid, somewhat grudgingly, and Wagner thought he had done with the thing. What was his surprise, then, at receiving two or three months later on another consignment, this time of 500 copies.

"I thought you had only a thousand of these things," he protested. "That was all I had in stock," explained the dealer, "but these have been returned by my agents, to whom I wrote that you wished to have the sonata suppressed." Wagner winced, but there was nothing for it but to pay the bill. And thereafter whenever business was dull with this crafty publisher a few hundred copies of the sonata would be struck off on shopworn paper and delivered at the composer's door, with a memorandum to the effect that they had just come back from remote places where they had been sent for sale.

John Allen's Pair.

When the house voted to prohibit liquor selling in army canteens, John Allen of Mississippi was not recorded. Some good women of Mississippi noted the fact that he did not vote and called on him for an explanation, knowing that Mr. Allen had been at one time quite active in the Congressional Temperance society. Mr. Allen replied that he was paired on the canteen question. "You see, ladies," he said, "the situation was this: My wife thinks very much as you do about this legislation in regard to the canteen. I have some doubts as to whether congress will really promote temperance among soldiers in this way. So I paired my judgment with my wife's conscience and decided not to vote."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Misplaced Letter.

The transposition of letters in the same word sometimes produces the most ludicrous results. In "The Still Hour," which was written by Professor Phelps, is the fine line, "The stillness of the hour is the stillness of a dead calm at sea." A large number was printed and disposed of before it was discovered that "clam" had been printed for "calm."

A Heavyweight.

"And then," she said in telling of the romantic episode, "she sprang to his arms."

"She did?"

"Of course. Do you doubt it?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "but after seeing her I can't help thinking that it must have jarred him quite a bit."—Chicago Post.

Recalled Humor of the Rockies.

High up on the Laramie range there is a little station called Sherman—a mere watering place for trains on the Union Pacific railway. Near by it is a gigantic pyramid of stone 60 feet high and 60 feet square at the base, which was set up by the railway as a monument to Oakes Ames and Oliver Ames.

In the latter eighties there arrived at Sherman a shabby person of melancholy aspect, who put up a "shack"—western for shanty—not far from the monument. Ostensibly, he was prospecting, and he continued to prospect for three years without accomplishing any results, so far as could be observed. At the end of that period the management of the Union Pacific received from him a communication demanding the immediate removal of the monument from the premises, which he claimed as his under the homestead law.

The matter was regarded in a humorous light at first, but subsequent proceedings developed the fact that the squatter had what lawyers call a "case."

The stranger, it seems, had located on a section of land which did not belong to the Union Pacific—the same section on which the monument had, by an inadvertence, been placed. He knew very well what he was about, and the upshot of the affair was that the railway had to pay $5,000 for the squatter's tract in order to make its title good.

The monument, by the way, is distant only about 100 yards from the station, and it is a favorite trick of experienced persons to induce green travelers to attempt a run to the pyramid and back during the two minutes of the train's wait. In nine cases out of ten they fall on the way back, bleeding at the nose, the air being so rarefied at that elevation of 8,300 feet as to forbid such exercise.—Saturday Evening Post.

Making It Rather Personal.

This is credited as one of General Lew Wallace's Turkish jokes: There lived in Stamboul, Turkey, a well to do Turk named Ismad Ismail Hassam. He was endowed with oriental wit that stood him well in hand when he was in a tight place. A neighbor called on Ismail one day and wanted to borrow his donkey to use an hour. Ismail made a low salaam and said:

"Neighbor, I am sorry, but my boy started on the donkey an hour ago to Scutari. By now he is gayly trotting over the hills far from the sacred precincts of Stamboul."

Just as Ismail finished his speech a donkey's loud bray was heard in the stable, which was under the same roof as Ismail's house, but in the rear. The neighbor said:

"Ah, I hear your donkey bray."

Ismail protested that his neighbor's ears were deceived and that the noise was not a donkey's bray. Then the donkey, which was supposed to be jogging along toward Scutari, brayed twice loudly. It was too much, and the neighbor cried:

"Oh, that is your donkey, Ismail. Allah help me. I can now borrow him."

Then Ismail said:

"Which do you believe is lying, the donkey or me?"

The neighbor had to give Ismail the benefit of the doubt and went away.

Why Spiders Are Not Insects.

The spider is not an insect, though probably nine people out of ten would class it under this term. With scorpions and mites spiders form a class in the animal kingdom known as Arachnida. This name is derived from a mythical personage called Arachne, the daughter of a purple dyer of Lydia, who was fabled to have challenged Minerva to a trial of skill in spinning. So indignant was the goddess at this act of boldness that she forthwith transformed the hapless challenger into a spider, presumably in order that she might have the best possible opportunity of practicing the art on which she prided herself so much.

Spiders differ from insects in five main particulars. Their eyes are simple instead of compound, they have eight legs in place of six, they do not pass through the metamorphoses which are characteristic of insects, they have no antennæ and their breathing is accomplished by means of organs which combine the functions of lungs and gills, instead of by tubes pervading their bodies. These points of distinction are sufficient to determine the fact that it is impossible to class spiders as insects.

A Literal Construction.

In a school for colored children there was a little boy who would persist in saying "have went," says a contributor to The Christian Endeavor World.

The teacher kept him in one night and said:

"Now while I am out of the room you may write 'have gone' 50 times."

When the teacher came back, he looked at the boy's paper and there was "have gone 50 times." On the other side was written, "I have went home."

Had Lost His Fourth.

One of Judge Howland's stories had to do with the old Maine farmer who had been married four times. Shortly after the death of his fourth wife a neighbor stopped him and said:

"Mornin, Cyrus. How's the wife this mornin?'

"Waal, to tell ye the truth," replied Cyrus, "I'm kinder out of wives just now."—Detroit Free Press.

Similar, but Different.

"Do you think I am capable of acting a part?" asked the stagestruck youth.

"I do," replied the busy manager, "and the farther apart we are when you act the better it will suit me."—Chicago News.

The Fata Morgana.

The fata morgana is a singular aerial phenomenon akin to the mirage. It is seen in many parts of the world, but most frequently and in greatest perfection at the strait of Messina, between Sicily and Italy. So many conditions must coincide, however, that even there it is of comparatively rare occurrence. To allow of its production the sun must be at an angle of 45 degrees with the water, both sky and sea must be calm, and the tidal current sufficiently strong to cause the water in the center to rise higher than on the edges of the strait. When these conditions are fully met, the observer on the heights of Calabria, looking toward Messina, will behold a series of rapidly changing pictures, sometimes of most exquisite beauty.

Castles, colonnades, successions of beautiful arches, palaces, cities, with houses and streets and church domes, mountains, forests, grottoes, will appear and vanish, to be succeeded perhaps by fleets of ships, sometimes placidly sailing over the deep, sometimes inverted, while a halo like a rainbow surrounds every image. It is supposed that the images are due to the irregular refractive powers of the different layers of air above the sea, which magnify, repeat and distort the objects on the Sicilian shore beyond, but to the Italians these singular appearances are the castles of the Princess Morgana, and the view of them is supposed to bring good fortune to the beholder.

Skeleton In the Closet.

The original of the singular saying, "A skeleton in the closet," which is found in almost every language in Europe, is found in one of those curious collections of stories which the monks of the middle ages were fond of making both for their own amusement and for the instruction of youth. In one of these collections, compiled by an unknown hand about the middle of the tenth century, there is a story of a wealthy lady who, having a secret grief, confided it to a friend who was apparently a perfectly happy woman. She was the wife of a nobleman who lived in his castle in the south of France. She and her husband were outwardly on the most loving terms. Not a care cloud seemed to cast a shadow on her path.

After hearing the story of her afflicted friend the noble lady took her by the hand and led her to a secret chamber adjoining her bedroom, there opened the door of a closet and exposed a skeleton. "Know, my friend," she said, "no one is happy. Every day I am forced by my husband to kiss this grinning death head, which is that of a gentleman who was my husband's rival and whom I would have married had not my parents willed otherwise."

A Simple, Bashful Maid.

"I am glad your name is Mary," said Mr. Slowcoach to his sweetheart, whom he had been courting for several years.

"Why so?"

"Because I was reading today and came across a line which said, 'Mary is the sweetest name that woman ever bore.'"

"That is poetically expressed. I've heard my father say it to my mother, whose name is Mary. It is from some poet, isn't it?"

"I believe so."

"But I have also heard my father say that there was even a sweeter name than Mary."

"I think he must have been mistaken," said the lover as he tenderly pressed his sweetheart's hand.

"No; I do not think he was mistaken."

"What was the other name?"

A beautiful blush suffused the charming maiden's cheek, the silken lashes fell and veiled the lovely eyes, and in a tone as soft as the whisperings of an Æolian harp she murmured:

"Wife."

The cards are out.—London Answers.

Unclaimed Moneys.

Nearly every bank of old establishment has on deposit sums of unclaimed money. The aggregate of all these sums, if it could be told, would astonish the world. These moneys in the Bank of England are estimated variously, some placing the aggregate amount at less than $500,000 and some at many times that sum. In the Bank of England, as in all banks in this country and in England, the total amount is made up of small sums. According to law, the Bank of England should give public access to the list of such lost moneys, whereas it never does anything of the sort. When challenged, it invites legal action, but no one cares for a legal contest with the Bank of England, so the question never is faced.

How do these unclaimed moneys accumulate? Largely through the omission of stockholders to claim dividends and through the fact that many people die without leaving behind them a strict account of their investments.

Forethought.

"Your letters to me," said his affianced bride one day, "are so cold and formal."

"Surely, my dear," exclaimed the literary celebrity, stung by her reproach, "when they are published after my death they will be found to be models of composition, breathing the most exalted sentiments and couched in absolutely correct English."—Chicago Tribune.

The Sicilian woman is generally illiterate and is proud of being so. In native parlance such a one "sees with two eyes only." Those who can read are said to see with four eyes.

There is a patch of ground in Colorado, six miles by three, which yields $20,000,000 worth of gold a year and will not be worked out for a century.