

REAL GOLD BRICKS.

As an investor in gold bricks Uncle Sam is unrivalled. During the Yanko Spanko war he bought the steamship Obdam for \$250,000, spent \$160,000 more in repairing and fitting her for sea, renamed her the McPherson and put her into the transport service. The other day he sold her for \$18,700. He paid out \$200,000 for another vessel called the Hartford, rechristened her the Terry, and was glad to get rid of her for \$19,600.

Some way it is not easy to adjust one's mind to the belief that ships that were good enough to send soldiers to the Philippines in three years ago are worthless old hulks today. It is far easier to accept the theory that either the government was cheated shamefully by their former owners, in collusion with dishonest officials, or it has been robbed by the officials responsible for the condemnation and sale of the transports.

Senator Mitchell is home to Portland after a trip to France, where he went in quest of health. The senator says there is a "differential attitude" to Americans abroad. Can it be that, after all, the plain citizens of this republic have the only rightful claim to nobility? It is probable, though, that the "differential attitude" is a purchasable one, assumed for the purpose of getting all the American gold and silver possible.

When Mr. Roosevelt succeeded to the presidency many persons called to mind his former relation to civil service reform, and wondered if he would follow his former bent in the appointments which would have to be made by him. As an answer, it only has to be stated that last week he appointed a democrat to a federal judgeship in Alabama. President Hayes appointed a democrat to the cabinet.

According to a Texas farm paper the large cattle ranches of Southwest Texas have so suffered from drouth this summer that the cattle remaining are very thin; and the additional fact that feed is dearer than ever before, all indicate that the number of cattle fed in Texas will be quite short this year. Large shipments were made early in the season from that section to the Indian Territory to save them.

Mr. Joseph Lawrence, member of parliament, reports to the Newport, England, chamber of commerce that the American steel trust has agreed to deliver steel billets in England for \$17.50 per ton. The American consumer pays \$26 to \$27 for the same thing, and there is no ocean freight to be paid either.

The platform adopted by the democracy of Massachusetts contains these words: "We are absolutely opposed to colonial imperialism abroad. We demand (for the Philippines) ultimate independence under the protection of this country. We favor free trade by means of genuine reciprocity or otherwise."

Circuit Judge Eakin, of Eastern Oregon, has held that the recent sale of tax certificates was unlawful and unconstitutional on three grounds. First, the law is retroactive; second, the notice was deficient; third, the enacting clause of the law does not pretend to explain the body of the act.

A New York manufacturer has contracted to build an automobile that will make seventy miles an hour over a level road. There will be no rush of applicants for seats in the auto when the final trial trip is to be made. Seventy miles an hour is fast enough for a railroad train.

John D. Rockefeller, jr., will make his bible class a gift of a clubhouse, and it will not be of the usual kind, —no cards or wine.

A correspondent of the New York Times sends a dispatch from Natal that large forces of Boers hold positions near Pongolabosch and Slangapies. The strength of the Atlantic cable is shown by these names getting over to this side without any fracture of the wire.

Lieutenant-Commander Nicholson of the Oregon testified that the only ship ahead of his vessel in the chase after the escaping Spaniards was the Brooklyn, Admiral Schley's flagship. And they are trying Schley for cowardice!

On the afternoon of November 16th one of the most popular driving streets of Brooklyn, New York, will be closed to the public to give auto-mobilists a chance to test the speed of their machines. The well known auto men claim that they will make a mile or better a minute.

Twenty-five thousand Turkish pounds, the ransom demanded by Turkish brigands for the American missionary, Miss Stone, means about two ordinary horse-loads of gold. Negotiations for her release are still under way.

Warren Dow is dead at Plattsburg, New York, after holding office as a deputy United States marshal continually since 1858—forty-three years. A good office holding record, and one seldom equaled.

A train load of hops left Portland the other day. When the car loads of pork and poultry products can be stopped coming this way and sent with the hops the people will be better off.

What is there that men will not gamble on? Two checker players are under arrest in the Portland police court for staking their money on the outcome of a series of checker games.

The next thing to stealing a hot stove has occurred near Portland. Miners broke into a powder magazine and carried off a considerable quantity of the explosive.

Sunny Italy is not so sunny these days. There was an inch and a half of snowfall at Rome Thursday night.

SOCIAL.

Daily Guard, Oct 19

FORTNIGHTLY CLUB'S BALL.

A pretty scene presented itself to the eyes of an onlooker at the armory last evening. It was the concert ball given by the Fortnightly Club for the benefit of the free library recently established by the club. The affair, which was one of the most brilliant ever given in the city, was well attended by Eugene's swiftdom, and the merry throng, all attired in proper evening dress, whirled away the hours of the evening very enjoyably. The Fourth Regiment band furnished excellent music for the dancing, also several selections between the dances.

The reception committee was composed of the following ladies: Mrs Mark Bailey, Mrs Chas Friedel, Mrs I M Glen, Mrs Laura Harris, Mrs A Laebman, Mrs Geo Lilley, Mrs Wm Preeton, Mrs Minnie Washburn, Miss Nettie Chase and Miss Ida Patterson. The floor committee was as follows: Mrs Laura Bradley, Mrs C H Hales, Mrs F W Prentice, Mrs W K Scarborough, Mrs Emma Thompson, Mrs F L Washburn, Mrs C S Williams.

Stepped Into Live Coals.

"When a child I burned my foot frightfully," writes W H Eads, of Jonesville, Va., "which caused horrible leg sores for 30 years, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured me after everything else failed." Infallible for burns, scalds, cuts, sores, bruises and piles. 25c. Sold by W L DeLano.

WORK OF FOOLS.—The Evening Telegram says: Flowers and fruit in large quantities are sent to Czolgosz by sentimental sympathizers, but the prison authorities wisely intercept these undeserved and incongruous tokens of erratic minds. One of the curiosities of human sentiment is the mawkish sentimentality evinced in behalf of the most noted, desperate or wholesale criminals. But the authorities cannot afford to allow people to make a hero or a pet of Czolgosz, and so tempt other mentally and morally diseased creatures to the commission of similar crimes.

THE TORIES, THE CURSE AND THE KEY

During the American Revolution Captain George Vallame fell in the battle of Long Island, but his grave could not be found. He left a daughter and a stepson, the child of a widow whom he had married. The widow was seated in her home on the Hudson river when the clock struck 10. A young man in the uniform of a British officer cautiously entered.

"You have brought your troop?" "More than enough to capture ten rebels," said Captain Rudolph, for whom his mother's influence had procured a British commission. "You are sure Horace Sinclair is in the summer house?"

"Twice have I heard his signal to Cora. The letter I wrote him he has deemed his Cora's, imploring him to hazard even life itself to meet her this night in the lonely summer house. Have you the chaplain with you?"

"He is below in the dining hall. But, mother, can you force Cora to become my wife?"

"You shall see," was the cold and firm response. "Go, capture Horace Sinclair. Bring him hither, bound. When you return, let the chaplain be with you. Cora shall meet you and ere you part shall be your wife."

Her reckless son left her, and she rang a small bell as he departed.

"Tell Miss Vallame," said she to the prompt servant who answered to her call, "that I desire her here immediately."

The servant hurried to obey. She soon returned, bearing a lamp and followed by the lovely orphan. Cora Vallame silently bowed her head as she entered.

"Wait!" was all that the widow said, and as she spoke loud shouts, pistol shots and the clash of steel reached her ear.

Cora glanced uneasily toward the door and then to her stepmother's face. Ere long Rudolph threw open the door and was followed by two British dragoons, who escorted a young man clad in the uniform of a Continental major of cavalry.

A short, ill looking man in black brought up the rear.

"Horace, and a prisoner!" exclaimed Cora.

"The same," said Rudolph, fierce with a bloody gash that seamed his cheek. "The rascal has slain two of my best men. But he shall die the death of a spy."

"My uniform proves that I am no spy," said Horace Sinclair. "I have fallen into a snare and am a prisoner of war—no spy. Cora, did you write me a summons hither?"

"Never, Horace," said Cora in astonishment. "This is some trick of this!"

"Of mine!" said Mme. Vallame sharply. "Come, we have no time to lose. Cora, you see that gentleman in black? He is the Rev. Charles Fairweather. He is here to make you the wife of my son!"

"The wife of your son's meanest trooper shall I be sooner than his!" exclaimed Cora.

"Consent," said Mme. Vallame, "or see Horace Sinclair hanged upon the tree where he and you have so often met!"

"They dare not hang me, Cora," said the calm voice of the bound officer. "I am taken in my uniform and no spy. Do not be imposed upon."

"Do not sing so boldly," said Mme. Vallame. "The hanging of a rebel, uniformed or not, is a pleasure to our loyal English general."

"Cora Vallame, you see that dial. It is now 20 minutes after 10. If when the minute hand shades the figure 6 your lips have not made you my son's wife, Horace Sinclair swings."

"Oh, Horace, what shall I do?" cried Cora as the silence grew terrible.

"Let me die a thousand times rather than behold you the wife of that renegade, who slew his mother's husband," said Sinclair.

"Oh, Horace!" And, weeping bitterly, she flung herself upon her brave lover's bosom, and ere the furious son and fiendish mother could tear them asunder Cora's quick hand, armed with a dagger, had severed the cords that bound the American's arms.

Sinclair snatched a saber from the hand of the nearest trooper and sprang upon the other, who went down, cloven to the chin.

Wheeling fiercely, the saber clashed with that of Rudolph and, sweeping back from the shock, came down with a mighty slash that sheered the ruffian's right arm from the shoulder.

Shouts and the sharp tumult of sudden strife without smote Rudolph's ear as he fell, and the next moment the room was filled with American dragoons, led by one whom he deemed long dead—George Vallame!

"Just in time, my boy," said Vallame, who had escaped from the slaughter of Long Island and for purposes of his own bore another name in the American army.

"I mistrusted this when I found the decoy letter written by that tigris. Returning to camp, I found the letter in your tent and, collecting a score of your dragoons, hastened to save you."

An hour after, as British soldiers filled the house so timely vacated by the Americans, they found Mme. Vallame lying upon the body of her son and as dead as he. The sudden shock had slain her.

When the war was over, years after, Colonel Horace Sinclair and his bride, Cora, with Major Vallame, returned to the scene. But it was to see the mansion a heap of charred ruins.

The Poet at the Druggist's.

Poet—How much for this prescription?

Apothecary—Two dollars, please.

Poet (soliloquizing as he pays)—And the publishers tell me that poetry is a drug in the market. Oh, that it were!

—Boston Transcript.

TACT. A GREAT INVESTMENT

BY BARRY PAIN.

He was looking into the wine that filled the glass—the dark red wine that held within it death. Death! A strange, quiet word—a word that meant the end and a beginning, that meant sleep, long sleep; that meant change and darkness; that meant calmness and rest.

And this wineglass held the key. How fine! He smiled as he grasped it and held it up to the light. How fine and red and strong looking was the wine! And it contained the key to mystery—a subtle, quick poison. He was sad and tired, and here were oblivion and rest.

He was not as other men. He feared neither the beginning nor the end. He was brave with the bravery that dares all. He was absolutely his own god.

He laid the wineglass back on the table. He would not take the step just now. He would wait till the night had worn further on.

And suddenly he began to think of the time when he was alone and haggard and full of strange, wild dreams.

Aye, in the great city he found some one to care for him because he was what he was. The fine, sweet face of a woman arose before him as he walked the streets where flooded and surged the tide of human life.

But the time came when he left her and went forth to a greater and a wider and a stranger city. He went out to woo that hard mistress, fame.

Often he thought of her, but he thought of her dimly. She was to him as a beautiful, faint memory. When her face arose before him, it was as the face of one who has long been dead or as a face seen in a dream, a haunting, tender face. He knew that she must have sorrowed, but he believed that it was better for a woman to sorrow than not to know. It was better for a woman to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge even though she brought upon herself the curse of a frightful suffering.

And at last he heard that she was dead. He was very wise, this student. His philosophy was the philosophy that believes in the realizing of the full possibilities of the present. For him today was the day; tomorrow had not come, yesterday was but a vague dream—was dead.

And he became famous mainly because he possessed a pagan clearness of sight and because he was bold. He had realized that a great philosopher was simply a man who talked convincingly concerning things of which he really knew nothing.

And now, on this his last night, he was sitting by the fire and thinking of the time long ago.

He thought sadly that he was a much better man then than now, famous though he was. If he had been really a brave and great man, he would have taken his life in his hand and died fighting for the spread of liberty through the world.

Instead he had elected to perform intellectual tricks, before the laze, stupid mass. And the mass rewarded him by giving him money and calling him great. His success was a lie—a cursed lie. He had been a panderer and a coward.

No, no; he was not a panderer, he was not a coward! He had done the best for himself. He had grasped the golden fruit of life when it swung within his reach. He had used his gifts for the realizing of his desires.

But was not his first desire his great desire? He had wished to devote his life to the freeing of man, and he had not done so. Then he had not realized himself after all. Perhaps he should have gone on hungering and have died on the scaffold.

He had had everything—love, fame, honor, riches and all things that men madly strive for—and still he wished sadly for the old terrible days when he knew not what the morrow would bring forth. Then there were the excitement of struggle and the cheer of the distant star of hope. And he had a grand ideal. And the shade of the man he was in those days seemed to arise before him—the young man haggard of face and stern of eyes. And he bowed his head in shame, for there was failure, line and noble and grand, and here was success begotten of trickery and pandering.

Aye, his success had indeed been a low, degrading failure, and he had been punished by satiety settling upon his shoulders—that unspeakable culture.

He had become tired of everything, and still he was young, but his soul was old.

He arose suddenly and raised the wineglass aloft. How like blood the wine as it shone in the light!

"I drink," he cried, "to change, or to rest, or to wild, unheard-of adventure! Come, death, and strike me! Come!"

But, lo, he saw a face! It was the face of Ellen—Ellen, who had loved him as no other woman had loved him; Ellen, who had endured disgrace for his sake; Ellen, who was dead.

He had been thinking of her tonight, and she was here. And now he loved her. Satiety was gone from him. Again the power of love had come to him. This woman had loved him when he was only a vagabond student.

But she was dead, and still she was here.

But, stay. Was this a trick of the imagination, or was she really here? He would see. There was now another reason for the invoking of the power of death. It might mean another life and the renewal of a glorious love. He would see.

"Ellen!" he cried. "Sweetheart, I drink to you!"

The average age of man has been increased 7 1/2 years in the last century, and at that rate the average length of human life will be about 110 years in two centuries.

Mr. Herbert Packer habitually spoke of women as the fair sex. He had no views and on the other side of the counter was quite a useful man. When he came out into the world, his conversation on the subject of tact made some men dislike him, but it won him the respect of others—Ernest Taggs, for instance.

One evening he happened to say that Packer was his idea of the typical ladies' man. "Nonsense, my boy," said Packer. But, all the same, a few minutes later Taggs was seated in Packer's club, and Packer was ordering two glasses of sherry as if it were of no importance.

"Coming back again," said Packer with a pleased smile, "to what you were saying just now, it's not the case, of course; but if I might put the question, I should like to ask you what made you say I was a typical ladies' man?"

"Well, Mr. Packer," said Taggs, "I don't know how to put it in different words. There is a style. Some have it; some, on the other hand, have not. You've got it, and I think the ladies mostly know."

"As to there being a style," said Packer, "there is an art in making oneself agreeable to the female sex and in conducting oneself in society in the correct way. So far as that goes, perhaps I take rather more trouble than most men to avoid mistakes. It may be that I have had more opportunities for practice and rather more experience than some. But I should be very sorry to be vain enough to think there was any more in it than that."

"There's a good deal more," said Taggs, with conviction. "Many a time when with ladies I've wished you were there to give me a hint or two. Now, last Saturday was a case in point. I should very much like to know what you would have done in a similar case."

"Well, my advice is quite at your disposal if you really want it. I have sometimes been able to get out of a little difficulty in a way that people have spoken kindly of."

"Then I'll tell you. On Saturday afternoon I took a lady friend, who for reasons shall be nameless, to the theater, I paying, of course."

"Of course," said Packer, sipping his fire water.

"Coming out, I said, 'You must permit me to offer you some refreshment.' That's the usual thing, I think."

"Well, yes," said Packer critically. "Not absolutely essential."

"Not essential? I rather wish I'd known that. I knew I was pretty short, but it was only after she'd accepted that I found I was down to tenpence. However, I took her to the nearest tenpence and hoped for the best. The place was full, and we found two seats at a table where there was an old gent sitting and reading the evening paper. He'd got nothing but a cup of tea, and I thought he would be going directly. As a matter of fact, he sat us out, and we were there some time too. I said I didn't want anything. I thought it best to be on the safe side. But that was no good. The lady in question is what would be called a fine woman, and she explained that she had cut her dinner rather short in order to be in plenty of time at—well, at the place where we were to meet. As a rule, I like to see a girl have a healthy appetite. But this time—I don't want to go into any details, but when she had had all she wanted and the waitress put the slip down on the table it was nearer 18 pence than a shilling. I kept up the conversation as well as I could, seeing that all the time I was thinking what the deuce I was to do. Now, what would you have done?"

"I can't say it would have embarrassed me at all," said Packer. "I should simply have said: 'My dear Miss So-and-so, I have been so entranced with your charming society that I have actually forgotten to send off an important telegram. Would you kindly excuse me for two minutes?' She would make some polite answer, and I should raise my hat and go out."

"I see. And then you'd do a bunk?"

Mr. Packer was pained by the suggestion. "I don't think that would be the gentlemanly thing to do. What would it lead to when you met the girl again? No; I should go off at once to the nearest pawnbroker and make some little arrangement—in fact, pawn my watch."

"That had occurred to me. I couldn't have put it in that well chosen way to the girl, but I might have made some sort of excuse."

"Then why didn't you do it? It was obviously the right thing."

"You see, I had parted with my watch temporarily to get the theater tickets."

"Well, a man of the world should be never at a loss. You might have put your hand in your pocket and exclaimed that you had had your purse stolen in leaving the theater. You could then borrow the money from the girl and return it on the following day."

"I'm afraid I couldn't carry a thing of that kind off as you would. Then the old gent was listening. Besides, I don't think she had any money with her."

"Then what did you do?"

"It wasn't right. But the old gent was reading when we got up to go. So I picked his slip off the table and left him mine. Then I had enough to pay at the desk. But the horror that he would find out before I could get away!"

"No," said Packer, "it wasn't right. But, well, you have some idea of what's meant by tact, though."—Black and White.

On the porch of the country store at the Center sat two old and gray bearded men. Around a bend in the road beyond a third old and gray bearded man had just come into sight.

The newcomer stopped before them, his face beaming with smiles, and with an air of conscious pride held out for their inspection what proved to be a highly polished stove lid.

"There she is!" he cried. "The prettiest and cheapest stove polish ever invented. I knowed the munit I'd put that taller and vingar in the last batch that I'd got it."

"It does look nice," said Isaac, blinking from one to the other.

"Now, Jet," said Uriah, taking an extra chew of fine cut and leaning back in his chair, "as you're the one that has got this thing up, what's your idea of getting it out? How has it got to be made and sold?"

"Well," said Jet, squaring himself back, "my idea is just to make some of the stuff and go out and sell it. I've figured the whole thing out, and it just amounts to this: It will cost 1 cent a cuke to make this stove polish. We sell it for 10 cents. That gives us a profit of \$12.98 a gross. Now, each one of us ought to sell a gross every day, maybe more, but we'll put it at one gross to be on the safe side. Now, say our expenses are \$3 a day. That leaves us \$10 a day profit, all but 4 cents, and that beats farming all hollow."

"Jet, old boy, we're with you!" cried Uriah, slapping the other on the back. "I tell you, gentlemen, we're bound to make something out of this. Just to think, \$10 a day is nearly \$300 a month—more money than we take in now in a year!"

"That's so," said Isaac, rising slowly to his feet. "Well, it's getting along. I'll have to get back and do chores."

The other two watched him out of sight.

"Fine fellow, Ike," said Uriah.

"Hardly the man for this kind of business."

"Well, I don't know. Ike's a good fellow."

"Good fellow! Why, of course he is. Nobody thinks more of Ike than I do. Why, I'd be willing he should go along for company if he didn't do a stroke. But, then, he is slow—don't catch on to people quick enough. You see, what you want is a man that has some dignity about him and knows how to approach people in the right sort of way. Why, he'd go into a man's parlor just the same as if he was going into a cow stable. Well, sir, that may do around here, but it won't do in the big towns, and that's where you'll make your money. But, then, if you think I won't do, just say so, and I'll drop out at once."

"Oh, I ain't afraid but what you'll do all right," answered Jet, anxious to conciliate. "But I allow I have got my doubts of Ike."

"Of course you have. You're a man of sense and couldn't help but have doubts. I'll have to cut across here. But think the matter over. I think it over."

"I'll do that," answered Jet emphatically as he started on alone again.

He walked off rapidly until he came to an old barn along the road. The roof of the barn had been blown off and never replaced, and the whole thing looked very dilapidated, but very familiar to Jet, for it was his barn.

A tall, thin and melancholy looking woman was bending over a washtub at the pump. She straightened up and stopped her work as Jet came up.

He went on into the house and put the stove lid he had been carrying on the stove. Then he came out and sat down near his wife.

"They say there's \$10 a day in it for a sure thing; that's what they say."

"Well, I'm glad if there is," said the woman, sighing softly. "The Lord knows we need it. Is Uriah and Ike going to take hold of it with you?"

"Maybe they are and maybe they ain't. I know them fellers better than to trust either of them. I can make \$2,000 a year out of it and go it alone."

"Can't you get me that wrapper tonight, then? It's only 70 cents."

"Only 70 cents! Confound it, don't you know that it will take every cent I can rake and scrape to get the thing started? I'd rather get you a dozen silk dresses two weeks from now than spare a cent tonight."

"I don't see"—she began, when there was a yell from the kitchen, followed by the loud voice of a man:

"The devil! Judas! What the devil's up here anyway? Are you trying to burn the house down?"

Jet made a jump for the door and stopped abashed. The stove lid, so highly polished but a moment before, was now a dull, dirty red, while above it curled a thick, dingy smoke, bearing with it an odor strong enough to knock down a horse.

"Is that the way your polish works, Jet?" asked a young man coming around the house holding his nose.

Jet gave a snort of disgust. "I suppose you'll have to blot it all over town," he growled and, turning away sulkily, went off to the barn.

"I think it's a good thing I saved eggs enough to get that wrapper," returned the woman as she tried to blow the smoke out of the house with her apron.

A Successful Experiment.

"Do you think it is possible to kill mosquitoes with kerosene?" asked the man who doubts what he reads.

"Oh, yes," answered the friend. "I have performed the experiment with entire success. I poured some kerosene around the house when it was full of mosquitoes. Then some one inadvertently dropped a lighted match. It was a trifle expensive, but I have every reason to believe a great many mosquitoes were killed."—Washington Star.