

STILL AN INDIAN.

The wisdom of giving Indian boys expensive education covering a period of several years at Carlisle and other Indian schools may be seriously questioned.

The government makes a mistake in taking these boys from their contented homes and trying to civilize them.

A SOUTHERN PACIFIC IDEA.

The Portland freight and passenger agent of the Southern Pacific railroad has an "idea," and it is a good one.

As an instance of the advantage derived thirty-five carloads of onions and potatoes have been shipped from the lower valley this week to California points.

Astoria Budget: The Portland Telegram, one of the staunchest gold standard papers on the coast is beginning to own up that the contention of the Democrats in 1896 and 1900, that more circulating medium was necessary to create prosperity, was a correct theory.

There is something in man's makeup that is past finding out. For instance a young fellow of twenty who had been holding up farmers and others on a road leading out of Portland for a month or more, was arrested the other day.

Judge Frezer of Portland is very liberal with years in his dealings with criminals convicted in his court. He has just given a colored young man seven years at Salem for complicity in the Hotel Portland ten thousand-dollar diamond robbery.

The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company railroad is not only one of the best paying properties in the country, tapping the rich wheat belts of Eastern Oregon and Washington as it does, but is also progressive.

Of course the railroad magnates Hill and Harriman of the Northern transcontinental lines claim that merger does not kill competition. No? Why then should they consolidate their interests?

There may be a rush to Cuba now that Neeley, under arrest for postal peculations down in the island, claims that the sixty thousand dollars found in his possession when arrested was handed him by a stranger.

That was a curious occurrence in a Pendleton school room, Wednesday, when a plastered ceiling fell to the desks as a whole, the strips to which the lath were nailed having pulled loose from the joist.

Aboer McKinley, brother of the late President, is plaintiff in a suit against a railroad company for a six thousand dollar's attorney fee. He was associate counsel only, and rendered no particular service.

France is "affronted" by Venezuela. It is singular how easily these big "powers" get affronted at the little ones.

It does seem like a big price, but any price is not too large to get this incident closed—to use a diplomatic term. The telegraph brings the news that the carriers are on their way with Miss Stone's ransom, \$72,000.

Portland has an interesting batch of smallpox at the city pest-house—22 cases Friday morning. Most of the men are transients, having evidently been sent to Portland on the first symptoms of the disease.

This morning was a "swinger" from a Webfoot point of view. The sudden fall of temperature of twenty degrees during the night, away down into the freezing points is unusual for this valley.

PERSONAL

Daily Guard, Jan 25. A J Babbs's life is despaired of. Austin Root, of Mohawk, is in the city.

John S Gray came down from Sagnaw this afternoon. Ed Platte left this afternoon for the mines near Baker City.

Ed and Henry Diess have gone to Grants Pass on a visit. Mrs Eva Day returned this afternoon from a visit at Goshen.

Capt Beltmus, of Florence, assistant Fish Commissioner, is in Eugene.

Bert Wiley and Tad Luckey returned this afternoon from Junction.

Editor J R Whitney, of the Albany Herald, returned home this afternoon.

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Mrs Frank Crouch, formerly of Eugene, but now of Seattle, passed through here this afternoon on her way to Oakland, Cal to visit her friends.

Mrs and Mrs O Stuart and Mrs A B Taliaferro, who went to Albany to attend the wedding of Miss Ella Stewart, their niece, to Ed Huston, returned this afternoon.

Hon James Hemenway and Joe Potts returned home to Cottage Grove this afternoon. The other Groveites who attended the Elks' function last night returned on the 1 o'clock train.

Rev M L Rose and family will leave Tuesday for their new home in Tacoma, stopping off in Portland for a few days' visit with friends.

My grandfather had been severely injured while overlooking some renovations which were being made at The Towers, and feeling that death was fast approaching, he had almost at the last moment married the only child and heiress of Hubert Monckton, Esq.

"Moreover," wrote the lawyer, "by your grandfather's will you inherit something above £50,000, provided you consent to marry the lady with whom he went through the ceremony of marriage on his deathbed. Otherwise you receive not a penny of his fortune."

Had the man gone mad? Marry my grandmother? For, word it as they might, the ugly fact was still there—the woman was my grandmother.

Bristling with indignation, I wrote to Sir John's lawyer—not very civilly, I fear, but very energetically, I am sure. In the first place, I said I would not accept a penny of Sir John Halbrooke's fortune as a free gift.

"I would not accept the whole of it burdened with a single restricting clause, and, in conclusion, I not only refused to marry the widow, but absolutely declined holding any communication whatever with her."

"And say to my grandmother," I added, "that the world is wide enough and there are men enough in it for her to seek whom she may devour elsewhere and not among those whom the law of the land now declares to be her own kith and kin. Let her cast her eyes among the strangers at her gates and not upon her grandson!"

That ended the matter, and I was troubled with no more letters about it. Two years afterward I returned to England on leave, and then fate, in the person of General Ashland, led me down to Surrey for a fortnight's shooting.

Ah, my dear fellow, it is only the old story over again. I went down to Surrey and met there—whom do you suppose? Well, the girl whose face—seen once and for a moment only—had haunted me for years.

She was a distant relative of my host. Yes, and I loved her desperately not for her beauty alone, but for the pure goodness, kindness and unselfishness of her heart, which were constantly and unthinkingly revealing themselves in a thousand artless little ways.

So, as you may guess, my two weeks at Ashland Park were on to four, and I still lingered, even until the dying leaves were rustling feebly in the melow air of a belated autumn.

And one clear, starlit evening, when Helen and I were sauntering among the trim flower beds that were cut in the soft green turf of the terrace, I told her the secret of my heart—its hope, its fear, its sweet unrest.

When I ceased, my companion looked up at me wonderingly, and, upon my honor, tears were glistening in her pretty eyes.

"What!" she said. "Are you sure? Do you love me—me? Oh, Colonel Halbrooke, how could you? Indeed, it cannot—cannot be!"

"Because your heart is given elsewhere, I suppose? But, Helen, I cannot let you go from me! I love you! Oh, my darling, how shall I live all the long weary years of my life without you?"

"Hush!" she cried sharply. "Sir, do you know—do you know who I am?"

"Indeed, yes! The sweetest little girl in the wide world!"

"No, sir, I am not. Colonel Halbrooke, I am your grandmother!"

My grandmother! Talk of sudden shocks after that, won't you? I tried to speak, but my voice failed me. I reached out my hands and touched her. Yes, she was there, real enough, and I was not dreaming.

"Tell me all!" I gasped.

And standing there by the broad stone coping she told me all—how her parents had died when she was little more than an infant, and Sir John, her guardian, had watched over her with jealous care; always keeping her at school, however, until he brought her home to The Towers, a young lady.

HOW I MARRIED MY GRANDMOTHER

It was five years ago. The affair began then, but before I say any more let me recall to your mind the fact that I was always regarded in the family as my grandfather's heir.

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She had heard of me. She knew all about her guardian's intentions and my persistent refusal to see her. And when Sir John lay dying and appealed to her to marry him, in order to secure certain property which would otherwise pass to the next of kin she consented.

"Not for myself, Colonel Halbrooke," she continued, "for I inherited a fortune, but for you. The property has been sold, according to instructions, and the money coming from the sale is yours. Sir John wished you to take it. He often said that your allowance was paltry compared with what should have been yours and would have been, too, had your father not left so many debts behind him."

"You are privileged to speak as you please about my father," I murmured. "Were he living, you would be his mother."

"Don't be ridiculous, sir!" cried her ladyship sharply. "And if you are trying to mortify me you may as well understand that you cannot succeed. I mean to do right, and I regret nothing that I have done. I did not know anything of your grandfather's foolish wishes about us until his will was read."

"Do I understand that the money is really mine, Helen?"

"Yes, all yours."

"Well, I want it."

"You shall have it. Never fear. But are you so frightfully in debt?" asked my companion in a low, awed whisper, her big eyes full of gentlest sorrow.

"In debt? Thank heaven, no! But I can receive nothing from you unless you give yourself to me also."

"Would you marry your grandmother?" she asked between a sob and a laugh.

"I would! And my great-grandmother, too, if she came to me like this."

Then a smile like the full sunshine wreathed my darling's perfect lips, and—well, to me that prim old terrace became then simply Eden, a garden of all delights.

She is my wife now. I like my family far too well to think of marrying out of it.

Cardinal Newman. A friend of Cardinal Newman says in The Cornhill that that eminent man spent every day from 9 to 2 or 3 o'clock in his study. "He always kept on his table the edition of Gibbon, with the notes of Guizot and Millman, Dollinger's 'Heidentum und Judentum,' almost always the copy of 'Athenianum' which had belonged to Bossuet and which contained in the margin notes in the handwriting of the great bishop—the 'last of the fathers' as Newman delighted to call him. Newman had also always near at hand some Greek poet or philosopher."

"Talking to me one day about Greek thinkers, he said—and I believe he has mentioned it to others—that he owed little or nothing intellectually to any Latin writer, with one exception. The exception was not St. Augustine, but Cicero. He always maintained that he owed his marvelous style to the persistent study of Cicero. This will strike, no doubt, many people as most strange. St. Augustine, one would think, would have appealed to Newman, and his Latin was more picturesque than that of Cicero."

"Again, authorities say that Newman wrote better English than Cicero Latin. Newman has been constantly insisted on his objections to the great Roman statesman."

Black Days. In the calendar of the nations there are quite a number of "Black" days. "Black Monday" was April 14, 1360, a day so dark and cold that many of the army of Edward III, king of England, which lay before the city of Paris, were frozen to death. An immense bush fire occurred on "Black Thursday" in Australia, Feb. 6, 1851. Two events are commemorated by "Black Friday" in England—Dec. 6, 1755, when the news reached England that the pretender had arrived at Derby, and May 11, 1866, when the failure of Overland, Gursey & Co. brought on a most disastrous panic. A panic in New York occurred Sept. 23, 1856, which was afterward known as "Black Friday." "Black Saturday" is the name applied to Aug. 4, 1621, when a great storm occurred at the time parliament was sitting to enforce episcopacy upon the people.

The Magnet Rock.

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

"When I was prospecting in Colorado," said the stranger to a group around the hotel stove, my partner and I started out from Denver with a burro load of provisions and tools and with our minds made up to find a fortune or let the burro die in the attempt.

Well, we lost our bearings. I didn't know where we were, and my partner didn't, and as like as not the burro didn't, but we had heard plenty of stories about animal instinct and the cat coming back, so we concluded to leave it to the burro and see if he could pilot us to some point or other that we knew.

"There wasn't much to do but to give him his head, and he kept knocking along in the direction of somewhere to us unknown."

"One night he got loose and wandered off, leaving his load for us to carry or to cache where we were likely never to find it again. Then we went hunting for the burro instead of hunting for our way out of the wilderness, and we divided up his load and took it along with us."

"The hunt had continued a week, when one morning we spied the burro about half a mile ahead of us, apparently standing on a piece of rising ground, surveying the landscape."

"He saw us as we approached and whinnied and showed all sorts of signs of joy, but he didn't move a peg. When we got to within 50 feet of him, we noticed that the rising ground on which he stood was in reality a huge black stone standing up from the ground to about three feet at its highest point."

"As soon as we struck the stone, going to the burro, we found that it was all we could do to lift our feet up, and we hadn't gone more than three or four steps till we fairly stuck to the stone. We thought we were paralyzed at first and were scared half to death, but in my efforts to walk I pulled one of my feet out of its shoe, and when I put that foot down on the stone I found I could use it all right."

"Then we took off our shoes, my partner, who was considerable of a scientific man, suggesting that the stone must be magnetic and was acting on the steel pegs in our soles and heels. We knew the magnetic stone was holding the burro fast by the heavy, steel shoes he wore for mountain travel. He had tried to walk until his fore feet were so far from his hind feet that he was swayed back. He had evidently been a prisoner until he was half starved and famished, and we did not wonder that he was glad to see us."

"Of course the first thing for us to do was to get him off the stone, and we began by trying to pry him loose, but as fast as we got one foot free and tackled another one the magnet would pull the free one back again, and the best we could do was to get his fore feet nearer the hind ones and relieve the strain on his spinal column."

"We tried to roll him over on his back, but he couldn't lie down, and we had to give that up too. Then we determined to take off his shoes, and, going back after our ax, we started in with that, but the magnet dragged it out of our hands and held it so fast we broke the handle trying to get it loose. Stones were the only tools we could use, and after an hour's work with them we got the shoes off, and the burro was free. By rucks, gentlemen, the joy of that dumb animal when he found he could walk and had a chance to get at grass and water was enough to bring tears to eyes unused to weep."

The hack driver snuffed, but he apologized by saying he had a cold.

"We gave the burro a day to fill up and get some of his strength back," continued the stranger, "and, putting the pack once more on his back, we proceeded on our course, the burro making the best time I ever saw a burro make. We believed we had found something greater than a gold mine and intended to come back and develop our find."

"We had a long, hard trip still before us, but we got out at last and reached Denver in good shape, all things considered. Interesting scientific and moneyed people in our discovery, we organized another party and went back to find the magnet, but its location escaped us, as is often the case with mines in that vast region, and, do what we could, we could not locate it."

The stranger stopped as if he had reached the end of his story.

"Why in thunder didn't you let the mule lead the party?" asked the hack driver in a state of suppressed excitement.

The stranger looked at him more in pity than in anger.

"Why didn't we?" he replied. "We did, but as soon as the burro was headed in that direction and got his bearings he turned tail and started east on a dead run, and we haven't seen him since. Have any of you seen a strange burro in this neighborhood? I'm here on my way to the Atlantic ocean looking for him."

"Well, I'll be darned!" remarked Sam Perkins, and everybody else was speechless.—St. Louis Republic.

The Art of Skipping. When I meet a paragraph which begins—

"It is now necessary to retrace our steps somewhat to explain"—Or,

"The crimson sun by this time neared the horizon. Far over the hills stretched a vault of heavy cloud, its strange purple tints fading and dissolving into"—Or,

"But the contents of this room, his sanctum sanctorum, deserve more detailed description"—Or,

"Oh, strange, unfathomable mystery of existence, compelling our purblind race"—

When, I say, I meet a passage in a novel which begins thus, I skip like anything.—Pilot.