

THE AGE LIMIT.

The middle aged artisan who could not find work because he was not a young man has again turned up with a protest against "man's inhumanity to man," and the discussion of the age limit has been renewed.

It appears that not a few large employers of labor draw the limit at forty-five, men above that age being refused work, while in some cases thirty-five is made the age limit.

Arrangements of this kind lead disappointed artisans to inquire if it is not the proper thing to shoot a man for having outlived his usefulness when he reaches the prescribed age.

There is something painfully humiliating to the progressive civilization of the day when the diffused energies of any active and painstaking and faithful man, expended through a lifetime of constant and apparently well directed effort, fails to protect his old age from the pangs of poverty and the shadows of the poorhouse.

There is an age limit when the struggle for a livelihood should cease, and when the good deeds of a generation should smother the heart with sunshine before the hungry soul goes out to God. Some day civilization will solve these problems.

WIFE—THEN SERVANT.

Cadiz, Ohio, has a perennial theme for gossip in the employment of his wife as a servant by Alfred F. Elliott, a wealthy resident. Mrs. Elliott ran away with the handsome family coachman a year ago. Then the man deserted her and she came back to beg her husband's forgiveness. He would not give her this, but agreed to engage her as a paid servant, because "the children would find her useful." Not only does Mrs. Elliott humbly take orders from the family, but also from the cook. She helps in the kitchen, cleans her husband's and her children's shoes, waits at table and generally acts as a maid of all work.

Elliott is a retired real estate dealer, who now passes his time on a model farm. It is a splendid place, stocked with valuable and thoroughbred animals of all kinds. The owner is very rich and there is no reason why he should make his wife a servant as a matter of economy. She is a refined and educated woman.

All honor to diplomacy! It can make black appear white—black sin like spotless innocence. Here comes Russia by an official and says the Anglo-Japanese agreement to preserve the integrity of China is exactly in accord with her policy. And this after having crowded and despoiled China of territory at every turn for fifty years! Russia has taken what she wanted worst, a Pacific port open all the year round—Port Arthur. Vladivostok is closed by ice four to six months of the year and a southern port is a necessity. The Russian bear will bide his time and again squeeze China when no one may say him nay.

The Oregonian has no love for trusts or trust breeding tariffs. While bound to the Republican party through business considerations it cannot forbear giving that party a thrust between the ribs occasionally. Witness this sarcastic utterance:

The tariff ought to be reformed, and it will be reformed by the Republican leaders with utter fearlessness and entire partiality whenever and wherever the protected trusts point out the changes they are ready for. This, as we understand it, is the Republican programme, and if we are in error we are open to evidence to the contrary.

General Chaffee over in the Philippines cannot pose as a philanthropist. More than that, if re-

ported correctly, he can take a place with the most cruel Spaniards, a race that has produced the most brutal military commanders. Blush for your countryman when you learn that he proposes to settle the war in the Philippines by the very simple and effective method of exterminating the Filipinos! Nero, Alva and Chaffee may be grouped for a bloody historical trio.

This morning's Register mentions the name of Hon. S. H. Friendly as the possible nominee for state senator on the Republican ticket. That is the usual way. By the time convention comes about Mr. Friendly will be forgotten. We do not think, though, we make a mistake in saying that no man could or would do more for Lane county in the state senate than S. H. Friendly. He is an active business man, knows how to meet and treat men, and would work and vote for practical legislation.

If we are to believe all reports Admiral Pallister, formerly in command of the British Pacific squadron, is about the most generous man alive. Victoria people, up in British Columbia, have organized a company to search for pirate treasure on Cocos Island, South Pacific waters, and the admiral proposes to show where it can be found for one-fourth of the amount. Most any other man having sole knowledge as to its location would take all.

The National Calendar Company's "announcement" for 1903 is on our table. The people who look for neat and tastily designed calendars about the first of the year have little thought of the expenditure of time and money in calendar manufacture. The company referred to announce that their line of 1903 calendar samples will be ready for delivery by the first of March, ten months before they can come into general use.

Eleven lives were lost in a St. Louis hotel fire Sunday, and now an indictment may be found against the proprietor for failure to provide fire escapes. The question naturally comes to one's mind why the city authorities overlooked the lack of facilities for leaving the building in case of fire? Indicting the proprietor is somewhat akin to locking the stable after the horse is stolen.

Colonial Secretary Joseph Chamberlain denies that to the golden wealth of South Africa was due the spoliation of the Boers. The fact remains, though, that Great Britain made no assertion of her claim to the country until the mines became immensely valuable. The Boers would be in happy possession today had it remained only a vast pasture land.

A Portland woman had more confidence in her husband than most women. Her will, just probated, left property valued at \$26,000 to the husband, with this statement: "I intentionally omit giving anything to my children, knowing that my husband will care and provide for them."

The California code permits a life sentence for the crime of highway burglary, and with good reason. No highwayman attempts to rob his victim unless he is armed, then in case of resistance he will kill. He is a murderer at heart when he attempts the crime.

The royalty-worshipping set of so-called Americans over in London have been struck a hard blow in the announcement that invitations to the august coronation ceremonies will be restricted to the ambassador and wife.

Will C. Brown, just elected third vice-president of the great New York Central Railroad, the real executive head, began his railroad career as a section man and piling cordwood.

A curious death was that near Forest Grove, Washington county the other day when a man fell forward in a marshy place, face in the mud, dying from suffocation.

J. M. DICK DEAD.

The Old Time Minister Died in New Mexico.

Daily Guard, Feb. 14.
Mr. S. B. Eakin is just in receipt of a private letter from M. O. Dick, of East Los Vegas, N. M., telling of the death of his uncle, J. M. Dick, well and favorably known throughout this county. We are permitted to copy the following from the letter:

"EAST LOS VEGAS, N. M., February 10, '02.
"My Uncle Jeremiah M. Dick died Saturday night, Feb. 8, after an illness of three days, of old age, heart failure probably.
"His last days were among his kindred who did everything possible to make him comfortable. And he seemed to be so happy and contented. His last moments passed without apparent suffering; but he was very restless at the last. His breath ceased with a struggle.
"His body was shipped to his birthplace in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, for burial in the family lot."

And so died one of God's noblemen—a man whose every instinct was good, of whom it could truly be written, "he loved his fellow-man."

J. M. Dick was born in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, March 17, 1818. He was a graduate of the Western University at Pittsburgh in 1837. After attending a theological school he entered the ministry in 1841. Left New York November 5, 1851, for California by the Isthmus of Panama route. Came to Oregon in January, 1852, and to Lane county in 1853, taking up a donation claim on Camp Creek in this county. He resided almost continuously on the Camp Creek place until a few years ago when failing health brought him to Eugene. The winters began to weigh heavily on his health and he sought the mild, dry climate of Arizona the three winters past, returning to Eugene for the summer.

Few of our people who saw his gaunt, bent form on the streets at intervals for several years gone by supposed he had passed not only the three score and ten years allotted to man, but more than four score years, his age being but a month short of eighty-four. He was never married.

List of Letters.

Remaining in the postoffice at Eugene, Oregon, February 13, 1902.

Angell, Mrs. L. M.
Collins, Frank A.
Clayton, J. H.
Crandie, Ed.
Eldguard, S. W.
Fischer, August
Frazer, R. M.
Hayes, Florence
Hubbard, Frank
Krause, A. H. F.
Long, Mrs. Lucinda
Maclean, Frank
Mitchell, Frank
Mulkey, A.
McDonald, Alexander
Montgomery, Wm. L.
Pipes, Mrs. Hattie
Price, P. A.
Shaw, Lauretta
Talia, S.
Weltman, Frank

A charge of one cent will be made on all letters given out. Persons when calling for letters will please state when advertised.

H. F. MCCORMACK, P. M.

MARRIED.—At the home of the bride's parents in Cottage Grove, Friday, Feb. 12, 1902, Mr. Chas. Finerty to Miss Minnie McKibben, Rev. Eugene Zimmerman officiating.

BORN.—On the Coast Fork on Feb. 7, 1902, to the wife of John Weeden, twins, a boy and a girl.

BORN.—At Divide on Feb. 1, 1902, to the wife of A. S. Emerson, an 8½ pound boy.

BORN.—At Thurston, Sunday, Feb. 9, 1902, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Ross, a daughter.

BORN.—To Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wood, near Eugene, Feb. 14, 1902, a son.

Albany Democrat: Orman Miller was held up on the bridge over the Long Tom near Junction, but having no money lost nothing. The attention of Congressman Tongue is called to the dangerous condition of Long Tom and he will no doubt be asked for another and larger appropriation sufficient to provide a regular guard.

Major Dyer, of the board which examined the horses purchased here for the U. S. artillery, was in command of the Sixth artillery in the Philippines. Two of his batteries were at the deposit with Co. C of this city and the other companies of the Third battalion of the Second Oregon regiment. He says he remembers the men of the Second Oregon very well.

MAKING IT EASY.

SHE—Now, dear, break the news of our engagement gently to Papa.

HE—How shall I start in?

SHE—Oh! You might begin with saying that I have just died!

TOWED BY A WHALE AN UNPROFITABLE JOB.

BY M. QUAD.

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If you could get a peep at Lloyd's register bearing date of Oct. 23, 1888, you would find recorded under the head of "The Loss of the Swan" an article composed of about forty lines of type.

The brig Swan was trading along the African coast and had run into the bight of Benin to anchor for a week. She was a Liverpool ship, commanded by Captain Streeter, and had been a trader for ten years. The Swan was known all along the coast from Liberia to the country of the Hottentots and had never met with an instance of treachery when dealing with the natives. On this trip I was rated as an apprentice boy, and she carried eleven others in her crew. There were some repairs to be made after we came to anchor about half a mile from the surf, and it was two days before a native came out to us in his canoe and invited all hands to go ashore for a feast and a barter. As that was the usual way no one had reason to be suspicious, but the captain did not neglect proper safeguards. He went to the feast with six armed men for company, leaving four of us to mind the brig. She was armed with muskets and cannon, and we were ordered to maintain a strict lookout and signal at once if any number of natives pulled out to us. It was to be an all night carouse on the beach, and the three men with me soon declared that there was no possible danger and proceeded to enjoy themselves. They hadn't the sense to stop when their legs began to tangle up and, as a consequence, all were in a drunken sleep before midnight.

Fires had been lighted on the shore and the voices could be plainly heard aboard as they shouted and sang. My situation was a lonely one, and I was troubled about the drunken sailors, but nothing occurred to startle me until about 1 o'clock in the morning. Then there was a sudden grand yell from the natives, followed by three or four musket shots and more yelling, and I was satisfied that the party on shore had been attacked. I made every effort to arouse the sleepers, but all my work was thrown away. I had just come away from them in despair when I caught sight of a fleet of canoes pulling off the shore. If I had been able to fire one of the big guns, it would have had no effect, and of course I could not hope to beat them off with a musket. I did what most any other boy would probably do—climbed up into the maintop and hid myself away. Ten minutes later the natives to the number of a hundred boarded the brig, and although they found the three sailors still asleep they quickly dispatched them and threw them overboard. If they looked for others, it was below instead of aloft.

The idea was to run the brig ashore and plunder her. The fellows knew that the anchor held her stationary, but they could neither work the windlass nor unshackle the chain. After a long and noisy consultation they finally talked on to the cable to lift the anchor by main strength. A sailor will say that it couldn't be done, but looking down from my perch in the gray of the morning I saw them gather in at least three fathoms of chain. That meant that they had lifted that anchor twenty-one feet from the bed of the sea. They had still three fathoms to overcome, and were taking a long breath to get it ready when the cable was pulled out of their hands and drawn taut and the brig began moving out of the bay. There was a panic at once, and she had not gone half a mile when the last native was overboard into his canoe and pulling for the beach. If they were frightened half to death I was none the less so, and we had got well out to the mouth of the bight before I solved the mystery. The brig was towed as if following a tug, and I was down on deck and peering over her bows when a whale suddenly rose a few fathoms in front of her and fell back with a great splash. He was a big fellow, and I had time to see that one of the anchor flukes was caught in his mouth like a giant fishhook. He came up again and again, and he shook his mighty head and rolled over and over in his efforts to get rid of the hook, but it was too firmly fastened. When the sea opened out and the leviathan realized that he was in a scrape, he started off on a straight line and increased his speed. I had been given a few tricks at the wheel, and I took it and soon learned how to make a straight course after him. Later on I found that I could lash it fast and serve the same purpose.

At a speed of at least fifteen miles an hour the whale ran from 5 o'clock in the morning to 1 in the afternoon without a stop and without deviating a foot from a true course. Then he lay on the surface and rested for an hour, and the blood from his mouth dyed the sea for yards around. When he started again, it was with a rush, but the cable held, and he ran until about 7 o'clock in the evening. Then he suddenly stopped, and before I could make out what he was up to he came up under the brig with such force as to stove in a dozen bottom planks and nearly turn her over. She began to fill at once, and with a rush he broke the cable and was off with the anchor. As we had a cargo of light goods aboard, including 400 kegs of rum, the brig waterlogged instead of going down, and for the next two days I was in her rigging without food or water and afraid that every plunge would be her last. Then a French ship hove in sight and took me off, and I was eventually landed in Brest as the sole and only survivor of the ill-fated crew. As was afterward learned, the captain's party were cut down to a man before the attack on the brig.

It was a case of a jealous, suspicious husband with a pretty wife. He had some suspicions which could only be cleared up by having his wife continually watched, and for this purpose it was requisite to have a lady who would go to her as a companion while he was abroad and report to him every little thing she said or did during his absence.

"Good pay," the detective said quietly when I announced my decision of altering my mind and not undertaking it. "You will make \$200 in a fortnight, have no expenses and nothing to do but be with the lady and go with her everywhere—theaters, concerts, balls, all sorts of things. Moreover," he went on quietly, "I don't think you will object when you have seen the lady. I have no opinion in the matter at all, but she seems a quiet, sweet little woman, and you may be the means of clearing up this suspicion about her and so restoring her happiness. Wait until you have seen her."

I did, and my heart went out to her at once. I felt that by clearing up these suspicions I should be doing one of the best things I had ever done in my life, and I agreed to go to her on the following Monday.

"I don't mind so much when my husband goes away," she said, with a little smile, "because I know it is necessary for his health, but I do feel a little lonely sometimes, of course, and he is always so thoughtful about me in every way. He can't bear to think of my being lonely, so he insisted on my having a lady as companion this time or, he said, he wouldn't go at all."

By the little flush of happiness on her face I knew that as yet she had not the faintest idea that he had such base suspicions of her as to degrade her by having her watched, and I prayed heaven she might never do so. Meanwhile I wrote to the husband every day, giving a detailed account of the way in which each hour of the day and night was spent by her.

I had been told that it was suspected that she had many gentleman visitors, and my instructions were to take particular notice of this. I did so, but the ladies far outnumbered the gentlemen, and those who came were mostly old friends of herself or her husband—cousins or distant relatives and a brother who came often. I often wondered what that brother would have thought had he known his sister was being continually watched by a lady detective.

I imagined how he would have loathed and hated the sight of me and how he would have resented my presence there. As it was, he was particularly nice to me and invariably sat near me and chatted pleasantly, on one occasion even going so far as to say how he looked forward to seeing me and how pleased he was his sister had some nice girl to be with her. But when one day he brought me some flowers, with a few whispered words, I felt as if the blossoms themselves would sting me. The room swam in a mist before me, and when I had the courage to look up at him my eyes were swimming in tears. He was looking down at me in a contemplative, curious way, and there was a pensive little smile round his mouth, while his eyes told me something which made my heart beat furiously.

No words can tell how miserable I was or how I wished I had never undertaken such work. I could not stop now I had begun, and I simply longed for the time to end. It was the injured little wife herself who continually—quite unconsciously, of course—tortured me beyond words. She would sit by the hour together telling me of her husband's goodness—what a dear, true fellow he was, how devoted to her, how she really believed he thought she was a perfect angel (this with a little, happy laugh) and how he spoiled her. But the last straw was when one day she confided to me, with a little regretful sigh, that she often felt she was not good enough for such a splendid man; her happiness was more than she deserved, etc.

But the fortnight drew to an end at last, and the husband came home. He was a good, straightforward, honest and honorable man as far as all other things were concerned, but he had been cursed with the demon of jealousy, and the anguish of his own baseless suspicions had well nigh killed him.

I must say I considered he had thoroughly deserved all he had suffered, and when he came to thank me I told him so. As for the money, nothing on earth would have made me take it, and I think even he felt ashamed when I said this.

"You are not fit to touch the ground she walks on," I said indignantly. "She is far too good for you, but you have your life before you, and that is not a bit too much to spend in making up to her for all the injury you have done her."

He took it quietly, and the next day I said goodbye to them, with many tears on her part and mine. There was another reason for these tears—her brother had proposed to me, and I had refused him. It cost me much, but it was impossible under the circumstances, and to prevent his finding me out, which he had declared his intention of doing, I resolved to change my name and, if I could only obtain some small engagement in that line, become an actress.

The War of the World.

"What's the reason you're not calling on your girl tonight?"

"Oh, I gave that up some time ago!"

"Engagement broken?"

"No; we're married."—New York Telegraph.

THE GIRL AT SMITH'S

It all began one morning last June. When I was going down town to my office, I happened to look up at Smith's window and saw her looking at me. I gave only a quick glance at her that time, but her face haunted me all day long as I sat at my desk. I left the office earlier that evening, and as I began to near Smith's I looked to catch a glimpse of her should she happen to be there. Smith, by the way, is a fashionable ladies' garment maker, and so I thought she might have to be there again to attend to the inexorable demands of her dressmaker.

As I hurried on I almost trod upon a newsboy who was calling out his "extra speculums," and I jostled against an elderly man who was carrying a paper parcel—jostled with sufficient force to cause him to drop the burden. With profuse apologies I stooped and picked it up for him. He received my overtures with much calmness, looking over his glasses and screwing up his mouth till the little lines that radiated across his shaven upper lip made it look like a miniature aurora borealis. Then I continued my headlong flight, and soon I was opposite Smith's. I looked up. Sure enough, there she stood, looking down the street. I watched her. She was calm. As Tennyson says, "Her eyes were homes of silent prayer." I stayed as long as I dared, for I knew the magnetic effect on the passerby when one stops to look at anything intently, and I was jealous enough not to want any one else to look at her. One evening as I was looking at the performers by some unaccountable attraction my sight was drawn to one young woman who, in playing a subordinate part, was costumed in a nicely fitting suit of brown. What was it that made it seem familiar? It was the costume I had seen her wear as she stood one morning in Smith's window as I passed. Could it be that I had found her at last? The face did not seem quite the same, but the dress I could swear to.

This increased the mystery. As soon as the performance was over I went to the stage door, whence all the participants of the evening would leave the theater. I waited on the opposite side of the street for her to appear. I crossed and stood under the lamp that lighted the sidewalk dimly around the door. One or two that I was almost sure were she passed out into the waiting carriages, but still I did not feel fully satisfied. It was growing very late, and I was chilly from the damp air that was drifting in from the harbor. Presently the light was turned out, and all was darkness. The last carriage had rolled away some minutes before—evidently all were out who went that way—and, foiled in my search, I turned homeward once more. A great sorrow was upon me.

The next day I felt angry with her—angry for no cause of hers, but angry because I had been prevented from meeting her. I did not care to hang about Smith's, nor did I have any excuse that would take me in there. I went to my work by another route. I saw new things and met new faces and arrived at my office without having once thought of her. But all day while at my desk I kept feeling that the day had not been properly begun, and I counted the hours until the time should come when I would be free to go home and go past her again. Oh, face haunted days!

Again my plans were changed, this time through no agency of mine, for as I was leaving the office I saw in his charming little brougham my friend Robinson, who, seeing me, pulled up and said: "Here, old man, let me drive you home. Jump in here. I won't take 'no' for an answer." So I got in beside him, and we rode homeward by another route.

"Old boy," said Robinson, "you are not looking yourself. What's the matter with you? Are you in love?"

"No, I think not," I replied. "Anyway, I have no reason to be. I don't know of any girls in the office, not even the typewriter, and the only ones I meet during the day are the waiters, but I am not in love with them."

"You speak as though there was a bare possibility of your being in love after all. Now, what and who is it? Tell me about it. A fault confessed is half redressed, and in this case you may feel easier if you have some one to tell it to and to talk with about her."

"No," I protested, "I am not in love. I don't know any woman, I say."

"Well, that may all be, but you can be in love with a woman you don't know. Where have you seen her?"

"In Smith's."

"Smith's! Where's that? Not the ladies' tailor, is it?" he exclaimed in some surprise.

"Yes, I begin to think she works there, but that doesn't make any difference, does it?"

"Oh, no, I suppose not! Love will go where it is sent, if it is out of the window. But I think I know her. Let's drive around by there, and we may see her."

I was only too delighted at the prospect of seeing her, and we soon came near Smith's. We were both on the lookout for my divinity.

Fortune favored us. There she stood. My heart beat fast, but Robinson laughed loudly.

"Oh, oh, I thought I knew her! You fool! That's the wax face lay figure they fit and display dresses over."

The subsequent items of my biography are of no public interest. I have not been in love since. I have had enough of it.