Eugene Guard

SATURDAY ..... MARCH 1

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Born February 22, 1732.

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens."

CITY ELECTION VOTING.

Registration not Required as Provided for City Election Purposes.

The Guard has been asked for information as to the application of the registration law to the City of Eugene election which is held annually on the first Monday of each April.

We have carefully examined the election laws as compiled by the Secretary of State and cannot find any provision whereby city elections, except in Portland, for which a special law was passed, require registration of electors. While the law provides that no voter residing in the county shall register in the county clerk's office, the officials are required to make up list for the city.

Further it would be impossible for Clerk Lee to make up complete list for the city election as registration is allowed till May 15th, more than a month after the city election. Then with the city holding annual elections registration for county and state purposes is only required every two years.

Eugene will vote in the good old way and it is good enough.

THE SCHLEY-SAMPSON CONTROVERSY.

While the admirals and their friends have been claiming each other as to which should have the credit for the battle, President Roosevelt operates a fleet movement and says it was essentially a naval battle.

The public will hope that the President's right to be dubbed the naval "school mistress" will become very evident. In the first, and last place, too, I was in light. Then we required to make a battle, and in the use the American battleships, that were invulnerable to almost any shot the Spaniards might have fired, shortly followed by Dewey, Sampson and others, have to prove or compelled them to take for beach. The disparity of guns and armament was such that we had to Spaniards lought, they would have had as little show as a snowball in the last place. The controversy has been a sickening, disgusting one throughout, very demoralizing, whether and all.

SOME ADVERTISING NOVELTY.

Some one has made a mistake by discontinuing their advertising when business is dull, says the National Advertiser. Others make a mistake by neglecting to change when is in full swing because business is dull. It would be as reasonable for a passenger to repudiate his seat from day after he became tired, as for anything happening to take the place of the which was published yesterday. Such a proposition would be many times more unreasonable than for average person who did not care to read a second time the same news which was given to the people from day to day.

The Guard advises advertisers to change their advertisements frequently. We really make the change without cost to the business, as it not only keeps a permanent item, but keeps the advertisement constantly before the public, the salesman of general merchandise in their establishments. Advertisements read in public, but it allows to see the same second-hand.

A county capital commissioner in Walla Walla recently married the last surviving son of a Revolutionary soldier, recently died, and the bride. He is a "home" young, handsome gay bachelor.

Senior wasn't crazy at the moment—he was the man who, and keep his eye on office.

King Edward of England is an exceedingly kind grandpa. This business for the necessities is an inherited form of affection, for his grandfather having been bound up with her strong family ties.

Talk of waiting until to injure! Three people who compelled postmaster in a little Indian Territory town to hold their horses while they robbed the store just minutes the mail into their victims.

In Russell the Brooklyn motion was offered repeal the resolution half a string to the proposition, it seems. The convention will objects to be better half being on the minutemen, at least while alive. There are other women who would not say no to such a proposition.

Bills have been introduced in the Ohio legislature providing that railroads cars shall be so arranged that the engineer and fireman cannot see each other. With such an arrangement they could talk, but their eyes would be kept on the proper place—on the track ahead.

Arthur Egan, a seventeen-year-old boy who saved twenty-seven lives on Lake Michigan some months since, goes on annual distinctions. The Royal Humane Society of Great Britain bestows two medals a year for exceptional acts of bravery. Young Egan gets one of the 1901 medals. Besides he is the first American to receive the Humane Society medal.

Dancing machines and Chinese have had a short, sharp struggle for supremacy in Indian Territory, and the dancing machines won. The machine requires only two men to run it, and it takes the place of forty Chinamen. Indian women are still needed to dance, but Indians and Chinamen to scrub floors, but Chinamen will not work where a machine is set up.

People about and above Pittsburg who have interests on the Allegheny River, naturally are not resting easy these days. There is no go along the river for seventy miles varying in distance from five to sixteen feet. If it goes out with a heavy rain there will be trouble. Boat and barge men are hoping for a gradual thaw.

The old Spanish National Academy and Institute, manufacturing and business depression with the commencement this only a few hundred years ago was the first power of the world—first not only in war but in art, literature, commerce, all that goes to make a great country with a happy and contented people.

An alleged bogus Emanuel here in the U. J. Hammit claim, New York, have been disposed of by the supreme court of the state. "Claims should come to him," said the court, "when merely technical and harassing litigation will not be entered by the court. It would seem, therefore, as to the estate of U. J. Hammit, that the time has come."

That it is easier to spend money than to make it is again illustrated in the case of "Younger" Anderson of Detroit. He did very well in making a million dollars in six years, but made a mark, if not brilliant, decided in being three million in six months, and he has a job that was not in sight.

The moon has been raised the price of brooms twenty-five cents a dozen. But, bough with accompanying example in prunes, it may prominent and a bitter for people with the statement that manufacturing combinations bring lower prices. They can wipe the sweat from the people.

BUT HE DIDN'T DIDN.

Jones—What make you so downhearted?

Jones—My sweetheart with her pure and unfeigned mother scorns.

Jones—What of that?

Jones—Every time she does I do the old man and he wants to get even.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Said to Have Been Looking for Jas. Nichols—Other Junction News.

From the Times.

Rumors have been circulated concerning the identity of the highwayman who held up Jay Miller near the Harris bridge on Long Tom, a stranger had been noticed in several parts in the vicinity during the afternoon he was seen to stop the stages after the robbery. It is the general belief prevalent that the highwayman was after Jas. Nichols, the noted sleuth, as he was in the neighborhood and was known to carry money.

E. A. Smith, of Eugene, has opened a cigar and gun factory in the building north of the post. He will also repair guns. Mr. Smith is a good mechanic and was formerly associated with Harr Bros., of Eugene. We hope he will make a success of the venture.

W. L. Wright has a force of men remodeling the building which adjoins his furniture store on the north. It will now be a part of the furniture store, connected by an archway. Hereafter he will carry a larger stock.

J. T. Lee came down from Eugene Wednesday. He turns a deaf ear to all troubling him and the object of his visit is to have an after "Doctor Lee, so." He assures further the almost lay second-growth.

Registration is progressing very slowly in the Junction precinct. Not more than one-fourth of the voters have registered.

MRS. LYMAN DEAD.

Died at Denver, Colorado, Thursday.

Daily Guard, Feb. 2.

Mrs. D. L. Palmer this morning received a telegram from Miss Grace Murray, who is now in Baker City, stating that her mother and Mrs. Palmer's sister, Mrs. Ella Lyman, died in Denver, Colorado, on Thursday of this week. No particulars of her death were received.

Mrs. Lyman managed about 40 years and lived in Eugene for a long time, for instance, Wm. Lyman, I will be remembered, was drowned about a year and a half ago while engaged in logging. She leaves three children, Grace, Fred and Irene Murray.

No information has been received in regard to the death.

Surgeon Gale Funny.

Dallas Itemizer: The Register this morning's news was wet. Last evening Amos Hyde and Harry were engaged in the office by mistaking the Hoffman House with the gentlemen and Mr. Hunter of the hall of last Monday to form of the Hoffman House, Eugene, Oregon. Mr. Will Hunter, graduate 1899 Normal, is the actor, and was the accidental meeting room of Mr. Hyde mentioned to Mr. Hardy, "There goes one Roman man," and Mr. Hardy asserted. Now who is the "Mr. Hardy?"

Anyone that is desirous to see the matter interview either of the two gentlemen, Hyde or Hardy.

"Now we might add to the above the action of the Register owner the right-hand man."

Yours,

SURGEON.

SOMETHING MORE INTERESTING.—Thursday Hillsboro mentioned several Oregon citizens who are 80 years old. Our attention has been called to another one, Mrs. Elizabeth Griffin, mother of the late J. P. Griffin, who has been living with her family here ever since they moved from the East, a good many years ago. She is 80 and just. We will be glad to print the name of other ones.

TO THE TOWN AND HILLTOP.—Oregon Tidewater: John P. Kelly, president of the South-Kelly Lumber Co., of Eugene, was in Portland recently. He reports the lumber trade on with eastern cities. There are shipping long timber to Boston, New York and Boston.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT.—Wm. Stevens is building a new cottage on U. street, near the University. W. F. Dampier is drawing the plans.

BORN.—At Eugene, on Nov. 21, 1901, to the wife of J. D. Hammitt, a daughter.

In speaking of the Journal, the paper is mistaken when it states that the Bedford Railway. "There was Gray's Harbor Railway and possibly the San Francisco Transfer, the New York Central and the Chicago Junction—all Wills Sweetwater—a company that, as I know."

There was some interest in the action of the Bedford county jury Friday morning will do well to hear the action that will be taken by the same counsel morning. It will be a long time before Bedford will be a place worth the name of a town. It will not be long before the people will put on a man who has the strong resolution to carry it.

TRAIN DISPATCHING

Once I was a train dispatcher. Just how and why don't matter to the reader.

One night the mail was hardly late with trains when I came in duty. I wondered how it happened I should ever get the passenger train through without delay. There seemed to be a train on every siding over the whole length of the road and each between stations. I waited for a leaver. I was to be off duty at midnight, when I would be "tough" enough, when each train received a message which must be sent to each one concerned, clearly. You will easily see how in the run of business a single order might be been verbally transmitted and misunderstood, those only confusing orders, which would certainly bring them together, alone corrected.

A freight leaving left the foot of the mountain about midnight holding an order giving it the right to Summit, about twenty-five minutes ahead of it was a fast freight. The latter had an engine numbered 427, and the double train had engines 346 and 427.

Along toward morning a train was ready to go down the mountain, and I gave to order to "run wild" and wait for engine 427 at Summit. In some way or other the double train following slipped my memory completely. I have thought since I must have got mixed on the two numbers 427 and 427. At any rate, when the operator at Summit reported the two trains arriving I came over to with the sudden—and pain of a galvanic shock that I had given what we call a "lap" order.

The terrible feeling that added to often makes me shudder when I think of it now. My hand fell from the self-lung and nervous. Something seemed to cut a line before my eyes. I could not read the orders before me. The book rushed to my head, and my tongue felt like my numbers. But only for a second. Like a bolt I seized the key and asked the operator to stop the down train. It was too late. It had gone. Then I tried to reach the double train, but it too, had passed the last telegraph office and I knew no earthly power could prevent those trains from striking head, for the grade is nearly twenty feet to the mile in here.

I went to the chief dispatcher immediately and told him the situation. He was in an old mind of the railway, and an officer of the road twice he nerve almost to the point of insanity. He called nearly 200 men out to my county of mind. He would at horse and hold the train about over and wait to be over the final orders with the eyes, then jump up with a gesture of despair and say, "By gosh, that's the hell!" Then he would pace up and down the floor repeating to himself: "That's to hell, to hell. They'll strike us sure as the world!" returning always to pace over the train sheet and order book. I could have screamed with the awful agonies of nervous suspense. I confidently believe that nothing but hell of mortal and the nerving fascination kept me from rushing out and jumping into the river, accompanied by the thought.

I fell absolutely certain that some of those men would be killed. Had both trains been single the forces might possibly see and other headlights in time to jump, but I was sure to be on the second engine of the double header would go into the wreck, all love and do so with his. It has become fashionable nowadays to dabble. There is a physical sensation I don't know anything about that, but I know that if mental torture be the lot of those who are in the 4th, after our sensations are outlined, I should prefer to take my chances with the old hell-hounds of punishment.

Suddenly left warm sound with a man. The chief looked at me with a perfectly inscrutable expression and went to the entombment without a word. We both knew without telling what it meant. The trains had arrived, and he filled up everyone had broken the wires down. We waited for the trains and were hunted half way to the mountain. I gave up the last particle of hope of the and only waited to a kind of dull wonder to learn the extent of the casualty.

The hours or forty minutes that elapsed after the wire failed until we got the official report of the accident seem to be now as nearly as a dream. I remember only of the wild mechanically called out to the force of mail and bring the details as they were made to the chief. He kept tracing of the entombment to a perfect miracle of carelessness.

At length the Summit operator called and my heart leap about mouthed. I answered him. He I have from the previous sending that he had received the report. I tried to be most intelligent to twilight for the last words he telegraphed about crawl to with profundity. Before sending a line of the formal report he call me, "Thank nobody hurt!" I drew a sigh that seemed then and with "Hell, I don't know the rest of the report. I don't" and get up and walked.

I went to supper and was the conflicting and jumped out to see on the first engine of the double header, charging down upon the following one to jump and get a scrambling for the ground and with the engine jumped off. The morning was dark, a fine cold of mist on all with which the were fast in the orders. Not one hundred yards from the entombment.

A Treasure.

"What is a treasure, Jack?"

"Well, a treasure is one of those fellows that we all run a mile to be a nuisance."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The Mysterious Bill

Once upon a time there was a very old couple living in a wood which was full of all kinds of wild animals. One morning the old man went to gather some wood in the forest, leaving his old wife at home.

A little before noon the good woman went to the creek to wash clothes, when, to her astonishment, she saw a big, large peach floating upon the water directly in front of her. She picked it up, but did not eat it at once. She thought she would save it and share it with her her old man at dinner, so she put it safely away in the cupboard.

At noon when he returned and came home she cooked him a nice dinner. While they were sitting at the table she thought of the peach she laid aside in the creek and went to get it. When she opened the door of the cupboard, to her great surprise she saw a little baby coming out of the peach.

"Oh, wonderful! Oh, wonderful!" was all the old woman could say.

The old man, hearing the exclamation, immediately went to see what was the matter. He was as much astonished as his wife at the sight of the baby.

"It is very good, dear wife," said he, "for we have to child of our own, so we will take this one and bring it up as ours."

So she took the baby and wrapped it carefully and put it into a basket and placed it by the window.

In a few days the child grew so large that it was impossible to keep it in the basket, so she took a strong string and tied one end to the baby and the other to a millstone to keep it from getting away. But notwithstanding the child was so strong that it went about through the woods with the millstone and did a great deal of mischief.

In a few days the baby had grown to the size of a giant and worked with all a giant's strength helping the old man upon the little farm.

About this time the daughter of the Japanese king had been stolen by an evil ape and carried far away to an iron castle in the cold island, where she was tormented and terrorized by fierce and ugly creatures.

The chief of the isle often tried to persuade her to marry him and become his queen, but she would not accept the evil tyrant. But the old persisted in wooing her and tried in many ways to make her consent.

When the old king, her father, heard of this wonderful child, who was so strong and yet so very strong, he sent one of his servants to tell him come to the palace at once, so the child obeyed the king's order and went to the palace and was carried into the king's private chamber.

The king asked him if he would bring back his daughter from the Iron Rock. The peach child told him he would try to do it, so he did not feel so afraid of the ape. Then the king promised him that if he should succeed he would give him his daughter's hand in marriage as a reward for his great service.

Early the next morning the peach child assembled all the warriors together that were to accompany him on his expedition to Iron Rock and made them a speech, and he promised to reward all that would serve the king's cause faithfully in the expedition against the ape. They were to serve five his humble queen.

Then all agreed to obey the command of the peach child, who at once assumed control of these lord warriors, and the journey commenced.

When the whole army reached the Iron Rock all the ants made great preparation to give the peach boy's warriors battle.

Next morning both armies met on the great plains of the Iron Rock, where they fought a terrible battle until night put an end to the conflict. The fortunes of the day decided against the evil party and an immense number was slaughtered, and their blood covered the plain.

Next morning the peach child's army having completely routed the evil band and captured the iron castle of their prisoner, after a diligent search in the castle they found the beautiful and lovely daughter of the king confined in a dark dungeon.

When the victorious army opened the evil treasury, they found numerous precious things. Among them were two suits of winged dresses and a strange Japanese hat.

The peach child and the king's daughter put on the winged dresses and flew back to the king's palace in a few minutes and told the king what had happened to the Iron Rock.

The old king was very much pleased and gave his daughter in marriage to the peach child, who after the old king's death succeeded the Japanese throne.

The wonder of the age and sign was the invisible hat which was taken from the ape, out of which the king could obtain anything he wanted.—New York Sun.

Remarkable Memories.

There was a German boy who could repeate 40,000 words, whether some of nonsense, in fact were dressed and fed, never lost in the crowded order without making a single mistake. A Scotchman about forty years ago could repeat the whole of "Paradise Lost" without making a single mistake, although he had not read it for twenty years. Dean, the great mathematician, was a boy who could repeat the whole of Virgil's "Aeneid" and could remember the first line and last line of every page of the particular edition which he had been accustomed to read before he became blind.—Spare Moments.

FRIENDS.

Both Allen Harrwell and Nel Morgan intended to accomplish something in life, and with each other they were a mutual witness as to what their mutual friend of the world.

They had been friends from youth, and when the girls return returned the friendship in all its intensity the gentle bud sweet to any of a long and tried mutual understanding.

It was the subject of conversation one August afternoon as they sat together in the rocking chair of the vine on the Harrwell porch.

"The very idea!" laughed Nel. "These old people here haven't any idea beyond marriage and dying. Don't they understand that there are some other contingencies of existence besides these?"

"Of course not," answered Allen, the laughing "and they would seem a mere lunacy to hear you say so. Do you remember that Hamilton, who is to wife of rides and proprietor of champions in the form of the Hells and Pentagon?"

"The very idea of you and so being lovers," went on Nel. "When we have been playmates, chums, companions from the mind pie period."

"The idea!" echoed Allen. "Why there couldn't possibly be any romance about such a thing."

"Humbugity bills romance, you know!" He said it as if he were telling one of the immutable truths of the ages, and she acquiesced with "Of course."

"Those people here," he continued in an similar tone, "cannot appreciate the beauty of a perfect friendship existing between man and woman. They can only conceive of such a friendship as being degenerating into an affair of sense, mere and sentiment."

"But we shall give them an example of something different, shall we not, Nel?"

"Yes, of a perfect friendship, where we shall not be considered, where we shall be the confidant, the offer and the inspiration of the other."

"How glorious it will be, Nel! What a help we may be to each other! We shall be such friends as Hannah Ro and Dr. Johnson or Chatterton and Rice. Remember, Paula and Jo also!"

Well, Nel went to work and Allen went to work. Nel plugging away at the law and she entering the school as a teacher, for neither was rich.

And their friendship did grow beyond to each other, for he was an ardent and she was a stern critic and they were confidants.

"I know that you will talk to me with perfect honesty, Allen," he said. "I don't believe I really love Hannah as the world looks on love, but then she is a good, sensible girl. The match would be a good one and be in a worldly sense, and as for love—well, love will come with marriage."

"Of course," said Allen, "of course. But, Nel, do you think that you are particular out of mind would satisfy? She seems so terribly practical, Nel. She doesn't seem to be those soft, womanly qualities that seem to be a man would like. I wonder if Hannah discourage you, for she is so stern. Nel, for do you think you would be really happy with her, Nel?"

"Well, that's it," said Nel, smiling at him. "That's it. For the life of me I don't know. I marry you, Allen, mighty sorely, mighty sorely."

"Yes, so has," said Allen, and he was uncomfortable reason of the best home and cried herself to sleep. But that's just like a woman, you know."

The [illegible] vacation period [illegible] nine to [illegible] months.

"I have found teaching hard at times, Nel," she said. "But, after all, the little home trials that a woman encounters are but real compared to the duties to go back to the school room, and I have a chance to make home for myself. Henry Armstrong has asked me to marry him. He is a kind hearted man, Nel, and a settled and well tried. Tell me, Nel, do you think about it, Nel?"

"Why, Allen," said the young [illegible] "I had no idea you were so interested."

"I'm not, Nel"—

"Oh, don't talk to me! Henry Armstrong indeed! But marry him—marry him by all means."

"Why, you're not angry, are you, Nel?"

"What I mean is that I don't think that Henry Armstrong is half good enough for you, and I don't believe you love him either."

"I don't know that I do, but I don't love Henry Mason either—do you, Nel?"

"Oh, that's right! Throw that up to me, too."

"Well, I thought"—

"Oh, you thought. A woman, Allen, never should consider herself in the matter."

And the last of conversation was simply logical.

He wrote a letter that night and received it and Allen received it the next morning. It was the last morning.

The Sunset—Two years or more later. The sun is sinking in the west. It is a beautiful evening and a happy. I meet Nel Morgan and Allen Harrwell walking out in happy. They seem happy. They approach me.

They have taken the tender hand and I am in perfect with a happy contrast.

Allen, because she was a [illegible] and [illegible] to meet his [illegible] platform.

"Oh, Nel," she cried, "I wish you would be happy. Henry Armstrong is a good man, Nel, and I wish you would marry him. Do, Nel, do marry him and be happy."

"Why, Nel, what ails you? Why, I don't know what ailing you, Nel."

"Why, Nel, I want you to marry Henry Armstrong, Nel. Do, Nel, do marry him—marry him by all means."

"Why, what ailing