

Eugene Guard

SATURDAY..... MAY 10

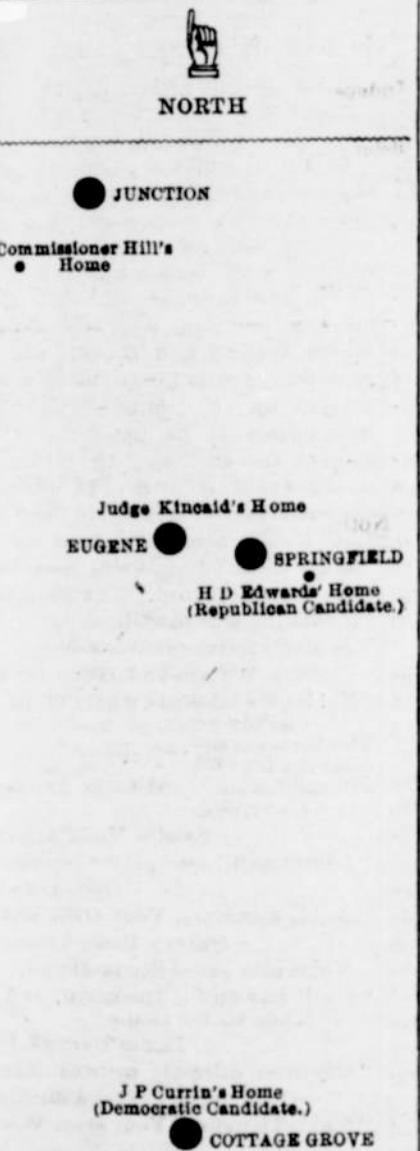
COUNTY COMMISSIONER LOCATION.

It is not for the best interests of Lane county that both members of the county commissioner's court should come from the same locality. That would not only leave other populous parts of the county unrepresented, but might result in the neglect of the unrepresented portions, with undue expenditures for roads and bridges for the section in which the commissioners might live.

It is also for the best interests of Eugene and the central portion of the county that the homes of the commissioners should be widely separated. Eugene is centrally located and it is essential to our prosperity as a town that good roads and bridges be built in every part of the county, without discrimination for or against any part thereof. Now for the application of this principle from which, we believe, there is no dissent:

The hold-over commissioner, J R Hill, resides on a farm about three miles southwest of Junction City, and Judge Kincaid resides at Eugene. H D Edwards the Republican candidate for commissioner resides in Springfield precinct only a few miles from Eugene. His election would concentrate the voting strength of the court in the central portion of the county, a condition that is not desirable.

The Democratic convention nominated J P Currin of Cottage Grove, twenty miles south of Eugene. We give a map of the county showing the several locations referred to:



There it is in black and white. We do not think that any fair minded man, however he may vote, will claim that the populous Cottage Grove section of the county, with its rich mineral district and need of good roads should be elected to go unrepresented, while the central section of the county should be represented with two members of the court. With Judge Kincaid at Eugene, J R Hill at Junction and J P Currin at Cottage Grove we should have the fairest division of the commissioner's court, sectionally considered, possible.

POLICE RECKLESSNESS.

Communicated.
The ruthless killing of young Owens at Roseburg by Policeman Reed again brings to mind the

recklessness of some officers of the law. Men, often of dull understanding and blunted sensibilities, they have no conception of their duty, but armed with a star, a billy-club and a revolver, go forth all too ready and eager to pounce upon their hapless victim, and beat his head in, or upon the slightest provocation shoot him down like a dog, without pity and without remorse. In the large cities where the arbitrary brutality of policemen is a disgrace to our civilization, it is a common thing to see a man knocked down simply because he refuses to obey the officer or because he talks back.

Now all this outrage is committed without the shadow of right or authority. The law on the powers and duties of policemen is full and explicit. He may use such force, out no more, as is necessary to make the arrest, and under no circumstance is he justified in shooting a prisoner that is running away from him, merely to prevent his escape. In killing Owens Policeman Reed was clearly guilty of murder, and he would be equally guilty had his unfortunate victim been the overcoat thief whom he supposed him to be.

"RESCUERS" NEED RESCUE.

Some of those Portland young women who are in alleged "rescue" work for their unfortunate sisters need rescuing themselves or rather guardians if they have no parents who will look after them. In the police court trial of the man charged with an assault on a rescue-worker, two girls testified that they were engaged in the work, though but sixteen years of age.

To one who is in anyway familiar with the sight of the blear-eyed dissipated denizens both male and female of those "bad lands" the idea of sending sixteen year-old girls to reform them would provoke a sarcastic smile if there was no thought of the harm that might come to the innocent girls even through knowledge of the existence of such offshootings.

CECIL RHODES' SIMPLE TASTES

In May "Everybody's"—T P O Conner.

Though Cecil Rhodes was immensely rich he spent but little of his money on himself. His tastes were simple; his wants were few. When he was Prime Minister of Cape Colony he wore the worst hat in the assembly; whenever he came to London he was the despair of his friends, and often had to go into the presence even of royalty in clothes that would have cost a gardener his situation. He had a fine house, but it was kept up for the entertainment of others. He was a somewhat heavy and coarse eater, but in that he was like Bismarck and other men of huge brains and big bodies and good digestion.

Chief owner of the greatest diamond mine and of some of the greatest gold mines of the world, he never wore any jewelry whatever; he drove no grand equipages; he despised and avoided all the outward signs of wealth.

POPE LEO'S SUCCESSOR.

Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, who is said to be the choice of the pope as his own successor, has never been an aggressive factor in church affairs, and has always held aloof from quarrels of every kind, whether church or political. He lives a quiet, retired life among the people of his parish in Venice, visiting the sick, repressing persecutions of every sort and preaching learned and eloquent sermons.

The cardinal was born at Riese, Northern Italy, in 1835. He was created cardinal in 1893, and has as his titular church in Rome that of San Bernardo alle Terme.

Roseburg Review: It is said that Banker Furnish will spend \$50,000 in his endeavor to be elected governor. As the salary for four years will amount to but half that amount what may the people expect in the way of a clean, economical administration, in case of his election?

JOE BROWNLEE DEAD.

Died this Morning From Pneumonia at Sissons.

This forenoon Moody Hollis, tag-gage master at the Southern Pacific depot, received a telegram from Sissons, California, conveying the sad news that Joe Brownlee, a former well known Eugene boy and night operator at the depot at Sissons, had died there this morning at 7:30 from pneumonia. He had been ill only a week.

The deceased young man had many friends here who will be pained to learn of his death. He learned his profession in Eugene, having commenced about three years ago. He afterwards held positions in the depots at Monmouth, Riddle, Grants Pass, Drain, Lebanon, Montague, his last station being Sissons. His mother, Mrs M E Brownlee, was with him at the time of his death. Besides her, he leaves two sisters, Miss Anna Brownlee and Mrs Steins Mayberry and one brother, Will, who is at Harrington, Wash.

The young man was aged 21 or 22 years and led an exemplary life.

DIED.—Geo Crow received a telegram from Albany yesterday that the wife of Frank Crow, his nephew, died there that day after an illness of several months, aged 45 years. They resided at Junction several years since Mr Crow running an engine out of that division station on the Southern Pacific until a change of his run required a removal to Albany.

SHOP LEASED.—Jerry Horn has leased the middle room of the wooden building back of the Matlock brick, opposite the postoffice, and will open up a barber shop therein next Tuesday.

Prune and spray your trees quick, before the buds swell. Full outfit, big or little, at Chambers' hardware.

BAD DREAMS.

Where Do They Come From?

A great deal of philosophizing has been done in the endeavor to determine the cause of dreams. At the best, the question is left unsettled, the materialist who relates all dreams to physical causes seeming to have a shade the better of the argument. It is, however, certain that womanly intuition and motherly experience furnish a solution of the common cause of bad dreams, which appears at once to practical good sense. When little Willie wakes shrieking in the night and has been quieted and comforted, his mother remarks to her husband: "I wonder what Willie could have eaten to have made him use such frightful dreams." She puts her finger at once right on the ill used stomach as the immediate cause of the nocturnal disturbance. She has right on her side. A disordered stomach can disturb the whole body; set the heart galloping, check the



proper activity of the liver, make the blood foul, start the nerves to throbbing and the head to aching. Almost every body at some time or another experiences this physical disturbance as a result of a disordered stomach. But the great evil comes when temporary disorder gives place to permanent disease of the stomach. Then come the disgusting day dreams of the dyspeptic, who sees enemies in his friends and foes in his own household.

A WISE WATCHWORD.

Take care of the stomach and the body will take care of itself, is the watchword of health. True, not all diseases reach the body through the stomach, but in so many cases diseases of other organs may be traced directly to the diseased stomach that it is surely true that the man with a sound stomach has the best chance of preserving sound health. It is because it cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery restores so many broken-down people to sound physical health.

Mr O. S. Copenhaver, of Mount Union, Huntington Co., Pa., (Box 222), writes: "About twelve years ago I was suddenly taken with a pain in the pit of the stomach, which was so violent I could not walk straight. It would grow more severe until it caused waterbrash and vomiting of a slimy yellow water. I consulted a physician and he told me I had a form of dyspepsia and treated me for about six months with but little benefit. I still kept getting so weak I could scarcely walk. I then tried another physician and he told me my liver was out of order and that I had indigestion. He gave me a treatment and I got some better, but only for a short time. I then tried another one who said I had chronic indigestion, ulceration of the stomach, torpid liver and kidney affection. He treated me for more than a year, and I felt better but it did not last. I then took to using several widely advertised patent medicines, but received no more than temporary relief while using. I then tried Dr. Pierce's

DIVORCE GRANTED.

Mrs Susie C Brown Gets a Decree Against "Dick" Brown.

Some time ago the GUARD printed an item from a Portland paper in which it was stated Susie C Brown had sued her husband, Richard D Brown (both well known Eugene people) for a divorce on the ground of habitual drunkenness. Judge John B Cleland of Multnomah county has granted the divorce, the decree being received by County Clerk Lee today. The decree grants permission of the plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Susie C Parkerson and allows her to hold all property in Lane county formerly held jointly by the couple.

A SPLENDID PUBLICATION.

The Guard is Presented With a Copy of "Webfoot."

The management of the 1903 "Webfoot," the Junior Annual, has the thanks of the GUARD for a copy of the book which is a splendid publication. It contains over 300 pages of very interesting matter, has numerous illustrations, is well gotten up and is neatly printed and bound. The GUARD the other day gave a description of its contents. We highly appreciate the favor.

At the Clerk's Office.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Catharine Campbell vs J E Campbell, divorce.

Amanda Stong vs C E Stong, divorce.

W B Andrews and Mrs G W Thatcher, O F Callison witness.

medicines, using his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' 'Favorite Prescription' and the 'Pleasant Pellets,' and in two months' time I was feeling better than I had for years before. I can truthfully say Dr. Pierce's medicines did me more good than any I had ever taken."

A LESSON TO BE LEARNED.

If there is one thing more than another taught by Mr. Copenhaver's experience it is that it is a waste of time, money and health to delay the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery when the stomach is diseased, whether or not other organs are involved. Here is a record of treatment by three physicians, with "little benefit" as the best result of their treatment; the use of "several widely advertised patent medicines" with no result but "temporary relief while using;" and all this at an expense of time, money and suffering. Then he tried Dr. Pierce's medicines, and in two months' time was feeling better than for years before. There are thousands of similar cures on record. They all point to the same fact. The prompt use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery saves health, time and money. The reason why other treatments do not produce lasting benefit, and other widely advertised medicines give only temporary relief while they are being used, is because they are only palliatives. They relieve disease as opium relieves pain while it is being used. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures disease perfectly and permanently, because it goes to the root of it. It does not deal with effects but causes. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and increases the supply of pure, rich blood, which is the life and health of the body.

"PLAYED-OUT" PEOPLE are usually worked-out people. They are worn-out because they are using up more energy than they can store up every day. Human energy comes from food. Food is the fuel of the body, and its heat is converted into motion. When the fire under the steam engine dies down from want of fuel the power gives out, the engine slows down and ultimately stops. When the food-fuel of the engine of the body is reduced the power gives out, and in time the body stops activity, because it is starved. But if there be abundant fuel in the fire-box of the steam engine without proper combustion, there is a loss of power just the same. And that's the way it is with the man. He may have abundant food, but if it is not properly digested and assimilated, and so converted into blood, the power gives out, the strength fails. Food digested and assimilated furnishes the power that runs the heart, the lungs, the liver, the kidneys—every organ of the body. When the food is not digested and assimilated, then there is a reduction of physical power felt by every organ of the body, and the result is "weak" heart, "weak" lungs, sluggish liver, "weak" kidneys, etc. By enabling the perfect digestion and assimilation of the food eaten, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enables the building up of the whole body into a condition of strength and sound physical health.

Sick people, especially those suffering from chronic diseases, are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free, and so obtain, without charge, the opinion of a specialist on their ailments. All correspondence strictly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

SENT FREE.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing more than a thousand large pages, and over 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

LAMP WICKS.

The Multitude of Styles Causes Trouble For Storekeepers.

"You wouldn't think that people would bother to exchange a little thing like a lamp wick," said a clerk in a general supply store, "but the fact is that we are asked to take back yards of the stuff."

"Indeed, of all the commodities we handle none gives us more trouble than lamp wicks. There are at present about a thousand different kinds of lamps and oil stoves on the market, each with different sized burners, which naturally require as many different kinds of wick. We carry an endless variety; still we cannot supply the wants of our customers. This is pretty much their own fault, however, for instead of examining the old wick and finding out just what they need before they leave home they merely guess at its measurements, and when I ask what size they want they say: "Oh, about so big."

"They leave me to go the rest of the way blindly. As a consequence I often make mistakes, and the next day they bring the wick back and want to exchange it for something that will fit the burner. If they have taken the precaution to learn what they want, we accommodate them, even though the returned wick does smell to heaven with oil. Through pursuing this policy we now have hundreds of yards of wick on our hands that we can never dispose of, but this question of lamp wicks is so complex that there seems no remedy for the difficulty."—New York Times.

How to Learn to Sing.

Lung power and capacity may be wonderfully increased and strengthened by a constant repetition of the syllable "ah" on the three or four notes in the middle register of the voice—that is, the three or four notes which one sings most naturally and with the least effort. Let the pupil get one note clear out, round, full and musical; then from that note as a starting point let him go up and down, gradually working out the huskiness from the adjacent notes and sounding them until they become pure and resonant and can be delivered without strain or effort.

Let him work systematically and, above all, avoid the pernicious trick of learning "pieces" by rote or by ear. His first effort should be to increase the purity and range of his voice, and to that end he should, as suggested above, use the broad syllable "ah" only for a time, and on no account should he try to sing an air until he can do so understandingly, with a full knowledge of musical notation and a perfect command of his vocal resources.

Postoffice and Addresses.

One of the rules of the postoffice department which often provokes dissatisfaction is that which prohibits a postmaster or any member of his family from giving out the addresses of patrons of the office. A person may be looking for some one whose address has been lost or misplaced. What is more natural than to go to the postoffice and ask for the information? But the postmaster, if he obeys the regulations, will not give it. The government acts on the theory that it is not its business to disclose the whereabouts of the patrons of the postoffice. Debtors may be pursued by importunate creditors; young women may be subjected to unpleasant attentions; hundreds of people for various reasons, good and bad, may desire to conceal from somebody their place of residence. It is not the business of the government to expose them to annoyance.—Youth's Companion.

Gardiner and Froude.

Speaking of the late Dr. Samuel Rowson Gardiner, a student of Toynbee Hall says: "His patience and his tolerance were inexhaustible, his temper of the mildest. He had, however, a pleasant vein of satire. For instance, he would say of Froude, whose brilliancy he greatly admired, but whose unsoundness he characterized as deplorable: 'Whenever I find myself particularly perplexed on any point I look to see what Froude has to say about it. I always find his help invaluable, for I can trust implicitly his unflinching instinct for arriving at false conclusions, and the more positive he becomes the safer I feel in adopting a diametrically opposite view.'"

In the Wrong Department.

In the millinery show-room of one of the large department stores in Philadelphia a customer inquired of a saleswoman what they charged to clean feathers.

"Ten cents apiece," was the answer. "Oh, I could never pay that price!" gasped the lady. "How many have you? If you have a sufficient number, we might make a reduction in the price." "Why, I couldn't count them, for I have two beds full."

Needless to say, she was in the wrong department.—Philadelphia Times.

"Named For" or "Named After?"

Should I say that my son is "named for" his grandfather or that he is "named after" him? You may say either, but the weight of good usage is with "named after." "Named for" has some vogue in the United States, but is no longer current in England. "Named after" is in good use in both countries.—Ladies' Home Journal.

His Ill Chosen Word.

Tess—She doesn't seem to like Mr. Cretchick.

Jess—No; she heard him speak of her as "an artless creature."

Tess—I should think that rather complimentary.

Jess—Ah, but she poses as a landscape painter!—Philadelphia Press.

Inventing as a Profession.

Necessity is the mother of invention, as always. The idea that 999 out of 1,000 inventions have formed a permanent part in the world's industrial and material development has induced some to attempt the invention of useful articles without any previous experience or preparation. They have trusted to blind chance and have failed. Accidental discoveries cannot be taken in the literal sense, for very few indeed have ever been the product of an untrained and unobserving mind.

A mechanic who has spent half a lifetime in one department of human endeavor may see the great need of a simple invention to save time or labor in his work. Year by year his mind dwells at intervals upon the subject, and one day an idea flashes upon his mind or a simple accident suggests the way of inventing what is needed. Such an accidental invention is really the result of years of study and observation, and it is thus that many of the simple inventions have come into existence.—Guns-ton's Magazine.

Met His Match.

Some years ago a steamer touched at Colombo to coal, and a Moorman went aboard and asked Sir William Gregory to buy a catspaw for 5,000 rupees. It was worth 10,000 rupees, but the distressed Moorman's father was in jail, and he wanted to buy him out. Gregory listened to the old story and then offered the wily dealer a rupee for the gem. The man went off seemingly offended, but presently returned and offered the gem for 4,000 rupees. "No; a rupee," repeated the Irishman. As the four hours passed the Moorman came back at regular intervals, with a lower offer each time—3,000, 2,000, 1,000; then 500, 250, 100, and so on—till finally, as the steamer was about to start, he handed over the catspaw and took Gregory's rupee! For once in a way the Moorman dealer had met his match.

Russian Discipline.

During the review of the army recruits in Vilna some years ago the general in command, turning to one of the new soldiers, asked him, "What is military discipline?" "It is that a soldier has got to do just what he's told by his superior officer, only nothing against the czar," was the answer. "All right, then. You take your cap, bid your comrades goodbye and go and drown yourself in that lake there. Look sharp!" Tears glistened in the soldier's eyes. He gazed earnestly and prayerfully at his commander, turned suddenly about and rushed off to the lake. He was on the very brink before he was overtaken and stopped by the sergeant sent to prevent the involuntary suicide.

An Irish Fishing Story.

There is a good fishing story in an Irish contemporary. Two enthusiastic anglers arranged a fishing match to decide the respective merits of the worm and the minnow as bait. For hours they sat patiently on a bank without getting so much as a nibble. At last the proprietor of the worm suddenly said that he had got a bite, and, jerking his line out of the water, discovered at the end of it the other man's minnow, which, having by this time grown hungry, had devoured his worm.

Just What He Needed.

A man went with his wife to visit her physician. The doctor placed a thermometer in the woman's mouth. After two or three minutes, just as the physician was about to remove the instrument, the man, who was not used to such a prolonged spell of brilliant silence on the part of his life's partner, said:

"Doctor, what will you take for that thing?"—New York Times.

Italians Eat Much Flour.

The Italian peasant probably consumes more flour than the peasant of any other European country, because the manufacture of flour into various forms of macaroni is common in all the poorer Italian households. Italians are peculiarly ingenious also in their treatment of dough, which they make into many curious and appetizing forms.

Wrote Himself Down.

"The prisoner knocked me down, calling me a scoundrel, a wall-eyed old fool, a reforming rooster, a do-it-and-an idiot."

This was the conclusion of the deposition. He affixed his signature, which was preceded by the formal entry, "All of which I swear to be true," and left the court.—New York Herald.

For Him to Pay.

"Do you suppose women will ever be sent to the legislature, Wilkins?" "Wouldn't be surprised. My wife's inclined that way now." "Your wife? Pshaw!" "Fact. Why, it's no new thing for her to introduce a bill in the house."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Family Pride.

"Quick, George! the wife screamed. 'Hurry to the baby! She's trying to swallow her rattle!'" "I know it," replied the husband calmly. "I want her to get ahead of Buffin's baby, who swallowed a button."—Ohio State Journal.

Discarded.

"This is the church where you hold your services, I suppose?" "We used to call it a church, but we have outgrown all that. It is a temple of progressive thought now."—Chicago Tribune.

A Necessary Consequence.

She—I suppose it is hard to eliminate flattery from portrait painting? The Artist—Yes. We'd have to eliminate a good many of the sitters.—Puck!