

Eugene Guard

SATURDAY, JULY 19

Tracy is reported as saying it is with great difficulty that he can keep track of the posse.

The beet sugar factory at La Grande has been absorbed by the Havemeyer trust, according to reports.

Oregon can generally be depended upon to furnish ideal weather for harvest, and it is now safe to predict that the rains will be withheld for several weeks.

The French are going us one better on the matter of savings banks, and now have banks on wheels going about the country like peddling wagons, accepting deposits along the roadside.

The president should not expect his home life to escape the notice of the press and the public. Nothing the president does is without interest to the people, and if one of his sons gets the best of him in a wrestling bout he must not get mad if the papers tell about it.

Eight loads of buckshot sent at Tracy yesterday never touched. It might be well to get some men in the posse who can hit the side of a barn from the inside. However, men of experience and caution are in no hurry to go out among such a posse for fear of accident.

While the timber and mining interests of this county are of great importance, it is noticeable that the welfare of the agriculturist is still paramount. Everybody is now rejoicing with the farmer over the present prospect of a good crop and slightly better prices than last year.

From the manner in which Albany is bringing in side shows, street carnivals, etc., to catch dimes and interfere with military work at the encampment next week, it need not be a surprise to anybody if the governor should about Tuesday order the camp somewhere else—Jefferson or some such place would do as well.

The Telegram speaks of congress and its surrender to trust influence as follows: "The reciprocity bill, as to Cuban sugar, was defeated; and the e was never so plain, so defiling and damning a surrender of the legislative function to the trusts as was here exhibited. Havemeyer and Oxnard simply 'held up' Congress, and every intelligent man knows it."

Albany is going to have a street carnival or something of the kind during the encampment, the idea being, of course to gather in as many dollars as possible from the crowd brought there to see the troops. Probably Albany will not again be selected as an encampment location. The troops go there for business, and these side attractions are a great interference with military work and discipline, and should by all means be "cut out."

This may be considered a subject on which the people have a right to call for an explanation. During the last days of the recent session of congress there appears a little item of \$206,000,000 for "deficiencies, urgent and general." Mr. Congressmen, this is most too careless a manner for you to be dispensing the people's money. A mere trifle of \$206,000,000 is supposed by a republican congress to require no itemized accounting.

Without a doubt Mayor Williams is bringing about at least an appearance of reform in Portland. It would be rash to say gambling and vice is stopped, but the public exhibition of them is much less than it has been. The casual observer walking along the streets does not necessarily have his attention called to the public places where vice and gambling reign. Mayor Williams evidently means to suppress some of the dens for which the metropolis is notorious.

According to one of the Portland papers, the strike of the teamsters

of that city, or their refusal to handle the product of the "unfair" mills, is terribly detrimental to the public interest because of the loss of slab-wood. Vast quantities of slab wood from the saws is dumped into the sloughs and goes to waste, and the people have to buy other kinds of fuel, the price of which is high. Why don't the Portland editor take a wheelbarrow and save some of that waste and store it away for future use?

According to the experience the state department is having in the attempt to extradite Green and Gaynor, Canada must carry the reputation of a harbor for American criminals. These two men are wanted for trial in the state of Georgia on charges of embezzling \$2,000,000 from the government on river and harbor appropriations. Attempts at extradition have failed, and now Secretary of State Hay is going beyond the Dominion government and taking the matter up in a diplomatic way with the British government.

Here is the way Henry Watterson is reported to have roasted the president while in Spokane on his recent visit. He said he was "an aggressive, unfledged soldier of fortune, who by force of a series of lucky chances inside of three years had literally rough-ridden his way from a subordinate desk in the navy department to the White House." Of his administration policy he declared that "with one mailed foot in Washington and the other in Manila, its pockets were stuffed with reports which it dare not publish; that it saves the flag which it has discredited in the sight of heaven and before men by proclaiming 'the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States be blown! Up with the banners of absolutism and arbitrary power. As Russia is in Poland shall we be in Luzon. All hail imperial splendor. Commerce is king!'"

Dean C Worcester, of the Philippine commission, has returned to his home in Michigan, where he has expressed an opinion that the purchase of the friar lands by the United States will be only a partial settlement of the difficulty. He expresses the opinion that the only way of bringing peace out of the religious troubles there is for the Catholic church to receive and acknowledge the native priesthood of the islands. But, while Dean Worcester has observed this much of the subject he is discussing, he has not told how it will be possible to bring the Catholic church to recognize with the native priests. It will be necessary for us to make some comparisons to understand the gulf that is between these two priests in the islands are Spaniards. To the Spaniard the native of the islands is an Indian, and bears about the same relation to the Spanish inhabitants as our American Indian did to the colonists who settled our eastern shores. Or, to bring it a little later, the relations are no more amicable than between the negroes and whites in the South.

This matter of the natives being accepted by the same church as the whites is a trouble that has long been known and understood, and it was not necessary for Dean Worcester to spend years over there in order to come back and tell us what he has. The question is how are these two classes to be reconciled. These United States have been settled a long time, and we now proudly boast of this as the greatest and most enlightened nation in the world. But Dean Worcester and the rest of us do not kneel in communion at the altar with the American Indian, and the descendants of the Lees and the Davises do not join with the negro in worship.

When this has been accomplished, then it may be worth while for us to send commissions to the Philippines to attempt a reconciliation between the Spanish and Indian priests. Until then, Worcester may as well give up the job.

JUNCTION NEWS.

Prof. Starr Chosen as Principal of Schools—An Accident.

Time, July 11.

Claud Lee is home from Eugene and expects to make an extended trip to California.

J H Day received a dispatch Saturday from Ft. Collins, Colorado, stating that his father was dangerously ill and would not probably recover. His father was still alive at the last heard from.

A new bridge will soon be put in across the slough at the east end of the Milliet lane. A new bridge will also be put in across the gulch on the Lancaster road near the residence of Merritt Casteel.

The school board has secured the services of Prof Starr for the forthcoming term of school. Prof Starr has given good satisfaction and the board acted wisely in again securing his services. The other teachers will be selected later.

Willie Saylor met with quite a severe accident Tuesday. He was playing in Powell's barn and fell out of the hayloft to the ground, a distance of about fifteen feet, breaking his thigh bone in two places. Dr Lee set the bone and the little fellow is getting along all right, although suffering a good deal. However, he is young and vigorous and will be out again in a few weeks.

THE NEW RAILROAD.—Cottage Grove Leader: About 15 laborers came up from Portland Monday night to work on the O & S E R R. The hotels all being full they were compelled to walk the streets until morning. The first wreck of the season on the O & S E R R occurred Saturday evening when an empty flat car left the track demolishing the trucks and damaging a few ties.

HAUNTED.

An Apparition Which Has Frightened Many Women.

There is a certain horrible fascination about stories of haunted houses, in which the presence of an unseen and unearthly guest makes itself strongly felt. There may be a merry-making or a wedding or a christening, and while laughter echoes from the walls and happiness is at flood tide, a sudden chill falls on the heart. The flesh feels as if a cold wind blew upon it. There is a sensation as of some evil influence near, and a shiver shakes the shrinking body.

Some such fear as this falls on many a woman in the very hey-day of her happiness. She has been so strong, so perfectly healthy that life has been a continual joy to her. Now some unaccounted feeling touches her. She shivers



at the sensation and shrinks from a something which she fears, yet cannot understand. The apparition of disease has passed and thrown its cold shadow on her.

DOGGED BY DISEASE.

The steps of every woman are dogged by disease. And one may well shudder when the shadow of this evil presence falls across the life. Disease can steal the color from a woman's cheeks, the brightness from her eyes. It can make her life creep along on broken wing, useless and songless. It can wither every flower of happiness in the garden of girlhood and blast every joy of wife or mother. It is doing such things as these constantly. The woman who does not suffer from womanly disease is the exception, not the rule. The woman who does not know the meaning of periodic pain, headache, backache and female weakness, is a wonder to the majority of her sex.

It is a good thing for women that though disease may grasp them it cannot hold them if they take the right means to regain the lost liberty of health. Hundreds of thousands of women who were once fast in the clutch of disease, bear witness that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription freed them from disease, and gave them perfect and permanent health.

MR AND MRS KAYSER AT MEDFORD.—Mail: Mr and Mrs W T Kayser, of Elmira, Lane county, Oregon, arrived in Medford last week, and will, in all probability, make this place their future home. Mr Kayser was until quite recently engaged in the mercantile business in Elmira, but having disposed of his personal property interests there he is casting about for a new location. The Mail publisher has known Mr and Mrs Kayser for a number of years and the best words that these columns could say of them as good, honest citizens would not be undeserved—and the Mail hopes they will drop anchor here.

REAL ESTATE SALES.—R F Baker & Co have just closed a deal for the sale of the Kelso farm four miles south of Junction City to J B Eaton, lately from Kansas, for \$3,000. Also two lots in R F Scott's addition to Eugene to Samuel Manner and E W Sorensen, from South Dakota, for \$500.

MONEY RECEIVED.—The beneficiaries of Joel Ware, who died several weeks ago, yesterday received from the A O U W \$2,000 the amount of insurance he held in that order.

Now Armour is said to be engaged in battle against Gates in the corn pit in Chicago. While Gates has the July market about his own way, Armour has been carefully laying plans for September. It is said the Gates syndicate is short on September corn while Armour is long and is in a good way to force any price he pleases. While the great financial battle is going on, the millions fighting against other millions it is to be hoped the producers have some corn left in their crib with which to take advantage of the market. But as a rule such prices come when the cribs are empty.

"A little over a year ago I wrote to you for advice," says Mrs. Elizabeth J. Fisher, of Diana, W. Va. "You advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which I did, and with the most happy result. I was troubled with female weakness and bearing-down pains. I had a very bad pain nearly all the time in my left side, nervousness and headache. Was so weak I could hardly walk across my room. Could not sit up only just a little while at a time. My husband got me some of Dr. Pierce's medicine and I began its use. Before I had taken two bottles I was able to help do my work. I used three bottles in all and it cured me. Now I do all my housework. It is the best medicine I ever used."

IT WILL CURE YOU TOO.

If you are suffering from any form of womanly disease which medicine can cure, you can use "Favorite Prescription" with a practical certainty that you will be cured.

It has cured many women for whom physicians had said no cure was possible, and many others who were told they could not be cured without an operation. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It is the best tonic and nerve for weak, run-down women, tranquilizing the nerves, encouraging the appetite and inducing refreshing sleep.

"About two years ago I was feeling very bad, could neither eat, sleep nor work; was very nervous and all run down," writes Miss Alice Greely, of Westmoreland, N. Hamp. "I had taken Sarsaparilla and had medicine of different kinds from my home doctor, but it did me no good whatever. Finally, I wrote you concerning my case and you prescribed your medicine. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and took six bottles, also four of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and some of Dr. Pierce's Pellets; these medicines cured me and made me well and strong. I am a new person to what I was before I commenced taking the medicine. Please accept my sincere thanks for benefits I have derived from your medicine."

ARE YOU SICK?

If you are you cannot do a better thing than take advantage of Dr. Pierce's offer of free consultation, by letter. Miss Greely and Mrs. Fisher, with thousands of other women, date the beginning of their restored health with the date of the day they wrote their first letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All letters are held as strictly private, and the written confidences of women are guarded by the same strict professional privacy observed by Dr. Pierce and his staff in personal consultations with weak and sick women at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A GREAT OFFER.

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

THE VANISHED HAND

By Harold W. Raymond

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"If ever I find money, I'll keep it. No advertising for the owner with me—I guess not!"

Many a time has Percival Langdon said this, with a careless glance at the sidewalk and an odd feeling of wonder how it would feel were he to see a fat roll of bills at his feet. And now, there in his pathway, lay a pretty little purse, fat and feminine, as unmistakably the lost property of a woman as if it had borne the name of the owner in big letters on the side.

Percival picked it up. It was of snakeskin, somewhat worn, but still dainty, and it had silver trimmings and a silver clasp. As the finder held it for a moment in his hand some psychic force from the fingers accustomed to carrying it seemed to strike into his palm. It almost seemed to him as if he felt the warm weight of a little hand in his own. Who has not found this personality in a castoff glove or shoe or other object strongly associated with its wearer? Even a castoff relic of the dead has the touch, the "feel," of the absent one long years after he or she has departed.

The young man looked up and down the street. Unconsciously his eyes sought out a short, stout figure, one befitting ownership of the little treasure trove which he had picked up. But there was no one in sight whom he could associate even remotely with the purse.

He laughed aloud. "Well, by Jove, this is funny," he said to himself. "For years I have been wishing that I could find money and have planned how I would get rid of it if fortune ever favored me, and the moment I really do find some, behold, I am looking for the owner. But perhaps there is no money in this little baggage to tempt me after all."

He opened it. There were a number of samples of dress goods, a recipe for making soft gingerbread ("Soft gingerbread—that's good!" exclaimed Percival, smacking his lips. "If there is one thing I like better than another it's soft gingerbread and the soft gingerbread style of girl!"), a newspaper clip-



"OH, YOU HAVE FOUND IT! I KNEW YOU WOULD!" SHE SAID.

ping containing three verses of sentimental poetry, a glove buttoner and \$30 in bills and a handful of small change.

"My, what a tidy little sum!" cried Percival. "There's a box of cigars, a pair of new shoes, a round of theater. All I've got to do is to toss the purse into a sewer and put the money in my pocket!"

It was only a passing thought, a flash, the echo of ideas he had often had before when that dream which comes to all of us at one time or another—the dream of "picking up money"—lingered in his fancy.

But was there nothing in the purse to mark its owner? It did not appear so. "Women are so silly," he said. "No; it is I who am silly," he added as it suddenly came to him that there was a back pocket in the purse. He lifted the cover. Yes; there was a narrow card tucked away in it. With blundering fingers he fished it out and turned it up so he could see the name inscribed upon it—"her name." Somehow possession of the pocketbook had given him a sort of proprietary interest in the owner.

It was a pretty name, very pretty. Percy caught his breath when he read it:

MABEL SWEETBRIAR,
No. 71 Larkin Street.

"Mabel! I always fancied that name." For some reason he could not understand Percy raised the bit of pasteboard to his lips, remembering that her fingers had touched it. "Mabel! Short and plump, with dark hair and big brown eyes. Do I bet it? Yes! Thirty dollars against thirty! Well, bless my soul, Percival Langdon, I guess you woke up daffy this morning. You're crazy as a June bug."

A moment later Percival was walking rapidly toward Larkin street. It was a mile away and in a good quarter of the town. But little thought he of distance. His one desire was to find the owner of the purse and restore her

property before she had a chance to suffer much over its loss. Had she been a personal friend he could not have been more anxious about it. As he went along he kept repeating to himself: "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand!"

"The touch of a vanished hand! Did he not feel it on the polished leather? Langdon's heart was pumping like a fire engine when he rang the doorbell of a pretty little two-story house which bore the magic number "77" in gold foil on the glass panels. He was a good looking young bank clerk, underpaid, as all bank clerks are, but earning a decent living and able to dress well and, as he would say it, live like a gentleman. He had an inborn honesty for which he did not give himself credit, for he often thought, given the opportunity, that he would flinch a fortune without a tremor. And yet the moment he was put to the test he did not have an instant's temptation.

"Short and dark—I beg a thousand pardons," stammered Percival. "You—I was saying—is this Miss Mabel Sweetbriar?"

She clapped her hands. "Oh, you have found it! I knew you would! I told mother you—that is, the finder—would read my name upon the card and bring it home. Mamma! She raised her voice, and Percival noticed that it was sweet and fine. "The lost is found, dear! You will not have to put off the consultation after all! But you must come in, sir! Mother—and I—will want to thank you."

"Yes, Mabel," said a gentle voice from a room beyond. "Bring the gentleman in. He has taken such a load off our minds! You will excuse my not rising, sir? I am an invalid."

When Percival Langdon left the house an hour later, with an invitation to call again ringing in his ears, he waited until he got round the corner, and then he kicked himself.

"Down on your knees," he said to himself, "and thank God that you are not a villain! If you had taken the earnings of that poor girl, already laid upon the altar of her mother's sickness, you would have been the most unmitigated scoundrel alive. It makes me shudder to think of it. But you were not tempted. You were not! The 'touch of a vanished hand' was on that purse, like a talisman. And what a plump little hand it was! Just what I conceived it would be. How warm it was and magnetic! She pressed mine and told me she was sure we would be great friends. Percival Langdon, I believe you are the seventh son of a seventh son. The glimpse you got of the owner of that purse was borne out by the reality in every respect."

Six months later the plump little hand and the plump little owner thereof became the property of Mr. Percival Langdon for better or worse and all the rest of it. He is assistant paying teller at the bank now and has a salary not to be despised. And he will tell you, with a voice of pride and a smacking of the lips, that his wife makes the best soft gingerbread in all the world and other things just as good. He would not trade tables with that supplied by the finest chef that ever came out of Alsace or Lorraine.

Little Joys of Foul Times.

Some of the antique forms of paying homage to a feudal superior were very comic. In one of the lordships of France the peasants were obliged to bring a canary bird to the chateau placed on the top of a carriage drawn by four horses. In Austria a noble vassal was to present every St. Martin's day to his superior two pots of flies. Another nobleman in France offered to his lord as a mark of homage a grasshopper.

When the abbot of Figeac made his entrance into the city of his abbacy, the lord of Monbrun and Larogue received him dressed as a harlequin, with one leg bare. When the abbot descended from his horse, the same person held his stirrup and when he sat down to table waited behind his chair to fill his cup with wine.

The lord of Pace had a right to summon all the pretty women of Saumur and its suburbs every Trinity day before him, and they were to pay him each 4 farthings and a chaplet of roses. Those who refused to dance with his officers were to have the family arms marked on their bodies with the point of a needle.

Equal to the Occasion.

The author of "Across England in a Dogcart" once stopped to examine a church in the little village of Eynstone.

The day was warm, and on leaving the church I rested for awhile in the grateful shade of the building and for the sake of the coolness still kept my hat in my hand. While standing there I overheard one workman ask of another:

"Why do 'e keep 'is 'at off like that out of doors, mate?"

"'Cause 'e's a Quaker, 'o course," replied the mate. "Quakers allus do in churchyards."

Here was an opportunity not to be lost. "No," said I: "I am not a Quaker; I am an Episcopalian."

There was a short, awkward pause. Then the first workman, evidently of an inquiring turn of mind, said to his fellow mason, who seemed to be considered an authority:

"A Episcopale one, 'e says 'e is. Wot's that, Bill?"

"Oh," replied the learned Bill, quite equal to the occasion, "that's one of them fancy foreign religions, sure!"

The Rolling Passion.

Stonewall Jackson's dying words were, "Pass the infantry rapidly to the front." "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action." "We will pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees on the opposite side."

He was delicious, and, like Napoleon's, his mind, as it feebly fulfilled its last offices, was with his military past.