

OCEAN TRAVELING PIGEONS.

The Portland Telegram says on board the German ship Peter Rickmers, now in that port, is a pair of white pigeons that have traveled a long way from home, and while they have enjoyed free transportation part of the way there is hardly a stretch of water over which they have not spread their wings and soared about at their own sweet will.

The birds joined the ship in Antwerp September 17 last year and stayed with her through the rough weather on the North Sea, over the Atlantic Ocean to Philadelphia and thence around the Cape of Good-Hope up through the Indian and Pacific Oceans and finally across the big expanse of water to Columbia River and Portland. Only a few times did they leave for any length of time, and then the sailors were much concerned over them, for the weather was stormy and it was feared that they would get lost or exhausted. Quite often birds will join sailing vessels, but it is not often that they prove such stayers as the Rickmers pigeons.

THE SIDEWALK NUISANCE.

The loose sidewalks that are to be found in every part of the city should be relaid. As the planking is usually good the expense for new stringers, nails, and the work of relaying would not be a burden to anyone. Anyway the loose planking is not only a nuisance but a menace to the safety of pedestrians. Owners of loose walks are wont to give the excuse that bicycles are responsible. While that is true to a certain extent the boards would not be loose if the stringers were not decayed so they fail to hold nails.

This nuisance is not confined to any particular part of the city. This is the best time of year to lay durable sidewalk, therefore the time when the city authorities should compel a general overhauling of defective walks. Show no favors but act, and that at once.

OUR HOME.

Year after year in season Western Oregon enjoys the gentle rains—and sometimes not so gentle—that bring health, food for home and export and thereby wealth to our people. Read this dispatch from a country where but last year millions of human beings died of wasting, terrible starvation, then bless God that your lines have fallen in a pleasant place:

LONDON, August 28—"The beneficial rains of the past week," cables the correspondent of the Daily Mail, at Simla, India, "have changed despair into hope for millions of Indian cultivators."

Timely and abundant rains, the first for three years, have saved the Mexican territory of Lower California from becoming a barren waste.

Three natives of Norway have been elected Governors of South Dakota, Charles N. Herrelid, the present Executive, being the third of his line.

It is said that more babies have been named after President Roosevelt than after any other Executive of the nation save Washington and Jefferson.

There are some happy Boers about. One thousand who had been under detention in the Bermudas were started for South Africa Monday.

It was not much of a Buffalo Bill show. That is Bill was not much in evidence. By the way a GUARD man had an interview with William yesterday when the flowing locks were absent from his head. There is a very good sprinkling of gray in the short hair that sticks tight to his head.

Columbia says Nicaragua must explain or fight. Under such conditions there should be no trouble about explaining.

The immigration to the United States for the fiscal year will not be less than eight hundred thousand. In 1820 there were only 8385. There is plenty of room here yet it seems.

That Asiatic cholera is a terrible scourge. For instance since the outbreak began in Hong Kong August 6th there had been 523 cases to August 23, and—just think of it—511 deaths.

Holbein, who failed in the attempt to swim the English Channel at Dover, yesterday, was in the water twenty-two hours. Such exposure cannot but out short the life of the swimmer, perhaps by many years.

It happens in other places than America. Several high officials are under arrest at Lisbon, Portugal, for accepting bribes and permitting the kingdom to be swindled out of about half a million dollars.

Within eighteen months American capitalists will be operating one hundred and seventy miles of underground railroad at London. Electricity will move the cars that are expected to throw the old-time cab out of a job.

The ability displayed by Commander Pillsbury in the recent war maneuvers, allowing himself to be surrounded and capitulating on the spot, indicates that he is marked for promotion. This white flag commander belongs to the approved new navy department school, built up by Secretary Long, and of which the bloodless-warrior Crowninshield is the finished product. If Pillsbury can surrender promptly and gracefully, he is all right.

That Adjutant-General Huston of West Virginia is the right kind of a man. When the troops reached the scene of the disorders in the coalmining district, yesterday, the mineowners requested that the troops be placed under their direction. The adjutant-general said nay, that he was not there to take orders from mine operators, but from the sheriff and to preserve order. With such a commander there will be no firing into crowds of miners, their women and children.

A return of favors. Four years ago Dr. Pardee of Oakland, California, was a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. When success was impossible for him he threw his strength to aid nominated Gage. At the Sacramento convention Wednesday the opposition to Governor Gage was just a little too strong to permit a renomination. Then he threw his votes to Dr. Pardee and nominated him. That is the right kind of politics. It is too often the case that after election the man befriended forgets the men who helped him when he needed help.

A Noltner, the veteran Democratic editor, has sold his Portland Weekly Dispatch subscription list to the Portland Journal and will cease publication. In his notice of the sale Mr Noltner intimates that he has finally retired from the newspaper field. It has been his life work. He published the Review, a predecessor of the GUARD, in Eugene from 1860 to 1864. With the exception of Mr Kincaid, of the Journal, Mr Noltner is the oldest editor, in point of service, in the state. He was at work at it when about all the present newspaper men of the state were barefooted boys.

The Best Prescription for Malaria. Chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. Price 50c.

WOOD WANTED.—A few cords wood wanted at the GUARD office on subscription account.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

AFTER BABY COMES.

The Disappointments of a Weak Mother.

After the baby's coming the weak mother often has her first great disappointment in not being able to nurse her child. Perhaps she is not strong enough to sustain more than her own life during the days of slow convalescence. Perhaps there is a lack of the secretions which make the baby's food. In any case she feels robbed of half the joy of her maternity because she cannot nurse her child. And she envies the healthy woman who cares for it and who permits the mother to occasionally see and caress her own baby. If women could consider the matter they could hardly expect to be strong after the baby's coming if they were weak before. The woman who suffers during the prenatal period—who is nervous and sleepless and without appetite, is exhausting her vitality before the hour of her trial, and when that time comes her very weakness increases her sufferings and prolongs them. It is no wonder, if, after the baby is born, the mother has no strength to nurse it. The one great necessity for happy motherhood is good health.



THE SECRET OF HEALTHY MOTHERHOOD lies largely in the proper preparation for the great physical strain and drain which women undergo at such a time. A proper preparation for maternity will keep the nerves tranquil and the temper even; it will encourage the appetite and give restful sleep. It will enable the mother to actively engage in her household duties until the time of the baby's advent, and give her strength to give her child.

Because it does all this and more women have named Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription "A God-send to mothers." "I take this opportunity of expressing my everlasting gratitude to you for the wonderful benefits I have received from the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. E. H. Newton, of Vanburen, Aroostook Co., Maine. "My baby was born in May, 1896, and for weeks after I was delirious. My friends did not know whether I would live or die. The doctor in attendance did not give much encouragement, and said that if I did not get well I would never live through another such period. When I consulted you in April, 1899, I was in poor health; had been sick all winter, and to add to my trouble, was on the road to what the doctor said would end my days. I was almost discouraged; did not expect any help, but thought the end was only a matter of time, and—oh! my two poor, little, motherless children.

"It was in this condition that I began the use of your valuable medicine. On receipt of your letter of April 6th my husband purchased six bottles and I used it as you directed. When you wrote me words of encouragement on April 27th I had received no benefit from the medicine, but determined as a last resort to give it a fair trial. I am now taking the thirteenth and last bottle. I have a lovely baby girl three weeks old that weighed 11 1/2 pounds at birth. My baby and I are enjoying perfect health, thanks to your wonderful medicines, to which I believe I owe my life. I cannot find words to express my gratitude to you, and I hope you may long be spared to perform the good work in which you are now engaged."

MOTHERS PONDER THIS! It is not you only who suffer when you are weak during the term of maternity, but your child must suffer also. It can have only weak strength when you are. Your nervousness, fretfulness and fearfulness will leave a life-long impress upon your child, and while you in a few months will recover from the effects of the trial you have undergone, the baby's influence of those months of maternal misery.

If you can be a strong, healthy mother to your child to use those means at any cost. It is a matter of record that thousands of women to whom maternity was a menace and a misery have been made healthy, happy mothers by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which gives abundant strength and makes the baby's advent practically painless.

"I cannot say too much for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. S. E. Rose, of Big Otter, Clark Co., West Va. "I feel it my duty to say to all women who are suffering from female troubles that it is the best medicine on earth that they can use. I cannot praise it too highly for the good it has done me."

"I am the mother of five children, and have been as high as eight days in the doctor's hands, and never less than two days at any time since the last. Then I had used two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and was only two hours in the hands of the doctor."

REALLY WONDERFUL RESULTS. Read the letter of Mrs. Rose carefully and you will realize why she cannot praise "Favorite Prescription" too highly. The difference between one hundred and ninety-two hours suffering reduced to two hours by the use of "Favorite Prescription" explains her gratitude, but cannot express it. It takes a woman and a mother to understand all that can be possible in one hundred and ninety-two hours of suffering at maternity.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription not only gives the mother strength in the period of waiting, but it cures or prevents nausea, and makes the baby's advent practically painless. It is the best tonic and nerve for nursing mothers. It promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child while giving strength to the mother. All alcoholic and stimulating medicines are particularly dangerous to nursing mothers, or in the period of convalescence which follows the baby's birth. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. It is a real nerve-feeder, body-building medicine.

FREE TO MOTHERS. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, the best modern medical work, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send thirty-one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only twenty-one stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BUTT OF THE COMPANY

(Original.)

There is nothing that will engender such contempt among men for a companion as effeminacy. And yet, while we all know what effeminacy is as distinguished from what is feminine, we cannot describe it. It is often a question whether we are right in attributing it in any given case.

In 1870 I was serving with the 4th United States cavalry. One June day it was announced that a newly made second lieutenant from West Point had been assigned to our company and would soon report for duty with a squad of recruits. He came along in time, but instead of bringing recruits brought one gentle looking young fellow, who appeared to be far better fitted for a poet than a soldier. Meriwether was his name, and he hadn't been at the fort a day before the men began to call him Mary. Then followed a series of practical jokes of which he was the butt. In some unexplainable way he got salt in his coffee instead of sugar. Then there was cactus in his bunk. Coming off guard and turning in for a good snooze, he was sure to be awakened by mistake for the midnight relief. He was the most unsuspecting little chap I ever saw, and as the boys always expressed wonder how such mistakes could happen, besides great sympathy for him, it never entered his head that they were at the bottom of his discomforts.

Indeed one day he came to me as first sergeant of the company and asked me if he couldn't take extra tours of guard duty for some of the ringleaders, they having expressed an extraordinary amount of sorrow that he had stumbled over a pile of condemned muskets on a dark night. Since they had purposed putting them in his way this was a trifle too much for even my thick skin. I told him not to bother me with ridiculous questions and warned the ringleaders that I would see the first man punished who should again impose upon him. The first man was Tom Conover, who had been the instigator of the most contemptible pranks against the recruit, and he was given a walking tour with a billet of wood on his shoulder for a whole afternoon for his pains. This stopped the imposition, and Meriwether fell into the contempt of not being noticed. This lasted till we were fighting the Modocs in the lava beds in 1871.

Little Meriwether didn't like fighting at all, that was plain, for the color would rush from his cheeks whenever a bullet whistled too close to his delicate ear. But I noticed that he was resolutely fighting himself to keep his slender body up to its work. One afternoon we were having an especially hot fight, keeping up a steady fire on the Modocs and receiving as good as we sent from behind a natural breastwork of lava, when Meriwether came crawling toward me on all fours with an expression of hopeless despair in his face.

"What is it?" I asked anxiously, fearing something had gone wrong. "Conover—he's hit." "Well?" I could see nothing remarkable in Conover being hit when one-third the men were in the same fix. "He wants water." "Get him some from a canteen." "There's not a drop to be found anywhere."

"Well, then, he must go dry, for the only water near is down there in that crevice, and no one can go there without getting shot." "Go back to your place, you little fool," I said sharply, remembering what he had suffered at Conover's hands. He crawled back, and I dismissed the matter from my mind. Presently I saw a sight that filled me with astonishment. Meriwether was running, canteen in hand, for the crevice containing water. Bullets sang about him like buzzing flies. Whether or not he was hit, he kept on and in a few seconds sank out of sight in the crevice.

I had no right to do so, for there were two commissioned officers with the company; but, singing out to those beside me to follow, I jumped up and made a dash for a rise in the lava just beyond the crevice. It was no use. The fire was too hot, and the men would not leave their position. I was shot in the leg and sank into a hollow place, where I was comparatively safe. I was thinking of little Meriwether and wondering how he would get back with the water for the man who had injured him when I heard a shout and, looking toward our fellows, saw him plunge headforemost in among them. "He's suffering dreadfully." "Right was well on before I dared leave my position and go back to the command. The first thing I saw was Meriwether lying on his back, white as a sheet and motionless. One of his former tormentors was bending over him, and several others were leaning on the muzzles of their muskets, looking down on him anxiously. Meriwether turned his eyes to me, and I presumed he was about to ask me that dreaded question "Shall I live?" when he said:

"That was a very kind thing of you to come after me. How about Conover? Was there all the water he wanted? I couldn't get much, for there wasn't much to get." I tried to say something gentle to him, but it wasn't in me. "Oh, stop that," I said, turning away. "You owe Conover nothing." Later, when the captain asked me for the names of those who were to be mentioned for conspicuous bravery, I told him there was but one and his name was Meriwether. But the poor fellow did not live to read the order.

PHILIP T. BAKER.

THE STRANGER OF TOWER HILL

(Original.)

In the reign of Bloody Mary there lived near Tower Hill, in London, an armor maker named Cronin. His home was kept for him by his only daughter, Cleely, who was of an extremely gentle disposition and withal so tender hearted that she would go out of her way to avoid treading on a worm. She was beloved by her father's assistant, John Gaunt, a plain, honest young fellow, who was respected by all who knew him. Cleely was favorably disposed to John Gaunt, but did not encourage his suit. Indeed she did not know her mind and was fearful of wounding him.

One morning she was going to the Thames to get a bucket of water, and while passing over Tower Hill she met a man sauntering along pensively, as though he bore some weight upon his mind. Cleely was captivated by the stranger's appearance and especially by a certain somberness about him. At the moment they passed each other the Tower clock struck 11. Cleely remembered the hour, and the next day she found herself impelled to take her bucket shortly before 11 to go again to the Thames for water, though she would not acknowledge to herself that she did so in the hope of meeting the stranger. She did meet him, and this time he looked at her with his melancholy eyes and said:

"If you are going to the river for water, I would gladly carry your bucket."

"It is very light," said Cleely, blushing. "It will be heavier when it is full." The stranger spoke with so soft a voice and so respectfully that Cleely consented, and he walked with her to the river. She purposely told him that her father was Cronin, the armor maker, where she lived and all about herself, hoping that this would cause him to be equally frank with her, but he said nothing of himself, and all Cleely could get from him was that he was employed at the Tower. Nevertheless Cleely went home with her heart in a flutter.

Then came the revolt against the legitimate sovereign, headed by the Duke of Northumberland and aided by his son, Lord Gullford Dudley, to place the latter's wife, Lady Jane Grey, on the throne. One day Cleely saw armed men hurrying past her house to the Tower, from which suddenly burst forth the smoke of cannon. The advancing host stormed the fortress, swam the moat and, placing ladders against the walls, attempted to scale them—all in vain. The assault was a failure. The men who advocated the pretensions of Lady Jane Grey to the throne were driven off, and her cause was lost.

Soon after Cleely was notified that an attendant was wanted for a distinguished prisoner at the Tower, a woman in distress, who needed some one to wait upon her and soothe her. She followed the messenger, who led her to a room where the prisoner was confined, the Lady Jane Grey.

She whose head had been risked to win a crown was soon to lose that head upon the block. It became the work of the tender hearted Cleely to comfort, so far as she could, the noble lady who, though scarcely out of her teens, was called upon to play so tragic a part. Cleely read to her, prayed with her, often could not help weeping with her—in short, proved the companion that was needed to keep the condemned lady from despair during the trying period. So occupied was the armor maker's daughter that she never once thought of John Gaunt, though there was something in the gloom hanging over her dear mistress and herself that was constantly bringing up the melancholy stranger she had met on Tower Hill. One day she was informed that John wished to see her, and when she went to him he offered to supply a saw with which she and her mistress might remove two of the bars at the window of the room they occupied, leaving sufficient space for Lady Jane Grey to pass through. John promised to be in the court at the appointed hour with man's attire, assist the noble lady from the window and after she had donned the clothes show her the way out of the Tower grounds.

Cleely hastened to propose the plan to the prisoner. The offer was refused. Lady Jane Grey relied upon such of her adherents as had not been arrested to do all they could for her and did not wish to embarrass them by an attempt which would likely be a failure. But the Duke of Northumberland was in prison, and there was no one else to aid the condemned. The day of execution came at last, and Cleely, with streaming eyes, dressed her mistress for the last time. The image of John Gaunt, who had proved so kind, so thoughtful, offering to risk his life to please her, came up at times before Cleely, alternating with that of her stranger lover, John seeming typical of hope, the stranger typical of despair.

When all was ready, the mournful procession proceeded from the prison to Tower Hill, where was gathered an immense throng. Cleely supported her mistress, aiding her to mount the steps of the scaffold. There stood a muffled figure, leaning on an ax. Cleely looked from her mistress to the sea of upturned faces, and there, among them, was the sympathetic face of John Gaunt. When her eyes were turned again to her mistress, she was kneeling before the block. The muffled figure threw off his cloak, and there stood the stranger of Tower Hill! Cleely fainted and was handed down into the arms of John Gaunt. When she came to herself, she threw her arms about his neck and wept.

ALICE HYDE BARBOUR.

Courthouse News.

Mortgage.....\$1200 00
Mortgage..... 300 00
Chattel mortgage..... 611 00

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.
C B and Anna Elizabeth Sweet to Grant Sweet \$1 acres in tp 20 s r 3 w, \$300.
O & C R R to D F Wells 13 60 acres in tp 17 s r 2 w, \$125.
Theodore and Nancy Glespey to R N Griffin land in tp 18 s r 1 w, \$260.
O L and Flora Weber to Gertrude E Clark lots 1, 2 and 3 blk 7, Creswell, \$500.

Alfred R Kelley to Ambrose L Woodard 40 acres in tp 21 s r 4 w, \$65.
J E Beagle to Martha I Kayser lots 1 and 2 blk 7 Jas H McFarland's last ad to Cottage Grove, \$1.
Clarence S Clark et al to Constanzine Morton et al 160 acres in tp 16 s r 2 e, \$2500.
Angeline Holt to J L Oxley 80 acres in tp 18 s r 3 w, \$500.
J P Curran and Catherine A Perkins administrators of J H Perkins, deceased, to A H Nichols, and 1/2 lot in s 1/2 of lot 3 blk 2 Perkins' ad to Cottage Grove, \$25.
Gus M and Christine Ream to F Hanson 158.77 acres in tp 17 s r 4 e, \$1000.
J P and M C Curran to A H Nichols and 1/2 lot in s 1/2 of lot 3 blk 2 Perkins' ad to Cottage Grove, \$25.
Mrs S E Wynne to W W Hawley land in tp 20 s r 3 w, \$240.

MINING LOCATIONS.
Louis Johnson locates New York claim in Bohemia mining district.
Erik Rhode locates Minnesota claim in Bohemia district.
E E Lilley locates Roosevelt claim in Bohemia district.
John Hawkins locates Blue Bird and Red Cloud claims in Blue River district.

CIRCUIT COURT.
Ellen V Sykes vs John Sykes, divorce. Defendant files demurrer on grounds that the court has no jurisdiction of person of defendant or of subject of said action; that complaint does not state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action against defendant. Thompson & Hardy are attorneys for defendant.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
County Clerk E U Lee has issued marriage licenses to the following: M W Pennington and Ethel M Strout, Fred Strout witness; William Taylor and N. L. Hebrick, I J Taylor witness; Wm Lane and Mrs C S Hiltabiddle, S M Vinson witness.

PROOF OF LABOR.
J W Shumate and C H Park file proof of labor performed on "B P" and "Lucky Queen" mining claims in Blue River district.

Four Episcopal ministers were captured violating the game law in Clatsop county by fishing for trout after night. As only one of them had been able to catch any trout he was the one fined.

Brownsville Times: Elder W. T. Matlock of Eugene who has been in town, and who was expected to preach at the Christian church Sunday, has been compelled to cancel his announcement on account of illness. He returned to Eugene Wednesday.

The new fence factory established early this month by C E Brown and C F Smith opposite East Park is doing good business and moving on nicely. The gentlemen are experienced factory men.

The Pendleton Tribune announces that it will commence the publication of a morning paper on Sept 2. It formerly was a daily paper but during the last few years has been getting out a splendid weekly.

Chief of Police Scott has had considerable fun and more or less trouble in collecting dog licenses. Owners hate to let their canine friends go and at the same time don't want to dig up a considerable sum however has been collected and a few dogs killed.