Eugene Guard.

SATURDAY.....OCTOBER 18

THE EVENING PAPER.

The Los Angeles Express says that out of thirty new papers added to the new Associated Press during the past year twenty-three were evening publications. The Express commente:

The large percentage of increase in the evening field over that of the morning argues that the number of people interested in getting the news the day it happens is constantly growing. If it is true, as asserted, and so far as the Express has observed, uncontroverted, that more than twice as many evening papers are sold in the East as there are morning papers, how much more popular should the evening papers become on the coast, where the telegraphic news columns may be kept open for three hours longer than in New York and two hours longer than in Chicago and some other cities. When it is seven o'clock in New York evening papers on the Pacific Coast are just going to press at four o'clock.

WISER THROUGH EXPERIENCE

The coalminers do not propose to be buncoed into returning to work on the mere promise of President Roosevelt that he would interest himself in their behalf. Here is the gist of the answer made through John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers:

Having in mind our experience with the coal operators in the past, we have no reason to feel any degree of confidence in their willingness to do us justice in the future, and inasmuch as they have refused to accept the decision of a tribunal selected by you, and insomuch as there is no law through which you could enforce the findings of the commission you suggest, we respectfully decline to advise our people to return to work simply upon the hope that the coal operators might be induced or forced to comply with the recommendations of your commission.

While there is no question as to President Roosevelt's sincerity he loses prestige through trying to force such an impracticable solution of the controversy between the coal barons and their men.

CAUSTIC TRUTH.

Albany Democrat.

Willamette University, it is reported, will have a football eleven this year made up of college men. Something new for Salem.

Salmon are running light in the Columbia. It will take a heavy rain and a rise in the river to bring the usual fall run of silversides.

Mr Hanna now thinks there are both good and bad trusts. This gives hope that he may yet see that it is wrong to buy the presidency or a senatorship as he would a new coat.

San Francisco has a musician mayor. At the benefit for the striking coalminers Wednesday evening this mayor led the orchestra. Music is oftentimes better than talk.

Russell Sage is a wonderful man—wonderful in that at eighty-six years of age his energies are such that he is a potent factor in the financial world. The three score and ten retires most men from active life. Think of four score and six!

A Wisconsin brewer is suing a Marion county hopgrower for damages for non-delivery of hops contracted for at twelve cents a pound. If hops were down to six or eight cents a pound all the search warrants in the country could not produce the Wisconsin beer-maker.

"No savey!" That was the answer of a Chinese witness at a Portland inquest Wednesday. It means "I don't understand you," and is the usual Chinese manner of professing ignorance. And as well try to get blood from a turnip as information from a Chinaman when he elects to keep his mouth closed, and in such cases there is no more expression to the Chinese face than a turnip.

An immense forest fire is raging on ancient historical ground—midway between Athens and the Marathon river.

New Brunswick breaks the record with a sentence of death imposed on a sixteen year-old boy. He killed a fourteen year-old companion.

The treasury department has just got around with the information that Porto Rico shipped 143,000,000 pounds of sugar to the United States in 1901.

Education depends on coal back East. Public schools have been closed in a number of cities during the past few days on account of the lack of fuel incident to the coal strike,

The coal carriers from Europe are taking return cargoes at demoralizing rates. They must have ballast, and of course bid low for freight to carry back. Of course this helps the Eastern wheat market.

No wonder the Sioux Indians are restless. The government has reduced their rations. If there is one thing—excepting whiskey of course—that the Indian wants it is a free supply of food. He can get along on very little, though, if he has to work for it.

A foreign shipment of glass to Portland on a grain ship now being unloaded, is a fine exemplification of how our people are robbed for the benefit of Eastern glass manufacturers. Before this Belgian glass can be unloaded a duty equal to 45 per cent of its value must be paid into the custom house. That is taxing light quite heavily.

Talk about the devil rebuking sin! The demand of the coal trust operators that the national government proceed against the United Mineworkers of America on the ground that it is a conspiracy in restraint of trade between the states, in contravention of the interstate commerce law, is not a less edifying spectacle than a rebuke of sin by his satanic majesty would be.

In a recent London criminal case the prisoner at the bar was charged with having abandoned his children, and he pleaded that he had so many he could not support them. The evidence brought out the fact that from his first marriage he had sixteen children and from a second marriage twenty The second wife on the witness stand testified that she thought she had only eighteen, but admitted that there were so many she could not be sure.

T R Sheridan, the Roseburg capitalist, has sued the Postal Telegraph Company for $3000 in the United States Circuit Court at Portland for a mistake of an "0" in sending a telegram. The dispatch was to W Sanger ,Jr, of San Francisco, referring to land to be covered with scrip. It said: "Secure 6000 acres at lowest possible figures and advise when money is required." As sent, it read "600 acres." The land was worth $3000 more than it was offered at.

The spectacle of Senators Quay, Platt and Penrose, and Governor Odell of New York threatening J P Morgan and his ill brood of coal trust operators is an edifying one. No wonder Morgan is angry at the lack of political gratitude. Trusts and tariffs contributed largely to the making of the political fortunes of these men. Why should they show ingratitude in dealing with their political maker? Morgan can't understand it. They are afraid of the common people. That is the sufficient explanation.

KEEP IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

There is not any season when it is not profitable to keep the name of a concern fresh in the public mind, as there is no time when people fail to look over the advertising columns of the newspaper.

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 appeals 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 have 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 everybody 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 disquieting 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, Huntingdon 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 lining 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 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 HEED.

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 mouths' 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. 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 stamps 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.

City Property for Sale

HENDRICKS' ADDITION TO EUGENE—

To those desiring to purchase city lots, I have laid out an addition on the south side of the city and north of College Hill Park. I have 120 lots in this addition, and am selling them very low so as to enable every one to have a home of their own. The price of these lots is from $50 up.

ELIAS STEWART ADDITION TO EUGENE—

I have some very desirable lots in this addition, in the very heart of the city and within a few blocks of Willamette street.

WHITAKER'S ADDITION TO EUGENE—

I have a few lots in this addition within two blocks of the First National Bank.

COLLEGE HILL PARK—

I have 100 lots in this addition. The price now is $50 each. W will advance the price soon. We expect College Hill Park to become the most desirable residence property in or near the city.

HENDRICKS' ADDITION TO COLLEGE HILL PARK—

We have 70 lots for sale cheap in this addition; also 40 or 50 acres of very choice fruit land. I have on this place 1300 young prune trees, about 400 Bartlett pear trees, and 200 black walnut trees, also apples, plums and small fruits. This place has a good farm house, barn and out-houses, and is a most beautiful suburban piece of property. It is known as the Locust Hill farm, and there is no place in the state more beautifully and pleasantly situated.

I am not in real estate business as a business—we sell our own lands only. I employ no agents. Any one desiring to purchase any of this property will find me at the First National Bank. I will be pleased to show property and give prices. I might exchange some of this property for good timber land. Come and see me.

Notice to Bridge Builders.

Sealed bids are requested for constructing a county bridge across the Coast Fork river at Cottage Grove, according to the plans and specifications and strain diagrams to be furnished by the county surveyor and to be kept at his office in Eugene.

Bids to be opened by the county court and surveyor October 15, 1902, at 2 o'clock p m.

The 5 per cent deposit required by law must accompany each bid.

C M COLLIER,
County surveyor, Lane Co, Oregon.
Dated Sept 22, 1902.

UP TO THE TIMES.

"Them, New York bunko men has a new game," said Uncle Ezra Tuttle as he took his accustomed seat on the cracker barrel.

"That so?" asked the grocer.

"Yep, I went up to the city last week, an the feller that always sold me my gold bricks isn't handling nothing but chunks o' coal now."—Baltimore American.

Encyclopaedia for Sale.

The GUARD offers a ten-volume Americanized Encyclopaedia Britannica for sale. There are 6902 pages of the work, 96 colored maps of states and countries and numerous illustrations. It is durably bound in sheep and has been well used.

In this condensation of the Britanica especial pains were taken, as the name indicates, to give special preference to subjects of American interest, at the same time pruning long and prolix articles of all superfluity, though not materially curtailing the presentation of desirable facts.

This encyclopaedia has been in constant use for several years. It is offered for sale for the sufficient reason that the office has been supplied with a complete Britannica with a five-volume "American supplement."

Bargains in Farms.

A one hundred and sixty acre farm, bottom land, two miles from Elmira, in west part of county, for sale at a bargain. 80 acres plow land, 80 acres of pasture. Good outrange. Good barn and well fenced. Residence on place and good orchard. Living spring. One of the finest small places in county. Two miles from postoffice. Address

FRANK PARRY,
Elmira, Oregon.

You Know What You Are Taking

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. 50c.

Violets

By HELEN WOOD

Copyright, 1901, by Helen Wood

Edith Dean entered her Aunt Marcy's room with a great bunch of violets on her jacket. They filled the room with their perfume and seemed the spirit of their wearer, a slender girl with deep blue eyes and a pr tty, pensive way of carrying her head. Mrs. Murray greeted her niece affectionately. They were strikingly alike—the same eyes, lips and wavy hair and the same quick, nervous way of speaking.

"How beautiful your violets are!"

"Oh, yes," replied the girl carelessly. "Jimmy always sends me lovely flowers, but I'm getting so tired of violets. I don't see why he didn't get American Beauties instead today."

She tossed her coat carelessly on the couch, crumpling and crushing the violets. Her aunt looked up quickly and then drew the girl to the stool at her side.

"Edith, your words remind me of a story. May I tell it?"

The girl nodded her head delightedly.

"It was in the spring of 1861. I was a gay, spoiled girl, like you, and Langdon Murray, to whom I had been engaged for several months, was my helpless slave. While our social pleasures differed slightly from those of the present day we, too, loved pretty gowns and flowers, so when Langdon promised to send me, for a certain dance, the prettiest flowers he could find I naturally expected something quite handsome in the way of a bouquet. Instead of the roses I had hoped for there came only a bunch of violets, not violets de Parma, like yours, but the simplest of fragrant blossoms. I was in a fine temper, tossed them aside and went to the dance unadorned with any flowers. If Langdon felt hurt, he showed no sign, and his very self restraint annoyed me the more. I was disgracefully pettish all evening and on the way home had little to say to my long suffering escort.

"The next evening he called as usual, and in the meantime mother had rescued the discarded violets and placed them in a vase. He crossed to the piano and touched the half faded flowers whimsically. Then he turned to me with unusual gravity and tenderness.

"'So you didn't like my violets, Marcy, dear?'

"Childishly I shook my head.

"'I thought,' dearest, they were the reflection of your eyes. That's why I

MRS. MURRAY SHOWED EDITH A SMALL BOUQUET OF FADED FLOWERS.

chose them. Perhaps, as you don't care for them, I may take a few?'

"'Take them, of course,' I said nonchalantly.

"'No; I want you to give them to me.'

"Wonderingly I selected a small bunch and handed them to him. Then I laughed nervously.

"'Dear me, Langdon, you look as serious as if you were going to a funeral.'

"'To something worse than that, Marcy, dear; to—war. And these will remind me of the sweetest girl in the world, my slender, blue eyed violet, who is going to be brave till I come back.'

"A chill crept over me. I saw my pettish folly, my one sided quarrel, in their true light. What a penitent girl I was, and how complete was our reconciliation, how tender our parting! Then, when he had kissed me goodby for the last time, I took what was left of the violets and pressed them in this book."

Mrs. Murray opened an old fashioned collection of verses and showed Edith a small bouquet of withered flowers tied with white ribbon.

"You of today cannot realize the horrors of the civil war. Mother and I sewed incessantly for the soldiers. It was all we could do. This labor of love, with frequent letters from Langdon, who was with the western army, kept me alive. Separation had taught me how deep was my love for him.

"After the battle of Stony Ridge came word that Langdon had been terribly wounded and left on the field until aid could be sent to him, but when the hospital corps arrived he was not to be found, and the messmate who wrote the letter had been able to learn nothing of his fate, nor could the inquiries instituted by my father solve the mystery. I railed at fate. I prayed to die. If only I could visit his grave, know where he was sleeping with my violets over his heart, as he had said they should always lie.

"The weeks dragged into months, and then suddenly came news from Nashville that he lay there in the government hospital; with other Federal prisoners he had been recently exchanged, and if I wished to see him alive I must come at once. Of the horrors of that trip and the days among the suffering and dying you can never know, but I nursed Langdon back to life, and when we reached our northern home it was a more sensible, thoughtful woman that he led to the altar, and, my dear, in the first few years of our married life whenever the old thoughtless words rose to my lips I recalled the violets which he had worn over his heart through the battles and the marches, and whenever I became selfish and thought my husband was not doing everything he could to make me happy I would steal away to my room and look into the pages where these withered flowers lay. Violets may be modest, but they can recall memories which no haughty American Beauties can boast."

Edith was very thoughtful as she kissed her aunt and went to her room. There on her tea table the maid had placed a vase filled with American Beauties. She flushed as she looked at them. What had she said to Jimmy about hating violets?

That evening when Jim Barber called on his fiancee Edith was wearing the violets. He elevated his eyebrows slightly, then bent down to kiss the tender, upturned face. Edith was looking unusually pensive.

"I thought you hated violets. Didn't you get the roses this afternoon?"

Edith smiled.

"I won't fib, Jimmy. I do like roses best, but when you send the violets—why—why, that makes them different, you know."

Jim, rather surprised at the sudden tenderness and gentleness of his whimsical sweetheart, held her close to his heart. At last she raised her head and, pulling some violets from her corsage, fastened them on his coat. Again he stooped to kiss her hands as she whispered:

"You don't think, Jimmy, that there's going to be a war—very soon?"

Jimmy, who belonged to the national guard, glanced at her curiously.

"No, dear."

She sighed happily and murmured, "I'm very, very glad."

Fourth Century Shorthand.

That shorthand was used in the ancient world is well known, but our information is still scanty, and any addition is welcome. It may therefore be worth knowing that there is in the Armenian "Acts of St. Callistratus" a reference to the employment of stenography. A translation of this is included in Mr. F. C. Conybeare's "Armenian Apology and Acts of Apollonius and Other Monuments of Early Christianity." The account of Callistratus was probably written in the first half of the fourth century. It includes several long addresses of Callistratus to his fellow soldiers in explanation of the mysteries of the new faith for which he and forty-nine of his comrades became martyrs. Perhaps with a view to giving them authority as verbatim reports, the compiler says:

"But there was a certain scribe of the law court who was near to the prison, and he listened to the discourse of Callistratus, and he wrote it down in shorthand on paper and gave it to us, and we set in order with all accuracy the record and outline of his thought."

Thackeray's Facial Appearance.

In 1849 or 1850 Charlotte Bronte wrote of Thackeray: "To me the broad brow seems to express intellect. Certain lines about the nose and cheek betray the satirist and the cynic; the mouth indicates a childlike simplicity, perhaps even a degree of irresoluteness in consistency—weakness, in short, but a weakness not unamiable." And Mr. Motley, writing to his wife in 1858, said: "I believe you have never seen Thackeray. He has the appearance of a colossal infant—smooth, white, shining, ringlety hair, flaxen, alas, with advancing years; a roundish face with a little dab of a nose, upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles."

This broken nose was always a source of amusement to Thackeray himself. He caricatured it in his drawing, he frequently alluded to it in his speech and in his letters, and he was fond of repeating Douglas Jerrold's remark to him when he was to stand as godfather to a friend's son, "Lord, Thackeray, I hope you won't present the child with your own mug!"

A Tender Hearted Dog.

A sick dog took up his abode in the field behind our house, and after seeing the poor thing lying there for some time I took it food and milk and water. The next day it was still there, and when I was going out to feed it I saw that a small pug was running about it, so I took a whip out with me to drive it away. The pug planted itself between me and the sick dog and barked at me savagely, but at last I drove it away and again gave food and milk and water to my protege.

The little pug watched me for a few moments, and as soon as he felt quite assured that my intentions toward the sick dog were friendly it ran to me wagging its tail, leaped up to my shoulder and licked my face and hands, nor would it touch the water till the invalid had had all it wanted. I suppose that it was satisfied that its companion was in good hands, for it trotted happily away and did not appear upon the scene again.—Cor. London Spectator.