

SATURDAY JANUARY 10

EUGENE AND LANE COUNTY.

The surprise and energy represented by forty years of life in an old-settled country usually give little reason for comparison of the past and present. In a new country the lapse of such a period of time is as the growth of the infant to manhood or womanhood. The entering of the State Journal on its fortieth year of publication is the occasion of a reminiscence editorial by Judge Kincaid, editor and proprietor all those years, on the changes wrought by man's hand as directed by potential brain:

One year less than half a century ago, when the writer of this drove an ox-team from Indiana to Oregon, we crossed the Mississippi River at Burlington with our teams on the ice in the middle of the winter, rafted wagons over most of the streams in crossing over the State of Iowa, there being then neither roads, bridges or ferries in many places, and but few settlers. We crossed the Missouri River on a steamboat brought up from St. Louis to ferry the emigrants over the river. There was not a house then where the city of Omaha now stands, and not a house along the emigrant trail between Kanawha, Iowa, now called Council Bluffs, and Foster's residence in the Willamette valley, a few miles from Oregon City. There was not a road, a bridge or a ferry along the entire route, except two or three dangerous snows or rafts across the largest river. How people with women and children, starting in the middle of the winter from the State of Indiana in wagons drawn by oxen and cows, ever made such a journey God alone knows.

Coming down to Oregon, and to Lane County and Eugene, the changes have not been as marvelous, but worthy of a passing notice. Oregon Territory in 1853, when we crossed the plains and settled with our father and mother and brothers and sisters in the hills three miles southeast of Eugene, contained perhaps not more people than now reside in Lane County. Portland was a very small village, not nearly as large as Eugene is now. Eugene had been laid out the year before, and named for Eugene F. Skinner, who owned part of the townsite, but there were no houses then on any of the town lots, and nothing to indicate where "Eugene City" was, except the stakes in the grass at the corners of lots and blocks. There were three houses here then, but not on the lots then laid out for Eugene City. The "city" has since been cut off from Eugene by act of the legislature and by unanimous consent of the people.

The only houses then were Eugene F. Skinner's residence below Skinner's Butte, Hilliard Shaw's residence where V. I. Hall of the University of Oregon is now located, and a little frame store building owned by James Huddleston and Captain A. P. Ankeny, the father of Hon. Levi Ankeny of Washington, and Hon. H. E. Ankeny of Oregon, on the south bank of the Willamette River at the ferry, where the bridge over the river is now located. A year or two later the Ankeny-Huddleston store building was moved out on the north side of Ninth street, a little west of where the State Journal office is now, and two or three buildings were erected on Ninth and Willamette streets. Ninth street was a little ahead at first, but soon most of the business began to be put upon Willamette street.

At first US District Judge Geo. H. Williams held court under an oak tree, and as a boy I remember standing around and listening to the sparring of lawyers—Delazyn Smith, David Logan and John Kelsey.

THE LATEST OCEAN CABLE.

The cable laid to the Sand—which Islands has a diameter of about one and one-quarter inches except at the shore ends where it is three inches for about three miles. This larger size is to protect the cable from the strain and wear of the shore end. The cable has a copper core about the size of a lead pencil. Around this is a composition of gutta percha. The next coating is turned hemp, then burlap, then rubber tape, and finally 18 armor wires of steel. The cost of the cable when laid to Manila will

of maintenance will be \$100,000 per year. The cable, when the Silvertown sailed from San Francisco, was in three sections, each of about eight hundred miles. The ship was in constant communication with the shore through the paid-out cable. The depth to which the cable sank was frequently three miles.

The cable for the line from Honolulu to Manila is now being made at Silvertown, England.

A PLEA FOR THE BRIGHT SIDE.

A French writer pleading for beautiful plays and novels rather than the sadder relates of the Zola school of authors, writes:

We crave cheerfulness, happiness, hope. We want the world beautified. We want plays and novels that can be read and enjoyed by the young rising generation and teach them that they should rejoice at the thought they are alive.

As long as man inhabits the earth there will be lying, treachery, capriciousness, selfishness, vice in every shape and form, but there will be love, devotion, charity, fidelity, friendship and self-abnegation. Every medal has two sides, every picture its light and shade. For heaven's sake, show us the bright side of the picture.

The mansion that Minister McCormick occupies in St. Petersburg cost a million and half, exclusive of grounds. It is offered for sale for three hundred thousand dollars. Misfortune overtook the Russian builder and swallowed up his large estate.

Austria follows Germany with increased tariff duties on grains and manufactures. That country does not propose to be made the dumping ground for Germany's manufacturing stimulation at cost of her own people. The latter country has found out that it is not possible to legislate prosperity.

Five hundred Chinese are landed on the Pacific Coast every month in direct violation of law. The easy-going Federal authorities allow them to come in as "merchants," under the clause of the exclusion law allowing that class to enter for purpose of trade. The "merchant" clause should be repealed.

Jessie Benton Fremont, widow of General Fremont, whose explorations in the west during the time of the early settlement of the coast gained for him the sobriquet of "The Pathfinder," died at her home in Los Angeles, California, on December 27th, at the age of seventy-eight years.

It is not to be wondered at that Castro of Venezuela would like to have the dispute with Germany and England arbitrated by some South American ruler. With such a precedent established the irresponsible dictatorship republic would do about as they pleased, helping each other as occasion might demand.

Oklahoma and Indian Territory's claims for immediate admission as a single state are so strong that they will appeal forcibly to the country. United they would make a state of about the same dimensions as their immediate neighbors, and possessing in the neighborhood of one million people, would be entitled to five representatives in the popular branch of congress. Manifestly, a state which would have these qualifications would exercise considerable influence in the union from the start.

A Washington archaeologist who recently made a thorough exploration of the cliff dwellers caves of New Mexico and Arizona says he saw enough dwellings to have accommodated two million people, and that he believes their numbers must have reached eight millions. What became of them? The pottery, stone implements and skulls found in the caves give no answer. And there is absolutely no other history of this strange lost race.

Daily Grand News.

H. H. Anderson is back from Portland. Adam Wilhelm is in the city from Moscow.

Miss Laura Miller returned today from Portland.

Miss L. N. Roney returned today from her visit in Salem.

Miss Ethel Palmer is home from the Grove where he has spent the week.

Miss Edna Malson was a passenger to Lebanon today where she will visit.

Frank B. Moore and family returned today from their holiday visit in Salem.

Miss Fannie Barber returned today from Portland where she has spent her vacation.

Brownlee's Times: Mrs. J. R. Stewart is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. W. Newland, in Eugene.

Prof. Walter D. Hall, former principal of the High School, is visiting in Eugene for a few days.

Miss Wanda Logan is home from her visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller in Junction City.

Miss P. E. Mureb, of Coburg, returned to Portland this afternoon. She has a position in that city.

Mrs. Dudley Holland, of Boise, Idaho, is visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. J. M. Shirley.

Miss Ethel Palmer arrived today from Creswell and is a guest at the Palmer home in this city.

J. A. Gray and family arrived this afternoon from Nebraska and will settle in this part of the country.

Miss Elizabeth G. Guley, who has spent the past few days with acquaintances in Eugene, returned to Creswell today.

Prof. McKinley, of the department of Latin at the University, returned this afternoon from his vacation trip to Portland.

Joe Templeton and Clifton Perkins were among the returning students today. Joe was accompanied by his brother, Chas.

STARVED TO DEATH.

Help That Came Too Late.

"The Carisbrooke Castle, arrived in from the West Indies, reports picking up a raft with the body of an elderly man who had evidently died of starvation. There was no clue to the man's identity, nor any marks to determine the origin of the raft."

In those few lines another clueless mystery of old ocean was disposed of. There was nothing to marvel at that a man should die of starvation. Had he lived it would have been a real marvel indeed. Or had he died of starvation surrounded by abundant food, that would have been both a marvel and a mystery to the world at large. For the world at large does not know that a great many elderly people die of starvation in the midst of plenty. They have food enough,



but the stomach is "weak" and the food cannot be digested and converted into nutrition. The body grows weak as every starved body does. And at last the life is destroyed by some common place malady, which would have been easily cured by a well nourished body. It is because death in such cases is attributed to the trivial malady and not to the true cause—starvation—that there is no general appreciation of a common cause of disease and death among elderly people—lack of nutrition.

VIGOROUS OLD AGE

depends upon the capacity to digest and assimilate food. Strength in age has the same foundation as strength in youth—food properly digested and assimilated. There is no way to make physical strength except from food. And when the stomach and its allied organs, because of "weakness" or disease, cannot convert the food into nutrition, there is a loss of strength and vitality, which weakens the body and leaves it practically powerless against the invasions of disease. If you want strength you must get it from food, and you can't get strength from food when there is disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. The way to vigorous old age then is to strengthen the stomach by curing the diseases which weaken it. This is done by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"I suffered for six years with constipation and indigestion, during which time I employed several physicians, but they could not reach my case," writes Mr. G. Popplewell, of Eureka Springs, Carroll Co., Ark. "I felt that there was no help for me; could not retain food on my stomach; had vertigo and would fall helpless to the floor. Two years ago I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, of Eureka Springs, and improved from the start. After taking twelve bottles of the 'Discovery' I was able to do light work, and have been improving ever since. I am now in good health for one of my age—60 years. I owe it all to Dr. Pierce's medicines."

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is not offered as a "cure-all." It does cure a great many different diseases, but a study of these cures shows that the

will be employed to examine the boy's eyes, which are troubled.

Prof. E. D. Ressler returned this afternoon to Monmouth. He has been spending a large portion of his vacation in this city among old friends.

Miss Estella Jarvis returns to her home at Portland tomorrow after a two weeks' visit with her sister, Miss Anna, and mother, Mrs. John White, of Portland.

Mrs. E. D. Loveridge does not meet her change in her life. She is well, but she is not as well as she was before, and she is not as well as she was before.

Miss C. C. of Portland is a few days for E. D. Jarvis will conduct the E. D. Jarvis photograph gallery. She has attended to the Winter studio during the absence of Mrs. C. L. White, and giving attention to the portraits of the family during the holiday season.

A Million Voices.

Could hardly express the thanks of House of Representatives, to the late, Dr. E. D. Ressler, who has been a most successful physician, and a most successful physician, and a most successful physician.

When all thought he was doomed he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and writes: "It completely cured me and saved my life. I now weigh 227 pounds. It's positively guaranteed for coughs, colds and troubles. Price 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at W. L. De Laune's."

Sweaters at Cost.

We have always sold the best sweaters in town but have decided to close out a few odd sizes at cost. Come and see what we have to offer.

This week we will sell our \$3.75 sweaters at \$2.50; 14 sweaters at \$2.85; \$2.50 sweaters at \$1.80; \$2.75 sweaters at \$1.50.

We guarantee these to be all wool and the best that money can buy.

KAY'S GUN STORE.

Various diseases of heart, liver, lungs, kidneys, blood, etc., cured by "Golden Medical Discovery," are diseases which had their origin in the disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. When the cause of disease was cured in the stomach, the effects of the disease were cured in the other organs.

MEDICAL FALSE PRETENSES.

When a medicine is offered as "blood-making" or "strength-giving," ask yourself: Out of what is blood made and what is the source of physical strength? Blood may properly be said to be only digested food. Food is the source of all strength when, by the digestive processes, it is converted into blood, which is the life of the body. No medicine can make a drop of blood. No medicine can give an ounce of strength. Blood and strength must come from food, and the only sense in which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is called a blood-making and strength-giving medicine is in that it cures the disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and enables the food eaten to be converted into the blood and nutrition on which the life and strength of the body depend. By this means it gives new life and new strength.

"I take time to ask you to allow me to thank you for the good your medicine has done me," writes Mrs. Francis Johnson, of Dresden, Pettis Co., Mo., Box 71. "I am more than glad to tell you I have better health now than ever before. After using three bottles of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, one of 'Favorable Prescription' and one of 'Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets,' I am strong and hearty. I have no more bad spells; no more weakness. I feel like a new woman altogether. I could not have lived much longer in the condition I was in if I had not seen that advertisement just in time to save my life. Thanks to you, and I thank God for letting my eyes look on your advertisement. I am continually telling my friends I would not have been living if it had not been for Dr. Pierce's medicines."

What "Golden Medical Discovery" does for the diseased stomach in advanced life, it does for youth and for men and women at every stage of life's progress. It makes the "weak" stomach strong. It enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food, so that the body is made strong in the one possible way—by food properly digested and perfectly assimilated.

FAR REACHING BENEFITS.

Acting through the stomach and blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery reaches every organ of the body. It strengthens the "weak" heart—stirs up the sluggish liver, heals the inflamed lungs, stimulates the kidneys, and brings all the physical organs into harmonious activity. It cures biliousness, and the headache and lassitude which are common to bilious people. It builds up the body with sound flesh and solid muscle.

Sick people are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and is absolutely confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Sometimes the dealer tempted by the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines, will endeavor to sell you a cheap receipt of stamps to cover 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.

IT IS SENT FREE.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice sent free receipt of stamps to cover 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.

THE TOMB OF AYUN MUSA

By Osborne O'Connor

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If you have visited Alexandria, Egypt, you will remember the five cemeteries in the western suburbs of the ancient city. In two of these cemeteries there have been no burials for the last fifty years, and in the one known as "The Sleep of the Holy Dead" you will find the tomb of Ayun Musa. This cemetery covers about five acres of ground, is surrounded by a stone wall in a more or less dilapidated condition, and one might wander there for days and meet no one to order him away. So great is the reverence among most natives for the long buried dead, and so strong is the feeling of superstition in his nature, that it is almost impossible to induce him to enter these holy grounds in broad daylight.

Ayun Musa was a soldier and a statesman who lived 500 years ago. His popularity made him enemies, who conspired and brought about his ignominious death, and years after his demise, when it was known that he had been an innocent sacrifice, a tomb was built in "The Sleep of the Holy Dead" to honor his memory. No one knows whether his remains were actually laid in the tomb or not, and at this late date it would be hard to find anybody who cared.

It is a stone vault, with a rusty iron door hanging by one hinge, and tablets on each side of the door giving the name, age, date of birth and death, etc. The vault is a room about twelve feet square, and in the center is a marble sarcophagus, which perhaps once held a coffin. Ten years ago a tourist could enter the grounds, find the vault for himself, and passing the hanging iron door, descend the six steps into the grottoes room. If the darkness and the mold and the bats did not shake his nerve, he could light matches and take a peep into the great stone receptacle and behold dust and spiders and perhaps a dead bat at the bottom.

As it was then, so it probably is today. You Egyptian has little use for a dead man, no matter what he was in life. The reverence I have spoken of is more ideal than actual. In my search for mummies I have met many an Egyptian who grieved that his father and mother had not been dead

for centuries.

"We catch hundreds, but we do not look for them in the cities of the dead. I wish you good morning, sir."

The official took it that I was either a fool or a liar, and I was mad about it. However, as I could do nothing without him, I had to decide to let the matter drop when I ran across an American from Chicago. When I told him the yarn, he offered to accompany me to the tomb. Arriving ourselves and taking candles, we set out for the cemetery. It will still be remembered in Alexandria what we discovered there. There was a man asleep on the floor who proved to be a notorious and much wanted robber, and that sarcophagus was full to the brim of spoils. He had robbed pedestrians, houses, stores and even churches, and most of the stuff was right there. My watch, pin, ring and \$200 in cash were only a small bit of the plunder. That tomb was his hiding place and his home, and he had depended upon superstition to keep intruders away. We marched him out as a prisoner and gave him up to the authorities. I was at first inclined to rub it in on the chief of police. He twiggled the fact and with very sober countenance turned on me with:

"Yes, you were telling me a straight story, as it appears, and you have made a capture for which I thank you, but don't get too fresh over it. Under the laws of Egypt I can have you sent to prison for ten years for entering a vault of the dead without official permission. Do you see?"

I saw and had nothing more to say.

Fishermen's Superstitions.

At the beginning of the herring season the crew all try to seize the herring first on board to see if it be male or female. If it is a male, their fishing may be expected to be a poor one; if a female, a good one. Sometimes, however, the skipper secures it and hides it away, salting it and laying it past for the season. The boat must not be turned against the sun. Certain animals considered of ill omen must not be spoken of in the boat, and ministers in this respect occupy the same place as rabbits, hares and pigs.

Fishermen do not like to lend anything to a neighboring boat lest their luck should go with it. If they lend a match, they will contrive, secretly if possible, to break it and keep part, hoping thereby to retain their luck. Their dislike to have anything stolen is increased by the fear that the thief may have stolen their luck with it. To ask the question, "Where are you going?" of any one who is going on board is equivalent to destroying all his chances for that time. Persons with certain names are held to be of bad omen, the dreaded names being different in different villages. Notes and Queries.

Crazy to Expect It.

Harduppe—Say, old fellow, lend me a hundred, will you?

Riggs—A hundred what?

Harduppe—A hundred dollars. I—

Riggs—Oh, stop your joking.

Harduppe (earnestly)—Joking? I was never more serious in my life. I'm broke.

Riggs—My dear man, you're not broke. You're cracked—Catholic Standard and Times.

When I came to it was night, and I

received a blow on the head and went down in a heap.

long enough to bring \$50 in the open market as specimens. Unless it came to the ears of the authorities that some foreigner was breaking open tombs and shipping away bones by the hoghead they would not set a guard over a cemetery.

In visiting "The Sleep of the Holy Dead" at Alexandria I was actuated wholly by curiosity and was not even looking for a relic or souvenir. I had wandered about for two or three hours when I came to the tomb of Ayun Musa. I had not encountered a person of either sex, and time had slipped past rapidly. It lacked only half an hour of sunset when I stood before the rusty gate and sought to decipher the tablets. I had found other vaults open, but had not entered, and why I suddenly decided to enter here I cannot say.

I knew there would be a sarcophagus, with its lid firmly cemented and nothing to be seen, but I squeezed my way past the broken gate and descended the steps. At the bottom of these steps was a great accumulation of leaves and dirt, blown in by the winds of centuries, and as I climbed over the heap I struck a match to look around. There was the sarcophagus in the center of the vault, but before the match went out I had seen that it had no cover. I must have a peep into it, and so I struck another match and advanced. An instant after the flame appeared I heard a movement in the vault. It was midnight darkness down there unless one faced the gate. The flame of the match did not show even the farther wall. My heart leaped as the noise reached my ear, and for an instant I thought of some evil minded person lying there in wait. Then I laughed at the idea. Those old vaults were the home of rats and bats, and it was one of those creatures I heard moving about. I stepped forward to look into the sarcophagus, but as I reached it my second match burned out. I had a third in my fingers when I received a blow on the head and went down on a heap on the floor. When I came to it was night, and I

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I knew there would be a sarcophagus, with its lid firmly cemented and nothing to be seen, but I squeezed my way past the broken gate and descended the steps. At the bottom of these steps was a great accumulation of leaves and dirt, blown in by the winds of centuries, and as I climbed over the heap I struck a match to look around. There was the sarcophagus in the center of the vault, but before the match went out I had seen that it had no cover. I must have a peep into it, and so I struck another match and advanced. An instant after the flame appeared I heard a movement in the vault. It was midnight darkness down there unless one faced the gate. The flame of the match did not show even the farther wall. My heart leaped as the noise reached my ear, and for an instant I thought of some evil minded person lying there in wait. Then I laughed at the idea. Those old vaults were the home of rats and bats, and it was one of those creatures I heard moving about. I stepped forward to look into the sarcophagus, but as I reached it my second match burned out. I had a third in my fingers when I received a blow on the head and went down on a heap on the floor. When I came to it was night, and I

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