

Eugene Guard.

SATURDAY JANUARY 31

A Portland police reporter had his pocket picked in the courtroom the other day. He ought to lose his job on the paper.

Dan Patch, the famous American pacing horse has been insured for \$112,000 with a British company, nearly twice what his owner paid for him. A valuable piece of horse flesh.

The Portland Telegram says "this irrigation business needs stirring up." Better let it settle awhile. If stirred now it might be washed away and that million dollar Fair appropriation lost in the mud.

Eastern Oregon is not sad over the election of Ankeny senator from Washington. As a resident of Eastern Washington he may be depended upon to work for an open river. And that is for the best interests of all this Northwest.

Roseburg although lying among the hills is a flood sufferer. The raging waters of the Umpqua washed out the pumping station at Winchester that supplies the city with water into the river, and the reservoir is dry. Winchester is five miles from Roseburg.

Uncle Sam is now the happy possessor of a gun that can throw a projectile weighing twenty-four hundred pounds a distance of twenty miles. This possession is doubly interesting from the fact that nothing smaller than a fairly sized island can be seen twenty miles away.

Colorado recovered from her chronic senatorial attack sooner than Oregon. Henry M. Teller succeeded himself and the usual sensational charges of bribery, fraud and treachery are being made by the Wolcott forces. The senatorial fights in different state legislatures are hurrying the day of the popular vote.

After twenty-two years, the United States supreme court decides a land case in favor of a settler in Kittitas county, Washington, against the Northern Pacific. The settler located upon lands somewhere within twenty miles of the right of way and the company claimed the land belonged to it, as it had filed a map with the interior department, laying claim to everything in sight. For nearly a quarter of a century this case has occupied a place on the supreme court docket. Justice is slow to come at times, but it will come if you keep after it.

When Levi Ankeny of Walla Walla takes his seat in the United States senate it will not only be as a wealthy banker but the largest farmer. Something unusual in that aggregation of millionaires. Mr. Ankeny owns over 50,000 acres of agricultural and 50,000 acres of grazing land. His last year's wheat crop amounted to 900,000 bushels, and he marketed several trainloads of stock. His fortune has been acquired by recognizing the value of raw land, and not by speculation. Although he is a most successful banker, it is on record that he has never foreclosed a mortgage on a worthy farmer.

That is a very pretty scandal in the state penitentiary where one of the two women convicts claims she is in a delicate condition, and that though a prisoner for nearly three years. Of course somebody will be made to bear the blame, though it is not improbable that the woman brought the affair about in hope of a release from the remaining six and one-half years of her sentence. Public sentiment would not tolerate the birth of an innocent child in a penitentiary. Her crime was arson, and unless it was an aggravated case the sentence of nine years seems a hard one. There are not a few men serving shorter sentences for killing people,

SOME EUROPEAN HATRED.

Great Britain and Germany having ignored French diplomacy in proceeding against Venezuela, that country naturally falls in with our idea that all countries having claims against the South American republic should share alike in any payment she is able to make. The Frenchmen have a strong argument in asserting that if war settlements are given preference over settlements made by pacific means it will be a strong incentive to war. Anyway England and Germany are France's ancient enemies, the latter of the two her modern conqueror, the present generation remembering Sedan and the occupation of Paris with a bitterness that will never be assuaged except by more shedding of blood. France may not ally with Germany.

There will be no more clerks appointed at the Oregon legislature. A resolution has been passed that all old clerks must be steadily employed before new ones may be given positions.

That quartet of babies born to Mrs. Spychalsky of Toledo, Ohio, are not in such thorough bad luck as their name would indicate. All girls, therefore the chance to change the name some day. It should be a great inducement on their part for an early marriage.

What must be thought of a judicial system that permits the trial of a case four times? Two big Portland firms have just had the fourth trial of a controversy. The case has been to the Supreme Court two times and, of course, will go there again. It is outrageous!

A Dawson dispatch says provisions are running very short throughout the Klondike district. The price of bacon in Dawson has advanced to forty cents a pound, wholesale. The supply of provisions is now only ten per cent of what it was at this time last year.

A Baptist minister told his brother ministers at a meeting in New York the other day that extemporized prayer was the weakest part of church service. There is a good reason for that. There is no variety, no fresh incident in such supplications. It is almost stereotyped the minister using practically the same thoughts in the same form, from Sunday to Sunday.

Senator George F. Hoar of Massachusetts fools his friends who ask for photos, autographs and interviews. When some one wants a photo, Senator Hoar, whose minutes are precious, sends Garland, his private secretary to sit for his picture. When another asks an autograph, he details Goodwin, a clerk of his Senate committee. But when an interview is wanted, Senator Hoar sends the newspaper man to Dougherty, a shrewd Yankee who is said to know more about politics than Mr. Hoar ever will know.

Several thousand horses in Brooklyn are being fed on molasses, because it is cheaper and better than oats. This statement is made by a veterinary surgeon, who adds that horses in harness from twelve to fourteen hours a day do not take time to masticate and properly prepare dry oats and other fodder. The result is that the animals receive little nutritive value from their food. Molasses, if properly diluted and mixed with hay, bran and meal in proportion, is in a digestible condition and ready for assimilation the moment it enters the stomach. It is not only better and more nutritious food than oats, but it is much cheaper in the end where the crude syrup can be got as at the Atlantic seaboard with cheap freight charges.

Publicity.

MARY—Is your engagement announced yet?
SARAH—Well, I've told you, haven't I?

Teachers' Examinations.

Notice is hereby given that the county superintendent of Lane county, will hold the regular examination of applicants for state and county papers in the courthouses at Eugene as follows:

FOR STATE PAPERS.
Commencing Wednesday, February 11, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Saturday, February 14, at 4 o'clock.

Wednesday—Penmanship, history, spelling, algebra, reading, school law.
Thursday—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, book-keeping, physics, civil government.
Friday—Physiology, geography, mental arithmetic, composition, physical geography.
Saturday—Botany, plane geometry, general history, English literature, psychology.

FOR COUNTY PAPERS.

Commencing Wednesday, February 11, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Friday, February 13 at 4 o'clock.
FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD GRADE CERTIFICATES.

Wednesday—Penmanship, history, orthography, reading.

Thursday—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, school law.

Friday—Geography, mental arithmetic, physiology, civil government.

PRIMARY CERTIFICATES.

Wednesday—Penmanship, orthography, reading, arithmetic.

Thursday—Art of questioning, theory of teaching, methods, psychology.

W. M. MILLER,
County School Superintendent.

Never Varied.

MRS. HENPECK—You must admit that I have an even temper!
MR. HENPECK—Yes, indeed; you're always mad!

THE STORY OF THE LATE MRS. BROWN.

It is admitted that her name was not Brown. For obvious reasons it is not wise to mention names in such a case. For the facts of this life story are so common that any woman could relate them to some of her married friends, and probably might do so, if the name happened to fit. Therefore, a real story is printed under a wrong name.

When Mrs. Brown married she was what every one called a remarkably fine girl. She was the very picture of health. She knew nothing about headaches or nerves, but enjoyed life thoroughly—working or playing. Everybody called Brown a lucky man, and Brown thought so himself. After the first baby came,

Mrs. Brown began to feel tired sometimes at the end of the day. Then there came another little guest, and the mother used to feel tired before the end of the day came. She knew now that she had nerves, and also had learned the meaning of headache. About this time people used to speak of Mrs. Brown's falling off in looks. Her figure lost its graceful lines, her cheeks their rosy plumpness. Mr. Brown wasn't losing anything, by the way. He was putting on flesh, and showed in every way the comfortable case of a man who has a good home and a good wife to manage it. Mr. Brown believed in large families. Every visit of the stork was to him a cause of happiness. No man could have been more proud of his family. He didn't realize either his own selfishness or his wife's sacrifices. If he had seen a true picture of his family life it would have shown him in a cart surrounded by a happy family and his wife in the shafts wearily, but willingly, drawing the heavy load. They got just one too many on the load at last, and after that the neighbors spoke of the late Mrs. Brown.

FAST-LIVING WOMEN.

It is not only the women who turn night into day and sacrifice health to pleasure who live fast. The wife and mother who in household duties and maternal cares exhausts vitality more rapidly than it can be supplied, is also living fast, and fast living does not mean long living. In a normal condition of health a woman is equal to all proper womanly obligations. She can guide the house and rear a family, and as a grandmother still show the signs of womanly beauty and strength. But so few women are normally healthy. Their vitality is often lessened by unhealthy drudgery, by disease of the delicate womanly organs, while the household cares increase as the family grows. Every child gets its strength from its mother. As a fact, the prospective mother should be relieved from every possible burden and anxiety, instead of which she carries the household burden to the last. Is it any wonder that under these circumstances her strength fails?

Boin.

In Salem, Jan. 27, 1903, to Mr and Mrs H. N. Cockburn, formerly of Eugene, a daughter.

To Sewer Builders and Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Common Council of Eugene, Oregon, made January 12th, 1903, bids will be received by the Common Council at the R-order's office in said city of Eugene until 7 o'clock p. m., February 9th, 1903, to construct a 16-inch sewer 3794 ft. long and a 16-inch sewer 400 feet long. The two sewers requiring 150 yd. branches, 11 manholes and 2 catch basins. According to the specifications on file in the R-order's office, and the provisions of Ordinance No. 414 passed by the Common Council December 8th, 1902. The said sewers to be completed by September 1st, 1903, provided this time may be extended by the Common Council.

At the said time and place for receiving bids the Common Council will let the contracts to furnish all material and construct the said sewers to the lowest responsible bidder. All work to be done under the supervision of the Street Committee and Superintendent of Sewers, and to be approved by them.

Separate bids for the two sewers are requested.

Bonds will be required of each contractor for the faithful performance of his contract. The council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Eugene, Oregon, January 16, 1903.

R. F. DORRIS,
City Recorder.

A bill in the legislature provides for a graduated scale of fees for incorporating new companies, from \$10 to \$100 where the stock is \$100,000. Those existing companies with several million stock will have to put up the limit.

and she breaks down under a load which physical weakness can no longer sustain? The conditions of our life are such that women do not have, as a rule, fit opportunity for rest and recreation. The necessity, therefore, is apparent for some strength-preserving and strength-creating medicine to cure the diseases that weaken women and to strengthen them for the obligations of maternity. That medicine exists and has been the means of restoring thousands of weak and sick women to lasting health.

"I had poor health for nine years (ever since the birth of my child)," writes Mrs. Armistie Watkins, of Acme, Kanawha Co., W. Va. "I had female weakness, was very irregular and would suffer untold misery. When I wrote I had no idea that I would ever get well, but when your letter reached me I began to have hope. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicines as directed and began to improve in strength. I was soon able to do the work for my family of six. I have recommended Dr. Pierce's medicines to a number of my friends, and they think there never were such medicines in the world. I think so myself. I took eight bottles, three of 'Favorite Prescription' and five of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and two vials of 'Pell's.'"

nothing but the vitality, fostered by vengeance, to support me. In the meantime Bradley had been in the home, and knowing that he had been born in Somersville, thither I raced to gratify the burning desire for revenge that I had nursed for six months.

There, in brief, is the reason why I was on board this express. It was the end of the chase, and I was hot on the trail of the false friend who betrayed country and comrade with equal readiness, the one at the behest of a dark eyed rebel witch, the other to save his own worthless neck.

The motion of the express exhilarated me beyond measure. The hundred and one plans for vengeance that I had plotted across the Pacific I reviewed again and again, yet decided upon none. I would let the circumstances of our meeting be the arbiter of what ignominy I inflicted upon him before killing him.

Suddenly the air was filled with a monster groan. A roar and shock confused my senses, and the car in which I rode seemed to rise with a bound into the air, and then I knew no more. I awakened in the white bed of a hospital. There had been a dreadful wreck, an entire train derailed and almost crushed to atoms within a few hundred yards of Somersville. The local hospital, generally an almost empty institution, was now filled with the injured, and ambulance trains had carried scores of others to Dalton, the next station on the line.

I awoke to the sight of a sweet face bending tenderly over me, and a soft voice bade me be quiet as I opened my lips to ask a question.

"Now, you must lie perfectly still. You are not badly hurt—a broken arm and a little shock. You will be up and about very soon if you obey me implicitly. I am your nurse. I know you will be obedient because you are a soldier and accustomed to obey."

I nodded feebly and closed my eyes again. Can you understand how sweet is the sight of a fair, tender American face after nearly two years in the swamps and wilds of the Philippines? The note of compassion in her voice, the pure grace of her face, bound me a slave to my nurse, and her gentle presence was restful to my overtaxed nerves.

FOR NANNIE'S SAKE

By J. P. COUGHLAN
Copyright, 1901, by J. P. Coughlan

The flier which left San Francisco that night carried me with it, although its first stopping place was ten miles beyond Somersville, the village of my destination. Such was the impatience of my rage that I preferred the prospect of a ten mile tramp to the delay and slowness of a later train.

How my hate burned on that November night! My thoughts ran on to the accompaniment of the deep, mellow murmur of the train as it flew over its bed of steel. Through and through my brain like a molten ball of lead ran the remembrance of the wrong done me by my treacherous friend, and time and time again I dwelt longingly on the revenge that should be mine.

I was still in my soldier's uniform. But first let me tell you the story. Let me explain my fierce hate. Jim Bradley and I had been chums—a fine, lovable fellow I thought him. We were side by side in Cuba, and I believed that we knew one another as two men who had braved hardship and danger together should.

We went to the Philippines. Our friendship remained fast and seemed to be impervious to any assault. But that country must have made a sad change in the character of my chum. Lured on by some dark eyed native woman, he turned traitor to his country and sacrificed his honor. He procured arms for the rebels and actually contemplated joining them. It was I who discovered his perfidy. He confessed and tried to draw me into his traitorous schemes. My duty was to denounce him, but I could not. Our old friendship was too strong, and I had foolish hopes of dissuading him from his madness.

I cannot rake over the details now. I do not want to, nor can I explain clearly the events that followed. He was suspected, arrested and brought to trial. By some devilish trick he reversed our true positions and made me appear the guilty one. Dazed and staggered by this turn in affairs, I admitted the knowledge I had possessed of Bradley's intrigues with the rebels. For six months I was held waiting for trial.

When that trial came I was freed, but it left me almost a wreck, with



"YOU MUST LIE PERFECTLY STILL," SHE SAID.

When the King Laughed.

One of the three occasions on which Philip IV. of Spain laughed was as follows: Philip's first wife, Isabella of Bourbon, died in 1645, and the next year he married the Austrian Archduchess Maria Anna. This princess understood Spanish but very imperfectly. Passing on her way to the capital through a certain town which was distinguished for its silk manufactures, she was presented by the inhabitants with a few dozen silk stockings. Needless of the queen's presence, the master of ceremonies snatched the parcel out of the hands of the town councillors, flung it on the ground and exclaimed in a rage:

"Are you not aware that the queens of Spain are not supposed to have any legs?"

The queen, with her imperfect knowledge of Spanish, began to weep, called for her father confessor, Reithard, and told him that she meant to return to Austria. If she had known that in order to become queen of Spain it was necessary to have one's limbs cut off, she would rather have died in Germany than undergo the operation in Spain. When this incident was related to the king, he burst into loud laughter before the whole assembled court.

Their Own Lookout.

There was an Irishman who after reaching America was full of homesick brag. In which nothing in America even approached things of a similar variety in Ireland. In speaking of the bees of the cold sod he grew especially rosy and said:

"Why, the bees in that country is twice as big as in this, bedad. Inadade, they're bigger than that—they're as big as the sheep ye have in this country!"

"Bees as big as sheep?" said his incredulous listener. "Why, what kind of bees do they have to keep them in?"

"No bigger than the ones in this country," was the reply.

"Then how do the bees get into the hives?" he was asked.

"Well," replied the Irishman, "that's their own lookout!"