

Eugene Weekly Guard.

GAMBLE BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE, OREGON.

If you suffer from "cat fear" take a dose of catnip.

It doesn't take much praise to spoil the man who can't stand criticism.

The fellow was right who said "fortune seldom knocks at the door of the knocker."

To some people truth is stranger than fiction because they have so little to do with the former.

There is an age when every girl wants to go on the stage, just as there is when every boy wants to be a pirate.

Scientists tell us that England is being eaten up by the sea, but she manages to make him pay well for her board.

According to the British budget, the Boer war so far has cost England \$1,085,000,000. Was the game worth the candle?

A few more anti-merger decisions to squeeze the water out of stocks, and Wall street will be wondering if the levers will hold.

Some people are just dying to get into society—if we are to believe the accounts of the prominence of some recent victims in murder cases.

One reason why legislatures hang on forever is found in an overgrown membership. There are in the average law-making body at least twice as many members as there should be.

The man who brings the flush of happiness to a woman's cheek, who drives away the traces of care and unhappiness, who coaxes back the glow of youth—he makes powder puffs.

Uncle Sam wants the Indians to adopt English names, and in turn may put Indian names on some of the new warships. This will be at least one fair exchange which will not prove a robbery of the Indian.

Millionaire Swift once said that no man is rich enough to smoke 25-cent cigars. However, it is likely that Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller could stand the strain of three or four a day without incurring a reputation for wild extravagance.

China, according to the census just completed, has a population of 426,000,000. The inhabitants of Manchuria, Mongolia, Tibet and Turkestan were not counted, but their number was estimated. Nevertheless, by the information we now have, the empire is more populous than ever before.

Descriptions of President Castro, of Venezuela, turning from affairs of state to attend a lawn party recall the man who had so many troubles and carried them so lightly that a friend asked in wonder, "How do you manage to keep so cheerful?" "Because I have to," was the significant reply.

Very few will be disposed to question the wisdom of his millions to Tuskegee Institute. Mr. Carnegie is putting his money where it will do the most good. He is satisfied that Dr. Washington is solving the race problem in the only way it can be solved, and he does well and wisely to back this belief with what is most needed in this great campaign of practical education.

The announcement that Joseph Chamberlain asked the King to bestow upon his wife a special mark of honor which his Majesty wished to confer on him must have caused the most relentless enemy of the Colonial Secretary to lapse into momentary admiration. All the world loves a loving and gracious recognition of obligation, and who is to measure Mr. Chamberlain's indebtedness to his American wife?

If Russia can bulldoze China in the matter of the province she will acquire such a prestige at Peking that no amount of diplomatic persuasion later will restore the other powers to their rightful status with the Chinese court. So impudent are the Russian demands and so grave their import that a joint note from the powers is to be expected forthwith, else good-bye to all hope for the rescue of China from the thralldom of a combination of Chinese reaction and Russian selfishness.

The movement to honor by a suitable memorial the English newspaper correspondents who lost their lives in the South African War revives the recollection of service performed under trying and perilous conditions. The committee of the Institute of Journalists has been compiling a list of the correspondents who were killed or died of disease while in the discharge of duty. "Killed at Wagon Hill," "Killed at Slingsfontein," "Killed at Mafeking," "Died of fever at Simons Town"—so runs the record. The cost of war in money falls into insignificance when compared with its cost in men. Try how they may, no class of men concerned in war can escape the fatal toll of the battle-field.

Read the appalling histories of the poor in New York. They are mere accidental revelations. They are to the great mass of hidden misery and degradation what the transient spark is to the covered fire. Once in a while someone hears of a case of special affliction, and nearly always the machinery of rescue is set in motion by Christian hands. But we hear of one in a thousand. The others are left to their suffering, their hopelessness, their degradation. We have untold millions to spend and immeasurable sympathy and ministrations to bestow in China, India—the farther away the better—while here at home, within sound of our own church bells, scarce a stone's throw from our sumptuous residences, poverty, pain, despair all flourish, and the pagan ferment of the

slums creates unceasingly material for the brothel and jail.

Sad news comes from Oklahoma, where an investigation of the condition of the poor Indian has recently been made by a representative of the government. It appears that the Indians of Oklahoma are suffering from too much prosperity. Ten or twelve years ago they were busy and happy. They owned land, each head of a family had a pony or two, a few dogs, pigs, chickens and other necessities of life, and the days came and went with a pleasing if somewhat monotonous regularity. To-day the noble red men of Oklahoma appear to be rapidly going to the bad. Their land has turned out to be valuable, and they are leasing it to white men at high prices. The result is that the Indians are no longer forced to work for a living, and they are rapidly falling into habits of idleness and vice. The report of the commissioner who has been looking into the matter says: "From habits of industry and thrift these Indians, or most of them, have become idlers and vagrants on the face of the earth. The best friends of the Indians are those who are in favor of compelling them to work. Work is the salvation of these Indians and their only salvation. The leasing of lands has proved to be a great calamity for a majority of them. It would be a thousand times better for them if the leasing of lands was prevented and the proposition presented to them flatly to work or starve." This will probably be discouraging to people who have longed to raise the Indian up to nobler and better things; but does it, after all, indicate that the red man is essentially different from his white brother? Is the Indian the only one who can't broaden out and progress in idleness?

If you would realize the immensity of the United States trade statistics. We talk about billion-dollar Congresses; now let's think about a billion-dollar commerce. In the year ending March 31, 1903, the imports of the United States reached a billion dollars. That is the first time imports ever reached the billion mark. Uncle Sam is a good customer. It is a fact that as good a peace guarantee as a fleet of warships. Countries that are selling a thousand million dollars' worth of things to eat, drink, wear and use in a single year would at least think twice before affronting such a customer and strangling a market. The prosperity way of doing business is said to be to sell more than you buy. The United States is doing that, and feeding nations. The exports for the year ending March 31 reached the stupendous total of \$1,414,780,950, and covered everything from steel bridges to dollar watches, breakfast foods to bottled beer. This is a big country. Its own people can scarcely comprehend the greatness of the empire. Why, the farms alone are worth three thousand million dollars. We have a billion-dollar trust, billion-dollar crops, billion-dollar bank savings. We have just launched a ship that will carry 30,000 tons of freight, and more are building. The mines of the Northwest will give up 35,000,000 tons of iron ore in a single season. From Maine to California big things are in progress. All this is the wonder of the civilized world, and when put into figures the totals simply stun humanity. Big! Why, when you can count all of the stars and the grains of sand on the seashore, you'll be able to measure the glory and greatness of America! We should pray for humility—power to bear our greatness with honor and dignity. We should see to it that morals, education, charity, civic righteousness, all the higher things of life, keep pace with the mighty strides of commerce. For, unless they do, the years of our greatness are surely numbered.

Two handsome stole capes. No. 1 shows heavy lace in deep cream with white, with a turnover collar to match. No. 2 displays a stole cape of heavy white linen trimmed with a narrow band of fadless black canvas and openwork stitch done in black. White pearl buttons complete the trimming. There is a bishop turnover collar to match.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE!

MRS. ADRIEN KRAAL.

"Ho, here comes old Waddy with his drug store, boys; let's have some fun out of him!"

More than a dozen boys on their way home from school, with noisy jests, surrounded an old man who was limping along with a basket on his arm. He turned a curiously vacant look, yet smiling face on the boys, and stopped.

"Hello, Waddy! what's that, a basket of medicine have you got in your basket today?"

"How's yer liver, Waddy?"

"Why don't you swallow some of that stuff and cure yourself, you old quack you?" were some of their questions.

He waited patiently till there came a lull in the storm, then began: "Here, young gentlemen, is that most wonderful preparation, Balm of Healing, certain remedy for chills, fever, neuralgia, lumbago, gout, pleurisy."

"O, give us a rest, we've heard all that before; haven't you anything else?"

"And here are the miraculous Electric Pads. By their use paralyses are cured, club feet straightened."

"Well, I guess you won't take any today, as none of us are paralyzed or club-footed. Just give us one of your wonderful exhibitions of ventriloquism and then dance a jig!" and the poor, simple old man tried to do as they asked, and when he had ceased the curious guttural sounds and shrill calls, he accepted their boisterous ridicule and almost deafening shouts for honest applause. "Now the jig, Waddy," they cried, and setting down his basket, he began hopping briskly around on the ground. The wind carried away his hat, and blew his long beard about his face, but he was interested and did not pause. "Let's dance too," cried the boys, and they began capering around, bumping against the old man and each other with such force that three of them were knocked down and fell in a heap on the basket. There was a sound of smashing glass and loud hurrahs from the rolling, struggling boys.

"O, you have broken my bottles and spilled my precious medicines; even my basket is ruined," said the poor old fellow, and he began to cry like a child.

"Ho, he's blubbering like a baby; I'd be ashamed," said some of the boys. A few of them looked ashamed of themselves. Just then, around the corner came Herbert Page, one of the tall high school boys. He stopped at sight of the crowd and seeing his own brother Charlie there, asked: "What's the trouble, youngsters?"

"O, nothing, only old Waddy's basket got smashed," said one. "We were helping him dance a jig and fell on it," said another.

"Yes, I think I understand. Here, Mr. Wadsworth, let me see your basket. How many bottles were broken? Four? Worth two dollars, eh? Well, you youngsters can raise two dollars to pay for your mischief, I guess."

"Pay old simple-minded Waddy! I guess not," "Mr. Wadsworth, indeed," said one boy, scornfully.

When Herbert had pressed the basket into shape and placed the "Electric Pads" in it, he said, "I've only a half dollar with me. Will it pay for Charlie's share in this mischief?"

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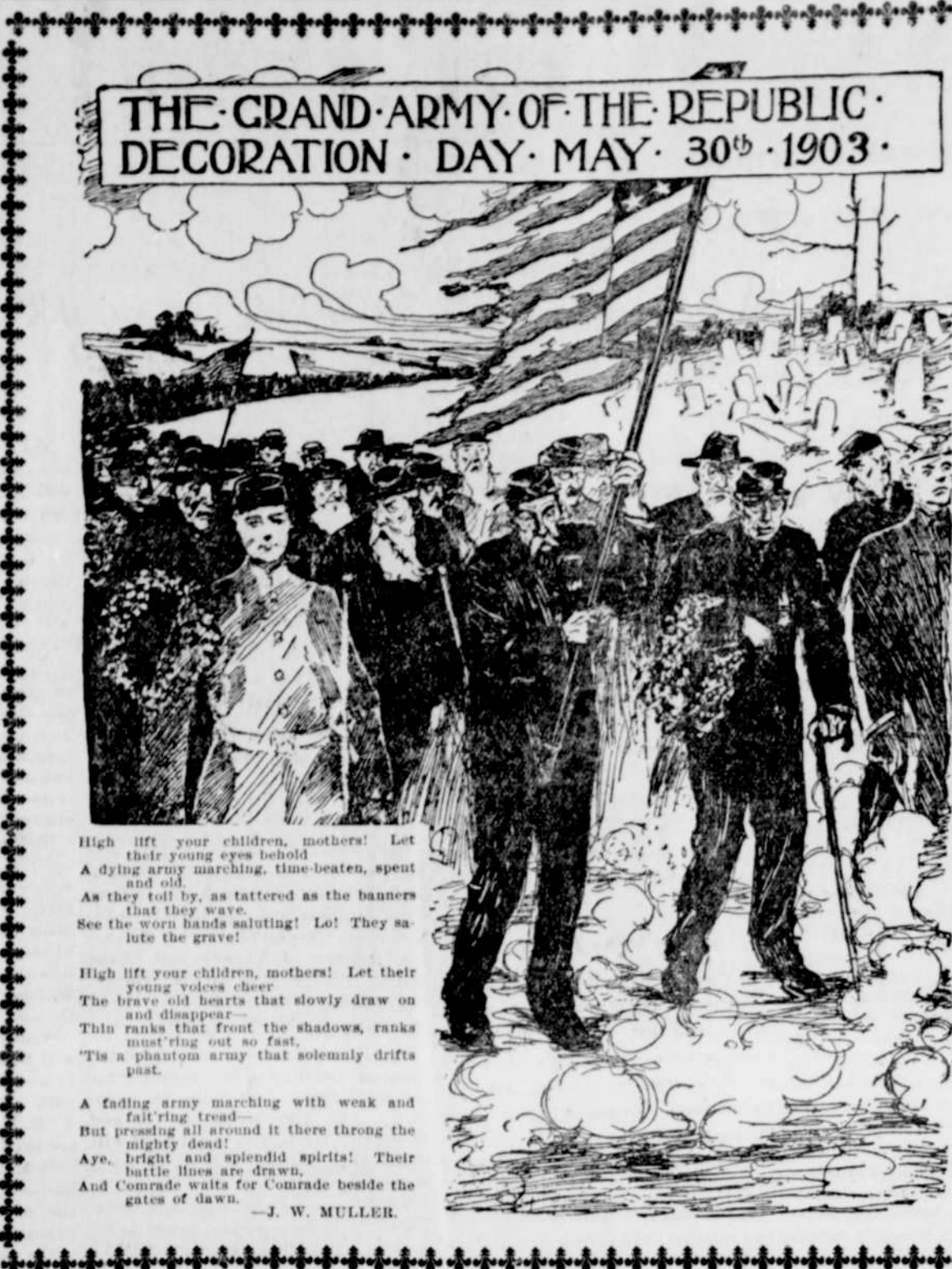
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"He is Barton Wadsworth, a veteran soldier, and at Gettysburg he received the injuries that made him what he is now. He gets a small pension, but it hardly keeps him in the plainest food and clothing, and keep a shelter over him, so he tries to earn a little money by selling these medicines you boys have destroyed. I noticed some of you fellows taking part in the exercises on Decoration Day with great enthusiasm. Now it strikes me that there would be as much patriotism in showing honor and respect to living soldiers as to dead ones, and I'm perfectly sure that I would as soon die for my country as to have my mind so injured that every boy I met would make fun of me."

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SALE TIME IN KANSAS

FARM AUCTIONS BLOOM IN THE EARLY SPRING.

Agriculturists Sell Implements and Household Goods—Some Exchange Possessions, While Others Intend to Retire or Leave the Vicinity.

The early spring is "public sale" time, and not in many years have there been more "auctions" than in this year, 1903. The printing offices have been busy printing bills with big headlines, telling of the number of horses, cattle and hogs, the farm implements, household goods "and other articles too numerous to mention" that have been offered for sale.

The public sale has become a fixed feature in the development of the prairie, writes an Abilene, Kansas, correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It has reached a time when the farmers who have made their home here have acquired more material than they need to run their farm, or are anxious to change their residence, and so want to have a "sale." They go to the county seat and make arrangements with the auctioneer and have their bills printed. The latter are put up in the postoffice or are scattered on the fence posts of the vicinity. With the advent of the creamery the monthly pay envelope has become a valuable method of disseminating the news of the coming events, and the check for milk is likely to be accompanied with some cards announcing the sale of Farmer Smith's fine stock. It is probable that most of the public sales are for the purpose of making long moves, but there are occasions when the reason is obscure. One farmer in this county sold all his stock and implements two months ago, and then went from sale to sale until he had purchased a new outfit for his farm, taking his neighbors' articles rather than his own in the end.

"What are you selling out for?" was asked of a well-to-do farmer recently. He was known as having plenty of material for running his fine farm, and there was no reason why he should go away.

"Oh, I'm going to take a rest. I've rented the farm and guess I'll move to town. My wife and I expect to visit a while in the East and then we will have a home in town for the rest of our lives. The farm will run for enough to keep us. What's the use of working?" There was no use, the farmer was an example of the growing class of those retiring after making themselves comfortable for this life on their Kansas farms.

The attendance on the public sales is usually good, nothing but bad weather keeping the farmers of the vicinity away. The women frequently accompany their husbands and form an interested portion of the audience when the household goods and canned fruit are sold. They are also interested in the dairy appliances and the cows. The bidding is likely to be lively, and it is a curious thing that the average sale shows a scale of prices on common articles and implements that is far above the ones that could be procured at private sale. Under the magic of the wide-awake auctioneer's voice, the figures run up and up until it seems that the buyers must have lost sight of the cost of the articles new.

The "terms of sale" vary little at these auctions. There is usually at each sale the representative of some bank at the county seat. It is a head clerk or a cashier, one who is familiar with the financial standing of the farmers of the county. On the bills and in the advertisements in the papers the "terms" are set forth and usually run like this: "Sums of \$10 and under cash; over \$10 a credit of nine months will be given on note with approved security at 10 per cent interest; if paid when due, only 6 per cent will be charged; 3 per cent off for cash."

The prosperous condition of the Western farmer is seen in the large portion of the amount of the sales that are paid in cash. Sometimes during the present spring the buyers have paid more than half the amount in currency or checks before leaving the place. The bank's representative buys all the notes that are given, so that when the day is done the farmer who has had a sale has turned his entire supply of old cultivators, harrows, moving machines, horses, cattle and bedroom furniture into cash. If he wants to move he is prepared.

The crowd that has looked over the possessions of the household curiously and nodded at the various flaws in the implements of the farmyard, has also had a rude sort of entertainment. On every sale bill, in large letters, appears, "Free lunch at noon," and some of them have the additional legend, "Bring your tin cups." This is Greek to the city resident, but the farmer knows what it means. It is a promise that there will be great steaming cans of coffee, with plenty of sandwiches and perhaps pickles. The task of providing cups for a hundred or two visitors is a formidable one, and the prudent housewife asks that the comers bring cups to use at this function. The habitual auction attendant is fully equipped with the cups to use on such occasions. During the winter all sales begin at 10 a. m., but as the days lengthen the 1 p. m. start is more common. It all depends on the amount of material to be sold.

The amount of property changing hands in this growing method of disposing of used farm material is enormous. In this county alone probably fifty sales have been held since the first of the present year, and they have averaged fully \$1,000 each, or over \$50,000 worth of second-hand goods disposed of by farmers to their neighbors. The same condition exists in State, and so common is the custom becoming that it is unlikely that it will show any diminution for some time to come.

While it is seldom that a public sale is compulsory in order to pay debts, being rather voluntary owing to some contemplated change of condition or location on the part of the owner, there is something pathetic in every such incident.

The hawk before a crowd of the tawdry possessions of the home, the once treasured belongings that seem so cheap and worthless when dragged into the sunlight; the occasional tear that comes when the favorite animal is sold and the heartless dispersion of the household pets, savor of the tragic—but it is a part of the West's development.

NEW LIGHT ON ANDY JOHNSON.

President of New Jersey Senate Offered \$40,000 for Vote.

Col. James Matlock Scovel contributes to the National a paper of "Personal Recollections of President Andrew Johnson," in which he gives a clearer picture of Andrew Jackson than has ever before been put into print. Scovel has no love for Johnson; he admires Lincoln too ardently to feel much sympathy with the lesser man who tried to upset Lincoln's policies. Col. Scovel says:

"The rex vestibuli, or king of the lobby, told the writer that the expenses of the impeachment trial amounted to over \$1,000,000. He knew, for he helped to expend a portion of that sum. It is known that a famous Northern general was a defaulter in the amount of \$500,000 while one of Johnson's internal revenue officers in a Southern city. He was never called upon to settle by any subsequent administration, his default doubtless being charged to the 'exigencies of the service.' The king of the lobby charges that most of the money was spent in the impeachment trial.

"The following facts may cast some light upon the subject. I was president of the Senate of New Jersey in 1865, and was engaged in a personal fight against the election of a United States Senator whom I thought unworthy of the place and I have never changed my opinion. I kept this Senator out of office nine months by my single vote. This seemed to attract the attention of Johnson and Seward to me. In September, 1863, the king of the Washington lobby brought to Trenton, while the Senate was in session, \$40,000 in new \$1,000 bills.

"This \$40,000 was offered to me to defeat, by my casting vote, the ratification of the fourteenth amendment, making the negro a citizen. He told me the money came from Gen.

who had 'conveyed' it while holding a public office. Of course, as I then believed, as I do yet believe, that the negro must not be made a helot; that to disfranchise 8,000,000 or 12,000,000 people is to endanger the republic; that the Afro-American had won his right to vote with his blood—I refused the \$40,000 and the amendment was ratified."

DEARLY LOVE THEIR EASE.

Mexican Peasants Have a Chronic Aversion to Work of Any Sort.

The peon, or peasant, of Mexico is probably the laziest mortal under the sun. He seldom leaves his home and only under the most extraordinary circumstances can he be induced to perform any labor. It is very difficult to induce one to go to a part of the republic where labor is scarce and wages double that of his own district. Large contractors have therefore resorted to an expedient to secure labor. They often go and engage a whole village of peasantries from the interior and move them all, men, women and children, to the scene of their labors. The wealthy ranchman has often to resort to this expedient to secure laborers to work his land