

Semi-Weekly Guard.

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WEDNESDAY JUNE 8

Note and Comment.

Just think of the trouble that may ensue through non-compliance through out the state with the provision of law that the plaintiff in a suit for divorce must give the district attorney of the judicial district in which the suit is brought ten days' notice, and incidentally ten dollars! He always got the money, though. The law was passed with the understanding that the district attorney would represent the defendant in case he made no appearance, at least see that no undue advantage was taken. Now people have been divorced during these years by the hundreds and thousands, and many of them have remarried, with heirs to the latter alliance. Wouldn't it be terrible if the courts should hold that such a marriage was no marriage at all? What would they do under such circumstances—give up the partners whom they had been living with as supposedly husbands and wives? Some might joyfully take advantage of the opportunity, but not many, we think. They would grin and bear the equivocal situation such a decision would put them in without faltering in allegiance to the later obligation, even if it was but one of honor.

A Pendleton man making application for a pension states that he has been married ten times and divorced eight times. One wife died and he is still keeping shop with No. 10. And with all that matrimonial experience extending over a period of forty years he has but four children to his credit. That probably was their good and sufficient reason for a separation. But he kept fooling the women!

What do you call it, murder? We refer to the "battle" in French Guinea between a few hundred French troops and four thousand natives. How were they armed? The French with modern repeating rifles, the natives with ancient flintlock guns. What were the losses? Not much use to ask. The French had one man killed, the natives three hundred. A Christian nation murdering barbarians!

The largest nugget picked up in the Southern Oregon and Northern California placer fields was found at the Poverty Point hydraulic mines on the Klamath river last week. The nugget weighed over thirty ounces and is valued at \$468. Not much poverty about that even if the find was made at Poverty Point!

A prominent feature of the St. Louis fair is a one-man show. Hagenbuck, a German collector and trainer of wild animals, gives a wonderful show with about forty tigers, hyenas, leopards and elephants, all tamed loose in the last act in a big circus-like ring inclosed with an iron fence about twelve feet high, the top being covered with small wire woven like a fish net. After making the animals perform he feeds them, calling and feeding each one in his turn. His only attendants are two German stag hounds that occupy a low bench near him. It is by far the best show at the fair and is the most generously patronized. About the first question when discussing fair attractions is, "Have you seen Hagenbuck?"

The Democratic campaign has been a clean one. While personal objections might have been urged against some of the Republican candidates, it has not been done except as the voters themselves have taken note of good causes for keeping the accused out of office.

If public sentiment in Chicago is so overwhelmingly against the reopening of the Iroquois theatre one might suppose the public could be depended on to stay away from the place.

Odd Fellows' Cemetery Water.

Read Odd Fellows' cemetery in place of "Olney cemetery" in the following from the Pendleton East Oregonian and you have conditions that exactly apply to Eugene:

Another Decoration Day has come and gone and Olney cemetery is not yet supplied with water for irrigating purposes. A beautiful location, good soil and even surface, Olney cemetery could be made the prettiest in the state, with plenty of water.

The Eugene lodge should have water in their cemetery either from well or hydrant before the summer season is fairly with us. There is really no excuse for having let the cemetery go thus long without irrigation facilities.

The Dull Presidential Year.

It is said that within the last month more than 2500 clerks have been discharged by New York banks and brokerage houses, for the reason that there was nothing for them to do. In spite of the low price of standard securities, speculation is absolutely dead. The outside public cannot be induced to take hold, and professionals hardly find it profitable or amusing to gamble with each other. Brokers in speculative stocks cannot make money unless the general public is buying freely, and just now it is not buying at all. The public will speculate only when prices are high and the market advancing. For nearly a year, now, prices have been low and constantly tending downward.

The demand for domestic manufactures has also fallen off and the manufacturers are forcing their goods on the European market. It may not end in a panic, but the situation is not reassuring.

The Congressional Candidates.

Those who know Robert M. Veatch, and we are many, know him as a clean, honest man, honorable in very relation of life. His opponent, Beinger Hermann, is held in suspicion, was forced out of the most important position in the general land office by the Republican secretary of interior, backed by President Roosevelt.

After the summary removal this veteran in political manipulation comes back to Oregon and takes the congressional nomination away from clean candidates. And more than that he converts the vitriol the Oregonian has kept in solution for him for months, with occasional splashes, into hoarse liquid. How maybe with money, if not with promise to assist the editor to the national senate. And locally our own Lawrence Harris? He demeans his better manhood by taking the stump for the man of whom his opinion held deep down in his heart is little better than that of a yellow dog.

Can Hermann with such a load to carry, with a record that must be explained away through another offense, that of downright lying, get back to congress? It should be impossible—he should not farther misrepresent the state.

The election campaign for 1904 is finished. Now for the voting Monday. According to the Electrical Review, the Sanyo Railway's Company of Japan is preparing to build an electric railroad between Shimonoseki and Fusan, a distance of 1120 miles, the equipment for which will probably be obtained from this country.

It is a trifle discouraging to human interest, commentators, but that Michigan man was not sent to the penitentiary for life for stealing \$3. A heavy sentence was imposed because under the Michigan law the offender had become a "habitual criminal," having previously served two terms in the penitentiary for stealing. It was a case of three times and in for an indeterminate sentence.

It is pertinently suggested that the New York newspapers which have been taking such a deep interest in the effort to suppress pool-selling and race-track gambling help out the reform by ceasing to advertise the prevailing odds and to print "tips" in regard to the probable winners.

THE TREASURE OF A WRECK

[Copyright, 1904, by C. B. Lewis.]

In the year 1862, while serving on board a man-of-war in the Federal navy, I had a chum named Adams, who had been a sailor. He was killed a year later, but meanwhile had told me a strange story of a treasure wreck on Kerguelen Island. After his death and the end of the war I verified his story in part, and that brought about the organization of a treasure company. This company was composed of six men, all of whom had served in the navy, and our capital was the pay and prize money due us at the close of the war.

We bought from the government the bark Racer, which was captured off Wilmington in the last days of the blockade runners, and she was fitted out for the voyage at Charleston. We engaged twelve negro sailors for the voyage, making, with the officers, cook and steward, twenty men. We took on board shovels, picks, axes, jackscrews, powder and fuse and whatever we might need in cleaning out a hulk, together with lumber to build us a house ashore, and we cleared for Sydney at the custom house. The six of us had put in every dollar we could raise, and there was just \$150 in the common purse when we sailed away. All of us believed in the treasure, however, and the craft was well supplied with provisions.

It was a long voyage, without incident to interest. Our first and only stop was at the Cape for fresh water. One day, months after leaving Charleston, the island of Kerguelen rose up out of the sea before us. We gave three cheers and brought up in a sheltered bay on the north side and soon had a boat in the water to go ashore.

Right there on the beach before our eyes was the treasure wreck Adams had told me of years before. The sight of that battered hull, gray and weather beaten and rotting away, was like coming upon the skeleton of a human being on the great plains. We stood contemplating it for a few minutes and then clambered aboard. The birds were thick about, but not another living thing had visited that shore since Adams paddled away from it on a raft to be picked up 200 miles away. She lay fifty feet above high tide, and we could walk all around her dry shod.

We spent the first day in a cursory examination of the wreck and the island, and on the next we built a shanty with our lumber and unloaded our tools and provisions. On the third day we chipped out her decks above the treasure room and reached the stronghold.

There were no less than six iron bound boxes and a big steel safe. We got at the safe first. When it had been hoisted on deck and lowered over the side, it was blown open with powder, and we found \$300,000 in English gold and notes. There was jewelry to the amount of about \$150,000, and this was ticketed with the names of various passengers. In the six boxes, which were all private property, we found about \$20,000 in cash and various pieces of jewelry and many papers. Among the latter were deeds of real estate in Australia and England and two commissions belonging to army officers. As fast as we came to private property it was reticketed and laid aside with a view of restoring it to owners or relatives.

Adams had told me that the ship was foundering when driven ashore in a terrible gale, but when we came to get into the hold we found that very little of the cargo had been damaged. We got out thousands of pounds of wool in good condition, together with sufficient tallow, hides and wines to give our craft a fair cargo.

We began finding skeletons as soon as we began work, and from first to last we buried the bones of at least fifty unfortunate passengers, many of them women and children. We found them mostly in the main cabin and the staterooms, and some of the skeletons were buried under four or five feet of hard sand.

We did not find our treasure and get the cargo out of the hulk in a week or a month. On the contrary, we were on the island sixteen full weeks and working hard every day, and when we at last finished our work the wreck was blown up, and the next high tide carried all that was left of her out to sea. She had rested there in the sands of that lonely shore for twenty-one years, and yet only one man knew of the treasure in her bowels.

When our work was quite finished we sailed away, laying our course for the Cape of Good Hope. The six of us were rich men now, but I do not remember that there was much rejoicing over the fact. The lonely situation of Kerguelen and the finding of the skeletons had quite taken our enthusiasm away. After a prosperous voyage we finally reached the cape and anchored to take on supplies. None of the sailors was permitted to go ashore. We meant to run the craft straight to New York without another stop. I took the sum of \$2,000 and went ashore to buy and send down the supplies, and I was then to take a steamer for America and reach there first and make arrangements for the reception of the treasure and cargo.

Two days later I stood on the shore and saw our bark sail away with a fair wind. She was spoken two days later, but that was the end. From that day on she has never been heard of. The blacks knew of the treasure, of course, and they may have mutilated and taken possession. The bark may have foundered or burned or been driven ashore on the African coast. It is thirty-five years since she sailed away from the cape, and no man can more than guess her fate.

M. QUAD.

Saved by A Trifle

How a Hunter Miraculously Escaped From a Desperate Situation.

In a Fight With a Bear His Rifle Jammed as the Beast Was Upon Him—Shot Just In Time.

This is a story of how a huntsman led by a bloodhound stalked a huge black bear through the thickets of the Canadian woods and how, when he finally came upon the bear in a clearing, possession of a button hook enabled him to unlock a jammed gun in time to send home the fatal shot when



THE BEAR CHARGED FURIOUSLY.

the angry beast was about to dash him to pieces. The huntsman, unable to obtain a competent guide and knowing but little of Canadian woodcraft, had about determined to abandon the pursuit of the Ursus americanus for the trout with which the streams of the backwoods abound when one morning there came to his quarters a farmer who said that a big black bear had eaten one of his sheep overnight and that the animal had crossed the road a hundred yards ahead of him while driving in that morning.

All thought of trout vanished from the huntsman's mind. Accompanied by the farmer, he went to a sawmill owner not far away and hired a ferocious bloodhound.

The three proceeded to the spot where the bear had crossed the road, and the bloodhound picked up the scent. Off through a thicket of underbrush, composed chiefly of raspberry, cane and bramble vines, the hound showed the way at a hot pace. Scratch and bleed, with his clothes torn nearly from his back, the farmer, after following the trail for a few miles, flung himself, exhausted, on a mossy bank, willing that the huntsman and hound should bring the game to quarry.

Off at right angles, through a bramble break, over a clearing around a big alder swamp, the hound claimed the line. Apparently the scent was getting hotter and hotter, and Boowin, as the dog was called, fretted more and more, biting at his lead and pulling the hunter along so fast that, winded and torn, he felt like turning back and joining the farmer, stretched out on the cool stream bank.

At the approach to another clearing the huntsman saw a swarm of bees buzzing around a spruce fir tree stump and pawing the stump the big black bear. For a few minutes he stood watching the animal helping himself with his monster paw to the rich stores of wild honey deposited in the trunk. Then, with a mighty lunge, the dog broke loose and, snarling and growling, made for the animal. The bear turned, rose on his haunches and, grunting angrily, shambled toward the clump of blueberry bushes where the hunter was kneeling. The hound snapped fiercely at his heels.

Taking steady aim, the hunter fired at the big brute's heart. The bullet went high, and, infuriated by a wounded shoulder, the bear crashed down upon the thicket. Another shot also went wild. Opening the breech of his rifle hastily to reload, the marksman found to his dismay that both the empty cartridge cases had jammed.

The situation was desperate. The hunter could almost feel the breath of the maddened bear in his face. He had left his extractor behind, but fortunately thought of a button hook he had in his pocket. With this he pulled the jammed case from one chamber and rammed in a fresh cartridge. Taking quick aim between the bear's eyes, he blazed away just as the animal, with blood streaming from mouth and nostril, was about to spring upon him. The bear lurched and dropped dead at the huntsman's feet.

A Thurston Party.

Thurston, June 4.—Mabel Bertsch entertained sixteen or eighteen little friends on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 1. The occasion was Miss Mabel's eleventh birthday. Strawberries, cake and cream were served for refreshments. Merry games filled the afternoon and the little girls started for home leaving many presents and friendly tokens for their little hostess.

McElroy-Smith.

The marriage of Miss Clara Smith to Coleridge McElroy, both of this city, occurred in Portland Tuesday evening, May 31st, 1904. The contracting parties are well known young people of Eugene. The bride is a very popular young lady and a favorite in the younger society set. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Smith. Mr. McElroy is a son of the late Professor E. B. McElroy, and is now engaged in farming at Maurice.

Leg Broken.

On Monday Nels Johansen, while at work pulling stumps on the river road, suffered a broken leg. A tuz broke, letting the long windlass sweep fly back, striking Mr. Johansen on the left leg below the knee, breaking the bone. Dr. L. W. Brown attended the injury.

An Automobile Trip.

Two young men with a big automobile, one of the largest ever seen in Eugene, stopped here a few minutes this forenoon on their way from Old Mexico to Seattle. Their car attracted considerable attention on the streets.

JUNCTION CITY'S FOURTH OF JULY

Committees Appointed for a Rousing Celebration on Independence Day.

The following committees have been appointed for Junction City's Fourth of July celebration:

General Arrangements: S. T. Moorhead, J. M. Cook, G. F. Skipworth. Finance: Prof. Tibbets, S. O. Starr, W. C. Washburne. Vocal Music: H. C. Bushnell, Annie Asho, Minnie Starr, Mrs. Montgomery. Grounds: Thurman Berry, John Lawrence, Wm. Johnson.

Decorations—Stand and Liberty Car: Minnie Sibbets, J. H. Miller, Mrs. Dr. Parks, Miss Nina Snell, Miss Hattie Moorhead.

Sports: H. M. Milliron, Meritt Castle, Mitt R. Barnett, Thos. Poole. Horse Racing: Ene Harpool, J. M. Cook, M. Montgomery.

Liberty Car: Wm. Pitney, Mrs. G. O. Powell, Mrs. Dr. Parks, Mrs. H. S. Warner, Mrs. H. M. Milliron, Ora Jackson.

Plug Uglies: Jas. McFarland, Jno. McCullough, Tourman Berry, Jno. Hays.

Concessions: Lee Clark, H. M. Milliron, Chas. Van Vraklin. Program: I. T. Nicklin, G. F. Skipworth, Dr. Parks.

To Fire the Fire Works: Jas. McFarland, S. O. Starr.

President of the Day: H. L. Rann. Marshal of the Day: G. C. Millett.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fisher

HAUNTED.

An Apparition Which Has Frightened Many Women.

What a terrible fascination about stories of haunted houses, in which the presence of an unseen and unearthly guest makes itself strongly felt. There may be a christening, a wedding or a christening, and while laughter echoes from the walls and happiness is at flood tide, a sudden chill falls on the heart. The flesh feels as if a cold wind blew upon it. There is a sensation as of some evil influence near, and a shiver shakes the shrinking body.

Some such fear as this falls on many a woman in the very hey-day of her happiness. She has been so strong, so perfectly healthy that life has been a continual joy to her. Now some unaccustomed feeling touches her. She shivers

"A little over a year ago I wrote to you for advice," says Mrs. Elizabeth J. Fisher, of Diana, W. Va. "You advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which I did, and with the most happy result. I was troubled with female weakness and bearing-down pains. I had a very bad pain nearly all the time in my left side, nervousness and headache. Was so weak I could hardly walk across my room. Could not sit up only just a little while at a time. My husband got me some of Dr. Pierce's medicine and I began its use. Before I had taken two bottles I was able to help do my work. I used three bottles in all and it cured me. Now I do all my household work. It is the best medicine I ever used."

IT WILL CURE YOU TOO.

If you are suffering from any form of womanly disease which medicine can cure, you can use "Favorite Prescription" with a practical certainty that you will be cured. It has cured many women

for whom physicians had said no cure was possible, and many others who were told they could not be cured without an operation. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It is the best tonic and nerve for weak, run-down women, tranquillizing the nerves, encouraging the appetite and inducing refreshing sleep.

"About two years ago I was feeling very bad, could neither eat, sleep nor work; was very nervous and all run-down," writes Miss Alice Greely, of Westmoreland, N. Hamp. "I had taken Sarsaparilla and had medicine of different kinds from my home doctor, but it did me no good whatever. Finally, I wrote you concerning my case and you prescribed your medicine. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and took six bottles, also four of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and some of Dr. Pierce's Pellets; these medicines cured me and made me well and strong. I am a new person to what I was before I commenced taking the medicine. Please accept my sincere thanks for benefits I have derived from your medicine."

ARE YOU SICK?

If you are unable to do a better thing than take advantage of Dr. Pierce's offer of free consultation, by letter. Miss Greely and Mrs. Fisher, with thousands of other women, date the beginning of their restored health with the date of the day they wrote their first letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All letters are held as strictly private, and the written confidences of women are guarded by the same strict professional privacy observed by Dr. Pierce and his staff in personal consultations with weak and sick women at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A GREAT OFFER.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing over a thousand large pages and more than seven hundred illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. This great medical work tells the plain truth in plain English. Send 31 one-cent stamps, expense of mailing only, for cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



at the sensation and shrinks from a something which she fears, yet cannot understand. The apparition of disease has passed and thrown its cold shadow over her.

DOGGED BY DISEASE.

The steps of every woman are dogged by disease. And one may well shudder when the shadow of this evil presence falls across the life. Disease can steal the color from a woman's cheeks, the brightness from her eyes. It can make her life creep along on broken wings, sunless and songless. It can wither every flower of happiness in the garden of girlhood and blast every joy of wife or mother. It is doing such things as these constantly. The woman who does not suffer from womanly disease is the exception, not the rule. The woman who does not know the meaning of periodic pain, headache, backache and female weakness, is a wonder to the majority of her sex.

It is a good thing for women that though disease may grasp them it cannot hold them if they take the right means to regain the lost liberty of health. Hundreds of thousands of women who were once fast in the clutch of disease, bear witness that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription freed them from disease, and gave them perfect and permanent health.