

# Eugene Weekly Guard

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER.

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FRIDAY FEBRUARY 6

### His Wife's Money

The Atchison Globe's funny man has this about the oft-repeated story of the "wife's money":

"Once upon a time a man married a woman who had inherited \$100,000 from a grandfather. This was all she ever received, but the man never set credit for his efforts the rest of his life. He built a new story, 'Did it with his wife's money,' the neighbors said. The home was made over and enlarged. 'His wife's money did it,' was the only comment. The little newlyweds \$500 she inherited was given the credit for everything he did during his life and when he died and his widow put up a monument with his life insurance, 'Her money paid for it' was said again. But this is what her money really went for: During her engagement she bought herself a \$350 piano and a \$150 diamond ring, and in a few weeks lost the ring and there was always some regret that she didn't lose the piano too."

The men that faced Confederate bullets are going fast. During the six months ending January 1st, 26,234 penitents died. There are a few over six hundred thousand left.

Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, only one month a widow and the recipient of \$7,500,000 under her late husband's will, has become the bride of Wilson Mizner, of San Francisco. She has seen fifty summers, he twenty-nine.

Occasionally it happens the other way. Bernard Sherry, a white man suing his Indian wife at Pendleton for divorce, alleges drunkenness, and that while drunk she is cruel and vicious to him. It would take legions of such cases to even up matters marital.

The Colombian consul general at New York is assured in a dispatch from the president of Colombia that in order to try four conspirators arrested last December for plotting against the republic, "with perfect calmness," a state of siege has been declared for the capital, Bogota—in other words martial law adding the "absolute tranquility prevails throughout the country." One may imagine the kind of justice the accused will get.

If Frank Baker, assistant superintendent of Seattle public schools, made the remark attributed to him when safely on land and asked to climb the bluff above the Valued wreck to give possible assistance, that "I have lost my wife and two children and now I am going to save myself," he should be run out of town into the bay would, perhaps, fit the case best. "Save" himself! All he was saved by not going was more or less hardship—but just think had some one been on the cliff to make fast the life line, a part at least of the fifty or thereabouts lives that had precarious refuge in the steamer's mast would have been saved!

The way China is taking our flour is shown by the Asiatic liner Argonia steaming out of Portland harbor Tuesday with nearly six thousand tons of freight, four-fifths flour. And she had to leave five hundred tons on the wharf for the following steamer, due to arrive Saturday with a full cargo of Chinese goods. Nearly all the flour goes to Hongkong.

The Portland police commission has issued an order warning all members of the police force that they must not accept drinks or cigars from saloon proprietors. Breaths unduly flavored with the Kentucky or Gambrian product are too conspicuous in the department and it is thought they will not be so much in evidence should their owners have to pay for the flavoring extract.

Rich relatives in Germany remember George Cramer, a Butler county, Iowa, man, in an odd sort of way. On the news of the advent of each baby in his home reaching the old folks they mail him a thousand dollar check. Finding the business so profitable he has devoted more than the ordinary attention to it, with the result that he has got twelve checks, \$12,000.

The Japanese are getting into the manufacturing idea, with the result that the rice fields are not cultivated so closely, the yield last year falling off a fourth. That means an increased demand for Pacific coast wheat, their only available supply. They have the money to pay with, too, and that means they will not skip thrives. The taste for wheat flour is on the increase. It likely insures a steady market for a considerable portion of our surplus.

That is bad procedure the prosecuting attorney at Portland is dismissing preliminary charges of malfeasance against and obtaining money under false pretenses against the former city engineer, W. C. Elliott, on his promise to testify against members of a former city council. Self-protection is the first law of nature, and a man in danger of his liberty should be allowed immunity on such conditions except he is a minor offender. A city chief engineer has pretty full control of his department, and should not be permitted to make Adam's contemptible plea of being tempted by the other.

The first of last week the Hook Creek Indians some 300 strong a few miles from Arlington in Klickitat county, state of Washington, closed their big pow wow and feast, which occurs each year. There were present Indians from the Umatilla, Yakima and Warm Springs reservations. The festivities had been running since January 1. The days were spent in gambling, horseracing and barter. The nights were spent in all kinds of such, such as war dances, spirit dances, skid dances, etc. Every few days a large bullock would be killed and roasted. The Indians are inveterate gamblers, and it is stated that one young buck from Umatilla went home with five new squaws—all won with the cards. The women were asked about their change of masters. Other and they made no question about it. The new owner taking them along more unconcerned than he did the ponies that also fell into his possession.

### Piano Recital

The students of Mrs. Rose Hollenbeck gave an excellent piano recital at her studio Wednesday evening, January 31, to about 35 invited friends. Each number on the program was given in a scholarly manner. Miss Irene Potts' artistic playing was a feature of the evening, also the vocal numbers by Miss Louise Yoran. After the program a musical contest was indulged in, Miss Lila Prosser winning first honors, Miss Yoran, Mrs. Rosser and Mrs. Yoran also winning prizes. Light refreshments were served.

Following is the program in full: Wednesday, March, Mendelssohn's, Angle Oep. Violin Coquette, Schott, Miss Lucille Gunn. Doll's Dream, Oester, Nellie Lombard. Sonatas Pathetique, Beethoven, Mrs. Caspman. Shepherd's Song, Hehn, Miss Goodman. Mazurka, Spindler, Miss May S. Age. a. Impromptu, Schubert; b. Trill Study, Wolf; c. Octave Study, Kulak; Miss Irene Potts. Among the Roses, Sartorio, Miss Edna Prosser. Little Waltz, Rosewig, Dollie Shipley. Evening Song, Schuetz, Miss Ruth Grant. Norwegian Wedding Procession, Greig, Miss Grace Stevens. Christmas March, Kohler, Miss Marie Grant. Polonaise, Mayer, Miss Edna Hoedlin. Rhapsodie No. 8, List, Miss Irene Potts.

A Portland bootblack is worth \$25,000 having made his pile shining in that city.

W. W. Avery drew the gold watch given away at J. O. Watts' jewelry store for January.

# BIG MILL AGAIN RUNNING

The first trial load of logs for the Brown Lumber Co.'s mill, the old Long & Biugbam plant, at Cottage Grove, situated over the O. & N. E. railroad last evening and the mill started up today.

A new crosscut has been installed in the mill to take care of all the stuff from the edge and has been placed where the old planer stood. The mill will be run continuously from now on. A part of the lumber will be used in the construction of new docks and improvements, but the balance will be for the trade.

The O. & N. E. has put on a special log train that will make one trip each day to haul logs to the mill. It is estimated that the logs now cut will run the mill for about three weeks or more. They will try to keep the mill going on these logs until the road is extended into the timber now owned by the new company. The contract for extending the road will be let within a few days.

The mill will be run for 10 hours per day for the present, and during the next few weeks the smaller engine and planers will be overhauled ready to do all kinds of work.

The sawmill question is absorbing the attention of mill men and lumber alike these days. Late last week Robert Sutter, the well known sawmill man, was busy engaged with Edward L. Prescott, vice president of the Prescott Company, one of the largest sawmill machine houses in the United States, and as a result Mr. Sutter closed a contract for a plant calculated to cut 100,000 feet of lumber per day to be delivered to his order, says the Cottage Grove Western Oregon.

Relative to this Mr. Sutter states that he expects to put in a sawmill somewhere. It may be here or it may be elsewhere, as several flattering inducements have been brought to his attention elsewhere. However, he prefers to locate here if suitable arrangements can be made with respect to the purchase of timber, freight rates and numerous other items that must always be taken into consideration, and hopes that everything will be arranged satisfactorily to the end that the big plant will be placed here.

J. J. Jones, who for some months has interested himself in the sawmill business, is still working hard with the view of locating a mill at this point. It is understood that he has made a request to purchase timber from the reserve, and like Mr. Sutter, if timber in sufficient quantities can be purchased he and his associates will place a large mill.

# ANOTHER THROUGH TRAIN

To accommodate the summer tourist travel from Southern California northward into Oregon the Southern Pacific company will put into service on March 1 a new train to be known as the "Shore Line Limited." The train will be made up principally of parlor and observation cars for the special benefit of the crowd of sight-seers that are flocking to California already and will begin to move north when spring comes. The company proposes to make the special train one of the most elegant on the coast, and will spare no pains to accommodate the traveling public in every way possible. The train is to be run for the special benefit of the tourist and he will be given every opportunity to see all there is to be seen from Southern California to Portland.

The equipment of the new train will be entirely new and will consist of baggage car, dining car, three modern parlor cars and one recessed observation car.

The Shore Line Limited will be in service during the months of March, April and May, and may be continued in service longer if business warrants it.—Portland Journal.

Miss Maude King is quite ill. A 7500-pound iron turning lathe was received today by Gross Bros. iron works.

Albany Democrat: Eugene people are happy. The woolen mill at that city has been sold to Thos. B. Kay and others of the Salem, mills which means that something will stir for Kay is about the best woolen mill man in Oregon. The change will be worth a good deal of money to Eugene, which would be fortunate in having Kay hold of the mill if it had to give it to him.

# LIQUOR WITHOUT LICENSE

W. A. Sensy, the man who furnished the whiskey that made Walter Foley drunk on Monday afternoon, at which time he shot and killed T. C. Kitzner while on the train from the Bohemian mines to Cottage Grove, is in the county jail here, charged with selling liquor without a license.

Sensy was arrested at Wildwood, a station on the Bohemian railroads, this morning by Sheriff Fish, an information having been filed against him in the circuit court. He was admitted to bail in the sum of \$500, but being unable to furnish it he was placed in jail. He has retained Attorney L. Blyden to defend him.

# Around the Courthouse

REAL STATE TRANSFERS.

Ed and Sarah J. Meyer to W. M. Meyer; 20 acres in sec 13, tp 17, s r 1 w, \$1500.

J. J. and Mabel E. Chambers to J. E. Kendall; lot 1, blk 1, C. A. Perkins' ad to Cottage Grove \$1.

Frank Jordan et al to Henry Lyman; certain lands in secs 19 and 20, tp 10, s r 3 e, \$750.

W. J. and Elizabeth C. Thompson to John F. Campbell; certain land in Eugene, \$150.

A. E. and Lillian J. Wheeler to H. C. Campbell; certain land in Eugene, \$800.

John and Mary C. Frank to J. A. Townsend; 57x110 ft. in Springfield investment & Power Co.'s ad to Springfield, \$650.

E. E. and Edwina Quimby to Isaac F. Campbell; lot 6, blk 4, Furkerton & Quimby's ad to Eugene, \$500.

Ole Olsson to Julia E. Bean; certain lots in 100 acres in secs 22 and 23, tp 17, s r 4 e, \$3000.

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 courthouse in Eugene as follows:

FOR STATE PAPERS.

Commencing Wednesday, February 14, at nine o'clock a. m., and continuing until Friday, February 17, at four o'clock p. m.

Wednesday—Penmanship, history, spelling, algebra, reading, school law.

Thursday—Writing, arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, bookkeeping, 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 14, at nine o'clock a. m., and continuing until Friday, February 17, at four o'clock p. m.

First, second and third grade certificates:

Wednesday—Penmanship, history, orthography, reading.

Thursday—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, physiology.

Friday—Geography, mental arithmetic, school law, civil government.

PRIMARY CERTIFICATES.

Wednesday—Penmanship, orthography, arithmetic, reading.

Thursday—Art of questioning, theory of teaching, physiology.

W. P. DILLARD,  
County Supt.

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# A Story of the Russian Revolution

[Original.]

During the late Russo-Japanese war, at the battle of Mukden, when the Russians were about to gain a marked advantage, the color bearer of a regiment posted at a critical point suddenly threw down the colors. The men, seeing the flag lowered, turned and fled. The colonel of the regiment at first supposed that the color bearer had been shot, but on learning that this was not so sent for him. The soldier was conducted before his commanding officer.

John Zariski, the color bearer, was a fine looking young fellow, tall, straight, handsome. There was something defiant in his gait as he stood before his commander waiting punishment, which he could hardly doubt would be death.

"Why did you drop the colors?" Zariski made no reply. The colonel looked at him curiously. His appearance certainly did not denote lack of bravery. Partly as a test the officer hissed:

"Forward!"

A silver passed over the young man's frame. He raised his eyes and gave his accuser a glance which seemed to say, "Had I an opportunity you would not impugn my courage again."

Turning to an officer behind him, the colonel gave an order. Zariski was marched in the center of a squad straight for the front, where the fighting was thickest, was placed in position by himself, the squad drew up before him, there was a volley, and he fell.

The officer in command was about to march his men away when he discovered a force of dusky little men moving toward his rear. In another moment he and his men were running to save themselves from being cut off, leaving the body of Zariski among the dead.

Among the first regiments to be sent back to Russia was that in which John Zariski had served. It was posted for a time at Moscow, but on the opening of the revolution was sent to Warsaw and charged with maintaining the government cause in a certain district of the city.

One day a crowd of Polish revolutionists were parading, bearing aloft the flag of Poland, when they were fired on by the Russian troops. The revolutionists returned the fire with far better arms and effect than was usual with them, and the Russians, a small detachment, retired. That night the revolutionists made barricades, and the next morning these barricades bristled with rifles and revolvers. The colonel in command—the same who had ordered the shooting of John Zariski—rode on to the ground and looked at the barricades.

"Captain," he said to the officer in command of the troops, "you must take those barricades."

"Colonel," replied the officer, "I have but ninety men. There are hundreds of the revolutionists, apparently well armed. Besides, they seem to have a leader who knows how to handle them to the best advantage—something I have never noticed concerning them before."

"Captain," replied the colonel, "they are a rabble. Disperse them at once or be prepared to face a court martial."

The captain marched his ninety men up to the breastworks and met a fire that laid low half of them. The rest fled to the rear. There they met the colonel, who sat on his horse scowling at them. Rallying them, he was about to lead them forward when the captain cautioned him.

"Colonel," he said, "I fear a portion of their force have marched around the square and will take us in the rear. There are not so many of them behind their barricade as there were, and their flag is gone."

"All the more reason why they should be dispersed," the colonel growled and gave the order to advance. The men were about to obey when a shot was fired down the street from an opposite direction. All turned and saw a solid mass under the flag of Poland moving upon them by the only route that had been open to their retreat. A man was marching in advance, holding the flag in his right hand, a sword in his left.

"About face!" cried the colonel. "Charge!"

But his order was ignored. The fifty men he commanded knew they were no match for ten times their number on both sides of them. The revolutionists by order of their commander, he who bore the flag, halted, drew up in line with something of the precision of troops and brought their weapons to an aim. Then the colonel consented that the captain should raise his white handkerchief on the point of his sword in token of surrender. The commander of the revolutionists advanced and met the colonel. Both started. John Zariski and the man who had ordered him to be shot for lowering the flag of Russia stood face to face.

"Colonel," said Zariski, "the last time I saw you called me 'coward.' If it was cowardly to throw down the flag of a nation I detest and hate, then am I a coward. I was not a Russian, but a Pole made to serve against my will. My ancestors fought under the kings of Poland, my grandfather in the revolutions of 1830 and 1844, my father in that of 1863, and now the revolution of 1905 needs their willing descendant."

While Zariski was speaking the colonel sat on his horse, his eyes fixed on the young man before him with the expression of one who was listening to a ghost.

"They told me you had been executed," he said.

"They did their duty. I was badly wounded, but, as you see, recovered and have come here to help gain my country's independence."

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