

Our Premium Offers
Notwithstanding that the Guard has been enlarged and the cost of publication materially increased, the Guard Printing Co. makes a special offer to every new or old subscriber during the month of August. All who will pay one year in advance from Aug. 1, '06 for the Weekly Guard at only \$1.50 a year, will be given his choice of the Twice-a-Week St. Louis Republic, or the "Oregon Agriculturist," or the "Oregon Agriculturalist," or the "Oregon Farmer," or the "Oregonist," absolutely free for one year. The Republic is one of the largest and best family newspapers in America and the "Oregon Agriculturalist" is one of the best and most practical farm, fruit and stock papers in the West. Subscribers, old or new, may take their choice of either paper during August as a premium. Those who failed to get the promised premium magazines will be given their choice of either of these papers in place of the magazines without further cost, by sending their names and addresses to this office. So far we have been unable to compel the Eastern publishers to keep their agreement in regard to the magazines and feel the disappointment as keenly as our subscribers. The Weekly Guard is still clubbed with the Semi-Weekly Oregon Journal at \$2.25 a year for both papers. Mail all remittances and communications to
GUARD PRINTING CO.,
Eugene Oregon.

What of Eugene's Water Supply?
If the alleged analysis of the state board of health is correct and the water supply of Eugene is still impure, the situation calls for prompt and energetic action on part of the city council. There is no good reason why Eugene, situated on one of the largest and purest streams of water in the state, should not be furnished with a satisfactory quality of water for all uses, if the water company and municipal authorities will co-operate to an end which will be mutually beneficial. If the proper committee of the council would take the matter up and thoroughly investigate the work of improvement done by the company and have the present supply officially analyzed, they would have a basis for future proceedings; and it would seem to be to the interest of the company, also, to give them every possible assistance in their investigations. It goes without saying that not only does an impure water supply menace the public health but it is also materially injuring the city by reducing the value of every piece of real estate in it, since the state papers are so industriously advertising, and upon every occasion exaggerating, the unfortunate conditions that were the result of an incessant neglect on part of the former owners of the water system.

It is not improbable that a somewhat ornamental state board of health seeks to secure a certain amount of free advertising at the expense of Eugene. This city suffered, it is true, from an epidemic of sickness, traceable to its water supply, and has been steadily regaining normal conditions of health for some months past without having, so far as any one here is aware, received the least assistance from the health authorities of the state. There may be a not altogether unselfish reason why the aforesaid board so regularly makes its existence known to the people of Oregon by publishing in the daily papers a bulletin regarding the very unsatisfactory health conditions at Eugene. Otherwise, the dear public might not be aware that the distinguished pill vendors who comprise the board are working overtime in the interest of afflicted humanity. Three weeks ago the local health officials, backed by the Lane county medical association, reported that there were only seven cases of fever in the city and that there had only been 11 cases since March 1st. Now a Portland physician comes out with the statement that if we are not all dead or dying it is probably because we are germ-proof,

or else too wicked to die young. Furthermore, the water company asserts that it is filtering all its water, and the secretary of the health board down in Portland flatly contradicts the statement.

Really, it seems about time for somebody whose duty it is to know, and who does know, to tell the people of Eugene what they are drinking since the saloons were closed up. If the water company is pumping good water into its reservoirs from its new wells and forcing it through approved, modern filters; if they are flushing out the pipes and eliminating the "dead ends," it is but simple justice to them that the people should know it and give them due credit therefor. If, on the other hand, no honest effort is being made to supply fit water for all family purposes, it is up to the city government to tell the citizens so, that the proper steps may be taken to compel the company to keep faith with its patrons, or, failing in this, to install a municipal system that will supply the need. The people of Eugene are reasonable and only demand what is theirs of right, but they are being kept very much in the dark regarding a matter of vital concern to them. They may only look to their city government for information and protection; if the city water supply is still impure that knowledge should emanate, not from Portland, but from the local authorities. If it is not impure it is up to the same officials to see that the false statements are publicly refuted, because they are detrimental to every interest of the city.

Preying Upon the Poor
Wonderful and weird, says Collier's, are arguments and "facts" which some of the socialist editors put forth to prove the existing order wrong. "Wiltshire's Magazine" for July says that during the two months following the earthquake there were but three suicides in San Francisco, as against an average of twelve a week before. From this inference is drawn that "nine-tenths of all suicides are the result of the uncertainty of being able to get a living." The statistics struck us as sufficiently remarkable to justify investigation from which it appeared that the decrease in suicides since the earthquake was no greater in proportion than the decrease in population. Here is a paper which, assuming to instruct and guide the poor and ignorant, exhorts them, in the largest type, to buy "Sure Cures" for goitre, deafness, cancer fits, blindness, and consumption; advertises a stove which burns "barrels of Air as Fuel," and a "physic occult," which teaches "telepathy, hypnotism, personal magnetism, suggestive therapeutics, mystic healing, reading the secret character of others and influencing them without their knowledge." And the impression produced by this wholesale advertising of the worst class of quacks and frauds is not improved when one observes the editor's exhortations to his readers to buy "guaranteed seven per cent stock" in his own business.

Possibly the poor and ignorant suffer more by betrayal through sheer bad faith or demagogism, or self-seeking, or mere stupidity, in those who set themselves up as prophets and leaders of the down-trodden, than by intentional oppression on the part of those whom they assume to be their enemies.

Jamestown and Napoleon

The visit of Charles J. Bonaparte, Secretary of the Navy, and grand nephew of the great French Emperor, to the Jamestown Exposition will be the culminating incident in a long chain of circumstances which have associated the name of Napoleon with the locality in which the exposition is to be held. The name "Jamestown" appears twice within the last century marking events of great importance. One of these will be the Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition, to be held on Hampton Roads, near Norfolk, in 1907, to celebrate the successful completion of three centuries of national growth, filled with benefits to all mankind. The other, which occurred at the beginning of the last century, marked the end of the Napoleonic

era, at Jamestown, St. Helena. St. Helena, was named after the English king, James II, from whom Jamestown in the state of Virginia, also received its name. Near the latter Jamestown is a government reservation said to have been named after the great French Emperor soon after his death on the lonely English island in the south Atlantic.

It was to Hampton Roads that the defeated emperor-general proposed to escape after the battle of Waterloo. He was on board ship at Bordeaux, when a French attorney visited him and told him that to persist in going to sea from that port would result in his capture by the English ships in the offing. His brother Joseph, who was with him on the ship, disregarded this advice, and put to sea, reaching America without molestation.

Napoleon lagged behind, vacillating in a manner quite inconsistent with his usual methods. When he at last put to sea from Rochefort, his vessel was captured by the British ship Bellephron, and after being kept a prisoner on board that ship he was transferred to life captivity at St. Helena.

Sixteen years after the great general's death, his nephew, Louis Bonaparte, then Prince Imperial, followed Napoleon III, visited Norfolk on the French frigate, L'Andromede, which was accompanied by La Sirene. A large suite was in attendance, and the party was quartered at French's Hotel, then on the southeast corner of Church and Main streets. This hotel had been finished only a few days before the Prince's arrival, and they were among its first guests.

The present Secretary of the Navy is the son of Napoleon's favorite brother Jerome, King of Westphalia.

The Russian Revolution

Treason has now approached the Russian capital in a defiant form. Sveaborg, where there has been such desperate fighting this week, is west of St. Petersburg and stands on the Gulf of Finland. Back of the peninsula and islands which form the fortress stands the Finnish capital, Helsingfors, a Baltic port of much renown the world over. It has extensive commerce and is the education and literary center of the province of Finland.

It appears that a plot was maturing to seize Sveaborg, Kronstadt and Sebastopol. The first represents, as stated, the main defenses of Helsingfors; and the second those of St. Petersburg. In the Crimean port of Sebastopol, the defenses and city are close together. This plot was precipitated into an open revolt at Sveaborg on Monday night. A company of sappers mutinied because of the ill treatment of a comrade. Fighting desperate and unsparring on each side began and continued until Wednesday, when the insurgents won and their flag floated above the great fortress. The slaughter must have been terrible. General Lamony and other Russian officers with their forces remained faithful, but many soldiers, marines and sailors must have swelled the ranks of the Red Guard, as the Socialist insurgents are called.

Revolts are reported from other parts of Russia. In Poland and in the Caucasus the people are in a state of violent unrest. It is not known how far treason has permeated the garrisons at Kronstadt and Sebastopol. These places being thousands of miles apart, may not act in concert. But the rebels in all parts of Russia will find encouragement in the success of the Red Guard at Sveaborg.

It is remarked that the Russian disturbances so far correspond with those of the great French revolution in many respects. They may continue to do so until the Czar is driven from power and a Russian republic is proclaimed.

San Francisco's rehabilitation seems slow but sure—no, so slow either in individual instances. The first permanent brick building in the downtown or "burned" district has just been completed. Twenty-one days ago there was a piece of bare land covered with a mass of brick and twisted pipe. Today a substantial three-story business block covers the

lot, and the tenants will move into their offices on August 1st. This is only one instance of the way in which San Franciscans are setting about the rebuilding of their city. Verily, they show their faith by their works, or to put it in the words of a cowboy poet, "they win afore they start."

Baker City is raising a bonus to build a railroad into Eagle Valley. LaGrande, Union and other Union county towns are to be connected by a belt road that will make the circuit of that rich valley, and the grading is being rushed and rails laid. Electric roads from Walla Walla are pushing southward toward Milton, Pendleton and other northeastern Oregon towns. In view of these facts the development of the great Willamette valley seems slow, but we believe that the awakening is about to come. The Portland-Salem electric road is being pushed steadily up the valley, and will no doubt extend to Eugene, where it will be connected with the city and suburban system about to be constructed by the Willamette Valley Co. The Natron-Ontario-Klamath Falls road seems destined to early building by the Southern Pacific, and the Cottage Grove-Bohemia road may be extended down the valley to this city. When all the projects are fairly under way, we may not be so far behind our Eastern Oregon brethren after all.

W. E. Corey, head of the steel trust, is said to have paid his wife \$3,000,000 in order to get her to consent to a divorce that he might marry an actress. Since Mrs. Corey once sewed patches on her husband's pants and darned his socks, when he was working for \$40 a month, she was no doubt entitled to a fair share of the millions that he is now squandering on the fast set that always gathers around the lobster millionaire.

It is hard to tell the good fire insurance companies from the bad. The best way, perhaps, out of the dilemma would be for property owners to patronize the mutual companies—like the fraternal life insurance orders. If every state had several of these companies, properly safeguarded by law, the big salaries would be eliminated, as well as stockholders' dividends, and insurance cost would be reduced to the minimum.

Owing to the congestion of some 6000 freight cars in the San Francisco and Oakland yards, all coast industries are suffering from lack of transportation facilities. Splendid argument for the building of more railroads in the West—car shortage has been a standing complaint in Oregon during the busy seasons of the year for some time past, long before the San Francisco disaster.

Jessie James, Jr., son of the famous bandit, has become a lawyer in Kansas City. The father robbed in the crude, old-fashioned way, but the son, having had the benefit of a good education and knowing his father's unhappy fate, will be more genteel and legitimate in his methods.

It must startle old-timers and hoaxes in Illinois to see the Republican for United States Senator. Vote for One—Shelby M. Cullom, William G. Webster, Richard Yates.

This amounts practically to election by the people. The state legislature will be expected to ratify the popular choice. Cullom is the present senator.

H. E. Huntington is said to be interested in the Willamette valley electric lines. He will make no mistake in entering one of the richest and most undeveloped fields in the United States, says the Salem Journal.

There will be no dull days in the news gatherers' line as long as Russia keeps up her present lull.

After the Mining Business
(Albany Democrat.)

The Lane county court appreciates the importance of having a road into the Blue River district, and have therefore taken charge of the road making into the Lucky Boy mine, which was recently obstructed by the mine owners, causing considerable trouble. The movement shows the appreciation of the court of the im-

A Poem for Today

THOMPSON OF ANGEL'S

By Bret Harte
It is the story of Thompson—the hero of Angel's. Frequently drunk was Thompson, but always polite to the stranger; Light and free was the touch of Thompson upon his revolver; Great the mortality incident on that lightness and freedom.

Yet not happy or gay was Thompson, the hero of Angel's; Often spoke to himself in accents of melancholy; "Why do I make the graves of the frivolous youth who in folly Thoughtlessly pass my revolver, forgetting its lightness and freedom?"

"Why in my daily walks does the surgeon drop his left eyelid. The undertaker smile and the sculptor of gravestone marbles Lean on his chisel and gaze? I care not o'ermuch for attention: Simple am I in my ways, save for this lightness of freedom?"

So spoke that pensive man—this Thompson, the hero of Angel's; Bitterly smiled to himself as he strode through the chaparral musing: "Why, oh, why?" echoed the pines in the dark olive depth far resounding: "Why, indeed?" whispered the sagebrush that bent 'neath his feet, non-elastic.

Pleasant indeed was that morn that dawned o'er the barroom at Angel's, Where in their manhood's prime was gathered the pride of the hamlet. Six "took sugar in theirs," and nine to the barkeeper lightly Smiled as they said, "Well, Jim, you can give us our regular fusel."

Suddenly as the gray hawk swoops down on the barnyard, alighting Where, pensively picking their corn, the favorite pullets are gathered, So in that festive barroom dropped Thompson, the hero of Angel's, Grasping his weapon dread with his pristine lightness and freedom.

Never a word he spoke; divesting himself of his garments, Danced the war dance of the playful yet truculent MODOC, Uttered a single whoop, and then in the accents of challenge Spoke, "Oh, behold in me a Crested Jay Hawk of the mountain!"

Then rose a pallid man—a man sick with fever and ague; Small was he, and his step was treacherous, weak and uncertain; Sawily a Derringer drew and covered the person of Thompson; Said in his feeblest pipe, "I'm a Baldheaded Snipe of the Valley."

As on its native plains the kangaroo, started by hunters, Leaps with successive bounds and hurries away to the thickets, So leaped the Crested Hawk and, quietly hopping behind him, Ran and occasionally shot that Baldheaded Snipe of the Valley.

Vain at the festive bar still lingered the people of Angel's, Hearing afar in the woods the petulant pop of the pistol; Never again returned the Crested Hawk of the mountains; Never again was seen the Baldheaded Snipe of the Valley.

Yet in the hamlet of Angel's, when truculent speeches are uttered, When bloodshed and life alone will atone for some trifling misstatement, Maidens and men in their prime recall the last hero of Angel's, Think of and vainly regret the Baldheaded Snipe of the Valley!

SOLOMON, JR.
Though I am but a modest youth, I know a thing or two. Perhaps it might seem otherwise, But really it is true, I know how business should be done And how to run the state. Such things but trifles are to me, For I'm a graduate. My double jointed, bulging brain My head will hardly hold, Because I know three times as much As men three times as old. I am the engine and the steam, The wheels and running gears, I don't see how the world got on Without me all these years. I am the one that tells the moon When it should shine at night; I'm first aid to most everything That is not running right; I know when cyclones should be pickled And how to tame the sea; I'm wise to every caper and Men set their clocks by me. I know, if you will pardon me, The way the trust to smash And how to trim the octopus And serve it up as hash. The legislatures and the courts I call down while you wait, For, as I mentioned at the start, I am a graduate.

No Politics in It
(Junction City Times.)

Speaking of the land frauds, Hon. Lark Bilyeu says the only safe course to pursue is to become a Democrat. It seems that even Democracy will not save Charlie Nickell.

FIRST THRESHING MACHINE ACCIDENT
Thursday Daily Guard

D. C. Morse, while working about Heitzman Bro's threshing machine on his place about five miles northwest of the city this forenoon met with a severe accident. His right hand became entangled in a chain, badly lacerating the first two fingers. No bones were broken but the flesh was nearly all stripped off and the tendons torn. Dr. L. W. Brown attended the injury.

Only 82 Years Old

"I am only 82 years old and don't expect even when I get to be real old to feel that way as long as I can get Electric Bitters," says Mrs. E. H. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. Surely there's nothing else keeps the old as young and makes the weak as strong as this grand tonic medicine. Dyspepsia, torpid liver, inflamed kidneys or chronic constipation are unknown after taking Electric Bitters a reasonable time. Guaranteed by W. L. Delano druggist. Price 50c.

Some girls are clever; they have made themselves great beauties by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. There is no scheming, they fight shy of cosmetics and have become the handsomest girls in the state. Tea or tablets, 35 cents. Linn Drug Co.

Ben Lyons and Jesse Wallace, of Jasper, appeared before Justice of the Peace Bryson this forenoon and pleaded not guilty to the charge of killing a deer out of season. Their examination will be held later.

Hopeless Case.
"He hasn't got enough intelligence to pick strawberries."
"Couldn't tell the green ones from the ripe ones, I suppose."
"No, that wasn't where he fell down. The man had to discharge him because he turned the boxes wrong side up and filled the bottom, and it took too many berries to a box."

May Come In Handy.
"The wicked fee when no man pur-sueth."
"What do you suppose is their idea?"
"They may want the practice."

What to Drink.
When hateful heat gets in its grip And makes us luke and dry We long for something cool to sip. For we get very dry. We yearn for something good and cool To keep our tempers sweet. As sweet as water in a pool In sylvan, fair retreat. The creaming beer I much disdain And soda water, too. And ginger ale gives me a pain, While lemonade I rue. I care not for the luscious wine That rings the glass with red; The spirit of the graceful vine Flies straight up to my head.

When days are hot I fondly yearn For cold, white buttermilk. The product of the family churn. I feel as fine as milk When I have drunk a brimming glass Of lactic acid pure. No other drink is in its class. It has them going pure.

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